

EXCHANGES.

WE have at last discovered "the reason why." Not that peculiarly exasperating and inquisitive book so called, but, the reason why we last week received so few exchanges. We have discovered that our Secretary once left our Post Office Drawer unlocked, and we found it out just in time to prevent the inward expostulations with our exchanges growing to something stronger. This week, however, they have come in with such a will that we can only review a few of them.

THE *Notre Dame Scholastic* is a well edited and newsy paper from Notre Dame, Indiana. Its contributed articles are good, but we think it would be the better for more editorial matter. We might ask the Exchange Editor if he does not think there is a small amount of quibbling in what he says about "Sectarian" and "Catholic," and would call the attention of all desirous of seeing a regular "spread eagle," gushy marriage notice to that incorporated into their personal column.

As we toss the *Scholastic* aside we see an old and a welcome face, the *Roanoke Collegian*, and on its first page we see something which may supply us with a subject for an article next issue. As the rest of the issue is devoted mainly to an account of the opening ceremonies we (of course through want of time) leave it unread, and perhaps, *Collegian*, that is the reason we find nothing to object to.

AND here *The University Herald* turns up once more like a bad penny. Excuse us, friends, and don't draw any inference for we intend none and indeed admit that the *Herald* is fully up to last year's standard. But we feel we are wound up and must now go ahead and come out with something we wanted to say last session. We think the *Herald* is too much spread out. Too much water in her—milk in fact, and we almost think that if she focussed her efforts she might become readable to outsiders—for of course it is an outside standpoint from which we speak.

WELL "boys," allow us, "boys," to congratulate you, "boys," on the *Oracle*, "boys," but "boys" allow us to say, "boys" that while parts of your paper "boys" are very good, "boys," we think it would have been an improvement to get rid of some "good boy"-ishness (per M. T.'s "good little boy") which crops out so abundantly. What is more, if you want to die a natural death, do not for anything print such an article as that "Introspection" again and call it poetry, for it is merely poor prose without a point hashed up into lengths and called blank verse.

SURELY it can't be, 'Yes, but it is,' and as we spell the name a feeling of certainty comes over us. When we read the last issue of last session we presumed that either its editors would be massacred or that they would be afraid ever again to come before the public, but here it is, *Acta Victoriana*, large as life. As we look at the date we see that they started to issue this number last May from a place called Obourg, whose name we do not find on the map, this last, however, is, we presume, an eccentricity of the proof reader. And now as to its contents. As usual its articles are good, but we do not think much good would be done by publishing such letters as that from W. S. Ellis, which is written in a strain much more calculated to excite opposition than sympathy. In the other columns we are glad to notice a commendable absence of those personalities which last year disfigured the columns of the "Acta."

WE have so far looked in vain for our old friends the *Dalhousie Gazette* and the *McGill Gazette*, their absence may be accounted for, however, by the reason mentioned above, so we can hope to see them on our table before next issue.

CLIPPINGS.

THE sort of invitations now in use by the youngstei of New Jersey is as follows :

Jimmie Sly,
To home
Saturday afternoon, October the 25.
Dad in New York, the old gal at the sewing society.
Back Parlor.
P. S.—It will be a Do-as-you-please.

JOSH BILLINGS says, "In order to have an honest boat race you must first have an honest human race."

WHEN the moon gets full it keeps late hours

RECITATION in political economy.—*Student* (defining).—"Capital is that which assists in future production." *Professor*.—"Should you consider, then, that Adam had any capital?" *Student*.—"I think not, sir—unless his spare rib was his capital."—*University Quarterly*.

INSTRUCTOR in Latin—"Mr. B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Mr. B.—"She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor—"Oh, no; of agriculture." Mr. B. (looking perplexed)—"Why, I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."—*Ex*.

"My son," said a fond father, "emulate the mule; he is always backward in deeds of violence."—*Ex*.

"Can you tell me"—said a punster
Who had in our sanctum popped,
And upon the floor was seeking
For a copper he had dropped—

"Can you tell me why at present
I'm like Noah's weary dove?"
And he glanced with inward tremor
Toward a gun that hung above.

"Wouldst thou know?" he queried, blandly—
As he dodged the endgel stout
Which we shied at him in anger—
"Tis because I'm one cent out."

THE soul has faculties, but this is no proof that the Faculty has a soul as any Junior reconditioned in Logic could tell.—*Yale Courant*.

ONE of the editors was overheard courting a young lady in the following style: "Miss will you have us? We will do all in our power to render you happy."—*Southern Collegian*.

He used to call his girl, "Revenge, —
Cognomen rather neat,—
For when one asked him why, he'd say,
"You know Revenge is sweet."

RECITATION-ROOM ECHOES.

"How would you make water dissolve more sugar than it would under ordinary conditions?"

"Put in more water."

"How was Martin Luther killed?"

"He was excommunicated by a bull."

"Who wrote before Plautus and what did he write?"

"Moses wrote the Pentituke."

"Is water elastic?"

"Why, sir, no, sir. You can't take a ball of water and throw it and expect it to bound back, can you?"

"What is the effect of a galvanic battery?"

"The effect is shocking."

"If I should put on green glasses and view this class would I not be deceived in their appearance?"

"Well—no, I don't think you would."

"If I set a pendulum swinging in this vertical plane how will I find it in half an hour?"

"Stopped, sir."