

While alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees,
And no chemical change can affect manganese,
While alkalis flourish and acids are free,
My heart will be constant, dear Science, to thee.

Yes, to thee, fiddle dum dee,
Zinc, Borax, and Bismuth, HO plus C!

Ex.

Student to Prof.—What is to be done with a man who goes to a ball and fails to appear at his classes on the following morning?

Prof. (emphatically)—Pluck him—pluck him.

Student—But what if that man is the Professor?

Prof. (less emphatically)—Oh!!!!

A *kiss* is a contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart. But the definition given by an honour Science student is that "it is the anatomical juxta position of two orbicular oris muscles in a state of contraction." While the Mathematician says it is "nothing divided between two." "And there are others."—[Dr. D. Cunn—n.

The supporters of the negative in the debate Saturday night last, might have drawn Mr. C——'s attention to the fact that, in the eternal fitness of things (i.e., I suppose, the survival of the fittest), the "abnormally large crop of teachers produced in this county last year" was only counterbalanced by the overruling power of those who inhabit the blissful seats in the school of pedagogy.

"—But I would have you know, sir, this question has nothing whatever to do with the future!"—[McInt—e.

Tory elector to Officer Timmerman, in City Hall, at political meeting.—Can't you hustle those rowdy students out of the centre seats.

Officer.—No; you bet your boots. Too many steeks.

Prof. (translating)—"Put off the 'Old Man' with all his lusts."

I think that's too personal, professor.—[Fitz.

"Philosophy begins in wonder."—[J. A. S——'s speech on "The Tendency of the Present Age to Greater Social Difficulties."

My friend, and indeed I might say my old playmate, Briggs, is coming.—[J. M. M-l-r.

My moustache is making me round shouldered.—[E. C. Ga-l-p.

The next time I ask a man to take up the collection I'll make sure he's not deaf.—[J. L. Mi-l-r.

Once right after midday dreary, while I pondered dull and weary,
Over Matthew Arnold's work on Byron, and my head was sore;—

While I nodded, often napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

Like the boisterous students stamping, stamping on the class-room floor,

'Tis the rude bell-boy, I muttered, rapping at my chamber door,

Only that and nothing more.

Ah! how quick my memory freshens, bringing up those slighted lessons,

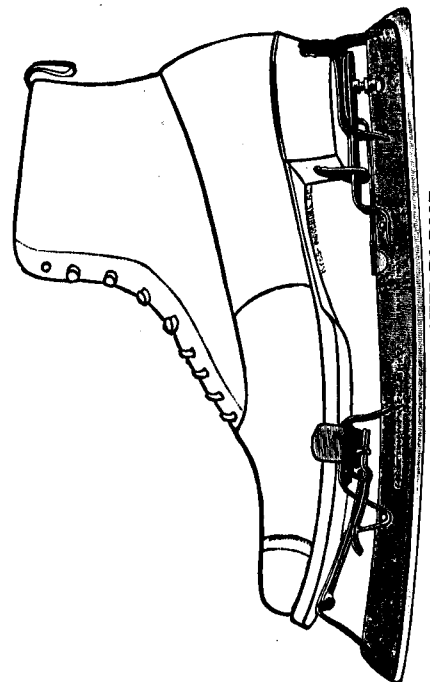
And each disappointed student passing out the open door,

O, how sadly do I rue it;—much I'd give could I undo it—

Yet no further I'll pursue it, but resolve to evermore

Leave untook the rest and sleep I should have had the night before,

And miss a class, no nevermore.



SIDE VIEW ATTACHED TO BOOT.

Go to Corbett's, Corner of Princess & Wellington Streets, for Forbes' new patent Hockey, Skeleton, Acme, Climax. All the Best and Cheapest.