

rattle upon the walls, etc., lasting for the next hour and a half, as their buttons flew from their waistcoats and other garments. The contents of the dishes grew less and less while the Theologs grew bigger and bigger. It is reported that two or three of these gentlemen could not, at the finale, get through the door and had to remain all night, and that they were with difficulty squeezed through in the morning.

One of our subscribers has been testing the Q. C. JOURNAL to see if it contains any crystals of thought. The result has been very satisfactory. Instead of going up in smoke, the JOURNAL crystallized into a shape as original as some of our jokes. It reminds us forcibly of some metamorphoses in *Midsummer Night's Dream* Act I. Scene I.

There is corn in Egypt, or at least there are jokes still among the divinities. Here is a story a distinguished alumnus in Montreal, one of the University preachers last session, tells in a letter we received from him the other day:

"I am glad to see that some of the "Divinities" have not got beyond "staking" their reputation on a pun. They may flourish bye and bye, like a Rev. Father who had to preach as a candidate in the church, then vacant, of which I am now the pastor. He was the last candidate to be heard before the congregational meeting. He selected for his text, John x., 8-9, "All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not hear them. I am the door of the sheep." The sermon was excellent, every one understood clearly that he was the good shepherd and his rivals, the thieves and robbers."

By a mistake of our printers there was a slight error in our report of the snow-shoe club in a previous issue of the JOURNAL. R. A. Gordon, instead of being secretary, was elected to the important and highly honorable office of Inspector Impedimentorum, while A. G. Farrell was elected Secretary-Treasurer.

Mr. Gandier at a recent meeting of the senior class, was unanimously chosen to deliver the valedictory address at Convocation.

NOTICE ! NOTICE !

The Society for the Cultivation of Whiskers will meet next week at 4 o'clock a.m. sharp, for the discharge of special business, and to hear papers read on subjects of vital interest to the members. The papers will be read by the following members, who are actively engaged in the business:—

I. By A. McA—, B.A., on the rise and historic development of whiskers. With special reference to the growth of the plant among the Jews in Babylon.

II. By J. A. G—, S.C., on the best ways and means of exciting the rapid growth and diffusion of the shrub, particular note being taken of the retarding influence of boarding house hash.

III. By R. C. M—, on the effects likely to be produced on the angelic sex, with special reference to the reflex influence on the members of the society.

IV. By D. McT—, C.O.D., on the internal causes likely to injuriously effect the young plants, particularly in regard to spring frosts, weevil and mildew, &c., &c.

Messrs. J. H., P.M.P., A. R. L., and other graduates, veterans and old stagers of the nursery trade, are expected to be present and favor the society with a few practical remarks and suggestions.

By order of the Clerk.

Mr. T. H. McGuirl has won distinction as an artistic penman though this phrase is rather wide and scarcely does justice to our friend. His latest production is an illuminated address of rare beauty. It was on exhibition for some days and is a real work of art.

One of the seniors came in with a strange story the other day. He says he visited a certain house lately (we noticed that he said very little as to why he made the visit) which exhibited some remarkable electrical phenomena. One of the ladies present had only to rub her feet along the carpet and then point her finger at a jet when the gas would light. A soph standing by remarked too that after hearing some lectures on electricity by Prof. Marshall he went home and shut himself with another fellow in a dark closet, when they found that either could lighten up the darkness by diligently rubbing the hair of the other's head. To return, however, to the senior he says that for some time the fun went merrily on till one of the ladies came sliding along and pointed a finger of scorn at his nose. Crack—sparkle came a line of light which made him believe that his blossoming feature had at last betrayed him. If any of our readers know of any electrical experiments more interesting than these we want to hear from them. Independent however of its scientific importance this last would indicate that we are drifting back to the old time days of sparking of which our grandmothers speak.

OUR PILL BOX.

In our last issue no notice was taken of the contribution box, and we have been asked if it has ceased to drop fatness for our columns. Some times the questions were very vigorously put, generally in the form, "Say, you, Gimminy! why didn't you put my joke in the paper." So many shocks we have received that we handed over a whole bunch of billets to our F. E., who fears not mortal man, to do with them what seemed to him good. If any one has a grievance we all say "Twant me but him":—

The other day, feeling a little dull and having taken a diagnosis of our case, we prescribed a jocular pill or two from our Pill Box, as a sure and never failing panacea. Medicine as a rule is bitter stuff and the pills we extracted from this box were not sugar-coated. Perhaps some of you would like to try one or two yourselves, and see what the effect of the dose was upon us. The first is a classical pun, and must therefore be handled with the reverence and awe due to musty antiquity and decrepid old age, though we hardly know why this should be, unless it is that though they had the start of us in the race of life, they got left by a neck. At any rate the pill-maker had some such idea about it for he says "The Prof. in Junior Latin, examining the use of *nee*, said 'if you have one *nee*, you can manage it very well but if you have two *nees*.'—" At this intensely interesting and exciting point he abruptly breaks off, probably having fallen from his chair in a sudden fit of inward giggles and from the damages received was not able to proceed. We quite agree with him a ewe with one neck is prettily easily managed, if you are on the right side of the fence, but why there should be trouble, (he evidently intends this inference to be drawn.) if one has two, we can't imagine.

The next has the true metallic ring about it and was probably made by the lynx-eyed Curator of the Reading-room, "A short-sighted Theologian was seen to drop a copper into the JOURNAL Box. He probably took it for a— hospital poor box." We are sorry his composition as usual has to be published in a mutilated form, especially as we have no doubt the whole joke is contained in the absent name of the Hospital. We tried to make up for this by laughing at "copper," but as it could not be found this was of course impossible.