

## PERSONALS.

MR. G. W. MITCHELL, '85, is in Glasgow.

Mr. Jas. McV. Mills, '88, is now in California, will probably be back to college after the Christmas holidays.

Mr. J. J. Wright, '85, who once controlled the JOURNAL with such success, is engaged in mission work at Merrickville.

Mr. P. M. Pollock, '81, is preaching in Forres, a beautiful little town near Inverness, Scotland, the capital of the Northern Highlands. Peter is a "Paisley body."

Mr. A. G. Farrell, '85, and Mr. Wm. Nicol, '84, have just returned to Kingston from St. John's, P. Q., where they had been undertaking examinations connected with their military course.

Since his return from Scotland, Dr. Anglin has made rapid progress towards gaining a large city practice. The Dr. is to be congratulated on his success in the face of such opposition as is to be found in Kingston.

Mr. Geo. Bryan, '88, was called home from college a few days ago by the news that his father was in a very critical condition. The message, unfortunately, did not reach him soon enough, for on reaching home he found that his father had passed away. The JOURNAL deeply sympathizes with Mr. Bryan in his bereavement.

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

AUTHORITIES are generally agreed that the most durable pavement yet discovered is made from birthday cakes from Vassar College. We earnestly hope that the Senate will make some effort towards getting enough of this kind of cake to make a good walk from the university out as far as Union Street.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk of the criminal court of an Irish prisoner. "An' sure," said Pat, "what are yees there for but to find that out?"

Incident at the recent session of the *Concursus*:

The stranger in the city strange was called.  
With pace serene he came, and, unappalled,  
While near the judge he calmly took his stand,  
Revealed his knowledge of the case in hand;  
The students gazed, and still the wonder grew  
How Phalen's head had carried all he knew.

A CLINCHER.—(Scene. Helensburgh, Cairndhee park; Sunday night; two worthies on a seat conversing). 1st worthy—"Man, Jock, I've been thinkin' that yer nose is awfu' like a strawberry!" 2nd worthy—"If that's sac, Tam, I'm a wee feer't ye're upsides wi' me!" 1st worthy—"Bit, Jock, ye maun admit that yours is redder than

mine!" 2nd worthy—"Weel, Tam, mines wis peyed fur onyway, and that's mair than you can say!"

We often wonder why it is that professors in general expect students to carry in their brains cart-loads of lore, got from various quarters, when each individual professor, in treating his own specific subject, hugs passionately his note-book.

Do you know Tug? If you don't you should. He's a captivating fellow. The other day, just as the Junior Philosophy Class had gotten nicely under way, Tug opened the door, stepped gracefully in, and made a bee-line for his seat. What occurred, however, proved again that there's many a slip 'twixt the door and the seat. Two years ago the floor of this particular room was waxed for the accommodation of those present at the conversazione who wished to dance, and it still preserves its slipperiness. Tug's feet went back on him just as he was passing the desk of the professor, and he sat down most unexpectedly both to himself and to the class. A roar followed, but the professor gave his hand a sort of a weird, wild, majestic wave, and order was restored immediately.

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

DON'T you think, my dear sir, it would suit very well to leave Kingston and Queen's and come down to Cornell?—*Principal of Cornell.*

For various reasons I'd much rather stay in the old Limestone City. I bid you "good day."—*Professor Watson.*

What a fascinating dog I am!—*Fred Booth.*

Does Mr. Cameron take those things often?—*Freshman at A. M. S.*

How does it come that whenever I stand on my feet to speak I bring down the house?—*Eugene Dupuis.*

Be kind to me, boys, you'll not have me long.—*S. W. Dyle.*

Why is a certain divinity student like a rabbit? Because he is always burrow-ing.

This resignation business is growing monotonous.—*Alma Mater.*

I tell you what, gentlemen, I make the daisy lawyer.—*Max Hamilton.*

It isn't true that I was hanging by the heels in the gymnasium.—*Jas. F. Smith.*

The witnesses for the crown may go back on us, but the jury—never!—*Counsel for the Prosecution.*

"By the way" we shall resume our old tried and beaten path in regard to headings.—*Q. C. Journal.*

Dod gast that waxed floor.—*Tug Wilson.*