

James McFarlane, M.A., and A. S. Grant, B.A., go to Edinburgh in a few days to take a post-graduate course in Theology.

Miss O. G. Ritchie, B.A., headed the list in the recent examinations at Quebec, and is now studying medicine at Queen's College, Kingston.

Mr. Joe. Bruce, the Hospital dispenser, has resumed his duties again after a refreshing trip to New York. He returned full of good health and chestnuts.

N. D. Gunn and J. E. Orr, Class '88, in Medicine, have joined forces and settled in St. Marys, Ont. A considerable decrease in the death rate may be looked for.

We congratulate Dr. Potts on his appointment to the Staff of the University Maternity Hospital. Jim is McGill's baby graduate, finishing his course at nineteen.

Pedley, and McCallum, Arts '88, will return from their respective mission fields, at the opening of the Congregational College, to prosecute their theological studies.

W. S. Stewart and R. H. Smithson, Medicos, '88 and '89, are both lying ill at the General Hospital; a speedy recovery is anxiously looked forward to by all their fellow students.

Larkin, B.A., '88, and a graduate in theology of the same year, has girt himself about with the gentle bonds, and he is now breaking bread with much acceptance to the members of the Presbyterian church in Lynn.

Some time during the holidays Miss E. C. Cross, B.A., mysteriously disappeared. It is rumoured, however, that a certain Mrs. Currie, of Glencoe, Ont., bears a striking resemblance to our lost sister graduate. She has our very best wishes for her happiness.

### Between the Lectures.

Physician—"What's the matter?" Patient—"Rheumatics." Physician—"Cause?" Patient—"Attic rooms."

Adolph—Aint nary a key that will unlock it.

Eddie Eugene—Well, then, all we can do is wait until mamma comes home, and ask her for a piece for being good boys.

In spite of the popular belief, it isn't true that the rain falls alike on the just and on the unjust. The just generally get the most of the shower, because the unjust have coolly walked off with their umbrellas.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet was blind. Do you think you can remember it?

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?"

"He was a poet."

Little boy—"I say, mister, do you know why you are like water?" Fat man—"No, my little boy, I do not." "Neither of you can run up hill." Fat man chases boy twice around the block and whacks him with his cane.

"Young man," he said, what is that stuff you are

drinking?" "Whisky and seltzer, sir." "Don't you know that whisky is bad for the stomach?" "Yes, sir; but seltzer isn't. One of the most prominent physicians in the city has advised me to drink it."

Maiden lady—"I think I will visit a chiropodist while I am in the city." Friend—"Have you corns?" M. L.—"No." F.—"Bunions?" M. L.—"No." F.—"Why, then, visit a chiropodist?" M. L.—"I want to have it to say that I had a man at my feet once in my life."

They were sitting on the porch and it was growing late. "Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Miss Clara?" he asked. "Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she replied. And presently the old man, who was getting desperate, spoke from an open window above: "Daughter," he said, "I left my rubber overshoes near the kitchen stove, and you had better see to 'em. I can smell something burning."

A foreign lady, who prided herself upon her English, on one occasion wished to direct a servant to kill a chicken, and, after plucking it, to bring her the feathers. The form which her directions took was: "Die me that beast, and bring me his vestment."

On another occasion she had spoken with a carpenter about some work, and had got an estimate from him. Later on, at another meeting, he advanced his price, when she said: "Why, sir, you are dearer to me than when we were first engaged." If the carpenter appreciated a joke, he should have scaled down his figures.

William H. Seward was a bright man, and must have been a fairly bright boy, but he tells a laughable story of his first attempt at composition. To begin with, he had not the least idea of what was expected of him. So he finally made up to one of his older school-fellows, a wise youth of about eighteen, and besought his assistance.

A composition? Why, nothing could be easier, his friend assured him. "You first take a subject, and then all you have to do is to write about it."

"But what is a subject?" inquired the future Governor of New York.

"Why, a subject is anything you want to write about."

Irate Teacher to Sharp Boy—Phillie Stine, come here. Ephraim Jones complains that you have abused his little sister. Is that true, sir?

Sharp Boy—Yes, mum.

I. T.—What did you do it for?

S. B.—Ephie called me a dirty Philistine and kicked my sister. So I pitched into Ephes', damn 'im.

I. T.—What do you mean, sir, by such profanity here? Where did you learn such language, sir?

S. B.—In the Bible.

I. T.—What part of the Bible, sir?

S. B. (triumphantly)—First Samuel, seventeenth chapter, first verse.

The verse referred to reads as follows: "Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shochoh, which belongeth to Judah, and pitched between Shochoh and Asekah, in Ephes-dammim.