

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE TO
MRS. DOWSON.

WE the undersigned, in behalf of the students of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, respectfully tender to you our heartfelt sympathy in the great loss you have recently sustained. No man in the College was more universally respected or beloved than your son, William H. Dowson. A man of sterling qualities and unimpeachable character, he exercised a remarkable influence for good over all with whom he came in contact in his short but brilliant career. His abilities were of the highest order. He was kind and affable to all, and now that he has gone forever from amongst us we miss his wise counsel, his cool judgment and kindly soothing presence. We realize how great must be your grief and how irreparable your loss, increased by the entrance of death a second time in your bereaved household. With the knowledge that providence ordains all things for good, and with resignation to the Divine will, we shall cherish for life the name of your son in sad remembrance.

EDWARD M. McGRATH.
A. B. GILLIS.

J. C. CONNELL.
E. H. HORSEY.

Oct., 1887.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

"Say, Jack, did you get all the questions on the physics paper this spring?"

"Got the questions all right—but I was plucked, all the same."

"Plucked!! How?"

"Well, I didn't get any of the answers, that's all."

"Got a good boarding house this session, Tom?"

Tom—(Who is struggling with the first chapter in his Dynamics.)—"Yes, pretty good; first rate grub generally, but to-day I found one centimetre per second in my 2 right angles"

radian

"A wh-what?"

"A tack in my pie, young man. Get out of my room now and let me study."

Professor—(To an innocent looking freshman.)—"What do you understand by a metre, Mr. X.?"

"Mr. X.—"Why, you know—er—a meter is—is—why it's another word for Ma."

Commotion.

The Freshies attending junior mathematics jumped at a conclusion a week or two ago, and in consequence got rather left.

"Can a woman keep a secret?" asks an exchange. She can. That is to say she can keep telling it.

Senior Professor one day spoke as follows:

"I have been, as you know, lecturing to you five days per week, but I have decided to change this arrangement and in future I shall give you only four lectures per week."

Tremendous applause and grand chorus, consisting of a combination of "God Save the Queen," "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the "Doxology" and "Auld Lang Syne."

Professor, continuing—"Mr. P. will deliver the other lecture."

Sudden silence and long drawn sighs.

A Professor sees a law of nature, something true, a simple fact. He notes it, and makes it his own, while he sticks to the truth. Eli Perkins would say it was humour. But the Professor sits down, he thinks, he cogitates, he adds a dozen things, and a few experiments—and it blossoms into a what? Well: a lecture.

WHAT THEY ARE ALL SAYING.

"Ten to eight if the boys ever get even with Toronto."

"Shake, Pedlow, we're both free."—Knowles.

"There is no reality, and before we know it we've got to prove it."—J. Camelon.

"What's the matter with having a month's holidays at Xmas?"—Guy Curtis.

"Board is up in Japan."—Holderoft.

"I always buy the best panting, but that wire fence."—N. McPherson.

"Secure your tickets early for my new lecture on Homer."—R. Phalen.

"Oh, put it in the paper, Arthur."—G. Dyde.

"Jenny Lind's dead. O, dear me!"—Howard E. Russell.

"Did you hear my last pun on Transcendentalism?"—T. R. Scott.

"'Twas the other white-headed fellow brought in the dog."—Smellie.

"Killing is no murder—at least in Rugby."—J. Whyte.

"What's the matter with the water in the Tiber?"—F. McCammon, "Shortie."

"Let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs."—J. Madden.