

Some of the boys seemed to have forgotten that the workshops were not a set of bird cages, and it has become necessary to post a notice to that effect. It is quite a common sight now to see the janitor with his hands in the air as if pronouncing a benediction, facing some erring student and saying "Hush, say nothing at all."

The worthy "Alf." has always been considered the greatest and most successful worker of "gags" ever known round the College, but if he doesn't keep his eyes open he will soon be playing second fiddle to his youthful assistant "Jimmy," as some of the boys can tell to their sorrow and others' amusement. We extend this merely as a piece of friendly advice and hope it will be accepted in the same good spirit as it is given.

"Professor in Blow-piping—"You will notice that this borax bead is not the genuine *Irish* color." He was trying to say *iron* color and got "fatally twisted," much to the amusement of the class.

While out surveying last week the boys passed a pile of road metal and one of the future E.M.'s, familiarly called Billy, observed that Prof. Millar should be there to see the splendid example of *rock disintegration*.

What's the matter with all those fellows in the hall? They look as if they would like to eat anybody that came along. Oh, there's nothing much wrong with them. Some kind-hearted genius came along while they were in class and piled their coats and hats in the corner of the hall, and they are just showing their appreciation of his kind attentions.

### De Nobis Nobilibus.

**F**RESHETTE:—"I don't care, now, its horrid mean. I was asked to vote for Uncle John, and when I got my paper there wasn't any such name on it."

Nautical student, looking at B-t-n and H-nt-r after the election—"The A.M.S. ship will be able to scud along under bare *polls* this trip."

Reilly's brother threw Reilly down.

A. K. Sc-tt—"B-t-n will make the best President, because he knows his Bourbon."

Sophomore (at election)—"Vote for —!"

Lady student—"Oh, yes! (in a whisper) for *your* sake!"

Sophomore—"Oh no! for Treasurer."

T. R. W-l-on, getting ready to go home from the Levana tea—"Had a great time, boys, and it's not over yet."

Prof. in history class—"The men lived as long as the strand of life lasted." (Applause.)

Freshman on Division street, ringing door bell of boarding house at 1.30 a.m., disturbs the slumbers of the fair maiden, who calls out, "Is that you, papa?"

Freshman—"No-o, I'm—I'm—Please open the door."

At 10.30 Saturday night the Yellow Kid lowered the Hogan's Alley flag to half-mast. The ceremony was accompanied by an incantation that can be expressed in the following language:—! ! \* \* — ! !

C. L. D-e—"I suppose I did make a — fool of myself in the City Hall Saturday night."

Candid friend—"Well, that was a work of super-erogation; nature had already done the job."

J-h-n C-ld-w-ll (after the election)—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

D. M. R-b-r-ts-n (to Boreas)—

Tell me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway whiz-z-z,  
Hast thou not seen some spot  
Where whiskers never biz-z-z?

The wind, it softened to a murmured buz-z-z,  
And moaned throughout the scattered fuz-z-z.

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