

A SOPH'S AMOROUS SPEECH.—BRILLIANT ORATION.—  
On the 13th inst. the train going west carried a Soph. and a Divinity student to a place called S—, where a "bun fight" was to be engaged in, and in which these two "gownsmen" intended to participate. The entertainment began at 7 o'clock in a large hall, and on a large platform in company with some distinguished personages, these two mashers, and grinders of hash, planted themselves. Whereupon the Soph, standing upon his feet, rolling his eyes, stretching his legs, opened his mouth, and spake as follows:—"Hear, O ye people of S— and vicinity, the words which I shall speak unto you, for I am a Soph. of Queen's College. I wear a mortar board upon my head six days out of seven, and taking pity upon you, I, in company with my brother "Divine," come forth to unfold some of the deep mysteries, and to solve some of the problems which we learn in K—. For it hath ever been upon my mind to address you upon a subject which lies very close to this soft heart of mine, and which pertains to the good of all men, (viz.) "Matrimony." Mine eyes have been propped wide open every night for a long time past, thinking upon this wondrous theme, and so I propose this night to give some good advice to the folk young in years, tender in heart, like myself, and I trust that my remarks may not be in vain. (At this juncture the "Divinity Hero" rolled his eyes, flapped his ears, and his knees smote one against the other.)

Ladies and gents,—I rise to address you upon the subject of matrimony, and my words must have weight, for I am no stranger to either you or my subject. I know whereof I speak, for I am a disciple of "Cupid," having graduated with honours in his school. Many a fair damsel have I loved, and many will I love in the future, and as I see before me so many of the youth of our land, I shall address not a few of my words to them. A young man ought to be of reasonable size. He should have a good head; if he can grow a beard it is well, but many imagine that if they sport a few spears of a moustache that they are men. Hark and listen, O ye people! A small moustache is only second mourning for want of brains, (at this point the Divinity Hero, with turned up eye, thanked the Gods that he was always clean shaven. His teeth chattered and his knees smote one against the other.) Soph continued, "Young men, many a girl who is not afraid or ashamed to work, never mind the looks, beauty is but skin deep, but, oh, ugliness goes clean to the bone, (at this juncture the "Divinity" elevated his feet, behind which he completely hid himself, his nasal organ alone protruding.) After giving some striking illustrations, the clever Soph, with chin erect, gave forth a problem to the audience: "If I can court, love and kiss other girls in one night, how long will it take a man who has his equilibrium to perform the same task?" To this question there was no reply, as the two cases were so far separated. When the stillness was becoming painful the Divinity lowered one foot (which obscured the light from half the hall) and elevated his nasal organ to a horizontal position. The Soph did not repeat his question. The oration was now near its close. His voice was shrill, his eyes distended, his mouth ajar, a look of agony was upon his face, whereupon the "Divinity," knowing the cause of his trouble, stood upon his heels and cried aloud, "Bring, oh, bring cakes, pies and buns, also a pail of water, for we are hungered and require meat." The rest of the night was taken up in devouring the fruit of the vine, and the product of the field. Thus ended one of the most brilliant amorous speeches ever delivered by a Soph, and people at S— and vicinity look sad when this Soph is mentioned, and if a bun fight is ever held in S— again care will be taken to have more grub for this Soph, and also to have his oration delivered beforehand.

→ ITEMS. ←

ONE of the girls says: "Eating onions not only keeps the lips from chapping, but also keeps the chaps from lipping."—*Ex.*

St. Valentine's day has come and gone, and as a result the walls of our sanctum boast of quite a few additional adornments, the bequests of generous hearted students who were the happy recipients of artistic 'one-centers.'

We are indebted to one of our exchanges for the following specimen:

Dere Gane:

I ain't mutch on a rhyme,  
I don't no feet and time,  
I bot this valentyne fer u  
To tel that I to u are tru.  
I don't go mutch upon its sense;  
It's just chuck full of sentimense.  
So take the farvant love of him  
Who sines hisself

Your Willyum Jim.

See!  
He  
Goes whirling out the door.  
Ah!  
Pa  
Has lit on him once more.  
I  
Sigh  
To see him used like that.  
Bad  
Dad  
To spoil his Derby hat.—*Ex.*

MCSTAGGERT (on his way home, having jumped over the shadows of the lamp-posts, etc., brought up by that of the kirk steeple). "Eh—" (Pauses.) "Ne' mind! 'Sh no help for it! (Pulls up his pants.) Shall have to wade thish!"

HAMILTON College, on consideration of an endowment of \$500,000, is to become a Presbyterian college, subject to the Synod of New York. The endowment is to be collected chiefly by contributions taken in the various churches.

A CLEAN SCORE.—First gent: "Madame, permit me to introduce my friend, who is not nearly the fool he looks"—

Second gent:—"That is where my friend differs from me, madame."—*Ex.*

SCENE, recitation room, Wellesley College, class in Latin. Professor (who is a Harvard graduate, and consequently bashful)—"Miss A., will you decline the pronoun *hic*?" Miss A.—"*Hic, hæc, hoc, hug-us, hug-us, hug-us.*" Exit professor amid great excitement.—*Ex.*

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It is now getting near the end of the Session, and a large number of our subscribers have not yet sent in their dollars. This may appear trifling to them, but it is a serious matter for us. We sincerely hope that this matter will be attended to without further delay.

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