

The lover's motto—Sofa and no father.

Prof.—Mr. B—d, what is freezing point?

Mr. B.—Well, I ain't quite sure, but I know squeezing point is two in the shade.

We understand that the senior students in arts intend trying their valedictorian down to one hour and a half. This certainly seems to us unjust, and we hope no such action will be taken.

We received a joke about the chemistry class from an anonymous friend the other day. It reminded us of Niagara Falls, for it is said that one can not take in that wonderful sight at a glance, but must study it day by day till its immensity and awfulness is fully realized. This may be a falls estimate of the value of the aforesaid joke, but nevertheless we must confess our inability to see the point, which is, we believe, in this case strictly mathematical.

Soon the departing college graduates will heave a *psi*, *beta* retreat, and sing with feeling. "*omega-n*." Perhaps it is *alpha* the best that they are leaving us. But *phi*! Some one should have *delta* blow at these jokes, which are all Greek to us. Now who will *kappa climax* to this *gamma-n*?

While the graduating class in medicine were being photographed the camera exploded. We are not at all surprised at this. What we wonder at is that the photographer didn't go too.

It was one of the '90 fellows who, when his country cousin drove up in a sleigh, said "Shall I help you to alight?" She jumped to the sidewalk and indignantly exclaimed, "What do you mean? You don't think I smoke, do you?"

An old Scotch lady who attends Convocation Hall services liked the orchestra "vera weel," but she "didna see why that daft mon was a wavin' of his han's a' the time like a weendmill."

SCENE—Chemistry class room.

Prof.—"Here is a bottle of that compound we were discussing, but unfortunately (pulls hard at the cork) the cork has (another pull) stuck and we-ah-have no cork-screw!"

Buzz of intelligence round the class—fumbling in pockets—each student produces one and hands it to astonished Prof.!

The ladies of the Levana society are at present reading and discussing Tennyson's "Princess." Some of these ladies may see inscribed above the portals of their parlors in letters of fire: "Let no man enter in on pain of death." Then let those choir fellows make themselves scarce.

Sure signs of spring—Marbles and Mr. Bone.

One of the English students wants to know if it is polite to keep a cappon in class. We answer that the ladies have a monopoly in this practice.

KERNELS FROM THE SCIENCE CLASS.

Prof.—"Mr. O'C., what do you know about the composition of rock?"

Mr. O'C.—"I have lost my lecture book, professor."

Now this rock is not a bit like that, but they are both Gneiss (nice).

This piece of Schist is Schist the same as the other.

Graphic granite when polished looks like Hebrew. In fact a man who doesn't know hebrew can't tell the difference.

### WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

It is fine to be able to *reid* well. A. C. R—B—RT—N.

Say, I know where there is a cheap tailor.

You bet I won't get locked out again. W. T. H—LDCR—FT.

A. G. HAY.

The bagpipes are too many for me. Excuse me a moment, please. R—U—SS—LL.

Jimmy Christmas! I wonder how my Cornwall girl is getting on without me. W. H. D—V—S.

A physics man was heard enquiring the other day if the number of men plucked was supposed to be occasioned by positive or negative eccentricity.

Youthful soph. (through the lather): "Strange, I cannot manage to grow a beard, for my grandfather had one three feet long."

Tonsorialist—"Can't account for it, sir, unless you take after your grandmother."

The last meeting of the JOURNAL staff was the best attended one this session. It occurred at Sheldon & Davis' photograph gallery.

I went home with a girl last Sunday night—to my sorrow. M. MCK—NZ—E.

They don't grow birch down at Marble Rock. Gimme Kingston every time for ornamental trees. G. EM—RY.

I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.—*Shakespeare*.