

This is followed by a queer conglomeration of disconnected sentences and bad grammar bearing the unmistakable signs of a freshman's first literary attempt. "Freshie to Soph and Junior, who are talking in his room, 'Shut up I'm reading Greek at sight.' A moment after 'now let's see if Kelly's crib is right.'" There is no doubt, he was a soft Junior to allow himself to be spoken to in that way, but why we are expected to laugh because a freshie reads by sight, he says *at* but of course means *by*, we can conceive. How else could he read if it were not by sight? By faith? hardly. By rote? perhaps. Or does it real? mean that one of their number has actually performed the miracle of reading. But even so still we ask, what on earth has this to do with the state of Kelly's *bed*?

A Junior thinks, "if that man wants to become a census because it embraces 17,000,000 women, a good many women would not be able to acknowledge the power of the press." What does he want them to acknowledge the power of the press for any way, when they are a greater power themselves? Does not Junior know that for rapid and extended dissemination of news, women beat all creation? The joke is altogether very ambiguous, it may mean the women were squeezed so hard that they had no breath left to acknowledge anything, or that the pressure was so very slight that they would refuse to admit that they were hugged at all. At all events it leaves a man in an awkward predicament as he doesn't know which of the three cases he ought to laugh at, and he is not going to give himself away by exploding at the wrong place.

The next pill we come across has seen better days, indeed at one time it was very respectable, but from constant passing around has lost most of its strength. However, as the author pathetically asks us "to fix it up for him," we swallow it down to get it out of the road." Medical Prof lecturing:—"Gentlemen, you have heard me say that consumption often arises from playing on wind instruments, therefore I am not at all surprised that the patient before us, who has consumption is a member of a brass band. (To consumptive.) Now tell us on what instrument you played?" "Oh, I played the drum." He says *drum* but probably means *bum*. As a cap-sheaf to all we wind up with a Salvation pun. "Prof. of Eng. Lit. told his class the other day to prepare a descriptive essay. One of the class wanted to know if he could write on the S. A." We will not essay to add anything to this, it was the last pill to the editor's stomach and he could stand no more.

→*UNIVERSITY SERMONS.*←

ON the 17th, divine service was conducted by Dr. Wilson so long time Curate of St. George's cathedral here. To say the Hall was packed, very slightly expresses the feelings of those in the midst of the throng. Such an audience gave hearty proof of the appreciation in which Dr. Wilson's evangelical labor is held. An earnest appeal to young men was made to keep their hearts pure and undefiled especially from the scepticism of our day.

FEBRUARY 24th.

Dr. Castle, of MacMaster Hall, Toronto, was University preacher on this date. As a speaker the doctor has a wonderfully pleasing style. Simple gospel truths were given in a way such that his hearers went away with new ideas of duties and privileges. With excuses for the lesser beauty of language we give one of the doctor's thoughts from the text:

"Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you and ordained (placed) you, that ye should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain. * * * " John XV. 16.

"Look back over your past lives and tell me how many of you are in the paths which you had marked out for your-

selves. You would have gone that way and found yourselves hedged about; you would go this way and a con-straining influence prevents you.

Young men of Queen's University there are those among you who purpose being doctors or lawyers or merchants or artizans but who will be ministers of the gospel; there are those too who propose being ministers but who will occupy a different sphere. Behind all the circumstances and accidents of life there is a guiding hand. In whatever sphere we are, what confidence it gives to know that He places us, and from our burden of sorrow which we sometimes have not a feather's weight would we have removed could we but fully realize that Christ places it and "He doeth all things well."

EXCHANGE ITEMS.

HE is a young doctor and she is a Vassar graduate. Last Thursday evening he said to her;

"Do you know, dear. I have a heart affection for you?"

"Have you had it lung?" she coyly inquired.

"O, yes; I feel that I will liver troubled life without you," he fervently responded.

"Then you had better asthma," she softly murmured.

Then he hugged her so hard he had to reset her collar bone.

"Oose a ittle lambs?"

"Bofe of us."

"Oose sweet pwecious is oo?"

"I se oor sweet pwecious is i se?"

"O'ose hungry ittle bit?"

"I se conld nibble itsy bitsy."

"O'ose sall have luncny, pwecious."

"Itsy bitsy chicky-wing, sweetsy?"

"Tiddy iddy darl, have a cookey?"

"No, ownest-own—a pickule."

They were not idiots on their way to a retreat for the feeble-minded, or lunatics going to an asylum. They were married lovers, had been married nearly two hours, and were taking their first lunch on the cars.

Magistrate, who has lately taken to himself a wig, severely—"H'm—I think I have seen you here before on a similar charge?"

Drunk and disorderly female—"No, your 'onor, s'elp me, never. The last time I was up afore a bald-headed old cove not a bit like ye."

Toronto University banquet was a grand success. The number of visitors was away up among the hundreds and a very enjoyable time was spent. Important speeches on the University question were made among the speakers being, Hon. Boyd, Chancellor of Ontario; Hon. Blake; President Wilson; Principal Caven; Principal Sheraton; Rev. Dr. Castle, and last but not least the Hon. Geo. Ross, Minister of Education for the Province whose ominous reticence however was embarrassing.

There is a story which says that Pitt one day went to the House of Commons leaning on the arm of an honourable friend. They were both of them drunk. "I shay, Pitt," cried the great statesman's friend "how is it? I can't see the speaker." "That's funny! I—shee—two" replied Pitt.