

Clergy Street Boarding-House.

Miss D. Ste-a-t—Where is Mr. Fo-r-s-er to-night?

Landlady—Oh, he has been invited out to dinner to-night.

Miss D. Ste-a-t—Lucky boy!

Exit the landlady.

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1st Student—Can you tell me what is meant by “an absolute feeling magnitude?”

2nd Student—Why, what are you reading? Dr. Johnson?

1st Student—No; I'm reading one of Prof. Swa-s-n's lectures.

2nd Student—Oh, I thought you were reading English.

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Prof. M-r-s-n, to St-w-rt—Come around to the house to-morrow night, between seven and eight, and if I'm not there, I'll most likely be out.

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A. S. B-rtr-m (to his friends)—“Gee! these chocolates are good; why don't you fellows buy some?”

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It has been rumored about the Medical building that Dr. L. M. D-ws-n is going to take a course in *Glasgow*.

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(Copied from the *Trinity Review*)—Why is it that so many of our exchanges think it necessary to present their readers in each issue with several pages filled with jokes which hardly rise to the level of humor attained by the colored supplement of American journalism? We regret to notice here that *Queen's University JOURNAL* is one among the many offenders. With profound apologies to our readers we venture to reproduce a few samples:

B-ll Kennedy to W-lt-r—“Say, if you're going down street, get some meat.”

W-lt-r—“What kind shall I get?”

B-ll—“O, get some orange meat, it is easier fried.”—*Queen's University Journal*.