

together with his experience as a teacher, and more recently as a lecturer to the summer classes in Queen's, fit him to adorn the profession.

Fred. Heap, M.A., '90, is Classical Master in the Peterboro Collegiate Institute. We believe he can "stump" the school board any day as to their knowledge of Greek and Latin.

E. H. Russell, B.A., '89, has at length reappeared, much to the relief of his many friends here and elsewhere. He has conformed to British Columbian educational law, securing a grade A first-class certificate good in that province, and is now teaching there.

We extend our sincere congratulations to Mr. E. J. Corkhill, M.A., '90, and his bride. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. M. Fair, Glenburnie. Mr. and Mrs. Corkhill now reside in Sarnia, and are always "at home" to students of Queen's. Mr. Corkhill teaches in Sarnia High School.

DE NOBIS.

Prof. in Physics—What's an inclined plane,
Mr. L-v-l?

Mr. L.—An ink-lined plane—blotting paper.
Professor faints, and Alfred rubs him down
with the blackboard cloth.

We all learned with regret, not to say surprise, that a popular reciter of the College refused to contribute to the programme at the reception on the ground that he had entered Divinity Hall.

Parvus Johnus Hornero
Considit in Augulo
Edens suum X-mas pie-um,
Introduxit digitum.
Et ex pio, extraxit plum,
Tam, inquit, bonus puer sum.

Class Poet, '95.

Ritchie to W. N.—at the Freshies' Reception:—"I need her every hour."

If you'd take the good points out of these suggestions, and put them together, I think they would make a good gymnasium.—[A. B. Cunny.

Four to two on Hamilton.—[J. M. D y-s.

What the girls say about Charley D—,
"He's not pretty, but he's cute."

It's very strange that the Prof. couldn't see my theory of DIFFERENTIATION.—[W. W. McRae.

Perhaps nobody was rattled last Saturday, but one man was heard to exclaim in the middle of the game, "Hold on, boys, the referee has rung the horn!"

Just as the teams lined up on Saturday the only original "Jicky" was approached by a Hamilton player, who asked somewhat anxiously if McRae was going to play. "Oh, no, I think not," he replied, "I guess they won't let him."

"Well, Sir-r-r!!! was the cry of agony that broke from the lips of a junior about 11:30 on Thursday night as he grasped his neck and received the first intimation that he had been at the Recep. all the evening without his necktie.

On Sunday night, 'tis my delight
And pleasure, don't you see,
To walk the street with whom I meet ;
Oh, that's what catches me.
There's an organ in the parlor
To give the house a tone,
And I'm welcome every evening
In ————'s home.
—[W. W. P—k.

Sing a song of foot-ball,
And our Arts Society,
Two hundred jolly Arts men
Pay their money cheerfully,
When the season opened
They backed up two good teams.
Oh, wasn't that the proper thing
For 'sons of good Old Queen's!

The manager's in the counting house
Counting out the money,
The Second team is down at Tim's
Eating bread and honey ;
But those duffers in the College
Who wouldn't pay their fee,
Should be treated by the "Ancient Court"
With due severity.