

Owing to the demands from many of the students for private rooms, the faculty have found it necessary to rent another house on Stewart street.

Rev. Father Fortier is now organizing an orchestra, to be composed mainly of students. This is a good idea, and the REVIEW wishes the Rev. gentleman every success in his undertaking.

Many of the students had their names placed upon the voters lists, in order to be able to vote at the coming Federal election.

When three span of stocky Percheron dray horses failed to move the truck laden with the first massive ten ton pillar for the portico of the new building, though they tugged at it until the whipple-tree chain snapped, a stage whisper went round the circle spectators "Where is the 'big three' scrimmage?"

Prof.—Give me an example of polarized light.

Jack.—The North Star.

Prof.—(Who has called T. S. and found him asleep)—"Sir, I ordered you up,"

T. S.—(Who has been playing cards all night)—"I pass."

He went it alone before the faculty.

LOCAL LIMERICKS.

There was a young student called L——n,
Here for a while and then gone ergain,
Now he is back
And says its a fact,
That our championship will be won again.

Another young man is John B——e,
A man fit for all kinds of wurke,
But in an election
He is simply perfection,
And he is usher besides, in the 'kurke.'

And finally Mr. Mc——
He sings, yes,—or else I'm a lire,
But not in a tavern,
Just ask Mr. D——
He's wheel-barrow-tone in our quire.