

time occupied a responsible position in the manager's office of the Locomotive Works, Kingston, left last week for New York. Mr. Birkett had a host of friends in the city whose best wishes follow him.

••DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS. ••

WHAT IS IT?—This, gentlemen, is a man called a "divinity." The term is misleading, it only means that he is prosecuting his studies in Divinity Hall. He is fairly reeking with Theology and Hebrew roots. He can distinguish between clean and unclean animals and enumerate the functions of the High Priest. He is also bulging out with Apologetics and the Mosaic Law, and he studies natural history and can tell you all about the Diet of Worms. Why does he hold that sweet child on his knee and pat its cheek? Oh, he is getting his hand into making pastoral calls. What is he talking about? The Second Advent. There are some more of them over there. What are they doing? They are being examined by the Presbytery for "license." What are they saying? They are reading Hebrew. Does the Presbytery understand them? Sh-h-h-h. What will he do after leaving college? He will be "called," take a Kingston lady to share his "manse," build a new church, and be made the recipient of a fur coat and a cutter.

What is that, mother? Mr. Lamb, my son. He belongs to the class of '85 and is extremely fond of his gown and mortar board. He is also fond of pastry and Tim Doolan's oysters. He makes merry with companions over the "Concursus" and vows he will never be "brought up." He talks about "licking cops," "mashing girls" and "sloping" in the most familiar manner. Who did he get these low terms from? Smart of '84. Will he get over these little weaknesses? Yes, but not before A.D. 1884.

What is it? This lovely work of nature and art is the Kingston girl. To nature she is indebted for that fine complexion, that graceful carriage and those bright eyes; to art for the bang, the valise and the little fur cape. What is she doing now? She is walking on King street. What is that college-looking fellow doing? Oh, he is calculating when he will "catch up" with her. What will he do when he catches up? He will bow and she will look surprised. Then they will begin to talk. Is she a good talker? She is, but it is possible to limit her conversational power. e. g. to the following: (1) The weather. (2) The next "Patience." (3) Oscar Wilde and his poems. (4) Mrs. —'s party. (5) Lady students. (6) The University services. (7) The conversazione. Does she ever diverge from this list? Sometimes. What does she say when he asks her if she has read Mr. Swinburne's Trilogy? She entreats him not to ask her what she has read; for she has not read anything "clever."

"SIGNS of an approaching end"—the number of notices on the bulletin boards.

The Rifle Company has completed its session's drill and will now "stand easy" until next fall. Dear, dear! How we shall miss those imposing "parade notices" of our friend the Sergeant-Major, to be sure. The old bulletin board will not look the same without them.

Our Irish freshy was on the rampage the other day. We met him in the corridor, and by way of salutation, we murmured "St. Jacob's oil." "Oil murder you if you say that again." He growled and we—well we knew his power so we "subsided" as it were.

"Not prepared this morning, Professor," was ill last night, took aches all over my body early in the evening,

and—"Ah! I fancy you took cakes or something earlier in the evening, didn't you?" Collapse of the freshy.

WEARING HIS GOWN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—An incident occurred not long ago, which shows to what an extent the wish to uphold the dignity of our University on all occasions may be rooted in the minds of some, and how the conscientious determination to comply with her wishes has been accomplished under the most trying circumstances. Here are the facts of the case. Some evenings ago, in the suburban residence of one of our citizens, a lamp, that had been left burning after the family had retired for the night, was discovered in flames, the oil in it having caught fire. The alarm was given, and several members of the family arrived on the scene, among them a student, habited in—would you believe it—*his gown*. Of course he must have thought that on such an occasion such a costume would add solemnity and dignity to the scene; whether it did or not is disputed, but it certainly did add ridiculousness to the wearer. But this was counteracted by his kind-heartedness and magnanimity of mind, for never thinking of himself in this time of peril, he actually approached within *one rod* of the lamp and wringing his hands in anguish, implored the gentleman of the house who was attempting to take down the burning lamp to be careful of himself and not run into danger.

A la Rev. Mr. Rainsford.

"Alas! Alas!" the maiden sighed,
As mournfully her tears she dried,
"And must I all these seasons wait
Until my love is *twenty-eight*."

DURING the recent debate on "Prohibition" in the Alma Mater Society, the leader of the affirmative was citing statistics, in which it was stated that in a certain town in Maine the arrests for drunkenness in an entire year only amounted to *one-and-a-half* for each 1000 of the population. The speaker admitted his inability to understand how the statistics were arrived at so accurately—even to a fraction, when a member suggested that the second individual arrested was only *half-drunk*.

WHILE the procession of art students, clad in academic costume, wended its way up King St. at the funeral of the late Dr. Yates, an elderly lady with an Hibernian accent was heard to remark in a stage whisper to a female companion, as she pointed mysteriously to the sable crowd, "*Them's all ministers.*"

••EXCHANGES. ••

UPPER Canada College, anxious to keep up with the times, has launched a most creditable sheet on the journalistic sea. They call it the *College Times*. The young gentlemen are to be congratulated on the appearance and tone of the paper which we have pleasure in placing on our exchange list.

In Boston when the Greek play was being performed, during the applause some one shouted "Author!" "Author!"—*Oberlin Review*.

Come, come, don't try to palm off the old Dublin joke on the intellectual community.

"MIXING innocent young women with wild, ungovernable young men at college, in order to reclaim the boys to a sense of duty—to reform them, so to speak—as some so-called "educators" have done, and others propose to do, seems to us like putting sound apples into a barrel of decaying ones to preserve the latter."—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.