

### *Just Among Ourselves.*

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Wanted—fifty young ladies with sweet voices. R. J. Sp-tt, Mus. Doc.

Dr. McCabe.—“Look down my throat and tell me what you see.”

Bayne.—“I see a vague whole.”

We welcome Mr. C. H. Barnes to be a sharer of our woes and tribulations.

We regret that illness has made it necessary for Mr. R. H. Johnston temporarily to abandon his work.

Simpson has recovered from his “moving” accident of last term, and displays once more his usual vigor and aplomb.

Query: Why did R-e remain in his cold quarters in the city before Christmas, a day after the other students had departed?

H-dl-y.—“That’s what I say. There’s nothing like taking a good plain *commonsensical* view of the matter.”

Miss O’C-m-r, waxing ecstatic.—“In the soft light of the moon how we enjoy the scene with only ourselves there and as few others as possible!”

Thrilling scene! Great crashing in the underbrush—spectators gaze with horror and uplifted hair. No cause for alarm—only Arthur striving for utterance.

One of our lecturers has plainly forgotten the days of his courtship when he makes the statement that no one can truthfully say, “This proposition has changed my life.”

Dr. McL-ll-n—“The fact that you’ve not provided yourself with copies of these books betokens a lack of interest.”

“A lack of *principal* perhaps,” suggested one irreverent student.

Open for engagement—Morrison’s troupe of specialty artists and enter-

tainers—guaranteed to convulse any audience with their impromptu sallies. For terms apply to the Manager.

“Sr. I.” teaching notes:

W— — d (with oratorical frenzy strong upon him)—“I wish you to direct your attention—that is—I mean, I want you to look at this.” And even the children smiled.

W—l—n (having explained a literary gem)—“What criticisms would you offer regarding this?” No answer, the stimulus was too strong!

A-d-rson, discoursing on psychology.—“The next group is that of uncontrolled trains of ideas.”

Sh-w, as W— —d takes the platform.—“Now he’ll hitch his old logic engine to some of these trains and then they’ll be uncontrolled.”

Dr. Morgan’s young hopeful of four came to his mother the other day with the following inquiry: “I went out into the yard, and the little next-door boy was there, and I took off my hat to him, and he hadn’t any hat, and he pulled his hair to me. Mother, was that *good English*?”

Problem: It is required to prove that the angle of depression of W—hst-r’s nether lip increases at a uniform rate during the days of waiting, and that subsequently the area of a transverse section of his smile bears a constant ratio to the length of the missive received.

The impromptu tributes of admiration and respect to the memory of our late Sovereign, paid by the individual members of our class, and the few unstudied words of our esteemed Principal, all the more impressive because coming almost unbidden from a heart filled with grief, made Dr. McLellan’s lecture hour on the morning of Jan. 23rd a memorable one. Few of the more elaborate panegyrics we have had the privilege of hearing were so deeply impressive as this simple memorial tribute.