

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WHAT the limbs of the law are saying in the west:—  
I am not nearly so bashful as I used to be.—J. H. M.

Phillips, Phillips! Are you a man, Phillips?—G. F. H.  
If I had not been there it would have been murder; besides, what a chance it was to show Katie my great muscular development.—A. D. C.

I am the individual who can write to the *Globe*.—R. J. M.

You should hear me sing "I will be True to Thee" to the entranced Avonmorites.—J. S. S.

I am a full-fledged with a blue bag, but as yet there is nothing in it.—H. C. F.

Behold me as I do up King in my new plug. I'll show Toronto dudes a thing or two.—E. H. B.

I have graduated at tossing coppers and am now going in for law.—R. M. D.

I am reading hard, so don't bother me, you fellows.—H. M. M.

Lindsay is immensely popular with Queen's men at all times, but particularly at Christmas. Messrs. Rod McKay, Norman Grant, Hugh Grant and W. G. Mills spent some days there during the recent vacation, the first three being guests of Rev. Dr. McTavish. We have it on excellent authority that the impression left on the hearts and larders of the Lindsay people will last for a very long time; in fact, it is now scarcely possible for any fascinating gentleman who has a hearty appetite to enter Lindsay without immediately incurring the suspicion that he is a student of Queen's College. One Monday morning, which as most of our readers know has been familiarly known from time immemorial as washing day, one of the above-mentioned visitors appeared at the back door of the Doctor's manse, and, with the keen eye which appertaineth to a divinity student, spied a pretty maiden in a neighboring yard hanging out clothes. Although not acquainted with her, our hero stretched the doctrine of universal brotherhood, so as to include sisters and called out, "Come over and help us," "We're not through with our washing yet." Just as she was preparing to go over, the Dr. appeared and to prevent any further proceedings of such a character immediately had his back door firmly nailed up.

We are informed that Roderick played blind man's buff in a way that caused the very hair on the heads of the Lindsay people to stand erect with astonishment and delight. The elegant manner in which he upset stoves, tumbled over tables, knocked down bird cages and embraced the la——, well, embracod one thing and another, was perfectly marvellous; and we are told, and believe, that nothing like it was ever witnessed in North America since the acrobat walked on a tight rope over the brink of Niagara.

A NORMAN TALE.—During the week between Christmas and New Year's the classic Scugog was covered with a magnificent sheet of ice, and hundreds of the young and a few of the old of Lindsay were skimming about on skates. A youth, who is now in his fourth year at Queen's College, wanted to be able to say when he returned to college that he had seen and actually skated on the Scugog. Taking as his motto "Two heads are better than one, even if one" etc., he decided to invite a young lady friend to accompany him. She agreed to go, and an arrangement was made that he should return for her at a certain time. He went out to borrow a pair of skates, but before he could succeed in getting a pair large enough, the appointed hour was long past. Hastening to the house, he found that the lady had departed leaving a message that she, hopeless of his return, had gone *up the river* alone. He hied away, and reaching the banks he sat for a few minutes on the cold ground to put on his skates. Then singing to himself "Gaily the Troubadour" he sped along mile after mile in a northerly direction, taking it for granted that the river flowed south, and that *up the river* must therefore mean north, and keeping a sharp lookout lest he should pass the lady. But, alas! night came, and still she was nowhere to be seen, and in bitter disappointment he was forced to retrace his steps. Imagine, if you can, the emotions which agitated him when he heard on his arrival at home that the Scugog, in addition to being classic, and meandering and full of stumps, also flows north; and that, consequently, the young miss had been *up the river* after all, even if she had gone south.

"I'll join you presently," said a graduate of Divinity Hall to a young couple, just as he started for a key to the church door.

Counsel (to witness)—"The previous witness swore that when found he was breathing like a porpoise."

Witness—"I dunno about that, sah."

Counsel—"You were present?"

Witness—"Yes, sah."

Counsel—"Examined him carefully?"

Witness—"I 'xamined him keerfully."

Counsel—"And yet you will not swear he was breathing like a porpoise?"

Witness—"No, sah."

Counsel—"You will state to the counsel why."

Witness—"Cos I never heerd a po'poise breave, sah!"

My port-monaie! The other day

'Twas fat, and bulged out so:



But Christmastide and New Year's day

Have Bernhardt-ized my pocket-book—

Have made its plumpness waste away,

Till this is now its altered look: