

✻ DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS. ✻

WHEN going home the other evening from the entertainment by the Foreign Mission Band, an old lady was heard to remark to a young lady companion, "Only think, one missionary for 1,000 cannibals!" The young lady replied, "Mercy! they must have terrible light appetites or be awful big missionaries."

We are fortunate in securing the latest peroration of our Soph. orator. It was delivered in a closely packed room. The windows were open, but owing to the thickness of the atmosphere very little of it escaped. We can therefore, give it in full:

"Gentlemen, I rise before you this evening because in the first place I preclude all possibility of my rising behind you. That would be an act unworthy of me, unworthy of you. My great father Cicero would have recoiled from the outrage of rising behind an audience of Roman citizens; and shall I my fellow students, fired with the same zeal, inspired by the same nobility of soul and breathing forth an eloquence that will one day bring me the glory my father won, shall I, let me ask again, depart from the path of honor and duty whither I have been led these many years by the spirit of an invisible inspiration?"

"I rise before you in the second place to proclaim what must have utterance or my heart will burst. Gentlemen, we are a noble order. Dear are the memories of our College days! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight of our lives we will recall the sunny hours of the morning. Then you will remember me. My fame shall rise on the harp; my soul shall ride on the wings of the wind; the music of my eloquence shall be heard through the sighs of the storm, and the hills shall clap their hands and rejoice. I shall be seen, gentlemen, striding the arch of the rainbow and smiling through the tears of the storm!"

Cheeky Soph.—"Professor, aren't you a little confused over the Athenians and Spartans?"

Prof.—"I beg your pardon, Mr. S. I shall certainly look it up."

Soph.—"Yes, it would be better for both parties. I don't like to correct you before the class."

Scene during the procession.

Timmerman—"Stand back or I shoot you dead as von toor nail."

Our Bard (waving a pennant pole in the air.)—

"I smile at swords, and weapons laugh to scorn,

Brandished by man that's of a woman born."

"Let us form another procession, boys, and if some little fellow will take the lead I will be near enough somewhere to give the alarm if any danger occurs."

A student reciting: "One of the phases of imagination is modification. Thus we can imagine the body of a horse with the head of a man. This would be called a centipede."

Young man review your mythology.

Prof.—"Mr. H., if you heat a glabrous salt what takes place?"

Mr. H.—"It cools."

YELL-OCUTION.

Not long ago a few of the boys were concursing in the Reading room about the Alma Mater elections and sundry other topics, when they were suddenly startled and horrified to hear a long low cry as if one in anguish or terror. In a moment all talk ceased, and with anxious faces the boys looked at one another. As they listened intently their ears again caught the mysterious moan, and with one accord they all rushed from the room and endeavored to find their way to the scene of distress. At length they stopped before a class room door; a wild shriek came from within, the door opened and the boys fled. It was the elocution class practising the various modulations of the voice.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"My broken heart, my withered frame,  
Bespeak my love for Liddel's Lane."

—Holdercroft.

"I am decidedly fond of Caesar, but don't you think he's a little too personal? His remarks on Gaul were very ungentlemanly."—Struey R.

"How say you! We have slept T. T.  
My beard has grown into my lap."

—R. C. H. S.

"George Elliott tells a good yarn, but he can't sling it off like the fellow that wrote "Overland Kit."—Percival.

"Sanctum from the Latin sanctus, sacred; but the old meaning has been lost, and it now refers to a place where students may retire between classes for meditation."—C. B.

Sanctus, sacred! Humph! Absurd! Choildish! Perfectly redeeculous! Why it's the old Etruscan word for a 'lone hand!'—E. P.

"No more gas, boys, if Mr. S. conducts the defence."—John.

"I think I should get a premium for coming to K.; I save the city at least one electric light.—Dick."

"Well, sir, Scotty and Jimmy have great heads onto them."