

ing the pallor of cheek and brow, my soul goes out in thankfulness to the Father of lights, who, in the waning centuries of Time, wills that even upon His handmaidens shall the spirit of healing rest; and to our noble instructors, who, by their patient teaching and generous counsel are enabling us to meet the emergencies, and fulfil the requirements of life in this, the golden dawn of a millennial age.

To-day's chance for leisure is past, and instead of an essay I can but offer an apology. R. V. F.

Mag-Net-ism is all that is left of the class '91.

Miss Skimmin has been compelled to give up her year, owing to ill health.

We regret that Miss Leavitt has been called home on account of the dangerous illness of her mother.

Prof.—Why were you not at my class this morning?

Truant Student.—I was calling on my dressmaker.

Prof.—(smiling) Oh, quite necessary.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

ONE of the staff has handed us the following stanzas. He claims that he found them in the corridor just outside the lock box of the sophomore poet, and considering the well-known attraction this poet has for the ladies we quite believe his statement, as no doubt all will.

STUDENTS AND MAIDENS.

Students love all pretty maidens,
Maids with lovely ways and sweet,
Love them from their angel faces,
Down unto their tender feet,

REFRAIN.—How we love them, love them, love them,
Love them ever, ever, ever,
Love the lovely Kingston maidens,
With their pretty ways and sweet.

Freshie lads are (mostly) cheeky,
Kingston girls are (mostly) sweet,
Freshie boys are (slightly) bashful,
When these Kingston girls they meet.

REFRAIN.—But we love all pretty maidens,
Maids with lovely ways and sweet;
Love them from their angel faces, etc.

Sophomores are (mostly) clever,
Kingston girls are (somewhat) wise
Sophomores (sometimes) feel foolish,
Glancing into maiden's eyes.—REF.

Juniors (all) are very lazy,
Kingston girls are (mostly) smart,
Junior men will have to hustle
If they'd win a maiden's heart.—REF.

Seniors (all) are independent,
Kingston maids are (mostly) meek,
Seniors find the maids quite willing,
When they their affections seek.—REF.

Really, Mr. McM——n, we must congratulate you. Try again.

Freshman to fourth year man.—What is single tax anyhow?

H——s.—I'm not quite sure but I think it is a tax on every unmarried man over twenty-one.

Prof.—Mr. ——, from whom did the Apostle Jude get his idea concerning the fall of the angels?

Mr. ——.—From John Milton, sir.

As the train steamed into the station, lately, bearing the delegates to the Y.M.C.A. Convention held here, the representatives from a certain institution (not the Deaf and Dumb Institute) were lustily singing, "Rescue the Perishing." Thanks.

Wanted.—A professional ticket agent for the Missionary Association. College man preferred. Applications must be in before the next Pine St. mission concert. One having the additional accomplishment of bill-posting preferred. Also a leader for the Queen's College glee club.

OFT WHEN THE BALMY SPELL.

Oft, when the balmy spell
Of morning sleep still binds me,
And loud the breakfast bell
Of work again reminds me;
I long for one—
For only one
Good solid hour's more snoozing,
And rub my eyes
As I arise,
And think of what I'm losing.
Thus, when the balmy spell
Of morning sleep still binds me,
The ringing breakfast bell
Of work again reminds me.

When I remember all
My morning naps so broken,
I fain would words let fall,
That better were unspoken.
I feel like one
Who fain would run
Some hard lost contest over,
And heave a sigh,
To think that I
Have been disturbed in clover.
Thus when the balmy spell
Of morning sleep still binds me,
That horrid breakfast bell
Of work again reminds me.

S. G. R., '91.

A howling epidemic has broken out in Divinity Hall, on which the medical expert from the Royal gives the following report:

Subjective symptoms: On account of their tender age nothing could be learned from some of them. Others,