

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

FIRST Scotch boatman:—"Weel, Geordie, hoo got ye on the day?"

Second ditto (drouthy; he had been out with a Free Kirk minister, a strict abstainer):—"Nae ava. The auld carle had nae whuskey, sae I took him whaur there was nae fush!"

Last summer one of our Queen's men, while travelling through a lonely district near the Turtle Mountains, was forced to stay over night at the hut of a trapper. He was surprised to see the works of Carlyle and Macaulay on the table, and asked the trapper what was his opinion of these authors. "Oh," said he scornfully, "them fellers is some punkins. They kin sling ink, they kin, now I tell you!"

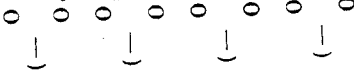
When a man doth wish to angle,
A hook like this he loves to dangle.

J

He has a line so good and strong,
And catches a fish about so long.

Before he gets home the fish doth grow (?)
And he tells his friends that it stretched out so:

But his friends, who have a fishing been,
Know that the man has lied like sin,
And they simply sit and smile and grin.



One of our Divinity students who was preaching up west, during the summer, was greatly bored by a lady who admired him without reserve. "Oh, my dear Mr. M——," said she one afternoon, "there isn't any harm in one loving one's minister, is there?" "Certainly not, madam," replied the worthy cleric, "not the least in the world, so long as the feeling is not reciprocated."

In the last number of the JOURNAL, to the end of a notice of a recent marriage ceremony, in which our highly esteemed Professor of Chemistry figured very prominently, we added a jocular intimation that no sample of the cake had as yet been received at the sanctum, never dreaming that the statement would be treated in any other way than as a jest. Very soon after, however, a parcel arrived at the College addressed to the JOURNAL staff, and upon opening it, it was found to contain a large piece of the identical cake, which, as well as the Professor, must have figured conspicuously on that happy occasion. We were surprised, and to say that we were delighted is a weak way of describing our feelings. Our surprise was deepened when we remembered that the gift had been sent notwithstanding the fact that the notice previously referred to contained a couple of abominable and possibly

somewhat impertinent puns, for which we now offer a sincere apology. We ask the sender to accept both our thanks for the cake and our very best wishes for the future.

A Junior and a Senior occupy the same room and bed in a house on Division Street. The Junior had been busy during the summer in a large dry goods establishment in his native town, and this occupation seems to have affected him to a very considerable extent. He was an excellent salesman. The other night, as his bedfellow was lying awake, the Junior suddenly ceased snoring and began talking in his sleep:

"By Jo, old fellow, if you think that ere's got cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep that it was cut from and make him own to his own wool. 'T wont wear out, either. Wore a pair of pants of that stuff five years, and they are as good now as when I put them on. Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh, too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right, it's a bargain." Silence reigned for a moment during which the amused Senior lay waiting for the conversation to re-open. He felt his companion's hand playing about the bed clothes for an instant, then rip, tear, went something or other, and he hid his head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that the best sheet had been torn from top to bottom. When he arose next morning, however, his mirthfulness evaporated quickly when he found that his robe de nuit was split from end to end.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

WHO dat?—Professor G—dry.

Are you still unmarried Mr. Bryan?—Kingston girls.
It is my honest opinion that it is far, far better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.—Gen. Geo. Bryan.

The freshmen class are all wool and a yard wide.—Kingston ladies.

I buy all my tea at the equator.—Professor of Physics.
After this when I buy "straight cut" I'll have it weighed with a spring balance.—Edwin Elliot.

Them divinity stoovents is all fond of ungyons.—A Gordon Street landlady.

Let me grasp the hand that grasped Sullivan's.—Salt Richards.

There are just enough ladies in our class to go round.—The men in Honour Moderns.

The Divinities were too lazy to take up the collection in Convocation Hall on Sunday afternoon, so we had to do it.—Arts men.

There is enough material in me to make a baker's dozen like Harold Folger.—Jas. F. Smith.

In shaving, you know, I accidentally cut off more from one side than from the other. It looks awkward, you know, but the new crop is coming on nicely and will be quite too fine if the frost does not nip it.—Arthur Beall.