

→ DE & NOBIS & NOBILIBUS. ←

THERE was a fancy dress Carnival on the 29th Dec., at Peterboro, at which we learn that the seven students of that town appeared as undergrads of Queen's. It is also said that while the sophs were quite content with their own dazzling greatness, the freshmen endeavoured to palm themselves off as seniors before the wondering rustics of that place.

You ask what we would call it. We give it up. It is something altogether unprecedented as well as unparalleled in the records of student life. We refer to the fact that, in the midst of the festivities at the senior re-union, the door opened, and in stalked, uninvited, unexpected, a Fres —, but no, we have not the heart to write it, to let it be known that such a thing occurred at Queen's. Was it cheek? Too mild. Too mild! Was it downright, brazen-faced impudence? No, no, friend, that seems altogether wrong. Better give it up. We thought of calling it 18-carat, pure, unadulterated effrontery and impertinence, but now we have written it, it looks really very mild. Give it up, my son, give it up! If possible, dismiss it altogether from your mind, and should you ever chance to meet this curiosity in human form, thank the gods that our class of '86 contains one only of these affairs. In the meantime keep it quiet, tell it not in Japan.

We have at last full possession of a sanctum. Some of our readers may be inclined to disbelieve this fact, but fact it is, notwithstanding. Our premises are not yet as fully furnished as we hope them to be before long, and we may mention to our young lady friends, *en passant*, that our chairs have no cushions, and that a relic of what was once a toga at present has to do the duty of a pen wiper. The door of our sanctum, we may also mention, is furnished with a patent combination mantrap, provided as a safeguard against parody fiends and punsters. *Verbum Sap.*

It seems hard that students should have to suffer for the sins of their professors, but the following episode tells a tale.—SCENE, at an evening party, — street, Toronto. Student of Toronto School of Medicine requests the pleasure of a dance from a society belle, who supposes him to be a Trinity man, and receives the answer, "Thank you, Mr. —, but I do not care to dance with a Trinity student." Student—"I beg your pardon, Miss —, but I think you are mistaken. I do not attend Trinity. I attend the Toronto School of Medicine." Miss —, "Oh! Then that alters the case. With pleasure, Mr. —," and the young lady proceeds to congratulate her companion on the stand taken by the faculty and students of the T. S. M. anent the recent troubles here.

A NUMBER of our students spent the vacation at Deseronto. The Belleville *Ontario* correspondent from that place, says that in the matter of taking the twist out of doughnuts they display an agility approaching the marvellous.

THE Rev. Geo. Bell, LL.D., Registrar, has been appointed Treasurer of Queen's, until the annual meeting of the Trustees, *vice* C. F. Ireland, B.A., resigned.

THE Corner Bookstore, so well known to students, has again changed hands, the present proprietor being Mr. F. Nisbet, late of Toronto. Mr. Nisbet has a great curiosity at his store just now, which he takes great pleasure in exhibiting. Call and see it.

→ ITEMS. ←

WE welcome to the field of college literature the *Morrin College Review*, published by the students of Morrin College, Quebec. Though there is, of course, room for improvement, the first number is exceedingly well edited, and by next month we expect a good deal from the *Review*.

A KISS.

'Twas the first kiss of Summer,
All fragrant and sweet,
From a lovely companion
In secluded retreat;
No sister, no kindred,
No rivals, no spy
Observed thy fair blushes,
For no one was nigh.

OSCAR Wilde says he pants to meet Roscoe Conkling. Now he should pant to meet some other celebrity, and then he would have a pair of pants—an article of dress he sadly needs.—*Norristown Herald*.

Over the garden wall,
Apple trees big and tall,
No apples as yet so hard to get
And you may bet
I'll never forget
The night that dog was on me set
Over the garden wall. —*Madisonensis*.

AN amateur editor has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief after reading one of his editorials, and left him \$150,000.

OH come where the cyanides silently flow,
And the carburets droop o'er the oxides below,
Where the rays of potassium lie white on the hill,
And the song of the silicate never is still,
Come, oh come, tum ti tum tum,
Peroxide of bromine and uranium!

While alcohol's liquid at 30 degrees
And no chemical change can affect manganese;
While alkalies flourish and acids are free,
My heart will be constant, dear Science, to Thee.
Yes, to Thee! Fiddle dum de,
Zinc, borax and bismuth, H, O plus C!—*Ex.*

No word was spoken when they met,
By either—sad or gay;
And yet one badly smitten was,
'Twas mentioned the next day.

They met by chance this autumn eve,
With neither glance nor bow,
They often come together so—
A freight train and a cow.—*Ex.*

WHY is it Bob always walks up to college? No, it's not because only two cranks are needed on a bicycle. Give it up? Because he is opposed to horses because they crib and he can't find an asteroid.—*Roch. Campus*.

"VIOLET, dearest, do you play that tune often?" asked Hugh Montessor of his affianced. "Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time." Then Hugh went out and shuddered himself to death.—*Midland Sem.*