

Prof. W—, speaking of the Kantian conception of space and time—
“Our feelings, our hopes and desires have no size.”

J—, who hasn't heard from 'her' for three weeks and wonders what's up—“W—tty can't say my hopes and fears have no sighs.”

Scene—Boarding house on Johnston Street:—

W-ll-ms to G. L. Fr-s-r—“Are you going down to hear W--ds preach to-night?”

Fr-s-r—“No, W--ds would put me out.”

W-ll-ms—“Oh, I didn't know Woods had the power to cast out d--ls.”

Scene—Special G. T. R. car filled with Queen's students going west:—

Brakesman — “Cobourg, Cobourg, Twenty minutes for refreshments!”

M-cK-y (Science) — “Oh, say! Mister, can't you give us half an hour?”

Brakesman—“Don't worry, they can get to the bottom of your pocket in twenty minutes at Cobourg.”

Counsel for defence P-ntl-nd, addressing the court—“If this young man is convicted the report will spread to his native village, his good reputation will be destroyed, *he will think less of his friends.* . . .”

On a bright morning in December, B. S. B—k comes into the class vigorously flourishing his feet in the air.

Scotch J—, viewing the scene with amazement, exclaims—“Well, if a' know anything that's 'grace' i' the feet.”

SOME NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

Business Manager—To do nothing this term but sign receipts and deposit slips.

Lorne K. S.—To get to the eight o'clock Junior Hebrew class at least once every two weeks.

N. L. T—r.—Just *one* girl!

Rev. L—.—To take off my hat when I come into the college building.

Prof. W—.—To skip all the hard places in Kant.

A. L-pm-n.—To grow whiskers like B-lly MacI—.

President A.M.S.—To look more pleasantly at the gallery.

R. C. McC--l.—Not to get married this year.

J. A. P—e.—On cold mornings to call the roll at the *end* of the Junior Hebrew Class.

Levana Society.—To make the boys wash all the dishes they borrow from us.

H. T. W-ll-c.—
To curl and to curl and to curl,
 (“Creeps in this petty pace from day to day.”)

Whitney Government.—To give Queen's Medical College a biology building.

Journal Staff.—To get our material to the Managing Editor in time.

During the afternoon before the conversat—C. L— is on a high step-ladder fixing decorations and has a narrow escape from a fall.

Fair Seniorette at the bottom of the ladder—“Oh, Mr. L-w, don't fall; this place would be perfectly lawless without you.”

Will next year's class be called Onety-nought?