

Oh, I am a skeleton, you must know,

I've left my tenement down below.

Was I shot or hung? What matters that,

Since I know my place in your top flat.

For lack of food I have grown so thin  
I've hardly features enough to grin.  
Your guest no longer ought I to be  
Since Death and Youth cannot agree.  
Life is uncertain, but Death is sure;  
And one dies rich but to wake up poor.

However big the estate one owns  
Some student may handle his worthless bones.

'Tis just as well for the grave is cold,  
Can't be compared (to the) scenes I behold.

Oh, I am a skeleton, you must know

I've left my tenement down below,

When the boys are out, you'll always note

That I am too, though I don't vote.

At the regular meeting of the Aesculapian Society Jan. 27, Mr. F. W. Trousdale was appointed post-master for medicine for the remainder of the session. For some time past it has been felt that some steps should be taken to relieve "John" of these duties which were really not his own and which the increasing number of students had made quite burdensome.

Hereafter the post-office will be open four times a day and we are sure that any little delays in receiving mail matter that may have previously occurred will be overcome. Be-

sides distributing the mail Mr. Trousdale will also take charge of the reading room and we trust that all will assist him in keeping the papers and magazines in their proper places.

Dr. A. H. Singleton, B.A., sailed on Sunday, Jan. 29 for Edinborough, where he intends taking a post-graduate course. The Journal wishes him every success.

Prof.—Which is the first cranial nerve?

Le B—re (prompted by Mr. C—mbs—ge) The F'fth Sir.

Professor in anatomy—From an astronomical point of view, from a geographical point of view, in which direction does this line point?

Blondy (after careful consideration)  
—Towards the solar plexus.

### Science.

THE Science scribe had swallowed an overdose of his favorite drug, the doubly distilled extract of lotus, and before he awoke he was transported twenty years into the future and saw passing before him in panoramic succession, the faces and forms of his old final year associates. The drug somewhat dulled his otherwise keen memory but he remembered sufficient to tell me that Kissie was head of a large contracting firm whose business was financed on the large sums of money which the senior partner had borrowed from John during his college career and forgot to return. His latest contract was to build a huge skating rink ten miles square where all the bands in the empire were playing continuously and