

MILLIGANISMS.

The author of Job is sometimes funnier than a little waggon.

The devil always has his umbrella handy when there are signs of a storm.

Talk about prohibition in the land! They prayed for lakes of whiskey and mountains of cheese.

When a man starts down hill all creation seems greased for the occasion.

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A. J. McNeil, '95, and his brother have had to leave College, being called to the bedside of their sick mother in Cape Breton.

F. A. McCrae has again found it necessary to give up classes for a time. He hopes to return next Xmas. We hope you will F. A., hale and hearty.

What has become of the banjo and guitar club? Has it gone into liquidation?

There must be something radically wrong when a certain student visits Bath three times in two weeks.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to P. A. Grange, '95, whose only sister passed away suddenly at Newburgh on Thursday of last week. She had been in her usual health, but becoming frightened at a runaway horse she fainted on the street, and in a few minutes died of heart failure.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

H. H-r-y (at Bath).—"Couldn't I drive you out, Miss R—?"

Miss R—"I'm so sorry, but mother would be sure to object."

H. H-r-y—"But perhaps she doesn't know I'm in *Divinity Hall!* Impress on her that I'm a *Divinity*, and it will be all right, I'm sure. (And it was.)

Overheard at *Convocation Hall*, Saturday evening:  
First Lady—"What in the world does that middle chart represent?"

Second Lady—"That? Why that's a diagram of the Big Cheese."

First Lady—"But why is it labelled Purgatory?"

Second Lady—"I suppose it had to be sent there for purification after being in Chicago."

Rev. Alumnus to Professor of Polycon—"Aren't most of men fools, Professor?"

But much to the relief of the class, who might have regarded the answer as based on personal study, the Professor refused to commit himself to an opinion.

If I'm not like Hughie Walkem, it's not my fault.—"Mary" Morr-son.

I wonder if the Levana Society would undertake to sew four buttons on my vest?—J. St-w-t.

We will "scorch" the fellow that wrote the article about the Limestone match in the *JOURNAL*.—*The News*.

I spoke as president of the Union and not as an ex-coach.—H. R. Gr-nt.

"Now, gentlemen, start a bidding; how much am I offered for this trophy" (voices of 5c., 10c., 15c.) "Going, going at 15c. Oh, come, gentlemen, bid lively—fifteen I'm offered, fifteen, fifteen—oh, bid higher. Who'll give me a dollar for it?—here goes.—A. McKrae in the rink after the presentation.

Influence of environment:—Rev. G. M. Milligan now shakes with his left hand.

O, Miss C-nn-ll! how are you, and is marriage a failure?—Lady Student.

Browning's "Grammarians' Funeral" is a combination of familiar commonplace colloquial platitudes and highly speculative, metaphysical transcendentalisms.—Rev. E. Th-m-s.

Hegel died in 1832. He wrote this work before that date.—Prof. Dyde.

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