

Daily News, *Toronto Mail* and *Globe*, *New York Herald*, *Montreal Star* and *Witness*, *Canadian Illustrated News*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Grip*, *Record*, *Canada Presbyterian*, *Evangelical Churchman*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *Mind*, *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, *Scientific American*, *Saturday Review*, *Academy*, *London Spectator*, and other critical Reviews. The *Cornhill*, *Canadian Monthly*, and *Catholic Presbyterian*. The exchanges of the JOURNAL will also be handed over to the Curator.

A JOINT committee of the Y. M. C. A. and Missionary Association have published a very tasteful programme for devotional services, to be held every Sunday afternoon and conducted by different church students.

A. GANDIER, an intrant from the Collegiate Institute, was presented on Friday with the medal given by the Governor General for competition in that school, and which was successfully competed for by Mr. Gandier last summer.

EXCHANGES.

WITH this issue a new man takes charge of this department. The new man is we and we having never had our hand on the critical plough before, hardly know how to begin. As we are so late in issuing, the field we have to furrow has reached rather large proportions. Nearly fifty Collegiate papers have accumulated since the beginning of the season and lie in a huge pile before us. Being of a patriotic and somewhat clannish disposition we will sort out our Canadian papers for perusal before turning to our American cousins. For external attractiveness the newly born *Varsity*, of Toronto University claims our favourable attention. The *Varsity* takes the place of the defunct *White and Blue*. The name is a peculiar one and suggests the story of King Robert of Sicily. The principal feature of the *Varsity* is the interest taken in it by the Alumni of its College. In fact it appears to be almost guileless of contamination with under-graduate society. The *Varsity* contains some very good poetry and the "observations of a Patriarch Student," are cleverly written. We will always be glad to receive the *Varsity*, and wish it a prosperous career. The *King's College Record*, from Windsor, N.S., is a monthly of the same size and style as the JOURNAL. King's College is under Episcopalian influence, and claims to be the oldest College in Canada, having been established in 1788. The *Record* reprints some of the old College statutes, which are both interesting and amusing. One says that the Bursar "shall attend at the buttery from eight to nine every morning, and from five to six every evening to serve milk, bread and butter, and from eight to nine every evening to serve bread, butter, cheese, cold meat, vegetables and beer." The *Record* cries, "Oh, for the days of yore." It is also enacted that "the dress of all members of the University shall be plain, decent and cleanly, without lace or any other expensive or coxcomical ornaments." Some of the poetry is clever, and we doubt that the writer of "How I studied Classics," was plucked. The *Record*, with the *Dalhousie Gazette*, ably represents Nova Scotia in College journalism. We now turn our attention to journals of the feminine persuasion. Perhaps we ought to apologise to the *Portfolio* and *Sunbeam* for leaving them to the last, but we can assure them it is not because they stand least in our appreciation. Though they are written in true boarding school-girl style they are none the less interesting reading. An exchange says: "If Edward IV obtained £20 for a kiss, what would be given to the Editor of the *A*—for one?" Such a query as this is calculated to interest the female mind, and the *Portfolio* hastens to reply, though in a some,

what hazy manner. "Not much, probably not more than one in return, if that, and it might happen to be so, something worse." The students of the Ladies' College had a picnic in the woods near Hamilton, and the *Portfolio* says "the afternoon was delightfully passed away in scrambling over logs, climbing deep hills and eating apples." That picnic must have been just too awfully splendid for anything. They are not the first of their sex however, who have had a *penchant* for eating apples. The *Sunbeam's* "vacation notes" are interesting for their originality of style. One contributor says that when she arrived at her dear old home in Belleville, "the first two or three weeks were spent in the luxury of sleeping late, doing nothing and eating between meals." One young lady in the Ontario Ladies' College fell over the banister, and we gather from the *Sunbeam* that she was sliding down that school girl's hobby. The Editors promise improvement in the paper and binding of the *Sunbeam*, and we hope its rays may never be faint for lack of support.

CLIPPINGS.

TWO boys were going through the Ithaca cemetery the other day, when one of them saw on a tombstone the old epitaph, "I would not live always." Turning to his companion he remarked, "That's what I call sour grapes."

"I shall dwell no longer on this point," said the prof., as he sat down on the point of an upturned tack.

A Very Solomon!—Teacher with reading class. Boy (reading): And as she sailed down the river— Teacher: Why are ships called "she"? Boy (precoiciously alive to the responsibilities of his sex): Because they need men to manage them.

Senior, rushing into the the post office—"Have you anything for Burns?" Postmaster, sympathetically—"Yes, sir, here is some salve." Exit Burns with a dainty letter.

The class in German grammar was on the subject of gender. "Miss J—, why is moon masculine in German?" "So that she can go out alone nights, I suppose."

Mr. Prigsby (at dinner, to a fair Knickerbocker on a visit to Boston for the third or fourth time)—I've heard you are so awfully ah, clever, you know." Miss Sharp—"Excuse me, Mr. Prigsby, you must have made a mistake, for I assure you I'm next to an idiot."

Johnny had a rooster he called Robinson, but he killed him last week, because, he said, *Robinson Crew-so*.

Epitaph of a Sophomore:

He loved his lager faithfully,
Who lieth buried here;
For even after he was dead
He took another beer.

"I believe in bananas in the abstract, but not in the concrete," said the old gentleman as he painfully arose from the asphalt walk.

After a Yale Senior had finished a very elaborated essay on Clay's tariff speech, the Prof. asked: "Well, which side do you favor?"

There was a small boy with some powder,
And in trying to make it go louder
He succeeded so well
That his friends couldn't tell
His remains from a dish of clam chowder.