

It is rumored that the freshmen have an orchestra of seven pieces—one drum, one fiddle, two bones and three players. Is this so?

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF A RECENT MEETING  
OF THE LOVE-ANNA SOCIETY.

Moved by — ,

Seconded by — ,

"That, owing to the kindness of the JOURNAL staff, and the deep, fraternal, interest which they have taken in the welfare of this society, we should and hereby resolve to give them a grand five o'clock tea as soon as we get our room furnished and recover the gymnasium fee." Carried unanimously with great enthusiasm.

Moved by — ,

Seconded by — ,

"That we as a society do make up several hundred red and green striped flannel jackets, which may be sent at the earliest opportunity to those dear little children in Central Africa who are, we understand, perishing from cold." Carried unanimously amid sympathetic tears. The meeting then adjourned.

ECHOES FROM THE SOFA.

She was an undergraduate, and he—well, he wasn't. We received these brief reports from her youthful brother, to whom, however, for the information we had to give a penknife, six marbles and a catapult, for, as he says, "it's no fun squattin' bang up 'tween the sofa and the wall listenin' to spoons."

She—Dou ever read Kant, Algernon?

He—Well, ye-es, I have come across it in books, but—er—do you know, Eloise, I think it is almost as bad as hypocrisy.

She (dreamily)—I wonder what moves the universe, what subtle power holds the worlds together. Oh, that I might find out the true essence of being, without which life could not be.

He (a boarder)—Perhaps its—its—

She—It's what?

He—I was just thinking it might be—er—hash.

She—What do you consider the most sublime passage in Shakespeare, Algernon?

He—Well, I—I don't know a great deal about him, but from what I have read I think the finest thing was when—what's his name—Hamlet—said to—er—Portia, "Come into the garden, Maud."

She—I'm going to try for a Bachelor in Arts next spring.

He—Eh? Sa—ay, by George, Eloise—!

She—Why, what's the matter? I just said I was going up for my degree.

He—Oh! I—er—thought you were going to fire me for another fellow.

AN AWFUL POSSIBILITY.

She was a fair young sophomore—that's saying much, And learned in modern classic lore, both French and Dutch.

He was a young and bashful prof., a learned sage, But deep in love with this fair soph., not quite of age.

Whene'er her lips in class would frame, in accents sweet, The words *Ich liebe* or *je l'aime*, how his heart beat!

And so between them silently grew, fast and sure, Strong cords of love and sympathy, bound to endure.

Thus time wore on, and maid and prof. in doubt did sigh, Until one day the sage assayed his *Deutsch* to try.

Said he, "There is one noun, my dear, oft used with *Frau* Called *Ehegatte*. Let me hear you parse it now."

The maiden blushed, "No, do my best, I can't decline 'A husband' when by you addressed, professor mine.

Then, strange to say, the sage could not *Die Frau* decline And after all 'twas best, they thought, to give up tryin'.

So maid and prof. decided then to conjugate— May they allow us to attend their wedding fete.

Epilogue.

You ask, with great agility, "Is this all true?"

"*Merely a possibility*," we answer you.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

WE can learn some of them fellars grammar.

J. D—F.

I rise on a question of privilege. C. J. C—M—R—N.

Is this in order, Mr. Chairman? R. SH—W.

Oh, never mind the change. F. C. L—V—RS.

I havn't seen a girl for a month. W. H. C—R—TT.

I'm not afraid of the Y.M.C.A. S. G. ROBERTS.

Did you see me carrying chairs one Sunday night? J. H. M—D—N.

I'm not going to any more shines. W. F. G—LL—S.

Why don't the Senate provide us with gowns? CONVOCATION CHOIR.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never shall be slaves.—*Old Song*. C—SG—VE.

The visitor to the hospital this week will be Rev. J. A. Reddon. HOSPITAL BULLETIN.

I am sorry I went to the station now when so many went. J. M. F—RR—LL.

I wouldn't give up my Friday evening class now for any price. G. BR—DL—Y.