

R. A. Sheppard, '88, Med., of Barbadoes, is now studying medicine in Edinburgh. It was the climate of Montreal and not the small-pox that determined our West Indian friend's absence from McGill this year.

The many friends of Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, B.A. '82, in Montreal, were delighted to see him once more in his old haunts last week. As mentioned in our last number Mr. Thomas has been admitted to the bar of Ontario and intends to follow his profession in Toronto where he has been studying for the last few years. It will be remembered that Wolf, when on active service in the north-west got up a football team from amongst the men of the Queen's Own and beat the whole army.

### Between the Lectures.

Fresh and musty,  
Clean and dusty,  
Weak and lusty,  
Bright and rusty,  
Here we are,  
Take us coolly;  
We're unruly;  
Laugh unduly,  
We're  
Yours truly,

JOKES.

Ta! Ta!

### FIGURATIVE ASTRONOMY.

Astronomy is **1** derful  
And interesting, **2**;  
The ear **3** revolves around the sun  
Which makes a year **4** you.

The moon is dead and can't re **5**  
By law of phy **6** great;  
It's **7** where the stars alive  
Do softly scintill **8**.

If watchful Providence be **9**  
With good in **10** tions fraught  
Did not keep up its grand design  
We soon would come to **0**.

Astronomy is wonderful:  
But it's **2 80 4**  
**1** man **2** grasp, and that is why  
I'd better say no more.

### MY PONY.

My pony, 'tis of thee,  
Emblem of liberty,  
To thee I sing,  
Book of my Freshman days,  
Worthy of fondest praise,  
Worthy of poet's lays,  
I'd tribute bring.

"I sat me down and thought it o'er,  
And found the maxim true,  
It is easier to like a girl  
Than to make a girl like you."

A bit of real life—A piece of boarding-school cheese.  
"Friends, Romans and countrymen, beware of the  
q-cumber. It will w up."

Tom's recipe for making stovepipes—take a long,  
cylindrical hole and wrap a roll of sheet-iron around  
it.

A question for the Undergraduates Literary Society:  
What was their Secretary doing at Clarenceville, last  
week? An answer is anxiously awaited.

Says the New Orleans Picayune: "While medical  
students are being harshly condemned for robbing  
graves it is forgotten that the students intend to fill  
them up again when they go into practice."

Little Bess to gentleman caller—"You ain't black,  
are you, Mr. M——?" "Black, child? Why no; I  
should hope not. What made you think I was?" "Oh,  
nothin'; 'cept pa said you was awful niggardly."

We must go from home to get news. The *Whitby*  
*Sunbeam* tells us that "Mr. N. B. Gunne of McGill  
University, called on Miss Fraine last Tuesday night."  
This won't do, Gunne; you must *refrain* from such  
conduct in future. We do n't want you to *go-off* yet  
awhile.

When Vestrymen Green bowed his head to read the  
responses of the litany last Sunday he was very drowsy  
indeed, and he had repeated "Lord have mercy upon  
us miserable sinners" but three times when he fell  
fast asleep. His wife nudged him with her parasol  
without success.

When the minister reached, "and now, seven-  
teenthy, my beloved brethren," Vestryman Green  
awoke, and being unconscious of the lapse of time re-  
sponded in a sonorous and fervent voice:  
"Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners."  
*N. Y. Times.*

"O Lucy, what do you think of the yacht race?"  
"Indeed I don't know much about it; how  
was it?"

"O, don't you! Charley was up as usual last  
night, you know, and he told me all about it—you  
know Charley takes a great interest in these things."

"Yes, tell me about it."  
"Well, when the Puritan started she stood on her  
starboard tack and broke it."

"No! what's a starboard tack?"  
"I don't know, but pretty soon the Genesta luffed  
her spinnaker boom, and passed a red buoy on the  
port side."

"A red boy? An Indian, was it?" interrupted  
Lucy.

"I don't know. I'll ask Charley. And then they  
both stood on the starboard tack awhile, till the  
Puritan's mainsail got mixed with the stern sheets  
——"

"What are the stern sheets?"

"I don't know, I'll ask Charley—and the Genesta