

The levity-inspiring passage (the italics are ours) ran thus: "Your vote and influence *is* respectfully requested," etc. The Society need not wind up its affairs yet. There is still some material for it to work on.

The Ryan—the Ryan—the German Ryan!—*Old Song.*

It is understood that the proceeds of the last election will be devoted to presenting each member of the graduating class with a silk hat. This is as it should be.

The following is authentic: One of the candidates for A.M.S. honors, in his frantic efforts to win votes, called, it is said, at the house of a very pretty young lady, who, by the way, is not a student of Queen's. He was shown into the third-class reception salon, and when the maiden appeared, covered with blushes and a pink wrapper, began in his blindest tones by inquiring if she were not a great friend of Mr. So-and-So's (a giddy young junior in Queen's). After the girl had recovered sufficiently from the embarrassment consequent upon such a delicate question to bashfully acknowledge the corn our "hot-headed" young aspirant immediately implored her to exert her influence over the irresistible junior to "vote for me next Saturday." What the result of this intrepid scheme was is not known, but it is said the damsel is never seen now to smile, and contemplates going into a nunnery.

**A WAIL FROM A MALE.**

WITHOUT wishing at all to disparage the sex,  
 Or endeavor to show, in a roundabout way,  
 By arguments, discourse, or reasons complex,  
 Why women (God bless 'em) should not have their say  
 In affairs which seem proper for men to discuss,  
 I would like to remind every student in Queen's  
 Of the sterner persuasion—I feel that I must—  
 Of the dreadful increase (and you know what it means)  
 In the number of ladies who flock to our College  
 And pick all the plums from the scholarship tree.  
 It's going too far, though not yet, to my knowledge,  
 Have measures been taken to get a decree  
 From the Senate, that well-known mysterious clique,  
 To stop this effusion of feminine cheek.  
 'Tis sweet, I admit, to see the dear creatures  
 Go fairly flitting about in our halls,  
 But that look, "We mean business," that's stamped on  
 their features,  
 The boldest, most callous among us appals.  
 Tho' the face it be fair, and the figure bewitching,  
 Tho' the gown and the note-book complete the tableau,  
 Tho' the locks, in some cases quite short, needing "switch-  
 ing,"  
 Are draped intellectually over the brow—  
 What availeth all this when we have the suspicion  
 That the damsel continually smiles in her sleeve  
 With "I'll finger those bills at the end of the session,  
 "And don't you forget it—you'd better believe  
 "That the girls don't get left"—then the sweet's but  
 a sham,  
 Like a powder that's mixed up in strawberry jam.

When we opened our doors to the destitute sex  
 And extended a welcome—both student and Prof.—  
 Had we known the result we'd have "jumped on their  
 necks"

In short order, and sagely remarked, "Oakum off."  
 But politeness eloped with our judgment just then;  
 Bad luck to civility!—Don't you perceive  
 How we're fixed?—'Twould be scarcely the cheese for  
 the men

To insist at this date that the ladies should leave!  
 'Tis the case of the adder all over again;  
 We gave them a place by our fire and got stung  
 For our pains, and it's lucky there's no other gen-  
 Der that's likely to snare us its meshes among.  
 But our name may be "Gallagher," "Dinniss" and  
 "Mud"—  
 'Rah! 'Rah for the ladies! We don't care a spud.

|                  |              |
|------------------|--------------|
| Moonlight talks, | One year,    |
| Midnight walks,  | Skies clear; |
| Longing eyes,    | Years two,   |
| Soothing sighs,  | Rather blue; |
| Front gate,      | Years three, |
| Very late.       | Can't agree. |

|               |                 |
|---------------|-----------------|
| Parlor scene, | County court,   |
| Feeling mean, | Splendid sport, |
| Dearest Bess, | Sorrow, sin,    |
| Answer yes,   | Jury grin,      |
| Kind kiss,    | Divorce given,  |
| Mutual bliss. | Fetters riven.  |

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| Interview,     | Worried life,  |
| Papa too,      | Lonely wife,   |
| Nothing loath, | Husband roams, |
| Happy both,    | Wife foams,    |
| Couple glad,   | Care cost,     |
| Have it bad.   | Love lost.     |

|                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| Organ swells,   | MORAL.       |
| Marriage bells, | When you wed |
| Honeymoon       | Look ahead,  |
| Ended soon,     | Night fall,  |
| Double Brown,   | That's all.  |
| Settle down.    |              |

--Etc.

We are in a state of quandary. We are not quite positive whether or not it was intended for a joke; but if it wasn't, a certain Prof. in this University has not yet quite accustomed himself to our Canadian speech. Not very long ago a lady, in conversation with this man of knowledge about people and things in far-away Scotland, inquired if wood stoves were used to any extent.

"No," replied the Prof. thoughtfully, "no, I believe, as a rule, the people prefer iron stoves."  
 We are still in a quandary.