

Thompson is here because he is in the library and Peck because he is getting bald, but I'll be hanged if I know why I am here.—[F. R. H-go.

Watson to Irving—Don't talk to me, you "California Orange Blossom."

I would prefer a philosophical, theological or exegetical, rather than a political, scientific or socialistic subject for debate.—["H"ernest Th-mas.

Can any of you fellows that study philosophy tell me whether Darwin's theory is called "Evolution" or "Predestination."—[P. L. Fral-ck.

Did you find out who stole your "razzer," Sills? Sills—No, but I suspect J. R. H-ll, from the look of his upper lip.

Prof. of History—You answered your questions well and fully, but you "shot wide of the mark."

Gandier, let us thank Heaven that this is JOURNAL No. 7.—[W. W. P-k.

Hostess—Won't you have a bit of pudding, Mr. _____?

Distracted Editor—I'm afraid that owing to a press of other matter, we'll be unable to find room for it.

Premier—These gentlemen sit there making various noises.

Voice (from the Opposition benches)—Yes, they say "retract."

Prof.—This is the most malleable of all metals; it can be hammered to the thickness of one hundred thousandth part of an inch.

Brazen-faced Freshman—Isn't that too thin, Professor?

Who says our "second" team can't play hockey?

K. P. R. N—le—The ladies of this University shine in nothing except language.

Prof. Marshall—I can now sympathize with a mother in her patience with her children.

It is whispered around the halls that the third line of the "Rebels" intend to challenge the Athletics.

Prof.—If Homer had known *Attic* Greek he would have said, "This is an old-fashioned word, and, in accordance with the custom of the present day, I'll apply OSROFF'S law to it."

St. Nathan's against St. Andrew's bells any time. [S. A. M-tch-ll.

I have no home: like Topsy, I grew.—[Rev. B-amf-rth.

What's the matter with my boots?—[J. St-w-t.

"This snow storm has made the ice delicious."—[C. H. H-tch.

"As I lesson my efforts, Queen's ceases to shine." [Professor in Electricity.

G. E. Dyde, '89, who was teaching in Pembroke, has returned to Queen's "for a little while."

LAMENT OF THE DE NOBIS MEN.

A muse we need; amuse we must,
Or else we shall be jumped on, just.

We have to joke, to cause a smile,
Although we feel fanere-ile.

In everything that's said or done,
We have to see, or make, some fun.

This mortal coil we'll shuffle off,
With measles or with whooping cough.

But far more fitting if we died
A violent death by suicide.

"DE NOBIS" POET.

Frank Baker, '87, was recently appointed to the classical mastership of Owen C. I.

L. Lohead, '88, is a much valued teacher in the Hamilton C. I., if his recent advance in salary means anything.

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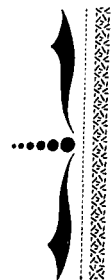
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