

SENIOR RE-UNION.

ON the evening of Friday, February 6th., the class of '85 met at the Royal Hotel to enjoy the usual yearly dinner of the senior year. The *menu* was first-class, and the attendance good. The following is a list of students and their guests were who present:—Mr. J. J. Wright, chairman; Messrs. F. W. Johnson and R. M. Dennistoun, vice-chairmen; Messrs. A. D. Cartwright, H. Folger, J. Henderson, W. J. Kidd, M. McKinnon, A. E. McColl, G. W. Mitchell, N. S. Mullen, J. H. McNee, W. Clyde, L. Irving, G. Lang and R. S. Sturgeon. Mr. James A. Brown represented Divinity Hall, and Rev. Mr. Hooper the Royal Medical College.

The first toast "The Queen," met with an enthusiastic response from all sides. No. 2. "The Governor-General," was responded to by Mr. F. W. Johnson, in a neat humorous speech. In reply to "Canada, Our Home," Mr. R. M. Dennistoun spoke in bright colors of our fair Dominion, which he hoped and believed would be the country of the future. At this juncture the Principal entered and was received with cheers renewed repeatedly. "The Faculty" was proposed, and at once Mr. Clyde arose to respond. He said we might well be proud of our Professors. As a mathematician, one of them was unexcelled on this continent, and another had immortalized himself by his work on "Kant and his English Critics." Mr. Clyde's speech was neat, and fluently delivered, and bore the distinct impress of his classical training.

Rev. Mr. Hooper next replied to the "Royal Medical College" in a good solid speech, one of the best of the evening, after which Mr. Brown spoke on "Divinity Hall." The chairman then proposed the "Varsity" and requested Principal Grant to respond, and respond he did, dealing vigorously with the many faults in the present federation scheme.

Then followed "Alma Mater" responded to by Mr. Kidd, "Y. M. C. A." by Mr. Johnson, "Ossianic Society" by Mr. McKinnon, the "Glee Club" by Mr. Dennistoun, and the "Athletic Association" by Mr. Mitchell, who in doing so, stated that he would not state what was not true, viz., that he approved of the above association, and suggested that if two foot-ball matches were substituted for the annual games it would be an improvement financially and otherwise.

When the "Snow-shoe Club" was proposed, Mr. McColl arose, explained to a nicety the difficulties experienced by the unsophisticated in surmounting a rail fence on snow-shoes. "Foot-ball Clubs," "Theology," "Law," "Medicine," "Concursus Iniquitatus," and the "Class of '85" were responded to in their turn by Messrs. Irving and Dennistoun, Henderson, Cartwright, Sturgeon, Mitchell and Folger. Mr. Dennistoun here sang a riming ditty composed by himself.

"Co-education" brought Mr. J. H. McNee to his feet in a trice. He made some very sensible remarks expressed in nicely rounded sentences, and was seated. From his frequent quotations from Shakespeare and other dramatists we infer that Mr. McNee is deeply versed in English literature. In response to "The Ladies," Mr. Kidd said the wrong man had been chosen to reply. He *believed* the Kingston ladies were real nice, but as he *never* mingled in the society of ladies such belief was founded only on heresay.

Messrs. Irving and Cartwright replied to the "Army" and "Navy" respectively, and Messrs. Pense and Kilcaulay to the "Press."

"Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen" brought to its end a very enjoyable evening.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to his patient, "I intend to stand outside to draw your teeth."

Chorus of small boys to a freshman who was sailing along Barrie Steet in full academic costume, his gown being outside his overcoat, "Bone-picker! Bone-picker!" Outraged Freshman. "You ignorant little things, I'm a stouident in Arts."

"No," said the Vermont deacon, "I don't approve of hoss racin', and when another member of the church becomes so godless as to try to pass me on the road comin' home from meetin', I feel it my duty to the church to let out a *leettle* on the reins, just to keep him from puttin' his trust on earthly things."

A sign in a Pennsylvania town reads as follows: John Smith, teacher of cowtillions and other dances—grammar taut in the neatest manner—fresh salt herrin on drafft—likewise Goodfrey's corjial—rutes sassage and other garden truck—

N.B.—Baul on Friday nite—prayer meetin chuesday—also salme singing by the quire.

Tripping along on snow-shoes, the maiden murmured, as the pale moon threw its beams on the glistening fields of snow; "Did you ever hear that old story about Arthur, Mr. McN—?"

Big divinity student, also on snow-shoes (in deep thought), Arthur, Arthur—Arthur *who*?"

Maid on snow-shoes, "Arthurmometer, Mr. McN—." (*Moon vanishes behind a cloud.*)

A tipsy Scotchman was making his way home on a bright Sunday morning when the good folk were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran away from her, she appealed to the first passer-by, who happened to be the inebriate, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman!" he retorted, with that solemnity of visage that only a Scotchman can assume, "Woman! this is no day for whustlin'!"

Student in Geometry (in the course of a demonstration)—

"If the arc AB be drawn, then will CD equal EF—

Professor (interrupting)—"Why please?"

S. in G.—"Why—why—it will come so!"

Professor (blandly persistent)—"But how will it 'come so'?"

S. in G. (loftily contemptuous)—"Well, if you'll give me a piece of string, I'll show you."

Professor collapses, amid howls from the class.

An Ohio farmer is said to have the following warning posted conspicuously on his premises: "If any man's or woman's cows or oxen gits in this here oats his or hers tail will be cut off, as the case may be."

ODE TO A PUMPKIN PIE.

Oh, ever luscious, toothsome pumpkin pie!

To thee on humble knee we meekly bend,

And pray that Providence to us may lend

A mouth and stomach equal to our eye,

Which could devour infinitudes of thee,

As thou liest in such matchless state

Upon the ancient, browned and blackened plate,

A work of art most rapturous to see.

Thy dimpling surface round as Luna's orb,

Is flecked with changing shades of mottled brown,

Which defy e'en Titian's glowing brush,

And make a Tintoretto's work a daub.

Thou art of pies the king, the fitting crown

Of pearly pastry lined with softest plush.