

## DE\*NOBIS\*NOBILIBUS.

WHEN a Boston merchant said to Agassiz, "Why don't you take a \$20,000 position and make money?" He answered, "Sir, I have not time to make money." When some of the students said to a Senior Divinity, "Why don't you take a \$20,000 congregation and make money." The Senior answered, "Alas, I never had the chance."

(SCENE—Convocation Hall, Feb. 13th.)

"Where's Bob St—rg—n?"

"Gone fishing."

Chorus—"Hi-Yi, Ha-Ha, Chesnuts, Yeow-ow!"

(Dude in the audience to his companion)—"Sa-ay, what's the row?"

Companion—"Oh! I guess it's some local joke, ye know."

A few evenings ago two Sophomores hailing from a boarding house off Division Street, intending to call on a certain young lady on Earl Street, made a mistake and rang the wrong door bell. They were shown into the parlour and entertained by "grandma" for about an hour while waiting for the said young lady to make her appearance. But she failing to materialize, the crestfallen Sophs. decided to "call again," but at the next door. They will probably make sure of the door next time.

## THE FRESHIES.

Our Freshies are most verdant lads,  
But some have names of high repute;  
First comes John L——, the slugging man,  
With a lot of sense to boot.  
There is a bad boy such as Peck('s),  
Another who most Curt is;  
One more there is who plays at Pool(e),  
And that's where all the hurt is.  
Another who in summertime  
Amongst the green and verdant Knowles  
Oft thinks of his loved Demosthenes,  
And the Bell that Daly tolls.  
And one there is renowned as Smell-i-e,  
Captain of the foot ball team.  
And also one we come acRoss,  
Who in court is most serene.  
The namesake of a Scottish chief  
Stands all brilliant in the ranks,  
And by his side sits old King Dodds,  
Who's known among the cranks.  
Of embryo parsons we've enough  
To suit every church, we hope,  
Of real churchmen, but one, alas,  
His office is that of Pope.  
Not least, but last the Coleman comes,  
Who is bravest of the lot,  
For he swore he'd shoot the Senior year  
Without a second thought.  
Great Scott and his son Jack

At a certain house in the city board two Juniors, who intend entering Divinity Hall, and also two very bad Seniors. In the goodness of her heart the landlady had been accustomed to leave a pitcher of lemonade or some other refreshing beverage on the sideboard for the benefit of the students in the house. It was noticed lately by the Seniors that the prospective Divines were very devoted in their attentions to the said pitcher, so, with a cunning worthy of a better cause, they resolved to play a joke on the unsuspecting Juniors. A large bottle of brandy was procured and while the Juniors were exercising themselves in the Gym. one afternoon the contents of the bottle was transferred to the pitcher. On coming home, an immediate attack was made on the refreshments on the sideboard, and although the taste of the lemonade was somewhat peculiar, yet ample justice was done to it. The effects began to be shewn about the regular supper hour, when one of the Juniors insisted on the stove coming in to tea with him, and the other was trying to catch the piano, which he declared was moving around the room. They were finally quieted and taken to their rooms, where they remained for a week. They have since sworn off lemonade.

## ONLY A SOPHOMORE.

Only a Soph. with glancing skates,  
Skimming around the rink;  
Only a maid with sparkling eyes,  
Tipping a tiny wink.  
Only the raising of a hat,  
Mashing the maiden fair;  
Only a Soph'more on his back,  
Swearing a college swear.  
Only the smiling maiden fair,  
Skating serenely by;  
Only a Soph'more rising up,  
Heaving a sad "Oh my!"  
Only a fascinating smile,  
Receiving a look of scorn,  
Only a Soph'more sad at heart,  
Trudging home all forlorn.

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"You ought to have seen me swear that Grit candidate when I was scrutineer down East."—Billy N—h.

"It's about time that we were getting down to work in earnest."—The Meds.

"Them's our sentiments, too."—Arts.

"I think I will go on the Grip staff."—Scotty G—.

"The College Orchestra is a great success.—The Citizens.

I think dogs will beware of me after the way I fixed the last.—John.