

students of Queen's, and who have done so much to make their sojourn in the Limestone City full of brightness and pleasure, was a capital idea and a send-off which all students enjoy. Of how much good this introduction into Christian families and home surroundings will have on the boys, we leave for others to say, but we hope it will become an established custom.—*Queen's College Journal*, Nov. 8th, 1884.

## Letters to Men About College.

DEAR DOBBY:—Hail to thee, blithe spirit! Thou art as happy as the day is long. As thou art seen entering upon any task that thy Alma Mater has given thee to do, thou wearest the usual smile which brightens up thine own countenance as the moon in the firmament. Many a down cast and woe bestricken classmate hast thou cheered by that smile. Me thinks too, there are not a few of the fair sex whose college days have been made happier by thy presence.

To speak of thy sportsmanship would be in vain. Thou art he who didst lead thy six companions to championship victories in the days gone by, and it was said among the lovers of the game that thou wert as fleet on thy skates as a bird is upon the wing. Then to thy credit, has been recorded, not merely once, but twice,—the "Bretwalda" on the Tennis Court. Upon that day as thou didst come and stand before the net, did not we see the crowd of eager supporters rally round, and among them, those who could not conceal the depth of feeling and sympathy for thee.

But time passes by, and we go to see thy smiling face beam among the Theologians. May thy life in the great world be to those who meet thee, as an inspiration and ever-gushing fountain of pleasantness.

Your

*Alma Mater.*

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### PUN-GENT.

You didn't think I'd *prune* your hope,  
Said papa to the *pear*;  
But now you see you *Cantalope*,  
For I just *beet* you there.

Eggs-actly, said the groom at last,  
You've *corn-ered* us 'tis true.  
I thought you'd *turnip* mighty fast,  
To *squash* his interview.

*Lettuce* go on, dear, leave the bore,  
We're tired of being *tea*-sed  
Hands up, *rhub*, *arb*-itrate no more,—  
We will not be ap-*peas*-ed.

*Notre Dame Scholastic.*