

THE prizes presented at Convocation were bound by H. S. Smith, bookbinder, Market Square, Kingston. The binding and general finish of the books are superior to anything we are accustomed to seeing, and reflect great credit on our local bindery.

ON the evening of the 26th April the graduating class of the Medical College, together with the representatives of the other years, dined at Doolan's restaurant. This, the last time they were likely to meet together, was enjoyed by them, the hours, until midnight, being spent in singing and speechifying. The references to the Faculty were cordially received.—*Whig*.

❖BON MOTS.❖

A NEVADA school-teacher died the other day, and the local papers announced it under the head of "Loss of a Whaler."—*Teacher's Guide*.

A YOUNG lady of the "high æsthetic band" in Boston invited a common-place young man to meet two minds at her home one evening. The c. p. young man responded that he was very sorry that he could not accept, for he had a previous engagement to meet four stomachs.—*Ex*.

PAYING TOLL.

A girl,
A whirl,
A dance,
A glance,
Some coy, coquettish trifling.
A walk,
A talk,
A sweet
Retreat,
A pensive sigh half-stifling.
A gate,
Quite late,
Oh, bliss,
A kiss,
"What would my mamma say, sir?"
A thick
Ash stick,
A whack,
My back,
"You're getting quite too gay, sir."
—*Racine Mercury*.

A CHICAGO naturalist stated in his lecture that a black bear could hug seven times as hard as a man, and the next time a menagerie visited that town every girl in the crowd made eyes, and waved her handkerchief at the black bear, and paid him so much attention that he got confused and blushed.—*Ex*.

INVITING.

"As I recall his room," she said,—
"In Weld it was,—'t was just too sweet
For anything. And then how Ned
Did dote upon that window-seat!"
"Holworthy rooms like mine," said I.
"Have window-seats that stand alone;
Their merit, their antiquity:
Each has a history of its own."
"But still, for me," the flirt replied,
"The new ones antecedence take."
Then looking down, a blush to hide,
"The history I'd rather make."
—*Advocate*.

"The plot thickens," as the sophomore said when he was attempting to draw an impossible curve in analytics.—*Record*.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual, of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills. "A considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."—*Ex*.

AN IDYLL OF SPRING.

I lay on the bank of the rippling brook,
Which flowed beside me with light murmur'ing sound,
And the bright sky above, and the softly green grass,
And the fresh budding trees, and all objects around
Seemed filled with the charm and the sweetness of spring:
While above me the warm, gentle zephyrs were blowing,
In the soft, balmy air I was lulled to repose
By the singing of birds and the brook's gentle flowing.
Next day.
I lie on my lounge; on the table beside me
Countless bottles of medicine are ranged around.
Confound it! I tell you I think that I'll know it,
When I lie down again on that chilly, damp ground.
—*Yale Record*.

A story is told of a member of a certain theological seminary who was so sensitive as to any suspicion of plagiarism that he never allowed himself to make the slightest quotation without giving authority. On one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus: "Lord, we thank thee that we have awakened from the sleep which a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has called 'the image of death.'"—*Ex*.

Professor—"Mr. X., can you tell me why the days are longer in Summer and shorter in Winter?" Mr. X., (with alacrity)—"Yes, sir; it's because heat expands and cold contracts."—*Tech*.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day,
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair.
Those calm, deep eyes were turned towards mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now;
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.—*Advocate*.

PROF.—"Among these may be mentioned the wood, the stone and the iron age." Student (of an anxious inquiring turn of mind)—"What is our age?" Prof.—"To judge by the class, one would say the age of brass."—*Niagara Index*.

THE member of the New Hampshire Legislature, who denounced a bill that was under discussion as "treacherous as was the stabbing of Cæsar by Judas in the Roman Capitol," is now trying to get out of it by saying that he used "by Judas" as a sort of oath, just as he would say "by George" or "by Tunkat." He says he knew well enough it was Hannibal who stabbed Cæsar.

CLASS in History (as taught in American Schools).—Teacher—"Who was the first man?" First boy—"George Washington." Teacher—"Next." Second boy—"Adam." First boy (indignantly)—"I didn't know you meant foreigners."—*Ex*.