

Science.

PERSONALS.

J. F. Pringle, who is on the Transcontinental engineering staff at La Tuque, Que., was visiting friends in Kingston during the holidays.

J. D. Trueman was summoned to his home in St. John, N.B., quite suddenly during the vacation on account of the serious illness of his father, Judge Trueman.

C. D. Brown will remain in college a couple of weeks longer to complete work for his C.E. diploma, after which he will visit his relatives in England.

Mr. T. H. Hogg, president of the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto, will address the Engineering Society of Queen's next week on the Niagara power development.

R. M. Calvin, who had his right hand painfully injured by a circular saw in the mechanical laboratory some time ago, is almost quite well again.

A short time ago Shirley King was threatened with serious injuries to his eyes as a result of an accident with acids while at work in the chemical laboratory, but quick action on the part of those present prevented any bad effects.

The Reyes brothers were in New York for the Christmas holidays.

JE M'APERÇOIS QUE.

You may drink but shall be forsaken, swear-off and you will drink alone.

J. E. Sears, '10, is about to take unto himself a wife.

"Goldie" is to be allowed to rest in peace this month.

Kid McKay is buzzing lady palmists. The symptoms point towards "shiverings" of the heart.

It is astounding to note the latest propensities of our friend Harding, he cannot even skate around the rink twice alone; furthermore, he has learned to play chess and can now cuss quite fluently in French. Of course, no reflections on Sweezy.

Jack Marshall is open for engagement as an "educated plumber" especially qualified to direct B.H.P. operations. Should the prony brake appear to do its duty he enthusiastically pours oil on the ropes.

"That good looking Mr. Lawson" will likely go to Montreal and Toronto with the basket-ball team. W. E., this is leap year. Cackle! cackle! cackle! Prenez-garde les hens.

Rube, alias Tiny, alias Cupid, has well deserved his new name. He cannot even walk into a drawing-room without knocking over the piano or the jardiniere.

It is too bad poor Osborne cannot keep quiet for even a few minutes. While on his way down from Toronto he got his feet hopelessly entangled in Cupid's cobwebs.