

The contents of the *Trinity University Review* possess considerable literary merit, but all college news seems to be carefully excluded from its columns.

We notice with pleasure the *Censor*, published by the students of St. Mary's Collegiate Institute. We think many of our High Schools might "do likewise." Helping to carry on such a paper would certainly be a valuable part of any student's education. The press is continually becoming more and more powerful as an agent for influencing public sentiment and public opinion, and the man who would move men should neglect no opportunity of learning to put his thoughts on paper in an attractive and forcible way. For literary ability the *Censor* will compare favorably with many College papers. We quote one sentence which is worth pondering by all connected with our educational system: "Artificial arrangements may be described as the scaffolding of an educational system. He would be a poor bricklayer who adjusted his building to suit the scaffold, rather than the scaffold to suit the building."

✻DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.✻

"ENGLISH as she is spoke," is beautifully and strikingly illustrated in the mods.' concursus. Quoth the judge: "If yous fellers in the back end of the room there don't shut up yez'll hev to evacuate yerselves out of the room." They shut up.

There are a few fellows at Queen's who seem to object to *hayesing*. They say: "The seniors concursus, but they can't court us."

"No, I don't skate," said a divinity hall man the other day. "The first time I tried it the ice and I had an unfortunate difference as to who was to be on top, and as we came to blows over it I gave it the cold shoulder, so that now when I feel like skating I get my room mate to take me out in the yard, lay me in a snow drift and stamp on me. It doesn't cost so much and answers every purpose."

We would like to ask the modern language classes if during this cold weather they do not feel room-attic.

"Chawley," said a '90 man the other day to his chum, "did you know I was called the augur of my class?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "but I am not surprised."

"Why?" "Because, my dear boy, you are such a successful bore, don't you know."

Our dyspeptic editor attended the principal's reception, and has been sick in bed ever since. He wishes to warn those students who monopolized the best seats to look out for squalls. He expects to be on hand for No. 6, and is more cranky than ever.

To tell the honest truth we were considerably startled, not to say alarmed, a few evenings ago, when we read a notice in the paper that one of our bachelor professors was to give a lecture, entitled "Life in Pairs," to the Y.M.C.A. Great was our relief when we found out that a typographical error had been made, and that *Pairs* should have read *Paris*.

Tennyson says: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It does, eh? In the spring a young man's fancy doesn't do anything of the kind. It turns to sines and co-sines, to ethics and political science, to *ut* with the subjunctive and *oratio obliqua*, and to "How the mischief can I slide through that exam.?" Lightly turns to thoughts of love!! Please pass me a fan.

A female disciple of Worcester
Wished to find out the meaning of Worcester,
So she looked up the word,
Which she found meant a "bird,"
And somehow it really amoresder.

It makes a man just a little bit mad to ask him "Why is a magpie like a writing desk?"—and then after letting him slave over it for five minutes, get to a safe distance and tell him "It isn't." It's like rubbing a cat the wrong way, or like telling a freshman he is not essential to the welfare of the universe. Try it.

LOST, on or about the evening of January the eleventh, somewhere near the north end of Convocation Hall, a temper, over a little tin horn. Finder will be suitably rewarded by applying at the sanctum.

Mr. R-dd-n wishes us to state emphatically that he did not make the resolution attributed to him in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. He asserts that his affection for the twins is unbounded, and that even if he did purchase the said bowie knife he would not know the difference between its muzzle and its butt end.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Can I sell you anything in the way of a doll, baby carriage or a jumping-jack?

J. W. M—RH—D.

There are only three good men in our class—myself and two others.

W. C—RN—TT.

Say, I wonder who celebrity No. 1 is.

GEORGE D—DE.

It's all right for Alf. to go Saturday night, but my night's Friday.

H. A. L—V—LL.

We wonder which of us inspired the sonneteer of JOURNAL No. 4 with "ennobling thoughts."

THE LADIES.