

De Nobis.

H. S. LOCK-HEAD—(At dinner table, after listening to the various comments on a sermon recently preached in one of our city churches)—

Well, who is this Oesiph'oras anyway?

D. A. Menzies (suddenly arousing himself from his usual mid-meal reverie)—“Oh, that's the chap who sang at the Conversat—I'd just forgotten his name, but they say he's all right.”

Prof. in Greek.—Mr. McKinley, will you please translate?

Freshman.—Mr. McI-n-is is my name, professor.

Prof.—O, I beg your pardon, I am always getting those presidents mixed.

Landlady, knocking loudly on student's door—(screamed) Mr. Mc, fire! fire! The business college is on fire!

Mr. Mc. Indeed; the Business College, is it? oh, alright Thank you.

R. A. W-ts in assuming his accustomed place at the rink after the Brockville convention.—“I thought of this every day I was away, and those four days seemed like a month.”

(Two divinities in grave confab.):

First: Why is dear brother L-w-e like an angel?

Second: Got big feet?

First: Dinna joke. Poor George; he is in the region of spirits now.

Second (wiping away a tear): Too bad! too bad! when did he die?

First: You misunderstand. He has not left us, but is living at the Frontenac.

Both (in merry concert): Let's have a smile.

Astronomical Observations.

The “man in the moon” says

That there are no (sand) flies on Willie Augus Fraser.

That beside the radiator in a dark room is not the best place to cool off.

That the freshmen wear powdered sulphur in their socks to avoid grippe.

That there are others.

That a certain professor does not get his normal amount of sleep because the baby's teething.

That the man at the back end of the piano when it is being carried up stairs is “not the whole push.”

That the student who is undertaking to report college affairs for the *News* is a *fresh* man.

That he is eke an ass.

That he has furnished the former publisher of the JOURNAL with a splendid text.

That the latter is using it for all it is worth.
That F--zz-l thinks the Doukhobortsi way of getting married is legitimate enough.

That the student who stayed away from the Conversat because of the death of a friend in the city is to be commended for his consideration.

That his ticket of admission was not so scrupulous or it would not have arrived accompanied by another man who was not entitled to admission.

That both of these gentlemen should be black-listed another year.

That a sophomore girl thinks the moon just too lovely for anything.

That a Junior gallant agrees with her and wishes he were the moon.

That it was not a divinity who scored 49 with his young lady during the hockey match last Friday night; it may have been McC-ll-ch.

Student to A McM-ll-n—Are you getting up early now, Archie?

Yes, sir; I am getting up, most of my time; I am learning to skate, you know.

J. Shortt (reading essay): “I am on the horns of a dilemma—.”

A voice —“You ought to have it *dehorned*.”

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