

\$8.00 for each service, the proceeds to be given to the Bursary fund. The city ministers often find it a great boon to obtain the services of Professors and divinity students for Sunday services. Heretofore they have officiated gratuitously, but some of the churches while appreciating these kindnesses, do not show their appreciation in a tangible form. The circular in question is only addressed to such churches as do not already contribute to the Bursary fund.

At the closing of the classes on Thursday, two Seniors were seen to shake each other heartily by the hand: "Give us your hand, old man; we are the only ones in our class that have kept together in our classes during the whole four years, and this is the grand finale." "Yes, by Jove, we stuck closely together, and this is the first separation." Having no desire to participate in this affecting scene we left them when about to fall on each others' necks and weep.

ON DIT that the only contestants for the prize poem are from the gentlemen (and perhaps ladies) of the first year. This is not by any means the first time that the Muse has visited the humble and the lowly.

SENIOR, criticising fellow student's essay: "I don't like that sentence, Professor, it is very awkward composition." Professor: "Well, that is a sentence of my own, which I interposed in the essay while reading it. I am sorry you don't like it. However, doctors (!) will differ." (Sensation.)

### \*CLIPPINGS\*

"I AM translating you from the German" said a Senior to the fair one by his side, as they rolled away from the dance the other evening. "Not without a horse," she murmured, and quietly fainted.

Unfair:

To take an old and hackneyed joke  
And dress it up anew;  
In words a real live student spoke,  
As some Exchanges do.

—*Trinity Tablet*.

PRINCIPAL to Prep. joining the institution: "What will be your studies this term?" The Prep. suggested arithmetic and grammar, which were duly scheduled. "What will be your third study?" After a pause for meditation—"Well, I guess I'll take theology to astonish the old man."—*Transcript*.

WHAT is an afternoon tea?

Seventy-five women plaguing two men. (This is a glittering generality, and the numbers may not be exact always.)—*Crimson*.

ART received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply: "Er—er—not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."—*Ex*.

THE latest epidemic reported is from Niagara. The editorial staff of the *Niagara Index* has been attacked with "Fatty degeneration of the mouth."—*Washington Jeffersonian*. The *Index* is notorious for its loud mouthed abuse of contemporaries.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—The Seniors are daily prostrated with a most virulent and fatal epidemic, viz.—laziness.—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

MR. B.: "Prof., are these gas-receivers graduated?" Prof. D.: "They should be; they have been here more than four years."—*Queen's College Journal*. Very good, *Scholastic*; but we never gave birth to the item.

FOR our own part, we have ceased to care for "Baby Mine." But the king of the Fiji Islands is very fond of it. He likes it well done, too.—*Scholastic*.

PROF.—It I should tell you that ice could be heated so hot that it could not be held in the hand, what would you say? Cheeky Junior—Well, Professor, knowing you as I do, I should ask you to prove it. Class becomes noisy.

SCENE, Pike's stable.—Funny Freshman (to hostler, who is rubbing down his horse.)—"Pat, I'm afraid you're currying favor with that horse." Hostler—"Faith, no! I'm merely scrapin' an acquaintance."—*Crimson*.

A NEW novel by Wilkie Collins will appear in March. It is entitled "The Black Robe."—*Ex*. It is about time that Wilkie Collins' stories should cease to be heralded in the papers, as if they were of some great importance. He is presuming too much on his former reputation, now-a-days.

A MORE imposing spectacle can scarcely be imagined than that of a young lady elevated upon a pile of tables and chairs, declaiming with wild gesticulations upon the subject of temperance; unless it be the same young lady precipitately descending from her exalted position as the step of the Prof. is heard.—*Portfolio*.

It is singular how many youths who turn up their noses at cabbage on the dinner-table, consume it with great gusto under the guise of "pure Havana fillers," three for ten cents.

PROFESSOR—"What was Socrates?" Junior (bewildered)—"Soc-Socrates (prompted) was professor of conundrums at the University of Athens."—*Rachine Mercury*.

### "SOME OTHER AF."

A sportive Junior full of arts  
A mirthful maiden met;  
A "masher" he of fair ones' hearts,  
And she an arch coquette.

While wandering down a shady street  
They saw a climbing vine,  
A honeysuckle flowering sweet,  
About an arbor twine.

"Look there!" the Junior said, resigned  
And calm (the "cooney" rascal!)  
"That vine and arbor bring to mind  
The 'Pressure law of Pascal.'"

"The Pressure law!" the maiden cried,—  
Then blushed each rosy dimple,—  
"Will you not learn it?" he replied,  
"I'll teach you, it's so simple."

"Indeed!" said she with mocking laugh,  
And hum of merry tune,  
"You're very kind, but not this 'af,  
Some other afternoon!"