

lunge Divinity Hall or Medicine to an off-hand debate upon a subject selected the same evening the debate would take place. It is too near exams. to look for such a debate if much preparation were required, but it would be possible to have a very profitable discussion between the Arts champions at debate and one of the other faculties just on the spur of the moment.

The piano is like the Irishman's flea these days, "when you put your finger on it, it is not there." Now, that it is in Convocation Hall, why could not the A. M. S. arrange to meet there regularly? There would be no need of any more light than in the Science Class Room, and it would save the trouble of moving the piano, or of frequently compelling numbers of the students to stand the whole evening in a close and poorly ventilated room.

Prof. Watson's illness is regretted by his students, who miss him from his usual place more than they can tell. Colds and throat troubles have done an unusually large amount of work amongst both professors and students this year, and all will heartily welcome the settled weather of spring.

The JOURNAL does not undertake to explain its jokes. All parties who fail to see the point are asked to consult the assistant business manager, who carries the club.

DE NOBIS.

IT was really too bad, wasn't it, that Dr. Briggs, wouldn't tell us the name of that physician who could cure (or kill) Fitz.—[The Girls.

"Gentlemen, I have here an extract from a Senator"!!!—[J. R. F.—

[Doubtless this rare specimen will be donated to the museum, where all may have an opportunity of examining it at leisure.]

"The familiar expression you hear on the street—Not in it!"—[Guy C.—

"I can hardly skate on the outside now at all."—[J. Sh—rtt.

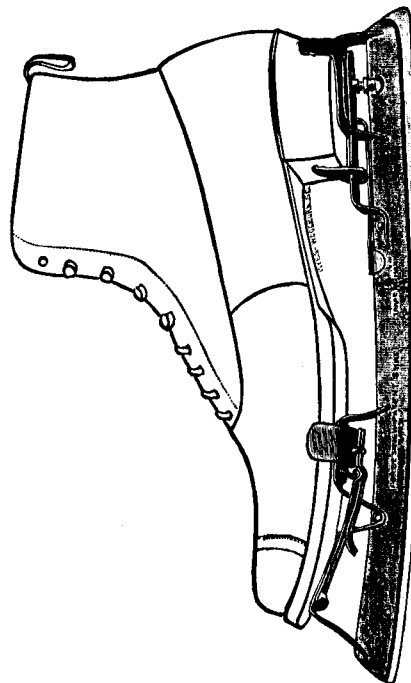
"Yes, e-eh, I agree with Dr. Briggs in almost every particular, and I think it no more than right that I should acknowledge it."—[J. E. S.

"White mitts are inconvenient in a sleigh drive," remarked a student. "Because they shine conspicuously like stars in *waist* places," added an observant listener.

Oh! I dress up like a nigger,
And you bet I cut a figure,
Skating at the car-ni-val.
My face is black as night,
And sets off my teeth so bright,
For I'm the boy that mashes them all.
—[S. H. Gr—y.

Who said I was going to get married?
—[S. H. Gr—y.

Scene.—(Old Scotch lady bringing a bag of potatoes to her minister.) "I've just can ower to speir for ye, an' I've brought ye a few taters—a new kind they are, an' vera gude, too. I've sae aften heerd ye remark that ye detested thae *common-taters*.



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