

## DE\*ROBIS\*NOBILIBUS.

LITTLE things will tell, especially little brothers.  
Freshies, beware !

Soph. (translating)—“*Vous me faites fremir.*” “You make me”—(pause of uncertainty).

Prof.—“*Fremir?*”

Soph. (with forced energy)—“Tired.”

Amid the smiles and tears of his classmates, he was quietly informed by the Prof. that he might rest.

The following stanza was written particularly for the benefit of the Seniors :—

Cheer up ! At the critical moment of strife  
It bothers a man to be beaten or “chucked,”  
But girls, after all, are the roses of life,  
And roses were made to be plucked.

Prof. in Chemistry—“Give a practical illustration of the combustibility of carbon di oxide.”

Bright Soph.—“If you light your breath it won't burn.”

SCENE—Grand Hotel, Lawntennisville, (Super Mare).

Ho—“I beg your pardon, but—er—I did not quite catch the name.

She—“Miss Fitz-Montmorency.

He—“Thanks, thanks ! What a pretty name ! And so uncommon !”

She (haughtily)—“Did you think I was called Jones ?”

He (feebly)—“A—pardon—but—er—my name—a—is Jones !”

Who wink at all the girls they meet  
While walking on the bridge or street,  
And think the Juniors they defeat ?  
The Freshmen.

Who walk with girls so sweet and kind,  
And never think the Juniors mind  
Until some day they are heavily fined ?  
The Freshmen.

Who are those youths, so good and just,  
Whom all the Freshies learn to trust,  
Or if they don't, they know they must ?  
The Juniors.

## LAMENT OF A THEOLOGUE.

I loved her dearly years ago,

And she—she loved me too, she said,  
We planned and promised, she and I,  
When we were older, to be wed.

We planned and promised—happy time,  
All life was fair before us then,  
“When we were older,” seemed far off,  
For she was eight and I was ten.

I chance to think about it now  
Because—I married her to-day,  
I think of how we pictured it  
In those old times, so far away.

'Twas all as we had planned—except  
The bridegroom was young Walter Fay,  
And I—I was the minister—  
And so I married her to-day.

During the early part of the summer two of the shining lights of the Royal Medical College determined to pay Montreal a visit, and accordingly proceeded to get “rigged out for the trip.” That they both might be in the latest style as embryo M. D.'s, they decided to adorn themselves with what, in the language of the poets, are called “plug hats.” One of the leading hatters of the city was to be the honored recipient of their patronage, but when the purchase was about to be made their courage began to fail them, and at last the spokesman could only blurt out : “Er—Have you any—er—er—silk hats—er—worth about fifty cents ?” We have been unable to find out whether the hats were got, or not.

A bunch of keys has been found in the neighborhood of the College by a member of the JOURNAL staff. From their appearance we would judge them to be the property of a Sophomore with a decided failing for the good things of this world, and that he may be enabled to identify them we herewith give a list of them :—

- 1 front door key (weight 2 lbs.)
- 1 latch key.
- 1 tin watch key.
- 1 pantry door key.
- 1 jam closet key.
- 1 ladies' glove button hook.

The owner of the above can recover them by calling at the Sanctum and paying cost of moving them to that place.

We were fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to get hold of an essay by a prominent Freshman the other day. We read it through with great effort, but have been sick since. The following is the mildest part of it :—

“The mind of man, in its lofty wide-spreading comprehension of the empyreal regions of thought, finds a mysterious fascination in reveling in the shadowy confines of fanciful imagination. To soar on tireless pinion far above this vast panorama of beauty, this mirror of divine beneficence ; to feast the mental vision on an illimitable expanse where ethereal loveliness takes the place of beauty, divine perfection replaces the zenith of worldly achievements, and matchless symmetry remoulds the artist's highest realization with a touch of infinite exactitude, is the life-saving elixir of our intellectual organism.”

Exactly—a conglomeration of heterogeneous incompatibilities ! Scintillations from a transparent comet wagging its tail of nothingness in vacuity !