

First Student (we won't print his name) :—"What is love anyway?"

Second Student :—"An itching in the heart that you can't get at."

Third Student :—"I guess I've had it."

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Br-wst-r (in a vain attempt to operate a stop watch) :—"Say, I can't make this thing work."

B-rd-n :—"No wonder; it's run down."

Br-wst-r :—"What! You don't have to wind the darn thing up, do you?"

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The following is an extract from the complete calendar of Queen's, 1910-11.

Name—J. L. T.

Year of course—3rd.

Summer residence—Str. "North King."

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Brother John (in Medicine) :—"Say you know some chemistry; if a fellow had just taken arsenic what would you administer?"

Brother Bill (Theology) :—"The Sacrament."—The Martlet.

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A mosquito lit on a sleeping man,

And looked for a place to drill;

"The world owes me a living," said he,

And at once sent in his bill.—The Martlet.

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### Not Our Skelton.

A professor, on coming into a class in Economics a few days ago, discovered a student delivering himself in spread-eagle style before a noisily appreciative audience of his fellows. "You remind me, gentlemen," said the professor, "of the remark of a University lecturer, whose students, attempting to play a practical joke upon him, placed a skeleton at the professorial desk. 'I am glad to see indeed that you have at last found a professor suited to your capacities.'"—Ex.

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In Honor Phil., Prof. Watson :—"Descartes says, 'I had become aware, even so early as during my college life, that no opinion, however absurd and incredible, can be imagined, which has not been maintained by some one of the philosophers?' Is he right, Mr. T-pp-g?"

Mr. T-pp-g :—"Well I think it would be possible to imagine *some* absurd things which the philosophers have not held."

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The bell has rung, shuffling of feet fellows, but Prof. C. continues reading.  
 "By thy long, gray beard and glittering eye,  
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"