

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL.

AT the annual general meeting of the Ontario Rugby Football Union, held in Toronto, on Saturday, Jan. 16th, Queen's College club was represented by Messrs. R. M. Dennistoun and A. D. Cartwright, both members of last session's team. The former was elected a member of the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. Among other business a motion was made to prohibit graduates from playing on college teams, and that only *bona fide* undergraduates should constitute such a team. This motion was almost unanimously voted down.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I CAN *almost* feel my moustache now, thanks to the cosmetic.—*Bismarck B—th.*

Mine is progressing slowly but surely, but the frost has made it quite brittle.—*W. A. L—g—e.*

Mind ye, if anyone goes puttin' anything in the JOURNAL about me, I'll boot him.—*Dick W.*

Try it on, Dicky.—*Fighting Editor.*

They all say I possess a marked resemblance to the Mikado. I wonder do I.—*J. C—m—l.*

Any man who would hiss would't think anything of murdering a man.—*W. J. K.*

If you don't like the cut of my hair, then don't look at it.—*Joe F—x—n.*

Though Irishmen generally speak twice before they think once, and though I am an Irishman, (for is my name not Phalen?) nevertheless, with your permission gentlemen, I shall defer giving any opinion on the concursus.—*H. Ph—n.*

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

AN OTTAWA Soph. when asked by a Divinity student recently if he had pledged, replied: "I believe I did say something to ma about not going into a saloon, but if you could get a bottle in some retired spot, I don't think I would object."

Enthusiastic Freshie—"Our Prof. got off the wittiest thing to-day! Something about a pretty good goose and a half done egg."

Blasé Senior—"Ya'as, I know; awfully clever, wasn't it? I remember he said that when I was a freshman. Quite broke me up at the time."

E. J's grin feebly relaxes.

Prof. of Chemistry—"Oxygen is an invisible gas, some of which you see in this bottle."

"They have discovered footprints three feet long in the sands of Oregon, supposed to belong to a lost race." We can't conceive how a race that made footprints three feet long could get lost.

The proprietor of a tan-yard not far from here concluded to build a stand or sort of store on one of the main streets for the purpose of vending his hides, buying leather and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment, and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an augur hole through the door post and stuck a calf's tail into it with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave looking personage with a dark beard standing near the door gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand gazing and gazing until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning," said he. "Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the store keeper. "No."

Do you wish to sell hides?" "No."

"Are you a farmer?" "No."

"Are you a merchant?" "No."

"Are you a lawyer?" "No."

"Are you a doctor?" "No."

"What are you then?" "I'm a *philosopher*. I have been standing here for over an hour trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that augur hole."

One of our Profs. complains of his inability to lecture fast enough owing to his having acquired the habit of going over his work very slowly while lecturing to the Japanese in their native country. It is suggested by the students that a certain other Prof. should be sent off to Japan for a time in the hope that he may become affected in the same way.

It is remarkable how certain students of the Physics class sniff when experiments with alcohol are being performed.

Several of the more muscular Seniors intend to issue challenges to John L. Sullivan, as they think they have developed enough muscle in the gym. to warrant their doing so. They are now practising slugging in their rooms on Sophs, pillows, mattresses, etc., etc.

An essay by an advanced Soph. on the shortness and uncertainty of life. "A boy sat on a keg of powder. He was smoking a cigar. They picked up one button."