

Through the box some one asks, "Apropos Dr. Nelles' sermon isn't it enough to rod college without having it rid with religious sympathy?" We think so.

"Dinah" says she overheard the following in the vegetable market on Saturday: "You're very fond of vegetables aren't you dear?" "Yes! I just dote on cabbage heads and greens. I think cabbages are just too lovely—they're so nice and tender you know!" Then the voices were lost for a moment—and anon we heard a gentle murmur about "the nasty worms"—with the reassuring reply from the gallant lover—"yes it is too bad; when we have our garden we'll treat them with vermifuge and worm powder, won't we darling?"

Then we musingly meandered on in search of cheap butter and eggs for our boarders.

DIVINITY HALL JOKE.—Not long after the publication of the last JOURNAL three of the editors were thrown into a most intense state of excitement, by the receipt of an ominous looking letter, which the Managing Ed. with a singularly palid countenance brought into the sanctum, holding it gingerly by the corner and with almost electric speed, yet with the utmost gentleness and caution, placed on the table. Instantly all his muscles relaxing from their nervous tension, he fell exhausted into a chair, wiping the cold sweat from his clammy brow, while the other two men looked on aghast, and no wonder, for just now it is at the imminent risk of sustaining grievous bodily harm, nay, even at the risk of our very lives, that we appear within the college precincts; such is the dire wrath of two students who attended a recent 'bun struggle', such the righteous ire of our divines in general, and such the animosity and pugilistic demonstrations of a burly senior of whom we dared ask cake and got none. And now, as the strange looking letter appeared our horrified minds were haunted with wild thoughts of hidden infernal machines, dynamite, nitro-glycerine, and such like horrible engines of destruction. A consultation was held as to what was to be done with this suspicious looking missive, when it was at length unanimously decided that the letter must be opened, the Fighting Ed. remarking that he would rather die at the stake or by any other deadly thing than fail in the least iota of his duty to the JOURNAL and his Alma Mater. All the rest said amen. Still no one seemed at all anxious or willing to carry out their decision. Lots were taken and the duty fell on the Man. Ed. There was no help for it so he approached the table, while the F. E., thinking of the duty he owed to his other colleagues as their natural protector, valiently slid under it,

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

The other Ed. cast himself bodily into a small and dusty cupboard of the Secretary's desk, from which he was with difficulty extracted in a dilapidated condition, when shortly afterwards the convulsive laughter of the M. E. proclaimed the coast clear. The letter contained a tiny hood of variegated colors and the following letter:—

Editor of the Journal.

Dear and honored Sir:—Will you accept the enclosed warm hood for that poor sickly joke that lately emanated from Divinity Hall, lest in its present weak state it catch a severe cold. A smaller hood has been ordered, to protect from chill blasts the earthly tabernacle of the intellect that evolved the puny thing.

In haste, Yours till death, AILEEN ELAUNA.

The joke was immediately trotted out and the hood tried on, but of course as was quite evident to all, it was far too small for such a joke. Nothing so small will fit him Miss Aileen. However the perpetrator of it is wearing it, or rather the hood is wearing him, until his own arrives.

Dr. Wild's lecture is past and time has dissipated any misgivings as to its success which may have been held. We say misgivings because there were forebodings due partly to a disagreeable evening but mostly to the notoriously bad reputation Kingston has for lecture going. The monotony was broken this time. Whether it was the doctor's reputation, or his subject, or the popularity of the footballers, or all combined that gave the result we don't know but all round the lecture was a great success. There was a large and fashionable audience; the lecturer's thoughts were fresh, his wit sparkling, the house appreciative, and withal the whole lecture was very profitable. The Doctor "was on that Anglo-Israel Lusiness again." His proofs were so plausible as to cause even the most sceptical to think on this subject. His closing words were "Success I say to the Football Association of Queen's College champions of broad Canada." You say "that was to tickle our vanity" well perhaps so but anyway if the rev. Doctor comes again before a Queen's College audience, "the boys" will cheer him—to the echo.

EXCHANGE ITEMS.

A PARISIAN author has translated Shakspeare's line "Out, brief candle!" into French thus: "Get out short candle!"

Stanley has discovered a river in Central Africa called *Kissmelonga*. It cannot be very far from Lake *Nyumu-Nyumu*.

The *Delaware Review* contains an extract from a speech by Lord Coleridge concerning the study of the Classics. It seems to be a beauty or a defect in the writings of lawyers for them to put their verbs and nouns in threes. We would make the ejaculation about Lord Coleridge that Mr. Pleydell made about Sir Robert Hazlewood, "Here has been Sir Robert Hazlewood" said Manning, "upon a visit to Bertram, thinking and deeming and opining—" "Oh Lord!" interrupted Pleydell, "pray spare me the worthy baronet's triades!"

A man in Rochester calls his stomach "Hades," because it is the place of departed spirits. Another man in Cincinnati calls his stomach the "Tombs," because it's where the bier goes.

Teacher: "Define the word 'excavate.'" Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher: "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

Maker of musical instruments, cheerfully rubbing his hands: "There, thank goodness the bass fiddle is finished at last!" After a pause: "Ach, himmel, if I haven't gone and left the glue-pot inside!"

Oh, J. Sullivan! Oh J. L. Sullivan! Oh, John Lyeurgus Sullivan, all hail!

Thou bottomless infinitude! Thou God! Thou you!
Thou Zeus with all compelling hand!
Thou glory of the mighty Occident! Thou Heaven born!
Thou Athens-bred! Thou light of the Acropolis!

Thou son of a gambolier!
Fifty-nine inches art thou round thy ribs; twice twain knuckles hast thou; and again twice twain.

Thou scatterest men's teeth like antelopes at play.
Thou straightenest thine arm, and systems rock, and eyeballs change their hue.

Oh, thou grim granulator! Thou soul remover!

Thou lithsome, coy excoriator!
Thou cooing dove! Thou droll, droll, droll John!

Thou buster!

Oh, you! Oh, me too! Oh, me some more!

Oh thunder!!! *Walt Whitman in Life.—Varsity*