

the English periodicals, such as the *Saturday Review* and *Athenaeum*, and like those papers may be characterized as "solid," though it is not by any means dull. It pays a great deal of attention to the University sermons. Some persons growl because we print a mere synopsis of our sermons which perhaps takes up a page; what would they say if all our space were devoted to one. The *O. & C. Journal* sermons would fill an ordinary sized pamphlet. The *Journal* also devotes considerable space to athletic matters, and altogether affords an agreeable change after reading the average American College paper.

THAT handsome little magazine, the *Hamilton Lit. Monthly*, contains literary articles in its February number, which are a credit to its editors. The *Monthly* devotes ten pages to Personals, a very good idea, but how does it get the material?

THE *University Quarterly*, from the College of the City of New York, is very neat and attractive. It is also interesting and refined, while in a literary point of view it is quite up to the average. But the first nine satires of Horace can scarcely be said to be embodied in the little piece of poetry under that name.

THE *Emory Mirror* is a late arrival from Emory College, Georgia. It was a long time before we could make out where it did come from, as there is no information on the subject in its title page. The omission should be supplied. It contains any number of literary articles, in fact makes its literary character its strong point. The alliterative headings are well chosen. It contains some sensible remarks on exchange criticism: "We believe in exchange criticism—of course we mean criticism honest and just. We like to hear the opinions of our exchanges in reference to our paper. Their views may not coincide with ours, but we often profit by the advice of fair and just critics. We do not believe, however, in fulsome flattery or severe scurrility. Let the exchange column be kept up. Let all express their honest opinions concerning their exchanges. Then this department will be a good, not an evil." Those sentiments are ours.

If the tone of a College is to be judged by that of the paper which it issues; and if an unbiassed judge were given the different College papers for perusal, the chances are twenty to one that he would decide against co-education. Papers produced by the combined genius of men and women, certainly do not show any traces of the refinement which promoters of ultra co-education claim as a result of the influence of the gentle sex over men. There are one or two exceptions to this rule to be sure, but as a rule the tone of co-education papers is low. It may be said that our remarks are a reflection on ourselves; but co-education as it has been initiated into Queen's College, is a very different thing from that which seems to exist elsewhere. It is true that three or four women attend lectures in Arts, but they are completely separated from the men, and it is to be hoped they will always will be; much less have they anything to do with this paper. If we thought that this new venture in the College would end in such a state of affairs as seem to exist some places we would certainly give it all the opposition in our power, but it is to be presumed that a policy of strict separation will prevent any bad results.

### ❖CLIPPINGS.❖

SCENE: Hatter's shop not far from Carfax; enter two Freshmen—*Fresher 1* (to senior man, who is standing near the counter, hatless): "Will you show me your newest shape?" *Senior Man* puts on his hat, with a

glance of scorn. *Fresher 2* (not having observed the indignant look), familiarly to *Fresher 1*: "Oh, I don't much like that hat—it isn't at all the thing—it scarcely looks gentlemanly." *Senior Man*, freezingly: "Sir, I am here on the same business as yourself." Exit.—*Ox. & Cam. Journal*.

PROF.: "Mr. B., what is an atom?" Mr. B.: "An atom is the smallest particle of matter that can exist without losing its dignity."—*Alabama University Monthly*.

PROF. A—says, "The ship which carries the missionary to heathen lands often bears a burden of liquid fire and distilled damnation." We never did like missionaries; and now we hate them.—*Princetonian*.

A CULTURED divine in Boston instead of saying "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks: "The accumulation of moneys will now ensue." But a Philadelphia clergyman, a great athlete and lover of sports forgot himself once and said: "Here endeth the first innings—let us pray.—*Ex.*"

IT has leaked out that the real reason why the widow of Ole Bull refused to marry Bjornsterne Bjornson is that she broke three of her teeth trying to pronounce his name.

She many suitors did refuse  
With air composed and calm;  
But when the right one asked her hand,  
He carried off the palm.

AN Oil City Irishman, having signed the pledge, was charged soon after with having been drunk. "'Twas absent mindedness," said Pat, "an' a habit I have of talkin' wid meself. I said to meself, sez I, 'Pat, cum in an' have a drink.' 'No, sur,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Thin I'll drink alone,' sez I. An' whin meself cum out, faith an' he was dhrunk."

"THE more I see of man, the more I admire dogs," is the remark of a French cynic.

THE best remedy for cold feet is to call at a house where they keep a big dog and don't feed him very well.

A RECENT advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whale bone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is a gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

"IN the Pimlico district (fondly called South Belgravia by the inhabitants) there is a waiter who rejoices in the unsavory patronymic of Buggs. Now, Buggs being a sharp man and an excellent waiter, he is naturally in great request among the Pimlicians; but their innate aristocratic tendencies will not allow them to call him by that horrible name, so they each invent one for him. It so happened one day that a leader of society there gave a large gathering. Naturally she called the great Buggs to her aid; and also naturally she rechristened him De Vignes.

De Vignes was to stand at the foot of the stairs, while the hostess remained at the head, to receive the guests. Imagine the good lady's horror at hearing each successive guest address the august Buggs—we mean De Vignes—in some such way as follows:

"Ah, Granville, you here?"

"Good evening, Montmorenci."

"Glad to see you, Vavasaur."

"Take my coat, Adalbert."

"You here, Desborough?" &c., &c.—*Sporting Times*.