

+DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.+

ONE of our Juniors is in trouble. He remarked in the presence of a lady friend that he would be happy if only he had a nice Tam o' Shanter. She replied that if he would buy enough wool for two Tams, she would knit two and give one to him. That was a fair bargain he thought, so he cheerfully trudged down town, bought the wool, paid 88 cents for it and handed it over to be changed into the required article of head gear. He has waited patiently for some time, but no cap has appeared, and he has just learned that the lady cannot knit and knows nothing about the art of making Tam o' Shanters. He says that he is out just 88 cents, and he is wishing he had the wool back, for, says he, "I know another girl on Alfred Street who would do it for me, in fact there are three of them who are just dying to knit me a Tam o' Shanter for nothing, and they would have bought the wool, too."

When the examination in Mathematics was quietly proceeding in Convocation Hall, all hands and the cook, to put it familiarly, were startled by a most terrific sneeze. It was simply the largest sneeze of the season. It was tremendous. The chandeliers almost rattled. A moment after there was a burst of laughter and applause, and it is said on good authority that the professors so far forgot themselves as to smile faintly. The culprit noticed shortly after that his spectacles were broken, and he is not very sure that it was not the force of the concussion that caused the break. "How did it happen, Mac.?" the culprit was asked. "Bedad, I can't say, but I tell you what, it was a real stiffner."

In one of the letters from George Eliot, which Mr. Cross prints, occurs the following sentence: "I have seen Emerson—the first *man* I have ever seen." She then relates a story which she says Miss Bremer got from Emerson. "Carlyle," she relates, "was very angry with him (Emerson) for not believing in a devil, and to convert him took him among all the horrors of London—the gin-shops, etc.—and finally to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question: "Do you believe in a devil noo?"

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore, Montaigne saith prettily, when he enquireth the reason why the word of a lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, "if it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men; for a lie faces God and shrinks from men.—*Lord Bacon.*"

Prof. (to Freshman who came in late) "Ah, here comes the late Mr. F." Fresh (whose afternoon nap had infringed upon his recitation hour), "Ah, he is not dead but sleepeth."

At Queen's there's a Soph. called McPherson,
Altogether a very nice person;
But it sore did him vex
To have broken his specks,
And did well nigh set him a cursin.

Professor of History: "Does my question embarrass you?" Mr. D.: "Not at all Professor, not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."

A thoroughbred Boston girl never calls it a "crazy quilt." She always speaks of that insane article as "non compos mentis covering."

Said Brougham, when he was a struggling lawyer; "Circumstances alter cases, but I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."

Thomas Fuller was born in 1608. Few have surpassed him in wit. He was, notwithstanding, a man of great intellect. Fuller, having requested one of his companions to make an epitaph for him, was outwitted, having received the following reply:

"Here lies Fuller's earth."

He returned to dust in 1661.

COMMITTED.—"Vat a monster language!" said a Frenchman. "Here I read in ze newspaper zat a man committs murder, was committed for trial, and zen committed himself to a reportair. No wonder everyzing is done by committees."

* FAIX!—Pat to tourist, who has taken shelter in a leaky mud cabin: "Dade and its soaked to the bone you'll be gettin' wid the sthrames through the roof! Come outside sorr—it's dryer in the wet!"

TAKING HIM OFF.—English swell (pompously): "My stay in Skye and my movements in your country will be entirely dependent on the weather." Highland Drover: "Och, and I suppose she'll be a photographer then."

"AN OVER TRUE TALE.—Scotchman (to English tourist)—"Toot awaa, ma man, toot awaa; dinna ye boast sae muckle about yer ain countrie. Dinna ye ken that it was only caa'd Breetin'till Scotland cam' t' ye, an' then ye became Great Breetin? Ay, an' ye've remained Great ever since. Ye'd be a'pair lot left to yersels!"

Justice (colored).—"Wnen I said dat de men wasn't straight, what did you say?"

Witness.—"I said dat's so."

Justice.—"And when I said dat de man was crooked what did you say?"

Witness.—"I said dat's so."

Justice.—"And when I said dat de man wasn't upright what did you say?"

Witness.—"I said dat's so."

Justice.—"And now you swear you didn't say the man wasn't honest?"

Witness.—"No more I did. I thot you referred to the rheumatics the man had."