

## JUST BEFORE THE WEDDING, MOTHER.

Just before the wedding, mother, what a lot there is to do!  
Seeing after wreaths and dresses, and the wedding favors  
too;  
Bridesmaids six around one crying, spoiling pretty bonnets  
gay;  
Oh, what a comfort it is, dear mother, weddings don't come  
every day!

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, we must sever, cries the bride in tones of  
pain.  
But you'll come and see us, mother, when we're back in  
town again.

Just before proposing, mother, oh, how nervous young men  
are!

Even after they're accepted, and referred to dear papa;  
For the settlement and breakfast dear papa has got to pay.  
And says, "Oh, what a comfort, mother, weddings don't  
come every day!"

Chorus:—Farewell, &amp;c.

Just before the breakfast, mother, no one knows what to be  
at.

But, when guests are round the table, they are more at home  
at that;

Bilious wedding cake and speeches! save me from such  
speeches, pray!

What a comfort 'tis, dear mother, weddings don't come every  
day.

Chorus:—Farewell, &amp;c.

Just before departing, mother, and the carriage is outside!  
Aunts and uncles, brothers, sisters, tearfully caress the  
bride;

Every slipper in the household, after them is thrown away;  
Oh, what a comfort 'tis, dear mother, weddings don't come  
every day.

Chorus:—Farewell, &amp;c.

Just before the christening, mother, such a fuss you never  
saw!

When the household is commanded by one's dear mama-in-  
law;

"Pretty poppet," cry the ladies, "Happy father," people  
say;

Well, he has this consolation, christenings don't come every  
day.

Chorus:—Farewell, &amp;c.

A SCIENTIST, BUT MODEST.—At the festival the other night,  
a 77 honor science man was showing some ladies over the Mu-  
seum, when a blooming Fishman asked him what was meant  
by an *ornithorynchus*; he frowned and reminded him that there  
are some things that should not be mentioned before ladies.

We all know the "pride" of the Sophomores (Med's.) One,  
upon whom every God hath seemed to set his seal to give  
the world assurance of a man; yet, like other mortals, he de-  
plores the perfidy of woman. He wrote asking her to meet  
him at the corner of McGill Avenue and Sherbrooke Street,  
under the gaslight. She replied that she was no *gas meter*.

## SNAGS!

[We were much incensed a short time ago by hearing the above term  
applied somewhat disrespectfully by the printer to our stock of original  
jokes, but its novelty has induced us to use it as a heading for this column.  
—Eds.]

—An Ulster overcoat covers a multitude of sins.

—Why was a certain well-known Junior once a sexton? Because he is  
an Ex-toller of the bell (e).

—A senior, when requested to join the Glee Club, replied that he had a  
good bass voice, but it was unfortunately beyond control.

—Prof. D., (on the proposed pond in the College grounds.)—"I  
suppose it is for ducks to swim in in summer, and for *goose* to skate on in  
winter."

—*Scene*.—Psychology Class-room. Prof.—(Lecturing on the malevolent  
affections) "One particular manifestation of Misanthropy is Misogyny"  
—Attentive Student.—Miss who?

—A couple of students were passing Freeman's restaurant while it was  
being painted. Said one, "Why is that painter necessarily a good man?"  
His friend gave it up. "Because he obeys the second commandment; his  
painting is neither the image of anything in heaven above, nor in the  
earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth."

## PERSONALS.

—75, J. Page, B.A.Sc., is at present engineering on the Lachine Canal.

—76, H. Pedley, B.A., though not through his theological course, has  
received a call to Kingston.

—77, We are sorry to hear that Mr. Faulkner is down with typhoid  
at the hospital.

## EXCHANGES.

—The *Asadia Atheneum* is a nice little paper, with a tendency to  
declamation.

—Our friend, the *Lampoon*, like Alexander mourning for new worlds to  
conquer, wants us to be a little more amusing, to cure him of *triumphalism*.  
Never mind, Lampy, we will try and get a funny man on purpose for you.

—The *Crimson* is one of the best College papers in America. Every-  
body will tell us they knew that before; but, without flattering, we cannot  
help repeating the statement, even at the expense of rank platitude. The  
last number treats mainly of local topics, with no general interest except in  
regard to style, in which an elegant standard is maintained.

—The *Cornell Review* is, on the whole, decidedly dry. Our tastes may  
not be up to its own, but whether that is the reason or not, we felt like  
giving it up in despair, after wading through six pages of "Mathematics  
in Nature;" five of rather better "Stoicism in the Roman Empire;"  
two-and-a-half of superficial stuff on the "Rise of Mahometanism,"  
"Capri," and "St. Helena," were brighter, even interesting, as also is  
the local news.

—We cannot but feel complimented by the Queen's College *Journal*  
*taking the cue* from us, but still would advise them always to stand on  
their own responsibility, and be independent enough not to take the cue from  
anyone. Its editors also show a cavilling spirit, which ought not to mani-  
fest itself in a College paper; surely the outside press rails enough against  
the shortcomings of students without their own organs taking up the  
cudgels against them.

—Criticism is like champagne—nothing more execrable if bad; nothing  
more excellent if good. So being only amateur journalists, we will not  
attempt to soar to the heights of the symphonic critic, but confine our-  
selves with disinterested convictions to that style of criticism, like that of  
him who, when all the world were enraptured by the Ceres of Raphael,  
have tied it. Thus we think that the proof reader of the *Cornell Era*  
wants waking up, because bad spelling and grammatical transpositions are,  
to say the least of it, incommensurable in a College paper.