

and Stanton. THE REVIEW extends to the genial Prefect and to his associates, its best wishes for a happy and profitable year.

Steps ought to be taken to form the Debating Society for the year. As the Inter-Collegiate Debate takes place in November, there is no time to spare. Organise gentlemen!

SUBRIDENDS.

Tie on your hat when you walk on the Driveway.

(Teacher of Math.)—Can you increase your quantity in any way?

(L-p i-t-e).—Yes, Sir.

(Teacher.)—How?

(L-p-i-t-e).—By getting away with this II. (Pie).

(Prof. of Astronomy.)—What would you call the people who live on the Moon, were it inhabited?

(Pupil.)—Lunatics.

It is understood that Georgie D's book entitled "The Farm hand's Revenge, or Who put the Tooth in the Apple Pie," will be shortly published. We do not think it will set the Ottawa River on fire.

The librarian has succeeded in reconstructing the file of the REVIEW and of its venerable parent the OWL, *ab ovo*. With what a weight of memories they are laden!

The authorities have provided a much needed sanctum to replace the lumber room and elevator shaft of primitive days. Although our present quarters are not finished in rosewood and mahogany, with Brussels carpet to match, the weary editors have at last a refuge, a base of operations, the fulcrum no doubt from which they hope like Archimedes to move the (college) world.

Mr. Lyall and Co. and a gang of masons are engaged on the roof supports, and everything presages an early entry into the 'White House,' possibly at Christmas. Six monoliths of 9 tons weight each, are at the Central Station. They are intended for the eastern portal.