

and the round-headed borer."

MacAulay: "Difference in size."

LeDrew: "Why, of course, one is round-headed and the other is flat-headed."

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Reflections on Religion," by Eddy: being a careful comparison of purgatory and the pupa stage of an insect.

"My Lady Nicotine," by "Doc" McFayden. For truly it is said, a man will leave the residence behind him and cleave unto his pipe.

Archie McK, the morning after, as he slides down to the breakfast table at 7.26 a. m., with his coat collar turned up:

"Waitah! Hi guess Hi'll take a piece of pie."

A case of Superposition.

"Shady" in judging class: "No; I don't like that sheep somehow. Its leg of mutton is too high UP ON ITS RUMP."

A few things that the first year would like to know:

1. What Fairman lost in Chalmers church a few Sundays ago. Was it a hymn-book or a "her" (without the book?)

2. When Smillie is going to close the deal with regard to that threshing machine, which he has contemplated buying.

3. How much zoology they ought to know, and when they are going to know it.

4. Why Murray-Wilson did not go to Berlin with the crowd? He certainly enjoyed himself the last time that he was there.

THE STUDENT'S REVERIE.

A junior was recently heard to express his little tale of woe in the following lines:

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in thy flight;

Feed me on gruel again, just for tonight.

I am so weary of sole leather steak,

Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake;

Toast that slept in a watery bath,

Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath.

Weary of paying for what I don't eat,

Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, for weary I am;

Give me a whack of my grandmother's jam;

Let me drink milk that has never been

skimmed,

Let me eat butter whose hair has been

trimmed.

Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,

And then I'll be ready to turn up and die.

Obituary.

Never has it befallen THE REVIEW to perform so sad a duty as that which lies before it at the present moment.

Since the New Year commenced two of our professors have each suffered the loss of a parent and to lose both has been the lot of another.

The mother of Prof. Harcourt, residing at Smithville, was, on New Year's Day, stricken down with paralysis. Despite all efforts, the stroke proved fatal three weeks later.

At Atwood, his home for many years, after a long illness the father of Prof. W. Lochhead recently passed away.

On the 9th of this month there died at Southend, the mother of Prof. Hutt. On the 17th our professor was doubly bereaved, for his father too had passed away.

On behalf of the student body THE REVIEW respectfully offers to those in sorrow its sympathy in this their time of sore affliction.