

✻ DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS. ✻

"THE DESIRE for drink is rational," said the philosophic senior as he found a nickle in his vest pocket and turned into Tim Doolan's.

My friend! Where shall we buy our Christmas Presents? Why from those firms of course who have so kindly advertised in the JOURNAL. Read them and you will be satisfied.

"Well this knocks the bottom out of my tub—I eat three times a day—attend church regularly—shave when I get the chance, and I verify every word. Yet I get my Latin prose back from the Prof. looking like the proof-sheet of T. G. M——s' poem on 'Spring!' I can't understand it, indeed, I can't."—A. W. B——ll.

"Who frew 'dat brick?"—J. M—rh—d.

"*Arma virumgue cano, Brockville qui primus ab ons S—ll—ie venit et ad mortjagum on Queen's College consecutres est per pondum adamantine cheek.*"—Virgil (revised).

See how the innocent Freshie exults in the thought that there won't be another court *this* session, anyway. But don't poke the British lion too much, Sonnie, or he'll snatch you bald-headed!

And as he sails down the College hall, stroking his luxuriant auburn beard, a Sophomore who has escaped from his clutches hoarsely whispers to his comrade: "Sh, there it goes! Johnnie, get your gun!"

As regards the University re-union the all-important question is not as is erroneously considered, "Where shall we get enough students for the dinner?" But, "Where shall we get enough dinner for the students?" Prompt action is absolutely necessary.

SONG OF THE STUDENT IN PHILOSOPHY.

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A student sits at his lonely desk  
With ice applied to his head.

Write—write—write—  
His labor he never checks,  
And still in a dull, mechanical way  
He scribbles his weekly Ex.

Work—work—work—  
While the light gets faint and dim,  
And work—work—work—  
Till the brain begins to swin.

Its oh! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where man has never a soul to save,  
If *this* is christian work.

Write—write—write—

On the "Highest Good" for the land,  
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed  
As well as the weary hand.

And write—write—write—  
In the sickly glare of the lamp,  
With not a respite long enough  
For a man to lick a stamp.

Work—work—work—

Till the head begins to reel,  
And work—work—work—  
Till the morn doth on him steal.

Locke and Plato and Kant,  
Kant and Plato and Locke,  
Till over the paper he falls asleep  
And heeds not the warning clock.

Oh! Prof., will you never know,

That we've other fish to fry?  
That Physics and Latin, and Greek and French,  
Have a finger in the pie?

A nod's as good as a wink I ween  
To a horse with defective sight,  
The result of my song will best be seen  
Some time next Friday night.

—Tom Hood (adapted).

WHAT THEY ARE ALL SAYING.

"Boys, I'll head the procession and die for you if you say so." (Applause.)—T. G.

"None o' yer squibs agin me; I'm in Divinity Hall now, mind ye."—Dick W.

"I move that a game of Hare-and-Hounds be arranged between the Acadian Club and the Ossianic Society."—Blue Nose.

"All legal questions should be discussed in boarding houses."—T. C. B.

"I move that all corruption be swept away from our A. M. S. elections, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Washington and Ottawa."—A. W. B.

"Heap! There is over \$30 in the treasury!"—S. T. C.

"All right, Stan. Can you direct me to a reliable peanut stand."—Freddie.

"My name isn't Tim."—J. B. C.

"Out with that vile thing. I'll read no resolution in his presence."—W. A. F.

"The *mind's* the standard of the man."—Jacobus.