

THEY SAY

THAT very few now expect as large a mark at the final as they did six months ago.

That the Professors should not forget the days when they too were afraid of a flunk.

That Heath can get as much practice out of the Glee Club in 15 minutes as any other man in one hour.

That the ladies will wear the red, blue and yellow.

That the Montreal Foot-Ball Club knows where to find foes worthy of their—shoe leather.

That if they had Joseph's coat for a sample the Footballers might be able to choose a costume.

That it's not an unmixed evil if the Exec. Com. of the A.M.S. doesn't work.

That we're glad to see Prof. Dupuis recovered.

That the JOURNAL in its new dress will be "the finest published."

That :

There's at present in Queen's a young stude

Who considers himself quite a dude,

But when through a mash

He is late for his hash,

He at once becomes more than subdued.

That in speaking of the Syrens of Greek mythology and of the mermaids of Northern fame, Professor Marshall paid a well merited compliment to the merry maids who float with bewitching languor over our own lakes.

That Dennis and Aulbert will not take their sheepskins this year, but will continue to act in their present capacities.

That on the 1st, one of our bashful students (for we have one) had pinned to the back of his coat the appropriate legend, "Silence is Golden."

That the University band will be reorganized, with the Glee Club Silver Cornet band as a nucleus.

That John has tolled the hours on the College gong with unflinching regularity during the session.

That Prof. Marshall has purchased "Elmhurst."

That the men in Monsieur Geaudry's French class occasionally speak English.

That *apropos* of collars, a young lady friend compared a freshman's the other evening to the whitewashed fence around the asylum, and

That we're very tired after our 31 days March.

CRAZE IN HEAD DRESSING.—Some days ago a student appeared at the college classes as bald as a baby. This brought immediate notoriety. Not to be outdone one of the JOURNAL editors took to curling his hair and parting it in the middle.—*Whig*.

I know Dyde will try to blame somebody else.—*Wright*.

Kind of an *excentric* joke.—*McTavish*.

The *Whig's* dun it now.—*McRossie, Sec.-Treas.*

That's Wright, eh?—*Dyde*.

Right you are young fellow.—*Farrell*.

That's a good joke—Hair! Hair!—*Cumberland*.

I'm not responsible for it, I swear.—*Shannon*.

It can't be me for my hair curls naturally.—*Cameron*.

More work for the Fighting Editor! The man who would *write* that ought to be annihilated.—*Gandier*.

His head new reap'd show'd like a stubble field.—*Billy Shakespeare*.

And Wight, fresh as brydegroom to his mate, came dancing forth, shaking his drawie hayre.—*Neddie Spenser*.

EXCHANGES.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

IT has been our duty during the session to comment upon the different exchanges. The criticisms, favorable or the reverse, have been presented to our readers. But we have taken as well as given. In mercantile affairs it would be rather a singular procedure to render a statement only of what goes out. What comes in must be accorded equal prominence. It is, then, only to act like business men to publish our credit as well as our debit account. Unlike the modern business man, however, our receipts have fully equalled our expenditure. As far as that goes the Secy.-Treas., green with envy, will consider the Exchange Editor one of a thousand.

OVER THE LINE.

In selecting a plan for this unique article no one will accuse us of lack of patriotism if we place our esteemed Yankee brothers and sisters first.

"As we were sitting in our study the other evening, a feeling of sadness stole over us as we read the pile of exchanges that covered the floor. We felt as we never felt before the frivolity pervading American colleges. As we read mash story after mash story we asked ourselves the question, does the American college youth consider mashing the *summum bonum* of existence? Sad indeed was the answer to this query given by the college press of our own beloved land. In the midst of this gloomy reverie suddenly there came joy and hope from Canada. We gazed long and steadfastly at the *Astrum Alberti*. We saw possibility for the future as we read of "moral and religious teaching," "University consolidation," etc. The clouds parted. The sky drew brighter still as we fondly poured over the QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL. There the muse is suppressed. Sonnets such as grace the pages of *Acta* are tabooed. But such topics as these engross the attention of the Canadian youth: "Standard Time," State Aid to Colleges," "Foreign Missions," and "Foot-Ball."—*Nassau Literary Magazine*, Princeton.

After mature deliberation we have come to the conclusion that the exchange editor of the *Lit.* is a keen sighted individual, and that we cannot but echo his opinion.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* has been pleased to bestow upon us several extended and flattering notices. But, like most ladies who have condescended to be gracious to the opposite sex, she has suddenly become cool and distant again. Evidently she does not approve of intimacy. She says:—

The QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL seems to share the innocent delusion—so prevalent at Vassar—that egregious mistakes in orthography and grammar constitute the highest form of wit. On this principle, we are presented with a very comical column, opening thus.

Here the *Scholastic* quotes a portion of our 'Game of Rugby,' and thus continues:—

We pause here to give our readers time to laugh—time to realize the side-splitting and original humor evolved by spelling *was w-u-z*; time to realize what a funny man it takes to spell *have* without the final *e*. Acting under the delusion we have already mentioned the JOURNAL grows still more witty in the "clipping" from its ex-