

DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.

A THEOLOGUE on being asked to preach in a certain place where he had formerly been, answered the note of invitation as follows: "No! I promised to see my girl on Sunday evening, besides the Q— people gave me an eternal farewell the last time I was there. I told them in my peroration that we would never again meet on earth, and I hoped that they would be on time and make connections with me in the "happy land." Were I to go back again now they would think the millenium had come."

"What is the leading branch in your school?" asked a lady of a teacher who lately graduated at Queen's.

Before the teacher could vouchsafe a reply, a little boy interrupted the conversation with:

"I know!"

"And what is it little boy?" asked the lady.

"That switch in the corner, ma'am."

"Do you know, Thomas," said a meek eyed maiden to her gum-drop on Gordon Street, "what mamma says is the difference between my style of dress and hers when she was my age." "Well, really, I could not say, dear." "She says she used to wear her dress up to the neck and gloves with only one button, but that I wear my gloves up to my neck and my dress with only one button."

"You like my style best don't you, Thomas?" and Thomas said that although it was against his principles, yet he did.

(Mother to Ella, aged six.)

"Go to bed now, dear, say good night to Miss — (a lady medical boarder) and give her a kiss."

Ella—"No mamma, I don't want to give her a kiss."

Mother—"And why not dear?"

Ella—"Because when anyone gives her a kiss she boxes their ears, ask pa if she doesn't."

A subscription list is being handed around to procure a gown for one of the leading lights of the Senior year, the one he has at present being principally made up of holes.

Subscriptions may be paid in to P. O'Donahue, Tres. National League.

To those of the Royal who intend walking the English Hospitals, the following account of an Xmas dinner will demonstrate fairly well the eating capacity they will have to acquire. Some two or three Grads. of the Royal, now in London, sat down to an Xmas dinner and were treated to the following: Fish, oyster soup, liver, potatoes, roast turkey, bacon, potatoes and greens, goose, potatoes, vegetables, roast beef, plum pudding and dessert. After three hours hard work they had to give up, completely exhausted and were only able to blurt, "N'more, thanks, —hic!" Perhaps the Medico who enveloped five Xmas dinners last year would have been better able to have done justice to this English dinner.

Sm—e: "Did you get hurt when you fell down stairs?"

Co—e: "No, there is too much *grit* in me for that."

In one of the boarding houses the students are in the habit of sitting up late at night and not rising very early in the morning. The host tried in vain to get them up in time for breakfast. A few days ago he surprised them, when they came down unusually late, by saying during family prayers: "O Lord, keep us from turning night into day, and day into night."

One of our Seniors, in one of his semi-weekly calls on a city belle, when he was leaving, took her hand in his and said:

"I wish this were a chesnut bell."

"Why so?" she blushing asked.

"Because I would ring it," he answered.

"You may consider it so," she said.

We have been told that the day is fixed.

FADE.

"He's a fade."

A what?

"A fade, f-a-d-e, fade, are you not on to the fades? One of those young men who wear a No. 10 cuff for a collar and bang their hair (sometimes dye it) and often wear eye glasses—not that they need them—but to be in keeping you know! Fades are much like Dudes, only some Dudes are too old and big to be Fades. All Fades are Dudes, but all Dudes are not Fades.

Again, a Fade is a Dude who never smiles, is inclined to be sickly, and seldom talks. He is present at all the balls and parties to which he can possibly secure invitations. His most notable characteristics are his melancholy mien and silence on all occasions.

"They don't talk very much," said a society belle. They are called "fades" because they just come up before you, are introduced, and then, before you have had time to talk to them, they are gone to be introduced to some other young lady. They are perfectly harmless, and never make any noise or trouble, and seem to "fade" away when you begin to talk to them. They are not common in this country, though they are gradually increasing in number. I saw a few very fair specimens at the Medical Conversazione, but I think they were "made" for the occasion, they did not look natural, but Kingston has a few really fine specimens. At the Montreal Carnival I saw the most perfect type of "fade" I have yet seen in Canada."

"Ma," said a little boy, "pa's in the soap barrel up to his ankles!" She replied, "Oh, well, sonny, if he's in no deeper than that he can get out." "Yes, but his head is turned the wrong way," said the boy."

— We would respectfully remind our readers that our subscription is payable in advance.