

Neil McPherson is in the Hall.

W. Walkinshaw is attending the Royal.

Tom Marquis is attending the Training Institute.

J. Smellie is attending the Law School in Toronto.

Miss Wilson is at the Training Institute, and so is Bob Young.

Charles O'Connor is waiting in Ottawa for a vacancy in the Cabinet.

Archie Graham has gone to Knox. Oh Archie, we are disappointed in you!

John Millar is taking a post-graduate course in Philosophy. John is determined to be a Ph.D.

The professional staff has two important additions this year. H. Wilson, M.A., familiarly known as "Tug," is appointed Tutor in Greek, and N. R. Carmichael, M.A., Tutor in Math. Both these gentlemen are taking post-graduate work.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

AT the recent reception, a Freshman was heard to ask the waiter if there was no porridge.

A Freshman, at the recent supplemental examinations, was in doubt as to the spelling of a word. He did not know whether to write *renoun* or *renouen*. Well, Johnnie, we would advise the use of a different word. If you refer to a Freshman, spell it *insignificance*; if to a senior, *importance*; if to a member of the F. B. C., *fame*; if to a member of the JOURNAL staff, *e pluribus onion*.

A Divinity student and an embryo teacher were lately engaged in a debate concerning the relative values of their respective callings. The latter referred to himself as a *former*, while his opponent, he said, was simply a *reformer*. While making this remark, he was engaged in attempting the rather difficult feat of balancing his chair on two legs. The words were no sooner uttered than the speaker suddenly disappeared beneath the table, and the Divinity triumphantly remarked that the *former* things were passed away.

The seniors have this year made a step in advance of former customs by the appointment of a class poet. The gentleman who received the position is well adapted for it, being a verse-atile kind of chap. Last night he sat down, and, after three hours' hard thinking, evolved the following. He is ready to make affidavit of its originality :

The depths by bad men, reached and kept,
Were not attained by singing hymns;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were drinking lager beer at Tim's.

Not bad for a maiden effort, John. The *maiden* effort for the poet of the junior year will be published in our next. Five thousand extra copies will be printed in order to meet the demand.

Don't credit me with the victory, the team did it to some extent.—[W. N-c-l-e.

"Why, V. S-h, what in the world are you taking your *Mackintosh* for? It isn't going to rain."

Miss V. S-h—"Can't get on without it, you know."

It requires quite a stretch of imagination to think of our right-hand scrimmager as riding at ease, and even gracefully, on an Indian pony. But he says he did it, and—and—well, until the new wing of the Hospital is finished, you had better try and believe it.

Scene, Rugby Campus, 5:30 p.m.—N-ck-l '91: Hi there! Freshie, what did you do with that foot-ball? Gu-ss '94.—It's in there, (pointing to the Arts College), in the school-house.

N-ck-l '91, (greatly surprised)—Where?

Gu-ss '94, (impatiently)—I put it in there in the school-house.

N-ck-l '91—Moves silently away and weeps over the verdancy of the present day freshman.

A Freshman, who is troubled with talkativeness when in sleep, coupled with somnambulism, is a great footballer. Others in the same house with him are now beginning to believe that this exciting sport furnishes him with diversion even with sleep, for the other night, when hearing loud cries from his room, they rushed in, he was found in a corner of the room grasping his half-wakened bed-fellow by the throat, and crying at the pitch of his voice, Held! Held!

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

She's little, but Oh my!—[Fitz.

"Adieu, my brethren."—[The Reverend Robert Bailey.

The scenery from my window is unparalleled.—[Guy Cu-t-s.

My girl says she likes lots of 'leazure.—[Eleazer C. Ga-l-w-p.

If it's all the same, we would sooner be excused.—[The Committees.

They call it Queen street because that's where the Queen lives.—[D-n.

Well, boys, I think we ought to sleep on those committees.—[Colt Ca-ε-on.

It's the unanimous wish of the Hebrew Class, I speak with authority.—[W. F. Nickle.

It would seem, gentlemen, that even the Romans were no strangers to the crayther.—[Prof. F.

Mr.— has some fine ideas in Philosophy; how I wish I had his head on my shoulders.—LADY STUDENT.