

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

NOT long ago our glee-club went out to sing to the Newburghers. It was a long cold drive out, and nearly all the boys were shivering when they reached their destination. One of the warblers, whose head wears a perennial blush, was warming his shins at the stove in the hall in which the performance was to take place. Around him sat some who had come early to secure the best seats. One of these was an old man from whose head Father Time had, with his scythe, shaved every vestige of hair. Our musical friend (who, by the way, is a keen observer in the matter of physical peculiarities in others) was gazing with evident curiosity on the bald head, when its owner asked, rather abruptly, "Well, sonny, what's the matter?" "Oh, nothing, governor, nothing. But I was just thinking that you mustn't have been around when they dished out hair." "Oh, yes, I was there, but they offered me a lot of red trash, and I told them to burn it, for I'd take none of it."

"Now, you young scamp," said Blinks, sen., as he led his youngest out into the woodshed and prepared to give him a dressing down, "I'll teach you what is what." "No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll teach me which is switch." And then the old man's hand fell powerless to his side.

"When does school commence again?" The freshman turns up his nose and says he does not know. The sophomore laughs uproariously and does not answer at all. The junior smiles politely and explains that "we generally say college here;" but the senior answers promptly "next Thursday."

Plain-spoken minister (to a Bacchanalian aboard the train): "Do you know, my friend, that you are on the road to h—1?" Bacchanalian: "Just my (hic) luck; bought a ticket to (hic) Napanee!"

'Twas near our college campus,  
I cannot tell you where,  
There dwelt an aged gentleman  
With thirteen daughters fair.

I called upon the youngest,  
And sat with her one night,  
Till pater came and found us  
In the morning's early light.

Do you think he raised a rumpus,  
And kicked me through the door?  
Oh, no! "Come 'round again," he said,  
And bring a dozen more.

Student, after examination, to professor: "What rank do you give me, professor?" Professor: "I have put you down as captain of cavalry. You seem to ride a horse better than others."

Deputation from large city church to Q. M. A.: "Our beloved pastor is poorly, and has been advised to rest for some time. Have you any good men?"

"Yes; a few."

"Do you think they could fill our pulpit for a few Sundays?"

"Oh, yes; preach anywhere."

"Send a man right away."

"But——"

"Oh, the usual six dollars, and pay your own traveling expenses."

(Aside.) "We'll send the duffers."

She—"Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" Gallant old confectioner—"Always; are you a clergyman's wife?" She (blushing) "Oh, no; I am not married." G.O.C. (becoming interested)—"Daughter, then?" She (blushing deeper)—"No, but I—I am engaged to a theological student."

"Step right into the parlor and make yourself at home," said the nine-year-old son of the editor to his sister's best young man. "Take the rocking chair and help yourself to the album. Helen Louise is up stairs and won't be down for some time yet—has to make up her form, you know, before going to press."

Our esteemed Professor of Physics warned his class against placing too much confidence in cheap thermometers, and added in a jocular way that just as there are students and students, so there are thermometers and thermometers. A ruthless destroyer of human happiness has been assiduously circulating the report that the professor gets off this joke every session sometime during February. The above mentioned destroyer adds, moreover, that he by chance saw the professor's note-book, and that on the margin of one of the leaves was written with a blue leadpencil the inscription, "Put in joke here about students and students and thermometers and thermometers." Now we suspected all along that this was merely a cock and bull story, and most diligent inquiry has only confirmed our belief. There is not a tittle of evidence to show that there is any such inscription written with a blue leadpencil or with a leadpencil of any color in any note-book, and last year's class, to a man, state positively that such a remark as the one in question never was made before.

An idiot of a Senior went down into the Sanctum a few days ago, and, just for fun, picked up a glass inkbottle and dashed it and its contents violently against the wall, shattering the bottle into a thousand pieces. We fail to see where the fun lies in such a manifestation of lunacy. We would expect such an action from an inmate of Rockwood, but certainly not from a Senior of Queen's College.