

She kissed him.

"Speak to me!" she begged.

But he was silent.

Fondly smoothing his curling hair

She looked into his deep eyes pleadingly.

"Speak!" she implored again.

It was more than he could resist.

"Bow-wow!" he said.—*Ex.*

Overheard in the Ladies' Room.—

First student: "When is Fyfe day coming? I do miss the meetings so."

Second student: "That's just the way with me. I missed every meeting last year but one."

—*McMaster, U. M.*

A sort of a parodical epidemic seems to have struck most of our contemporaries this month; *Varsity* has had an exceptionally severe attack. In the issue of November 10th, there are no less than three parodies. One, on Tennyson's "Revenge," entitled "A Ballad of the Fleet" refers to the North Sea outrage. It is cleverly conceived though hastily and carelessly worked out. There is a parody on "The Ancient Mariner" which is not so good, and one on "We are Seven" which is still worse. The North Sea incident has also inspired the T. C. D. bard and has brought from his pen a clever imitation of "Sir Patrick Spens" At Queen's there have been some traces of this epidemic but its effects are noticeable only in the new versions of the faculty yells. The lyric muse of Queen's is evidently in so deep a sleep that nothing can awake her.

"This climate is salubrious, isn't it?" inquired the tourist.

"Say mister," replied the native,

"jest write that there word down fer me, will yer? I get tired o'swearing at this climate all the time in the same old way and anything new in that line tickles me."

—"Catholic Standard and Times."

Flowers they bloom in the morning;

At even they wither away,

So with the friends we loved dearest

They pass, it seems, in a day.

Brief is life's streamlet, and gliding

Away to the measureless sea

Into the life everlasting

The dawn of eternity.

—*Bluff and Blue.*

"How can you dress so expensively when the city is under seige on your account?" demanded the daughter of Priam of Helen of Troy fame.

"Because I get all my gowns from Paris," coldly replied the cause of the trouble.

—*Yale Record.*

"What did the deacon say when you sent him the brandied peaches?"

"He said he did not care for the peaches, but he did for the spirit in which they were sent.—*Ex.*

The first college paper in America was issued by Dartmouth College. Daniel Webster was the editor-in-chief.

"Stop joking," said Venus.

"I'm Serious," said the dog star in reply.—*Retina.*

The freshman who had just paid his fees struck a reverential attitude and said, "I was a stranger and they took me in."—*McGill Outlook.*