

Melbourne followed, and then Sydney. The registrars report that, in a general way, the female aspirants go through the course with as much credit as the men. At Adelaide a woman scored a more brilliant success in the Science division than any of her competitors; whilst Melbourne has now nine lady graduates, and Sydney ten, of whom three have won the M.A. degree. These first fruits of a wise and liberal policy in the administration of the Australian Universities will, we trust, lead to a large extension of educational advantages throughout the colonies.—*The Publishers' Circular* (London).

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

PROFESSOR of Philosophy to Mr. G.—Mr. G., if we could divest that object of all its qualities what should we have left?

Mr. G.—The hole where the object was.

Professor to Jr. Philosophy class—I think that I shall have your essays examined—sighs heavily—by next day.

Prof. to soph.—Say, Mr. D—, when do you intend to bring in the verb in that sentence?

Soph.—Ain't got there yet.

From the mystified air of the boys as they wend their way from the Philosophy class room after lectures, their eyes gazing away into space, and their brows written o'er with the wrinkles of thought, we infer that philosophy under the new professor has lost none of its old care-producing powers.

One day during the vacation a senior student of Queen's, who intends studying law, was having a quiet chat with a junior, who intends pursuing the same course, and the subject of conversation gradually turned to the new Law School at Toronto. As the junior described a few oppressive regulations of the school the senior showed signs of alarm and said:—

"Do you mean to tell me that you have got to attend the lectures at the Law School?"

"Those are the regulations," was the reply of the junior.

"Do they have examinations at the end of the session?"

"I believe so," was the answer.

"Do you have to pass them?"

"Why of course you do," the junior replied.

At this the senior almost collapsed, but quickly recovering himself as a happy thought struck him he exclaimed:—

"Say, do they have supplements in the fall?"

### RULES OF ETIQUETTE.

For the benefit of the freshmen we give a few of the most common rules of college etiquette which should be rigorously observed:—

- I. Always take off your hat on meeting a senior.
- II. Never speak to an upper-class man without being spoken to.
- III. Always say "Sir" to seniors and juniors.
- IV. Never smoke in the presence of anyone at college except your own classmates, sophomores and the janitor.

v. Subscribe to your college journal, for without it you are accounted as nothing.

VI. Do not swear audibly at the registrar while in his office.

VII. And, above all, do not perpetrate any stale jokes such as tampering with the gong in the hall, decorating the buildings with the name of your glorious class or any other such an one, the whiskers of which may be seen to glimmer with silver threads.—*Ex.*

### WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Gown for a sail—[C. C. Arthur.

I wasn't working for that.—[G. F. Br—dl—y.

Divinity Hall is no saint's rest.—[Theologues.

I found a Sharp John in my class.—[Principal.

I am quite an authority on pies.—[Miss A. C—p—ll.

I am not sunburned; I am only tanned.—[Jimmy C.

Some of the freshmen are very cheeky.—[The seniors.

We have our all-seeing eye on them.—[The Concurus.

Oh, dear! Rugby is too masculine, O my!—[Norman H—d—n.

Say, really we have some dandy jokes for the JOURNAL—[The girls.

When I go visiting I like to stay awhile.—[C. C. A—th—rs.

We should have different post office regulations.—[The students.

I am not headstrong. I am Armstrong.—[R. M. Ph—l—n, B.A.

The seniors should get a sanctum of their own.—[The JOURNAL staff.

I am going to Ottawa to preach Guillett's funeral sermon.—[C. J. C—n.

I had a big time this summer spearing bull-frogs in Delta Lake.—[Guy C—t—s.

Every time the wheel turns round some one draws a card. All prizes, no blanks—[Sammy T—d.

I hold it true whate'er befalls,  
I feel it when my tears run fast,  
By riding old John Knox's past  
I've brought great honor to these halls.

—[McM—l—n.

Freshie to Prof.—Excuse me, *sir*, I'm not sufficiently conversant with Greek grammars to know whether you're right or wrong.—[B—lie.

Three score and ten a wise man said, were our years to be,  
Three score and six, I give him back, four are enough for me;  
Four in these corridors, four in these halls, these give me,  
Heavenly pow'rs 'tis life for me.

Good bye, old Queen's, good bye. I remain as ever, "the boy with the sweet childish face and grown up morals."—[J. C—ll—on.