

**De Nobis.**

**SCENE:** Levana room, Jan. 25, the judges have just left to decide as to who has won the final debate.

Studiosa: (An enthusiastic senior): I think I'll read a little Brunetiere.

W. J. K—dd, member for the R-s-d-nce. "Are we to understand Mr. Speaker, that the grandfather of the Honourable Gentleman was black?"

Hon. N. F. Bl-ck, Minister of Defence: Mr. Speaker, are kids allowed to blatt on the floor of this house?

I directed my impatient steed to take me where P-l-n was. He did, so and we entered a crowded court-room where all attention was focused on the brilliant K.C. who was addressing the jury. On his manly bosom I saw, displayed a medal in English, a medal in Political Economy, a medal in History, and a medal in Euchre. Presently however he diverted his fiery glance toward the gallery and saw my luckless self. He stopped short and shouted "Apprehend yon stranger immediately; he escaped me once when I was prosecutor for the Concursus but now I shall have his blood"

When my feathered companion at length overtook me I was somewhat out of breath and could whisper only a prayer to be taken from that fearsome spot to any old place.

"I looked into the home of Blustering Billy, America's greatest philologist and observed the strong likeness of a number of its inmates to a charming member of the class of '04. In the study were Prof. C—ll and the victim whom he had stolen from the church and bull-dozed into philological erudition. The professor did not seem to be doing any work himself,

but he was still making Hay, while the moon shone."

The whereabouts of the Hon. A. G. Penman, I had no difficulty in finding but he could not spare me time for a conversation. He was acting as chairman of an international convention of the Sons of Common Sense and being the only properly accredited member could not leave the meeting without destroying his quorum.

In the holiday time, one of the best known and best loved of our tutors visited the old homestead. He was starting off one night to call on a dear friend of his boyhood days—still his dearest friend—when he saw an immense owl, sitting on the roof of the barn. A keen huntsman, he hustled into the house, got his gun, walked about half a mile around through the fields in order to get within range without being seen, and taking rest over a rail fence, he made a dead shot and over went the bird. He hurried around to the other side of the barn to pick up what he was sure was the biggest thing in the owl line ever seen in that section. He didn't know his father had purchased a fine thoroughbred turkey. Was he man enough? Did he pick it up and go with it to his father, and with face suffused with the flush of shame, say: "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little gun." All that is known is that the prize turkey, after having been unaccountably absent for some time, turned up at last with its spurs *unaccountably* an inch shorter, and that the poor widow and her children in the village feasted royally upon a huge turkey left with the compliments of Santa Claus. Since his return to college it is remarked that Mr. — has taken to wearing glasses.