

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

ONE of the freshies objected to living at a Gordon street mansion because the tables in the dining-room were round, and he did not think it would be possible to get a good square meal at any such place.

One of our most esteemed professors has set an excellent example to all the students (and professors, too,) by giving up smoking. May the good resolution prove permanent.

The June-bug has the wings of gauze,
The lightning-bug has flame,
The bed-bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same.

Scene on the Odessa stage: "Hullo, Bob! The stage is full! Guess we'll have to strap you behind." "No you don't. I had enough of that when I was a boy."

A countryman in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook:

"One lamb."
"Great Scott, mister," cried the countryman, "I can't eat a hull lamb. Gimme some fried oysters instead."

"One fried," bawled the waiter.
"Well, Methusalem's ghost, mister, one fried oyster hain't goin' to be enough. Gimme a dozen of 'em. Durn these city eatin' places."

One of our philosophy men who has been experimenting declares that a man may be loaded to the eyebrows with philosophy, and yet become as helpless as a child when he tries to get the last word with a woman.

It was a milkman who pumped up the fact that truth lies in the bottom of a well.

Twenty-seven skunks were killed in one day at the town of Benson, Iowa. The town is said to be the scenter of a fine agricultural district.

A short time ago a horse actually walked in through the open door of a house on Alfred street, near Union, and stood in the hall gazing wistfully up the stairway. The occupants of the house heard the tramping, but thought that it was one of the freshmen who occupied a room on the first flat. They were quite startled, therefore, to find that their visitor was a horse. Not being able to turn him in such limited space, they ushered him into the back yard via the kitchen and back stoop. At first none could guess why the animal was so anxious to get into that particular place, but when it was learned that two freshmen had been seen leaving the house a short time before, it was at once surmised that the horse had seen them, and judging from the sample sent out that he could find more freshness and verdancy inside the house than could be found on the roadside, he had entered to investigate.

It is told by the Boston *Record* that Lord Tennyson and his family, including his little grand-daughter, were dining at Osborne by invitation of the Queen. During the meal the bread-plate ran low, and the Queen took the last piece. Thereupon the little Tennyson girl, who had been taught that it was bad manners to take the last piece on the plate, pointed her finger at the Queen, and said scornfully: "Piggy, piggy, pig!" The guests expected that nothing but decapitation was in store for the child, but the Queen came nobly to her rescue: "You are quite right, my dear," said she; "nobody but the Queen should take the last piece on the plate."

"Look here, madam, look here, quick!" said a freshman to his landlady on Gordon Street:

"What is it, sir?"

"Here's a dead fly in my soup."

"So I see. It seems to be quite dead."

"Well, by thunder, I want you to understand that this is an outrage."

"I'm sorry, sir, really I am, but if you are opposed to eating dead animals, you should patronize one of the vegetarian houses." The brute!

The other day a Senior rushed up to one of his classmates and exclaimed: "Gad, Jack, I'm glad I met you, for I'm going away and wished to say good-bye before I went." "Why, what's up? Where are you going?" "Oh," said he, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I'm going to New York, and I'll probably never be back," and then, dropping to a very pathetic whisper, he added, "Say, old boy, do me a parting favour. Lend me twenty dollars; I'll pay you back when ——" "Oh no," replied the other, "we had better not do anything to increase the pangs of parting."

"Mother, don't the angels wear any clothes?" asked a little Kingston girl of her mother:

"No, my little pet."

"None at all, mother?"

"None at all."

There was a pause, and the little cherub asked:

"Then where do the angels put their pocket handkerchiefs?"

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I'VE forty-four men in my class this year, including women.—*Prof. Watson.*

We wonder if the *Concursus* is to be revived.—*The Freshies.*

You'll soon find that out.—*The Seniors.*

I am determined not to work for nothing and board myself this year.—*E. J. B. Pense.*

How we all wish we were S. W. Dyde, so that we could play lawn-tennis with Principal Grant and Prof. Watson.—*The Students.*

I did big work at the cricket match.—*Bunt. Young.*

I never read dramas.—*Max G.*

Catch on to my siders.—*Gordon Smith.*

I stirred things up on the other side of the pond.—*Billy Kyle, M.D.*