

+DE NOBIS VOBILIBUS.+

YOUNG LADY (innocently to gentleman): "I wish I could get one of those freshmen to plant in my garden! I do want something green." Blushes from freshie.

Minister—"Well, John, I've nae doot, frae your lang experience, ye cood occupy the poolpit for an afternune yerself should an emergency occur." Beadle: "Hoots, ay, sir, there's nae difficulty in that; but then where in the hael parish wad ye get enybody qualified to act as beadle?"

Why is a Freshman like a telescope? Because he is easily drawn out, easily seen through, and easily shut up.

Why is a Sophomore like a microscope? Because when seen through, small things are revealed.

Why is a Junior like a kaleidoscope? Because every time you look at him you perceive some new beauty.

Why is a Senior like a spectroscope? *Give it up.*

During a dense fog, a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveller, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

"Literature on a little oatmeal at Kingston!"

Four of our Divinity men taking the above as a personal reflection had the courage to get themselves weighed, when it was found they totalled 814 pounds. Next!

"Mr. Smith, do you know the character of Mr. Jones?" "Well, I rather guess I do, Jedge." "Well, what do you say about it?" "Well, he ain't so bad a man after all." "Well, Mr. Smith, what we want to know is, is Mr. Jones of a quarrelsome and dangerous disposition?" "Wall, Jedge, I should say that Tom Jones is very vivid in verbal exercise, but when it comes to personal adjustment, he ain't eager for the contest."

Not many days ago one of our worthy Seniors entered the Physics class-room and took a seat without performing the usual ceremony of uncovering the head. The other members of the class thinking that the cap was left where it was for some wise, though by no means obvious purpose, and fearing that any interference on their part would be deemed an infringement on personal liberty, said nothing. After the lapse of nearly half an hour the true state of affairs dawned on the horrified Senior and the offending cap was hurled from its position, some say by the hand of the owner, others say by the erection of hair consequent on the discovery. Our readers may think we are Lyon about this but we are not.

John thinks that the senate won't object to all the seats in the college being broken if the students pay ten dollars apiece for them.

A Scotch minister called to catechize a wife who had a drunken husband lying under his bed. Sent for a jug of molasses to make a batch of molasses cakes, the husband had fallen into a stream, having imbibed too freely of liquor. His name was Adam. The preacher did not know this, and put his first query, "What made Adam fall?" "I don't know," was the answer of the ashamed woman. "When he fell where did he hide?" Putting her head under the bed she shouted to her boozy lord, "Come cot, Adam, the preacher kens a' about it!"

WHO IS THE MAN?—A correspondent from Toronto writes as follows: "The other evening I met a young lady from the Church School, and about the first thing that caught my eye was a large piece of Queen's College ribbon decorating her dress. I impertinently asked her where it came from, but all I could get in reply was the bare statement that it was 'one of the boys of Queen's' who was so thoughtful,

"But what's his name, or whaur's his hame. She didna care to tell."

A newspaper gives an account of a man who "was driving an old ox when he became angry and kicked him, hitting his jaw-bone with such force as to break his leg." "We have been fairly wild ever since we read the paper," writes a contemporary, "to know who or which got angry at whom or what, and if the ox kicked the man's jaw with such force as to break the ox's leg, or how it is. Or did the man kick the ox on the jaw-bone with such force as to break the ox's leg, and if so, which leg? It is one of those things which no man can find out save only the man who kicked, or was being kicked, as the case may be."

Newspapers from rural districts often lay claim to the largest pumpkins, goose-eggs, etc., but it falls to our lot to declare the possession of the largest stand-up collar worn by a man. It was made to order in Toronto for one of our prominent Juniors, and by actual measure is three inches all but a sixteenth in width, and fifteen long. Consequently the area of one side is about forty-five square inches; counting both sides, ninety square inches. There are four plies of linen in its construction; so, counting both sides of the cloth, there are altogether, three hundred and sixty square inches in it. We could go on to show how much starch is necessary to keep it stiff, how many washerwomen it would use up in a year, etc., but for the present we refrain. If any one can produce a better one than this, let him "collar" round.