

De Robis Robilibus.

AMONG other causes for delay in the issue of this number may be mentioned the fact that the joke editor, in wrestling with a brand new joke, dislocated his funny bone. We are afraid the disaster may result in permanent disability, and in that case we shall have to search the *Arkives* for hoary antediluvian mirth provokers. Most of these have whiskers like a Stilton cheese, without the latter's pungent flavor. But the sanctum devil is at work on them with the editor's scissors and they will be dealt out sparingly to freshmen and other infants whose archaeological knowledge is nil.

The S. S. Scotsman mounted at least one Cannon (muzzle *unloading*) on the outward voyage. The depression of this gun was remarkable as it was able to fire almost vertically downwards.

C-ld-ll thinks war is a dreadful thing and far reaching in its effects. A reverend Father in Ireland objected to doing business with him because America had gone to war with Spain.

PAEAN FROM THE GREEKS.

Scots, wha ha'e with Wallace read,
Scots, wham Bruce must teach instead,
What though John afar be fled?
Aye there's Aberdeen.

T-rl-w F-s-r (cogitating)—"Gladstone's dead, Bismarck's dead. There are only a few of us left."

At the Reception. Freshette to senior—"Are those two men with the dress suits paid waiters?"

Senior—"No, they are freshmen."

Junior—"Say, Solandt, I would like two tickets for the reception; one for my sister."

Solandt (preparing to write)—"What is your sister's name, please?" But the junior had fled.

Fife Fowler—"How would you confirm your diagnosis of pidiculosis?"

O'H-g-n—"By a still hunt."

ECHOES FROM OVER THE DEEP.

Editor, looking for news—"Did you say twenty-six Queen's men crossed the ocean last summer?"

One of the unfortunates—"Yes, twenty *sick* Queen's men made the trip."

S-l-ndt lost his self-possession and several other things on the way over.

L-g-ie M-cd-n-ll has thought it out and arrived at the conclusion that the reason sea-sickness achieves such great results is because it begins at the bottom and works up.

T. R. W-l-s-n kissed the blarney stone when in Ireland, and, as a result, talked so graciously to the ladies at the reception that they wanted him to show how he did it.

J-h- McC-ll-m threw up the whole business and looks worried yet.

THERE WAS EMPTINESS AND DESOLATION.

As ships becalmed at eve we lay,

With jaws down drooping side by side,

We spake no word the livelong day

And almost wished that we had died.

When fell the night, unsprung the breeze,

And all the darkling hours we heaved,

Communion held we with the seas,

While each one for the other grieved.

Even so,—but why the tale reveal

Of those who crossed the ocean's roll,

Long absence made us hungrier feel,

And voidness filled our very soul.

Before we sailed, we well were filled,

And onward each rejoicing steered;

Ah, no one blame, for no one willed

Or wist what first with pain appeared.

To hold, how vain! Up upward strain,

Brave boys! In light, in darkness too,

In winds and tides, sea-sickness rides,

So to your ownelves bid adieu.

More adipose methought we sought,

We nothing held whate'er our fare;

Oh, bounding breeze and rushing seas

You brought us home with vacant stare.

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