

down members of our Association to take part in the athletic sports of that institution which were held on Tuesday. As none of the members seemed willing to go no action could be taken.

THE Principal delivered an interesting address on Thursday evening at the "Welcome" meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Convention.

STUDENTS, remember your friends are our advertisers.

THE Professor of Metaphysics does not seem to be well acquainted with the Sophomore class, as we remember his saying in his lecture on University Day that "no man can hope to be equally at home in all branches of knowledge." The indignation resulting may account for the interruptions during the latter part of the evening.

THE work on the new building, the corner stone of which was laid since our last issue has progressed very rapidly, and it will soon be roofed in. It presents a very imposing appearance and will be one of the city's ornaments.

A STUDENT says that the only change he notices about College since he left in the Spring is a massive building in lieu of the vacuity which heretofore existed in rear of the College.

WELL! Well!

EXCHANGES.

IT is with no small amount of pleasure that we once more greet our "brothers in affliction," the exchanges, but nevertheless, we feel that our five months abstinence from the slinging of Editorial Ink has slightly rusted us.

AMONG the pile that greets us, we note several new arrivals, prominent among them *The White and Blue* from Toronto, a weekly paper published under the auspices of University College Literary and Scientific Society. We like its tone; the present number is largely an introductory one, but judging from appearances we predict for it a good standing among what we may call the purely College papers, to distinguish them from those poor fourth class magazines known as College Literaries. We are glad to see the columns devoted to "news items" are well filled.

NEXT comes our older friend, the *Portfolio*. Though only one year old the *Portfolio* is commencing to show the attributes of a well-established College paper. We notice two changes both in our opinion an improvement, the first is an increase in size, the second is an increase in the number of proprietors. Instead of as formerly being run by the Juniors and Seniors only, it is now the property of all the students in the College, and its board of management has been increased. We think that the two ladies who had the management last year will testify that the present number of editresses is none too large for the work to be done.

WHEN reading the *King's College Record*, from Windsor, Nova Scotia, we must frankly confess we were surprised at the improvement. To be sure there was great room for improvement, but nevertheless its editors are not the less to be congratulated. We would like to speak of some ideas we saw therein, but as we are this issue merely greeting our exchanges, we forbear.

ANOTHER welcome face, *The Richmond College Messenger*, and with good matter inside of its cover, though this must not be considered unusual. We believe one reason why we find the *Messenger* so readable is because it very rarely contains anything like the bombastic prizes essays that so often disfigure the pages of some of our otherwise good

exchanges. Not that we must be considered averse to prize essays, it is the particular kind of prize essays that we don't like.

HALLO! a namesake, the *College Journal*. Friend beware and remember Alexander's advice to a namesake in his army. We, however, are glad to meet you and hope our acquaintance will improve in time.

The *Hamilton Quarterly* looks rather blue this issue. This is perhaps due to the cover. We almost think we would have liked it better, had that first article been left out. We were a little softened when we saw it said that the writer was aged 16, and remembered that the *Quarterly* was from a Collegiate Institute.

ANOTHER old friend, the *Columbia Spectator*, must be greeted and then for lack of further time we must stop.

Now who is there who after reading the above remarks could say that the milk of human kindness ever sours in the breast of an exchange editor.

"If such there be,
Go mark him well, etc.

We refer to Scott as our authority for the rest, and merely suggest that it takes a certain amount of rubbing to sharpen up any ordinary man's temper.

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

ONE of the "fair ones" boasts that her lover in the junior class is telescopic. She can draw him out, see through him, and then shut him up.—*Ex.*

"I CAN'T recite that lesson, Professor; am not prepared." "Really sir, I did not suppose you would let a little thing like that bother you."—*Ex.*

"Is there any danger, Professor, of my disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" "No, sir, brass has no effect whatever upon them."—*Ex.*

DEAN STANLEY was not equal to his opportunities when he performed the marriage ceremonies for Professor Tyndall. He should have asked the groom: "Do you take this anthropoid to be your co-ordinate, to love with your nerve centres, to cherish with your whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance shall resolve its organism into its primitive atoms?"—*Cin. Commercial.*

A PHYSICIAN has discovered yellow fever germs in ice. The safest way is to boil your ice before using it. This kills the germs.—*N. Y. World.*

"May I ask what that is?" said an unsophisticated freshman to a senior who is toying with a corkscrew. "That—that is the key to Bliss," replied the bacchanalian senior.—*Bates Student.*

HE handed her one of his poetic effusions. She read it with a pleased expression on her face, and as she handed it back said, rapturously, "There is more truth than poetry in it." And yet he is continually vexing himself to know whether she intended a compliment or not.—*Beacon.*

THE mother of a Harvard student, disgusted with the fewness of his letters home, had a package of cards printed:

I AM WELL.

[Sign here].....

These she sent with a request to sign and mail occasionally in stamped envelopes provided.—*Rochester Campus.*

The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat,
And, pouting, she paused to mutter,
"I wish you brute, you would turn to milk,"
And the animal turned to butt her.