

BOY MONS.

WHY do girls kiss each other, while boys do not?
Because girls have nothing better to kiss and the boys have.—*Yale News*.

FULL many a maid has toyed with kerosene,
And sailed to glory in a gorgeous glare;
Full many a man has poked at glycerine,
And flown promiscuous through the desert air.—*Ex.*

MATTER-OF-FACT Freshman to go-as-you-please Freshman on the morning of the Physics examinations—Say, Ned, got this down pretty fine?"

Go-as-you-please Freshman—"Well, about as fine as I could get it, and still have it legible," as he shook out a little piece of cardboard from his coat-sleeve.

ANXIOUS Mamma (to impressionable Junior, who has asked her daughter to go out riding): "Thank you very much, Mr. X., but you know I have to be so very particular, and I make it a rule that my daughter shall never go out with students."

Impressionable Student: "But you know that I'm not much of a student." Tableau. (Fact.)—*Ex.*

WANTED.

Aragh! ye cats, your voices lift
And give us sample screams;
Come, do your very moonlight best
As if to banish dreams.

Ye howlets of the wierd, wild woods,
We too would hear your voices,
The very best of what you have
In your whole line of noises.

Ye porkers erst, in Berkshire bred,
Up! nasalize a psalm!
While in the intervals we hear,
The bleating of the lamb.

And in the presence of the host,
We press our urgent plea,
For yelp of puppy, whelp and hound,
And cur of low degree.

Hark, noblest of the race of brutes,
Don't tell us nay, but neigh,
And after that your les-son ends,
Ah, won't your kinsman bray?

Most vocal of the bovine gens,
May we express a hope,
That you will choke yourself for us,
With just enough of rope?

In short won't all the kith of beasts,
Responsive voices yield,
Such notes as vex the night or day
In forest or in field.

In solos and in choruses,
By two's and three's as well,
Mayhap the same will meet our case,
Ye Gods, a college yell!

—*Washington Jeffersonian*.

ADOLPHUS had just folded his arms about her. "Why," asked she, "am I like a well-made book?" He gave it up. "Because I am bound in calf." The "binding" was hastily torn off.—*Ex.*

BOARDING-HOUSE brilliancy.—"Sweets to the sweet," said the funny man as he handed the waiter-girl a bouquet. "Beets to the beat," returned the girl as she pushed him a plate of vegetables.—*Ex.*

TUTOR in Mechanics.—"If a body meet a body," Sophomore (in an undertone, Me-chanic-ally) "Coming through the rye."—*Yale Record*.

INSTRUCTOR in Logic, "Mr. ———, what is the universal negation?" Student, "Not prepared, Sir."—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

A **SENIOR** desirous of revisiting his native haunts, sent the following despatch to his father: "Telegraph me to come home at once, otherwise I can't come." To which the answer immediately came: "Come home at once, otherwise I can't come."—*Ex.*

JUST THREE.

Three tomcats, one night when the world was at rest,
Were tuning away on the garden fence;
Each sang in the measure that suited him best,
And the music they made was simply immense.
For the cat, as you know, sings its rythmical song,
From the sun's latest glow through all the night long,
Though the neighborhood all be groaning.

Three boarders were wailing and gnashing their teeth,
And hurling their furniture out of the room
With furious oaths, at the trio beneath,
Whose melody deepened the midnight's gloom.
But the cat's life is charmed, and through all the long night
They sang unalarmed amid shots left and right,
Till the people with rage were foaming.

Three cats, with a smile of content, stole away
Through the morning light, ere the sleepers came down;
Three landladies mourn and desire their pay
Of those who will never come back to the town;
For three boarders rose early to count the cost
Of the furniture they out of the window had tossed—
Then they all slid away through the gloaming.

—*Chronicle*.

DALHOUSIE boasts of a Freshman who is so short that when he is ill he is not sure whether he is troubled with headache or corns.

SONG.

We've heard of sighs of every size,
But naught in all Ontology,
So much the power of mind defies,
As Rational Psy(chology).

Fresh: "May I have the pleasure?" *Miss Society*:
"Oui." *Fresh*: "What does 'we' mean?" *Miss S.*:
"O, U, and I."

HE—"May I call you revenge?"
SHE—"Why?"
HE—"Because 'Revenge is sweet.'"
SHE—"Certainly you may, provided you let me call you
'Vengeance!'"
HE—"And why would you call me 'Vengeance?'"
SHE—"Because 'Vengeance is mine.'"

—*Spectator*.