

College Items.

AN account of a very successful open meeting of the Junior Literary Society will be found in another column.

REVIEWS and Commencement orations are now the order of the day. It is to be hoped they will keep the Day in order.

THE subject of the essays, to compete for the Dennis Moore prize, has been announced to the students. It is, "Chaucer and His Times."

QUITE a number of sins had to be written out and handed in by the Rhetoric class last week. However, they were harmless sins of the "opsis" variety.

"WHAT is Belgium noted for as regards its commerce?" Student—"It is the most comical (commercial!) city in the world." She was young—yes, very young.

IT would seem as though "Shaker" principles had found admittance to the Senior class room. This should not be, especially now that the school year is drawing to a close.

WE have been officially informed that the young ladies who were in Dante's Purgatory, when we published our last issue, have since reached Paradise in safety. They have our best wishes for the remainder of their trip.

NOT long since, in the Senior Class, obsequiousness was neatly defined as "honor gone to seed," and medicine as "a concatenation of curative prescriptions." We have been wondering whether the definitions were original, as we cannot find them in the dictionary.

THE other week the O'Neil family rejoiced over an excellent supper, sent especially for them by relatives of Miss Norah O'Neil. The members, without exception, were present in full dress, and the speeches and *bon mots*, as usual, were inimitable.

IF there is anything in this world calculated to develop the latent evil in a person's character, and to give rise to unruly exclamatory expletives, it is to be beguiled into taking a dose of concentrated essence of dried onion on the supposition that it is a cure for nervousness.

CAN any of our students propose, invent, suggest, or devise some method by which we can keep keys in order. We have had solicitations on the subject poured in from all sides, and have, at last, been driven to subject the matter to the consideration of our students. If a feasible and inoffensive design can be brought forward, we are quite ready to offer for it a suitable reward. Will our students please take particular notice.

NOT long since the putting up of that imperious placard on one of the dining hall doors with the inscription, "PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR," which led to such a marked improvement in the manners of resident students, the placard was to be seen dangling ignominiously from a single tack in the right hand corner. A boarder, passing in to breakfast the next morning, was heard to remark with a sigh, "How are the mighty fallen!"

THE 16th of last month was a day of unusual excitement among the Patsey Ironsides, being the birthday of Lady Tabby O'Shockenessy, a most distinguished member of that honorable club. Numerous were the good wishes and tokens of friendship showered upon her by her fond sisters, and the arrival of a box, filled with innumerable delicacies, testified that at her home also that day was remembered. A grand supper, in her honor, was given in the evening, to which a select few were invited. The head of the table (or rather tables) was presided over by Lady Tabby, who acted the part of hostess admirably, while her devoted consort, Lord Jerry, in his capacity as host, cook, and general manager hovered with pleasurable anxiety around his guests and over the fire where a can of sausages was browning. Among the company gathered round the festive board, we noticed the beaming faces and broad smiles of the four "Imps," who had left their retreat to do honor to this gala day of the Patsey Ironsides'. The feast was lingered over, and after all the toasts had been drunk and the really excellent speeches delivered and responded to, Countess Sal Squeechamahawr, M. P. I. C., began a narrative full of thrilling interest, and for more than an hour held her hearers entranced, but at the end of that time, the sound of the bell for retiring broke the spell, and the company dispersed to their respective abodes.