

De Nobis.

THE SCIENCE MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To skate or not to skate—that is the question;
 Whether 'tis better in the "lab." to suffer
 The smells and burns from obnoxious acids,
 Or to enjoy a skate and flit about
 With laughing women—bless them. To glide, to wheel
 Once more—and if the ice be fine, to find
 Much pleasure in an abundant natural flow
 Of conversation—so—but poor ice
 Means tired limbs. Ye gods! Ah there's the rub!
 For when I've coaxed a girl to come, and breathless start,
 To find the ice cut up—and SHE won't skate.
 Then's when I swear—and that's the real cause
 That makes calamity of so long life.

With the usual apologies, Science Hall, Jan. 11, 1910.

Peter Pilkey,—“I wish I had a pocket in my kilt.”

Janitor of Engineering Building,—“Some one wants to see you on the telephone, Prof. Gill.”

Arts Dinner—A student, a cigar, a hasty exit.

Prof. F-r-g-n:—(Explaining attentive process of a patient under Hypnosis)
 —“As I whispered in her ear.” (Applause).

Prof. F-r-g-n:—“Gentlemen, there is nothing uncommon in that.” (Loud Applause).

Professor:—“No, my dear Freshman, ‘Post-mortems’ are not taking a course in *undertaking*.”

Alex. Rintoul preached in Cooke's church, Kingston, Sunday morning, Jan. 16th. Two old men coming out of the church after service had the following conversation:

Ques.—“Who was the young man who preached this morning?”

Ans.—“That was John R. Mott. He is going to preach in Grant Hall this afternoon.”

When Alex. was told about it he said, “that accounts for the large number that was out to hear John R. Mott, Sunday afternoon.”

Gymnasium Subscriptions.

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