

ley's "West Wind," than Coleridge's "France," than Wordsworth's "Intimations." To create a self-satisfaction by over estimating what we have done will scarcely tend to promote that healthy vigorous Canadian literature that we all long to see.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

Professor of Greek—The prophet Isaiah must have been thinking of the Honor Greek class when he wrote "The heart of this people is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, so that they see not with their eyes and hear not with their ears, neither do they understand with their senses."

Prof. C-p-n—Mr. McK-z-e, do you know any word now in use of the same root as this word costard? Mr. McK-z-e (smacking his lips)—Yes, sir, custard.

First student—Dr. Watson's pretty hard on Mill, isn't he?

Second ditto—Yes, but not half so hard as he is on us.

The following notice, which is to be seen in the alumni hall of Victoria College, Toronto, speaks for itself:—

"Dem werthen Schuler, und unvergetzlichen Fennde Heren *Peter Pilkey*."

Tommy Thompson is worse than the junior judge at imposing fines—R. H-b-s-n (as he lays down his fine of thirty-three cents).

The other day the class poet of '96 was heard reciting (unfortunately in an undertone) to a number of admiring classmates a beautiful and sentimental rhyme on sealing wax. A portion of one stanza was as follows:—

Would you tell her of your friendship,
Pale grey is the shade you want—

And we next caught him up on what seems to be the last stanza:—

Ruby is the shade for lover,
Pop the question? Then use white,
And if that is wisely answered,
Pink is henceforth "out of sight."

W. W. K-ng (in the barber's chair)—What? twenty cents for a shave. Why? I can get shaved up street for ten cents. Barber—Yes, but ten cents a year is not much of a saving.

Mr. Chairman—I move you, sir, that Mr. Grant be asked to give us a speech on modesty—J. B. Ch-ch-ne.

I believe the Grand Jury were stuffed—Parvulissimus.

We showed that we could play with our heads as well as with our feet—Capt. Curtis.

That's where you see the benefit of a good arts course—H. R. G-t.

They have kicked themselves out of obscurity into fame—Dr. Sullivan.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—From my boarding-house a good first-class razor. The finder will please return the same to W. R. S-ls as it is wanted for immediate use.

But I'll never go there any more—R. H-rbis-n.

Queen's is a grand old institution! If I had 5,000 children every blooming one would march off to Queen's—B. C. M-l-r.

Aint they goin' to give me one of those football trophies?—Alfie.

"Everybody takes his hat off to me" My name's on the card—J. A. McInn-s.

After this when you 'Slope,' "Slope" quietly—Prop. C-ppon.

Principal Grant and Prof. Shortt have been devoting days and nights studying the nature, the extent of and the remedy for la grippe. Conclusions will be announced later.

No college in all England publishes a college paper. This is another illustration of the superior energy of America. About 200 colleges publish periodical journals.—*Iowa Wesleyan*.

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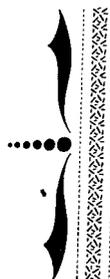
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