

†DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.†

ONE by one he turns them over,
 Scowls at this one, smiles at that ;
 This one marks across the cover,
 Throws that to the office cat ;
 Here he clips a commendation,
 There he writes a blue grim "set,"
 Marks here a slanderous allegation,
 There steals all that he can get.
 Through what wide realm his fancy ranges
 The man who edits the exchanges.
 —*Cornell Era.*

A horse and sleigh, a pretty girl,
 A spin o'er the frozen road,
 A pleasant chat and a stolen kiss
 With your arm placed a la mode.
 A boy and sled hitched on behind
 In a splendid place for hearing,
 A great big town that knows next day
 All the details of your dearing.
 —*Princetonian.*

A SEQUENCE.

We were married—she and I—
 In the spring
 Said she, as we settled down
 In our cottage in the town,
 "Love, we now begin life's reign,
 And of this, our small domain,
 You are king."

And a happier man than I
 Ne'er was seen.
 And the future seemed to be
 Ever full of bliss for me,
 As I told my fairy wife,
 "Of my fortunes and my life
 You are queen."

Then her mother in our home
 Took her place.
 And this life became to me
 Full of woes and misery,
 Though I dare not raise a fuss,
 From the day she came to us,
 She was ace!

—*Ex.*

The Divinity Valedictorian was discoursing upon the pleasures of life in "the Hall." "That which we most enjoy in life is—" "Oysters!" shouts a young man in the gallery

It is said that of those who calculated upon graduating this year, only one was plucked. '85 is the largest class which has yet left Queen's.

LELIA.

She stands by the open window
 In a robe of snowy white,
 And the pale blue moon with glimmering sheen
 On her form throws a flood of light ;
 Her two hands clasped on the casement rest,
 Her face against them lies,
 The stars above are wild with love
 At the sight of those upturned eyes.

Like a marble form of a maiden saint,
 Set in a niche in the wall
 In some cathedral old and quaint
 Where pious pilgrims fall,
 She stands—a queen of night,
 Beautiful, pure, divine.
 My idolatrous heart bows down at the sight
 And worships at her shrine.

—*Argonaut.*

Passing along Yonge Street, Toronto, a few days since, the writer was almost stupified at seeing a sign "Alice McGillivray, M.D., C.M." It would seem that Doctor McGillivray has forsaken the old Limestone City, for a wider field of labor. While regretting the loss, we wish her every success.

Why is a Freshman like a telescope? Because he is easily drawn out, easily seen through and easily shut up.

Why is a Sophomore like a microscope? Because when seen through, some things are revealed.

Why is a Junior like a kaleidoscope? Because every time you look at him you perceive some new beauty.

Why is a Senior like a spectroscope?—*Give it up.*—

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

That last's wrong; because he spect's-to-scoop all the girls in at Commencement.—*Steven's Indicator.*

Good friend! we give in.

"Pa," asked Johnnie, a boy fresh from college, "is a man who kills his brother a fratricide?" "Yes." "What is a man who kills his father?" "A parricide." "One kills his wife?" "Uxoricide." "And one who kills his wife's mother?" "Justifiable homicide!" exclaimed Spilkins, glaring at the old lady.

City Editor (to new reporter)—You say in this report of the fire that the lurid glare of the forked flames shot athwart the dark-domed sky. Are you sure of that? New Reporter—Yes, sir; I saw the whole thing. City Editor—Did you notice any insurance lurking about the place, or learn what caused the fire, or the probable amount of property destroyed? New Reporter—No sir. City Editor (striking a match)—Well, just watch the lurid glare of forked flames shoot athwart this report.