

We enclose a circular regarding the *Intercollegian*. It is striving to diffuse a knowledge of College Y. M. C. A. work and we hope it will receive your support. Copies may be obtained through our Sec.-Treas.

A joke, without a precedent, has been perpetrated by a little friend whom we often see in and about the college—selling shingles, for instance. Two nails and a screw were suspended from the frame of the window in John's sanctum, and when that worthy had got comfortably settled for the night with his usual companions—a pipe and a paper—our little friend began to vigorously rattle the nails on the window pane by means of a long string, to the far end of which he attached himself. But John was not to be fooled thus, for he says, "I sprang out and caught the little rascal." The string and appendages were forfeited notwithstanding the threat of said little rascal to tell his pa.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

SOME time ago the officers of the Levana Society were photographed by Sheldon & Davis, and a very attractive and academical picture it is indeed. It is the intention of the ladies to present a framed copy to their reading room and thus inaugurate the custom at present observed by their brother students. This is a good idea and we hope that it will not be forgotten by the lady students of succeeding sessions.

We had a peep into the ladies' sanctum not long ago. It is really quite a cosy place, but a carpet is greatly needed and also more comfortable chairs. Some time in the future the ladies expect to raise funds enough, somehow, in order to procure these luxuries.

We were glad to hear of Miss Maud Squire's success at McGill. She graduated with first-class honors, carrying off a medal in Science.

Miss Beverage, '92, has sailed for Liverpool, where she will spend the summer, returning home in time to resume her studies at Queen's next October.

Miss Alice Cameron, B. A., '88, of Renfrew, was up for the baccalaureate sermon but was unable to remain for Convocation.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THIS is a strange institution which makes ladies bachelors and young men M.A.s, isn't it?

We were handed the following by a freshman:

The difference between a senior and an oracle is a difference in deed.

The difference between a junior and an oracle is a difference in kind.

The difference between a sophomore and an oracle is a difference in degree.

The difference between a freshman and an oracle is a difference in spelling.

"Why does Prof. F— never use a chair?"

"He sits on the class."

When a freshman goes fishing the only thing he is sure of catching is a cold. He catches *that* anyway, and if he gets caught catching a cold he catches a thrashing. Catch on?—*Ex.*

The following was found in the waste-paper basket of a certain freshman:

"The boy hoodwinked a pencil."

"She died of a chronicle illness."

"Momentum—something to remember a friend by."

"Ecclesiastic—a stretchy kind of substance."

His name will be furnished on application at the sanctum, on condition that \$5 is deposited to insure secrecy.

The following remarkable dream was told a while ago by a very matter-of-fact theologue:

"I dreamed that I came across a lady evangelist with black hair, dark eyes and rosy cheeks. She was an extraordinarily beautiful lady. Of course I entered into conversation with her, and she said something about wanting to get a settled permanent charge. I told her that I hardly thought it would be exactly proper for a lady to look after a church, but nevertheless she persisted in saying that she would like to anyhow.

"Well!" said I, a bright thought having struck me, "Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to marry a minister?"

"Oh! I'd like to," she blushing replied, "only I can't get one."

"I woke up feeling rather embarrassed, and I shudder to think of what might have happened if I had remained asleep five minutes longer."

Scene in classics:

Prof.—"Mr. S—, what is the force of the last syllable in the word *quodam*?"

Mr. S—.—"Makes it emphatic, sir."

One of our revered Profs. has long been accused of a fondness for *pie*; but it is doubtful if even he relished the sauce on Convocation Day.

He was taking her home after the theatre and a little supper at Tim's.

"Darling," said he suddenly, as he gazed dreamily at the silvery disk overhead, "why am I like the moon?"

"It isn't because you are full, is it?" she asked, as she edged away from him.

"No," said he, sadly; "It's because I'm on my last quarter."