

those who look behind the scenes know of frequent trips down town. He shares with his room-mate, Whitley, the honor of being the best college speaker, and we who have often listened, in the Literary Society, to his convincing arguments delivered in that persuasive manner of his, can testify that they are particularly unpleasant when directed against some pet scheme, hatched under our protecting wings. A fleeting glance into his future, revealed a science professor, thoughtful and aged beyond his years.

Sleightholm O, thou serious one, did you ever rush a girl, did any one ever see you glance at a member of the fair sex, temporarily closing your left optic? No, never, and no one will while the sun keeps on its accustomed course. Such levity will doubtless shock our thoughtful friend, should he ever glance at these lines. Mr. Sleightholm has taken an active part in the Y. M. C. A. as well as the Literary Society, and his cheering influence has always been directed in the right direction. That he will farm successfully, who can doubt? That he will ever marry, who will believe?

Whitley— Oh! thou be-whiskered individual, managing editor of this far-famed paper. Written in fear and trembling, who knows whether these words will pass thy censorious eye. Full many a time, and oft, has thine eloquent voice rung out in impassioned debate, or pathetic, soul-stirring, recitation within the walls of our Literary Society. As critic of that illustrious assemblage, during the season 1889-90, didst thou not chide and encourage us, and but for thy patience how many of our budding orators, would have survived the unkindly jeers of their friends. Mr. Whitley intends to grow wheat in Manitoba, and that he will grow it successfully, those who have watched him labouring so enthusiastically at this institution, will not deny.



Our . . .

. • Exchanges

The *Albion Campus*, from Wisconsin, has paid us a visit. It is deficient in an exchange column, but will soon find that this is one of the needful requisites in successful college journalism.

Columbia College, with an endowment fund of \$9,000,000, is the richest college in America. Harvard follows with \$6,000,000.

When a young lady attends an evening party, she ought to have a chaperon until she is able to call some chap her own.

Before slates were used people used to multiply on the face of the earth. (*University student.*)

The Freshie thinks he own's the earth;
The Soph. is more discreet;
The Junior has a heap to learn;
The Senior, a front seat.

The article on "Home, its Influence," in the *College Chronicle*, is very fine and cannot fail to strike the tender chord of sympathy in all its readers.

Beautiful young lady (at hosiery counter): "These stockings strike me as being rather loud."

Polite Sales-man: "But consider how they would keep your feet from going to sleep."
(Harvard Lampoon.)

The *Adelphian* is out in entirely new apparel. We must say that the type is the clearest and the paper the finest put into any of the college journals.

Blaine is the only college graduate in Harrison's Cabinet, while in Congress there are a great many, the majority of whom are graduates of Michigan University.

The various sports indulged in at college go farther in making a college education a popular thing than almost any other inducement which can be mentioned, and when a college journal gives a considerable space to consideration of this subject it strikes the key note to popularity.

After a prolonged absence the *Portfolio* once more favours us with a glimpse of its benign and smiling countenance. The current number is so filled with abstruse philosophies of an Aristotelian age that we forbear to criticize, feeling that in its slight we have been surpassed and soared above like a meteor. However, that may be, the dark and mazy pathway of our college career is always illumined when we are made to feel that the ladies take a deep and heartfelt interest in our welfare and success.