

how it is, but ever since you came I never get a letter. You get all those that should come to me."

Morley (to West)—"If you'd get a 'gate' on you might get his letters."

—o—

Some say that nothing mortal can
Exceed a mother's pride.
When she beholds her first-born babe
Pressed fondly to her side.

But others state maternal joy
Without a doubt is less
Than is the lover's when he hears
The shyly whispered, "Yes!"

And others yet award the palm,
I can't tell why or how, sirs,
And say a boy will take the cake
When first he dons the trowsers.

These 'ay' be right; but I give it
To Morgan, when, in his glee
That young man stroked upon his lip
The hairs he'd longed to see.

—o—

The other evening Mr. J. Hollis, Bermuda, paid a visit to the sheep-sheds. He had never seen a young lamb before but had seen lots of sheep. This may help to explain the young man's exclamation: "My! What long tails they've got!"

—o—

Morgan says they plant turnip seeds and potatoes before sunrise or after sunset to prevent the ravages of bugs. Now if such is the case, why did not this young gentleman sow his mustache seed in the gloaming?

—o—

As we are going to press we learn on good authority that A. C. is not going into the choir leading business but has accepted the job of night watchman on Dublin Street.

—o—

Gamble:—Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Willson doth murder sleep."

—o—

— first opened his eyes to the light of the world sometime in the seventies. From that time until lately he has resided with his relatives in Simcoe county. His advent to the College dazzled the ordinary student; he burst upon the scene with the brilliancy of a blazing comet. His early connection with the College is too memorable to pass over lightly. His first day's sojourn here was marked by an incident which gained him notoriety over the face of the civilized globe. I refer to his experiment of investigating the power man has to resist the effects of gas. In the near future he intends taking a course in horticulture for the purpose of learning the splice graft. Afterwards he intends going into mixed farming in the Sahara.

—o—

M—g—n and wife:—

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.

—o—

In view of the indignation that has been aroused in some quarters by some of the "locals," we have decided to be more careful in future and avoid any serious complications. We have sent to Koniakofski, Russia, for an experienced censor who will carefully revise the copy before it goes into the printer's hand. He will, in all probability be

here in time to superintend the next issue.

—o—

Extract from a Second Year lecture:

Professor in Practical Horse.—Now, gentlemen, in beginning our course of lectures in this subject it is of paramount importance that we have before us the best obtainable specimen of the equine race. With this object in view, I have brought up my old grey mare. We have in her a splendid animal (hear! hear!), an animal whose fame is not purely local. The admirers of this mare are numbered by hundreds, and she is well known in all the Northern States as well as Canada. For myself, I think quite a bit of the old mare and she thinks well of me. For these reasons it may be that I am inclined to overlook her faults, if she has any and perhaps overrate her strong points (loud cries of No, No!). At twenty-two years of age this mare will carry me quite easily, and it requires a good strong animal to bear a man of my weight. Last season on a cross country run she cleared the thirteenth and last jump when younger animals had dropped to the rear from fatigue (prolonged and hearty applause).

—o—

A crowd of eight or ten boys were gathered in Room No. 35 the other night when a discussion arose on the question, "Should engaged couples kiss?" Our reporter has put into verse some of the opinions expressed, as follows:

Richardson—

This for myself at least I'll say,
Her form appears by night, by day;
But, boys, I know of no such bliss
Until I stole my first fond kiss.
Oh! worldly thoughts were then effaced:
Of heaven itself I had foretaste;
And strange the question seems to me—
"Should couples kiss?" Eternity
Is far too short for me to tell
The rapture of that hallowed spell.

MacDonald—

Accursed be the tongue that asketh this:
"Should couples with a conscience ever kiss?"
I'll tell thee o'er thou ask it me again,
This is an age when there's no sense in men.
Engaged I am but I did never kiss;
Accursed be the tongue that asketh this.

McKinley—

Humid seal of soft affection,
Thou indeed hast wondrous charms!
Conscience, though, has disaffections
When I fold her in my arms.
"Nay" unto your subtle query,
Self-denial is my road,
Treading it, I may grow weary,
Meantime I can bear the load.

Bell—

With retrospective glance I scan
The yearnings of unmarried man;
No kiss should pass his lips till he
United by the church ties be.
Then, freed from all corroding care
He sips love's nectar sweet and rare,
And wonders how he lived before
These halcyon days of love galore.
Engaged couples should not kiss
I'm an authority on this.