

A HOPELESS CASE.—An important sophomore, who signs himself "——, M.L.," and who figured prominently before the Court of Iniquity this session, has been daily growing worse since. Day after day Cupid's arrows sink deeper into his loving heart. Tender in years and inexperienced in the ways of the world, hopes and disappointments are making fearful ravages on the poor youth. His meals often remain untouched. His rest is disturbed by wretched dreams. Still his medical adviser had faint hopes of his recovery until he began writing poetry, when his anxious friends were solemnly warned to prepare for the worst. That he cannot recover will be seen from his last effort addressed to the fair disturber of his happiness:

Would you and I were angels Sal!
Far hence we'd wing our flight;
Through realms of space we'd cleave the air
Among yon orbs of light.

Nor time nor space our progress stay,
We'd ever onward go;
Around the sun, among the stars
We'd sail through endless day.

Those "plodding loons" so far below
We'd evermore despise,
As earth and sky divided are
So far from us removed.

No converse more with them we hold
When thus we sail away,
My angel, Sal, your angel, I,
Together we shall roam.

THE following items have been going the rounds (in whispers) since the recent medical examinations: In one examination, a student being puzzled over a question, wrote it out and passed it on to one near by, whom he thought would know it. Number two, instead of answering it, wrote another question on the same slip and passed it on to a third. The third man answered both, writing the answers on opposite sides of the one piece of paper, he then handed it back to number two, who, looking only on one side, and seeing there the answer to number one's question, thought there was nothing there for him, and handed it to number one. But number one found there the answer to number two's question, and thinking that number three was mixed and had misunderstood his question, he put the paper in his pocket. When he came out after the exam. and was clearing his pocket, he looked again at this slip, and to his surprise found there the answer he wanted. He then investigated farther, and number two coming out at that minute, they compared notes and the mystery was revealed. Those two did not say much, but thought a good deal, and went away sadder, but wiser men.

EXAMINER in Botany—What is meant by a monœcious plant, and give an example? Student (who knows he is well up)—"A monœcious plant is one that has its pistils united by the medullary rays. A good example is the butterfly." And now that student thinks he was plucked because he said butterfly instead of buttercup.

A CERTAIN senior had a baby. Ask a young, aspiring M.D. as to the beauty of the little pappoose, and a certain noted classicist in the junior year, who gently and affectionately fondled it, as to the angel flesh of the wee thing, and a certain reverend widower as to whether the little visitor to his sanctum will bear christening. Tuesday was April Fool's Day.

ONE day last week a speculative junior was discussing, from an ethical standpoint, the injustice of making laws for the proper observance of the Sabbath. His learned harangue was suddenly brought to a close by an honest soph. suggesting—"The final is coming on; that accounts for it."

WE understand that some kind-hearted old lady, observing the budding genius of one of the "coming men," has expressed the desire that the following should be inserted in the College paper:

POETRY FOR SALE.

Oh! why should students waste their cash,—
Who have no cash to spare,
Why waste their cash on Shakespeare's trash—
Such trifles as are there.
When lo! the *freshie*-poet sells!
He's cheap we all must think!
A cent a-yard, is all his charge—
To pay for pens and ink!!

THE following is offered as a sample:

POEM ON A MOSQUITO.

Poor mosquito, if thee I could catch
For thee I would be a match;
Nor would I think it wrong
To stay the singing of thy song.
When spring comes, you will be there,
And give us a scare.
With mosquito to the right, mosquito to the left,
And of blood we are bereft;
When from thy bill I am once more free,
I think of thee.
Roll on, thou ugly, black mosquito,
For out of a hundred I can hit—two.
When the mosquito hummed round like a wolf in my ear,
And it gave me fear,
Then I thought, that a man who has no music in his soul
is not fit
To be or not to be even a mosquito—
O, but to rise,
Become excelsior and win the prize.

L. L. D. FRESHMAN.

"THE most brilliant student that ever went through Queen's College" was seen the other day on a prancing charger. He thought he would celebrate the announcement of his "impeccability," and at the same time exhibit his fair proportions to her whom his soul adores, as a "bold dragoon," if by chance she would be out for an airing. It was the first time he rode a steed. He backed the "animal" against a wood-horse, and with dexterous wriggling crawled on; then pointed for Princess street, smiling, spite of fear. But the small boy was abroad. "Mister, yer legs will fall off." The steed, disgusted at the small boy, started at a smart pace. But the "impeccable" was not prepared for trotting. His legs spread out more than ever. He lost his hat. He grasped his Bucephalus by the neck, his coat-tails wildly flapping round his ears. We saw him vanishing in a cloud of dust and snow-balls carrying the brilliancy and impeccability of the College with him. When shall we see his like again! The College bard is writing an appropriate monody.

ONLY another JOURNAL.

ON the evening of Saturday, the 12th inst., the editors of the JOURNAL give in their report. On the same night the Board of Management for the ensuing year is appointed. Every student who has the interest of Queen's and its organ at heart should be present.

CONVOCATION on the 30th.