

DE NOBIS* NOBILIBUS.*

ONE of our most fascinating Seniors—in fact the lady-killer of the class—met with a very mortifying accident this summer. He was examining very closely the contents of a keg of black paint when unfortunately he slipped and, *miserable dictu*, deposited his upper stories, to the depth of several inches, in the dark colored fluid. After several weeks' patient work his face was brought back to its natural color but his hair—well his hair appears to have changed color for good. Providentially he was not wearing his moustache at the time and so it was saved uncolored. Can not any of the chemists of the College help the poor unfortunate Senior.

Prof. (to Soph.): "Can you tell me of what race Napoleon came?" Soph.: "Of Corsican."

"Will you carve?" asked the landlady of young Sawbones.

"Certainly; where's the body?—I mean bring on the meat," correcting himself as best he could.

The Prof. in Geology told the class that there were no fossils in Kingston, but warned by their incredulous laughing, saved his reputation for veracity by quickly adding: "Oh, I didn't use the word in a figurative sense."

Stout dude: "Going to the party to-night?"

Slender dude: "Can't."

"What's the matter?"

"Haven't got a decent collar to my name."

"Corral one of your pater's."

"Too large."

"Put it around twice."

[They never spoke again.]

Isn't it delightful to look upon the Campus and watch the infantile "Fresh." turn a hand-spring and break his rope suspenders? If the "Fresh." was less innocent he might paint the atmosphere red, but he doesn't know the wicked ways of the world yet. Wait until he gets to be a Junior.

"Say, chum," exclaimed a badly mashed Freshman, for about the twentieth time, "did you ever see such golden hair?" "No," was the impatient rejoinder, "it is eighteen carrots fine."

Farmers say that it is an indication of poor soil when nothing but this yellow frizzy, fox-tail grass will grow. What would they think if they were to see the upper lips of a few of our Sophs.

Prof.: "What you mention, S—h, has nothing to do—"

Class (in chorus): "With the case, tra-la."

Mr. Burdette has concluded that "The eminent scientist who discovered that heat is only a mode of motion, did it by sitting on a hot stove in the dark. The motion he discovered was a motion to adjourn, carried by a rising vote." It would be well for the Physics Class to mention this fact in questions which touch upon the subject.

"But I pass," said a minister in leaving one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a Senior from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

Professor (who believes that the powers of women are limited) "What would a woman do if she were placed at the head of a factory of five hundred men?"

Young Lady (sharply) "What would a man do if left alone to bring up a family of ten children?"

Professor sits down.

A NEW FASHIONED GIRL.

She'd a great and varied knowledge picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics and pneumatics very vast;

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the ologies of the colleges and the knowledges of the past;

She'd discuss, the learned charmer, the theology of Brahma, and the scandals of the Vandals, and the sandals that they trod;

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man;

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"We're not so green as we look."—*The Freshies.*

"What dear little fellows the Freshmen are."—*The Ladies.*

"Nice little play things, but they will grow."—*The Seniors.*

"What has happened to the Alma Mater?"—*Students.*

"What will D. J. Hy—d do with his horse?"—*The Divinities.*

We have been handed a postal card addressed to one of the prominent Seniors of the Royal with the following edifying news thereon.

Mr. _____

EDITOR GERNAL.

Owner for pig has turned up.

Yours,