

DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.

WE wish to draw the attention of the students to the fact that it is not always possible for one of the JOURNAL staff to be present on every occasion when a good joke or pun is perpetrated, and so, in its infallible wisdom, the staff has placed a box in the Reading Room as a repository for such items as would be interesting to the students as a body. Heretofore the receipts from this box have been large quantities of waste paper, apple cores, etc., and very little matter suitable for insertion in the JOURNAL. We would like this changed, and would request each student to deposit in this "joke box" any article he thinks fit for the JOURNAL'S columns.

A few days after College opened we met in the halls a Junior with a very undefinable expression on his countenance. On getting a weak and tired response to our New Year's greeting we inquired after his health, and by degrees and with much effort he told us the following story: "I came back ready for work on the first day after the vacation, and after fortifying myself with a hearty breakfast I went up to the college for my first lecture that day, which was to be at 10 o'clock. About the time when the lecture ought to have begun I heard a bell ring, and as I was positive it was my dinner bell I went home again, and after persuading my landlady that it was dinner time, I sat down and did ample justice to the spread. I went back again to College and found that it was about 12 o'clock, and meeting one of my fellow boarders we went off for our regular dinner, and as I am a timid and bashful fellow I did not like to stay away from the dinner table, so I sat down with the rest. I can't tell now how it happened, but I went home to supper three times, and when I got through the last time they had to carry me to my room. I have not eaten anything since, however, but am getting better."

We left him sitting down in a corner panting as if he had run five miles.

"Waiter, what is the matter with this fowl? When I attempt to cut it my knife recoils as it would from a piece of India rubber!"

Waiter—"Dat's spring chicken, sah."

Appropos of an item in a previous number of the JOURNAL about the minister who said "I pass," and the student who yelled "Then I make it spades," some of the students and other readers may recollect a paragraph which appeared, accompanied by a vividly drawn illustration, in a little paper called *Glad Tidings*, which was the product of the pen and pencil of two irrepressible Sophs, and cast a ray of sunshine throughout the corridors wherever it appeared a few seasons ago. The item referred to represented a student, who was evidently one of the "boys," standing before the Professor of Greek preparing to recite. Being drowsy and dilatory, the Professor prompted sharply, "Well, Mr. Smith, "cipas,"

and the lamb, recalling the previous evening's enjoyment, vehemently exclaims "I make it next." He "went it alone" before the Senate.

The following is supposed to be the definition of "dude" as it will appear in the new revised edition of Webster: "Dude, n. [Sometimes written Dodo.] The name applied to a breed of dainty puppies, indigenous to the United States and Canada. The dude is generally slim-legged, and not unfrequently long-eared. Easily distinguished by the lightness of its head. Can be trained to fetch and carry a cane. The commonest kind may be seen around banking houses. The dude is harmless."

CELEBRITIES OF '87.

No. 1. We see him passing down the hall, great in his might and dignity, condescending to interchange an occasional sentence with his peers, but utterly ignoring his juniors. We hear comments on him, sometimes on his ability but chiefly on his cheek—yes, for a Senior he *is* cheeky, very cheeky—but, poor fellow, he doesn't know any better. Starting from his understanding we see a pair of at one time neat but now misshapen shoes over topped by gaiters of an indescribable color—a doubtful greenish yellow shade. When we reach his coat we find that it became tired when being made, and its lowest extremity is satisfied to rest a few inches below his shoulders. Advancing still higher up we find a specimen of fine linen that would make Solomon, if he were now alive, feel green with envy; a collar unsurpassed in height, breadth or—ah—yes—or thickness, protruding from which we see something nearly spherical in form, having an outer covering of wool or fur. This mass is somewhat irregular in shape, there being several noticeable prominences on one side and two exactly similar orifices, one of which is generally covered by a circular disk of glass, presumably to keep out the cold. The whole appearance of this phenomenon is awe-inspiring; it moveth about like a lord among his serfs, too great to see aught beneath him.

We feel happy to state that *this* celebrity is *perfectly harmless*. Being entirely innocuous in every respect, he is therefore bearable, and so the presence in the halls of a being more than ordinary is only manifested by the whispered remarks of the meek-eyed Freshie as the phenomenon stalks majestically past.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"Catch on to my sidars."—J. J. W.

"Who stole my mortar-board?"—Jake S.

"The snow plow is a great invention."—The Students.

"Bless them electric bells, I can sleep all day now!"—John.

"How I longed to get back to Kingston."—J. H. B.

"My heart's turned back to Lindsay and I must go."—Grant Bros.