

ONLY.

Only a coat,
Only a hair,
Only a wife,
Findeth it there.

Only a broom,
Only a whack,
Only a man
With a broken back.

WHO IS IT ?

Who skims around the glazy rink,
With now a smile and now a wink,
Who from the ladies does not shrink,
Why, Jimmie !

Who loves to look at pretty girls
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And prizes them beyond all pearls,
Why, Harry !

Who laughs to see the Freshmen flirt,
And thinks it can do them no hurt,
Except to make them rather pert,
The ladies !

Who is a favorite with the boys,
Who likes to see them make a noise,
And all their sport and fun enjoys,
Why, Geordie !

Who is the head man in the Gym,
Who always is so neat and trim,
And makes Philosophy his whim,
'Tis Bennett !

Who sits in Queen's time-honored court
And sees the Freshmen brought for sport,
Who judges them, which is his forte,
Why, Logie !

(Lady Medical boarder to Landlady)—“So you really think your husband likes me ?”

Landlady—“I am sure he does ?”

“It doesn't seem possible ; did he tell you so ?”

“No, indeed. He never tells me anything ; but the other night when you were out he didn't know you had left, and when he came into the sitting-room it was dark and he thought I was you and —”

“Oh dear ! Did—did he kiss you ?”

“Oh dear no ! But instead of swearing because the gas wasn't lit he just sat down and talked like a gentleman.”

“My dear,” said a Gordon-street merchant to his daughter at breakfast, “wasn't that College Junior here last night until twelve o'clock ?”

“Yes, papa,” she replied with a pretty little blush.

“Well, my dear, you should not permit it. It has been that way for several nights, hasn't it ?”

“Yes, papa.”

“Don't you know that it is hardly the proper thing ?”

“Yes, papa.”

“Then why do you do it ?” he asked, impatiently.

“Because, papa, the session will soon be over and I am rushing the business so that there will not have to be an extra session.”

The father's voice was stilled and the breakfast was finished in silence.

Student (to sick chum on Earl Street)—“A gentleman down stairs wishes to see you, Harry.”

Sick Chum—“I'm too sick to see any one.”

Student—“But it is the minister.”

“Well, I'm not sick enough to see him yet.”

“Young man,” said a solemn-looking Arts Junior, “don't you know that if you persist in drinking you will never get ahead in this world.”

“Why, my dear sir,” answered the Med., “your ignorance surprises me. I'll have a head on me to-morrow morning as big as a barrel !”

(Senior, impatiently, to landlady)—“I told you I only wanted half a cup of tea, and, as usual, you've filled it up to the top. Don't you know what half full is ?”

(Room-mate, grimly)—“She ought to know by this time. You've been half-full often enough.”

“Say, Awthur,” said the dude of the Seniors to a Sophomore friend.

“Yes, chappie.”

“I've been pondshwing a great deal.”

“What about, deah boy ?”

“Why, I was standing down on the drug store conner, Wade's, doncher know, and one of those hohwid sweet boys came and stood on the sidewalk and just stared at me with all his might for a long time.”

“Oh, hohwors !”

“Yes. It got tehwbly annoying, doncher know ; and so, when I had stood it as long as I could, I said to him : ‘Little boy, what are you looking at ?’ so as to soht of embaowass him and make him go away, you know.”

“And did he go ?”

“No ; he just stood still and said, ‘I'm darned if I know !’ I wonder what he meant, Awthur ?”

Prof. to Junior—“What are the properties of heat ?” Junior—“The chief property is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them.” Prof.—“Very good ; give me an example.” Junior—“In summer, when it is hot, the day is long ; in winter, when it is cold, the day is short.” Exit Prof., lost in amazement that so familiar an instance should have so long escaped his own observation.