

WHAT WE FISHED FROM THE BOX.

We think we have made a hit, and thank all the boys who have taken so kindly to the new plan. We drew some blanks but a great many prizes. A number of Y.M.C.A. programs, pellets innumerable, wrappers such as some of them get round their chewing gum, and some jokes which we could not see because no explanation accompanied them. Some of the jokes are good and shook the old box till it could hardly contain itself:—

The bridge of size—That Roman nose of Divinity Hall.

The most *glaring* thing out—an audacious Freshie in Junior Greek translating with an eye-glass.

Senior Greek—Mr. D—Can you give me anything about the syntax of 'αεν'—Come away please.

Mr. D—(the bold Scot)—"I dinna ken onything about it."

Prof. in Jun. Greek was discussing the philology of "μῆλα."

Stud.—Professor is *melancholy* derived from the same root.

Prof.—I used to think so when I attended College. We had a society of young men who were very fond of eating fruit, etc., and we called them the "*melon-choly* society."

T. G.—(exit with a forlorn look muttering as some past midnight scene flits across his memory)—"I think it should have been called the *melon-colic* society."

For nearly the whole session the Prof. in English has been under the uncomfortable necessity of sitting on a *Lyon*.

He read somewhere that the census embraced 17,000,000 women, and ever since he has wanted to be a census.

What is that leaving the Dialectic sanctum? That is the High Priest among the divines of Queen's. Does he require a private dressing room? Yes, certainly, his coat, hat and snowshoes would become polluted if mingled with those of the boys. Does he pay rent for the sacred abode? Rent! who would dare collect Peter's-pence from him. And so he is a privileged divine. He must be a great linguist. Hear him speak about the stone floor of the Temple. Yes, I am told he reads Hebrew and Greek in such a manner as to surprise professor and students with his literal translation. Has he a pony? *Hush, hush.*

Our medical friends are warned not to ask a certain city minister to preach for them, for if they do, he is ready with his text: "And Asa in his disease sought not the Lord but the physicians; and Asa slept with his fathers."

Learned Freshie (carrying home three large volumes from the Library, works of Darwin, &c.) to ignorant junior:—"Have you read Daw-win's Owiginal Species?" Junior—"No."

Learned Freshie—"Of course such works have nothing to do with my College studies, they're just for my own private reading. I always like to keep abreast of the times."

The Junior was recovering when last we heard from him. He says that he has no longer any doubt as to the future prosperity of Queen's when even her freshmen keep abreast of the times.

❖EXCHANGE ITEMS.❖

'A Female Medical College has recently been established at Toronto remarks the *Frederickton University Monthly*. We knew that human beings and animals were male and female. Botanists are telling us now that flowers are also male and female but this is the first time we ever heard of a female Medical College.

"When are you going to make that pair of pants for me?" asked Leopold de Smythe of his tailor, "When you pay for the last pair I made for you." "Whew! I can't wait so long as that!"

The *Canada Educational Monthly* finds it necessary to offer a semi-apology for publishing the Principal's address on University Day. We do not wonder at that—it is published in Toronto.

Chemistry.—Prof. "Mr.—, please hand me that ewer there." Student—"sir?" Prof.—"that ewer there." Student—"yes, sir; I'm here." Prof. (getting riled), "On the table!" Student—"on the table?" Prof. (very much riled), "Don't you see that ewer on the table?" Student,—"I'm *not* on the table." Prof. (Ready to burst), "Can you see that ewer full of GAS?" Student feels greatly insulted and leaves the room to lay his grievances before the president.

OUR Cobourg brother is green—very green. Don't apologize.

We congratulate *Acta Victoriana* most cordially on its improved appearance. There is evidently lots of life in "Old Vic." yet.

THE Ohio Wesleyan University shortly before Xmas was greatly excited over an oratorical contest. The *Transcript* thus refers to the matter:—"Since there are always so many disappointed over the decision of the judges we would suggest that the contestants hereafter be made to toe a line and spit at a spot on the floor, the one coming the nearest to be declared the best orator." Any editor who would perpetrate such a joke should be badly wounded and sent to the *hospital*.

"YES, you may come again next Sunday evening, but—and she hesitated. "What is it darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded, "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward, they scratch so."

"I ACKNOWLEDGE the power of the press, as the maiden said when entwined by her lover's arms she tried to catch her breath.

A JERSEY city man has asked for a divorce because a moustache is sprouting on his wife's lip. It makes a man mad to have any moustache on his wife's lip but his own.

It is a member of the History class who want to know if the "Hungry Army," of which we hear so much, is composed of Huns.

—Some of our Friends have not as yet paid their Dollar. Will they kindly do so at Once, as we are in Need of Funds.

ALLAN McROSSIE, Secy-Treas.