

McKenney (at Union Lit.)—The next number on the programme is "The Southern Negro." President G. C. Creelman.

Several enterprising men on Lower Hunt have opened a lunch counter; shares may be had at 95; apply to A. S. Smith or O. C. White.

Business was opened on Feb. 13th. Parlor hours, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. daily.

Class in animal structure.

Shaw—Do those red streaks represent the fibres?

Mr. Jarvis—Yes.

Singleton—That is like college beef.

Mr. Jarvis—Yes, except that in college beef the fibres are somewhat coarser.

Prof. Gamble—If you mixed O. H. and a non-metal together, what would you have, Mr. Newhall?

Mr. Newhall—I beg your pardon!

Professor repeats the question.

Mr. Newhall—Oh! A base; oh, no! It would be a salt.

Professor—Mr. Robertson, what would it be?

Mr. Robertson—Er! it, it—

Professor—I am afraid the conversat was too much for you fellows.

J. M. Lewis—Was Scott the originator of that term, "Cast not your pearls before swine"?

Mr. Jones—I think not, you will find that in the New Testament.

Time—Three o'clock, at poultry.

Jerry—Mixing mash.

A. S. Smith (looking on)—See here, Jerry, I want you to hurry up; I want to go to the hockey match at 4:30.

Notice on bulletin board at Macdonald Hall after the conversat: Lost—A heart. Finder please notify E. Stafford. Happily the lost treasure had strayed into a cozy corner, and being found, it was conveyed by Strong hands to the owner, but to his dismay it had never been pierced.

Ferguson—What do you think of that horse?

Bowman—Alright, except those hind legs, his knees seem swelled.

Tweltridge—Hello, Wheeler! Why, twenty minutes ago I saw you here; have you been drinking punch all that time?

Wheeler—Yes, and I intend to be here twenty more. Sad to relate, the doors were closing and Wheeler struggled out with a downcast look in his countenance.

Gillett—My opponent says that Canada ought to be independent and then the two races would draw closer together. I would like to ask him, what in the dickens—or what would bring that about?

The lecture by Mr. Williamson left an impress on one mind at any rate.

Minister—I always look back with pleasure to my youthful days; who does not remember their boyhood days.

A "D. S." Voice—I don't.

A peculiar incident occurred in the last practical Zoology Class held for "A" division of the first year. One of the bright students, being so taken up in drawing an insect, that he began thinking out loud; strange to say, Lelacheur did not use his usual style of good English.