

DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.

ONE of our juniors, who is taking the class in Science, was visiting his "best girl" and at the tea table he took an egg and holding it up, asked her if she knew the scientific way of obtaining the contents without breaking the shell. She replied that she did not. "Well," said he, "you take the spheroidal body in your sinister hand, and with a convenient diminature pointed instrument, held in the same manner in the dexter hand, puncture the apex; then in the same manner make an orifice in the base, place either extremity to your labials, and endeavor to draw in your breath; a vacuum is created and the contents of the egg are discharged into your mouth." 'La! said the buxom lass, "when I find 'em in the barn I make a pin-hole in each end and suck 'em."

A young lady who went for a drive the other evening with one of the "Celebrities of '87" had her two lips frozen.

Senior in Medicine (in answer to a question asked by a Medical Freshie)—"You had better apply to the Senate about it."

Medical Freshie—"Thanks, I believe I will. Can you tell me where he lives?"

A number of young men of the Sophomore class have formed an Anti-Shaving Society. If there was any evidence lacking to prove that they are just struggling into manhood it is now completed. The Society was formed three weeks ago and the result is now becoming visible.

Soph. (to small boy who makes his appearance covered with snow)—How many teams did it take to draw you out of the ditch?"

Small Boy (triumphantly, after sharply surveying the Soph.)—"Two teams and a *body snatcher*?"

Soph. (in Philosophy class)—"Professor, what is Transcendentalism?"

Prof.—"It is the spiritual cognoscence of phyhological irrefragability, connected with concutient ademption of incolumient spirituality and etherealized contention of subsultory concreation."

"What kind of a man is Mr. M——?" inquired a Bagot street girl of a city belle.

"Oh," was the indifferent reply, "he'll do; but he has such queer notions of right and wrong."

"In what way? I always thought he was a man of excellent ideas in that regard. Please explain won't you?"

"Why, he wanted to kiss me the other evening, and I told him it was wrong for him to do so."

"Well?" said the other, inquiringly.

"Well, he believed me."

Senior—"I never travel without learning something."
Freshman—"You should travel often then."

Senior (who attends Senior Philosophy)—"And how do you stand on evolution, Miss D——? Don't you believe man is descended from the monkey?"

Miss D—— "Oh, yes, I think *man* is; but, what puzzles me Mr. M——, is where *woman* comes from."

"Willie," said one of our city girls to a Senior, "take me sleigh-riding to-night."

"Am sorry, my dear, but I've got an engagement that is very pressing."

"Yes, Willie but what's pressing to squeezing?"

"I'll go."

Miss C—— (to 3rd year Divinity)—"You seem to be the best man at all the weddings Mr. G——. When are you going to take a leading part yourself?"

Mr. G—— "Oh, there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

Miss C—— "Yes, but don't you think the bait is getting a little stale."

A sad looking graduate while looking in an undertaker's window on Princess street the other day, was met by an undergraduate, and the following conversation took place.

Grad.—"Congratulate me, old boy, I'm a *paterfamilias*."

Under-Grad.—"Why! . . . jinminy!!"

Grad.—"That's it, you've got it!"

Under-Grad.—"Eh?" "What?"

Grad.—"That's it, *Gemini*. There are two of them."

Under-Grad.—"Twins! Oh Gemini!"

Mutual tears.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

LET us court the "Celebrities"—Lady Studes.

"Why aint I courted for chewing tobacco?"—V. S—n.

"Guess that Celebrity will settle McL—n."—R. Wh—n.

"My Don Juan is far superior to Byron's."—W—k—m.

"Now I can *down* J. J. W."—J. M. McL.

"We must have a dissecting room."—Honor Science.

"I give and bequeath my sheepskin moccasins to our missionary."—O. B—t.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, ladies and gentlemen, of the Freshman Class, lend me your ears."—K—n—les.

"I wish someone would send along "another ten thousand" to the College."—Principal.

"Your JOURNAL subscription is due and must be paid forthwith."—Nick. D.