

DE NOBIS.

A MISS is as good as a mile;
 A kiss twice as good as a smile.
 Not to miss any kiss,
 But to kiss every miss,
 Will turn miles
 Into smiles,
 And smiles into kisses
 From misses.

For the maiden who'll smile
 Is a miss worth the while
 Of your walking a mile.
 But the damsel you'll kiss
 Is worth two of the miss
 Who's only as good as a mile.

Trinity Tablet.

Overheard at the rink:—"I wonder what the girls think of us anyway, Alec."—[W. G. Irv—g.]

Miss M. G—, crossing the lake—"I would love to go to sea."

Miss M. B—, "Oh! you nauti-cal!"

Ilka laddie has his lassie,
 Ne'er a ane have I,
 For though the girls all smile on me,
 I'm very much too sly.—[A. H. B—t—n.]

The following is an extract from an essay recently written by a young lady on "The Social Difficulties of the Age." We hope it has no reference to students of Queen's:—

As we look out at the passers-by as they hurry along through the snow-storm with bowed heads, the unfortunates of the weaker sex vainly endeavoring to hold up those superfluous yards of dry-goods, which under more favorable circumstances fall in graceful folds behind them, to carry their muff's and several books, and hold on their hats—she does it too, oh, wonderful woman! and with only the limited supply of hands allotted to humanity—while that monster of selfishness, her delighted escort under sunny skies, thinks of his warm, fine and comfortable chair, involuntarily shivers as he contemplates an extra half mile, and to his eternal disgrace basely deserts her in time of need.

"Thus it is our young men leave us
 Just when we could make them useful."

Prof. to Freshie:—"Who was born on Christmas day?"

Freshie:—"Santa Claus, sir."—[*Ex.*]

Smart Lawyer—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion?"

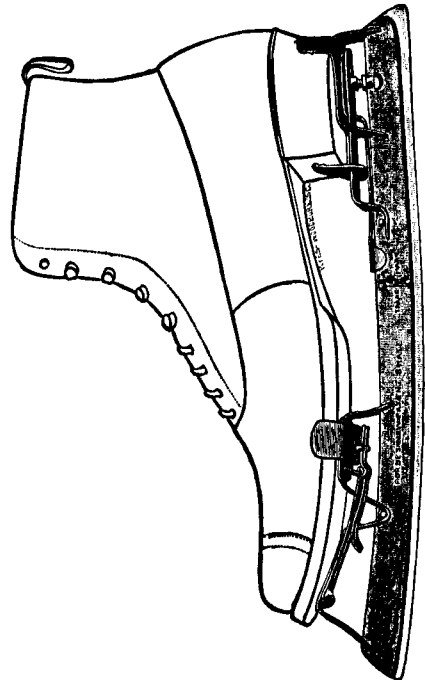
Witness (also smart)—"The close of the day, I presume."

Mr. Andrew Lang narrates that, when the late Prof. Sellar taught at St. Andrew's, he played golf with more energy and enthusiasm than success. "Ye may teach laddies Greek, Mr. Sellar," said a candid old caddie one day "but gowf needs a heid."—*Glasgow University Magazine.*

The following dialogue actually took place in St. Andrew's church last Sunday night:—
 McIn—s.—"I say, Cl—th—r, look at the gas light beside the electric."

J. O. Cl—th—r.—"Why, Mac., it can't hold a candle to it."

"If you fail on this exam. what are you going to do?" "Drop out and study for the ministry."
 "If you succeed what will you do?" "Get on a big drunk and then settle down."—*Ex.*



SIDE VIEW ATTACHED TO BOOT.
 Go to Corbett's, Corner of Princess & Wellington Streets, for Forbes' new patent Hockey, Skeleton, Acme, Climax. All the Best and Cheapest.