

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

RECENTLY a senior who offered his football subscription to a Sophomore collector was very much taken aback on being told that Freshmen would have to go to the collector of their own year.

Dr. K. N.—Your name is White, is it not?
No sir, Green.
Oh! simply a matter of color-blindness.

On the way to Toronto—Brakesman—Keep the door shut, the wind is driving in some swells.

Voice from down stairs to A. D. M. Ke-n-n, '94—
"Minnie sends her best regards, hand-painted on both sides."

Thomas A. Becket (Scott) is the patron saint of the Women's Medical College.

There is a rule in the Hebrew language which states that members of the body, which are in pairs, are of the feminine gender, but all other members of the body are masculine. Mr. B—l lately assured the professor that *heart* is feminine. When did this happen, John?

At the late match against Ottawa College the smallest man on that team was heard to exclaim: "Dot big man Cameron, bold, bad man; he scrag little man like me."

Hugh Ross arrived from Victoria, B.C., to-day. He walked the whole distance. Owing to a breakage in the machinery he was delayed one day. Had this not occurred he would have been here yesterday.

Who call out "bells" in every tone,
From the loud scream to the mild moan,
Who sway their arms both to and fro,
And make the ocean Ro-o-l, you know?
The yellocution class.

N. J. Sp—le, '91, after much original research, comes forward with the idea that Freshies' receptions originated in the year 1898 B.C. He will be pleased to explain his theory to all inquirers. Don't neglect to enclose a three cent stamp.

Jim—What sort of songs do you enjoy most, Miss H.?
Miss H.—Scotch ones, and (hesitatingly) my favorite is "The Campbells Are Coming."

"Say, Bob, how much were the tickets for the Boston Symphony Concert?"

Bob—"I went in for a *nickel*."

It has been noticed that yet another of the theologues has a great *feulin* for the fair sex. So much so, in fact, that he cannot make a speech even in prayer meeting without alluding to them.

Some of the divinities have been mistaking the first year ladies for doctrines, and have been religiously embracing them on the way to the Apologetics class-room. Look out or we will be giving you *fitz*.

THEY ARE SEVEN.

I met a pretty college girl,
She was twenty-two, she said,
Her hair was banged with wave and curl,
And coiled about her head.

Sweet hearts and lovers, gentle maid,
How many may they be?
How many? Seven in all, she said,
And wondering looked at me.

And where are they? I pray you tell,
She answered, seven are they,
And two at Cataraqi dwell,
And one at Collin's Bay.

The two down in the city here
I'm not quite sure about,
But Alf. and Harry, living near,
They often drive me out.

You say that living here are two,
Of whom you're not quite sure,
And yet you're seven; that can't be true,
Explain a little more.

Then answered she in gentle tone,
They're seven; now don't you see,
Those two have somewhat backward grown,
And not so mashed on me?

If they don't call on you, my dear,
Or take you out to drive,
Don't count the two who are living here,
But say you've only five.

I see them oft, their homes are near,
The gentle maid replied,
And not a hundre'd yards from here,
They've studied side by side.

The first that went, Will was his name,
He from my side did stray,
Because a missionary came
And stole my heart away.

Then when to English through the snow,
We tramped at eight each morn,
My Alec did with Carrie go,
And I was left forlorn.

How many have you then? I said
Those have the mitten given,
She wouldn't see it, simple maid,
But answered, they are seven.

But they are gone—those two are gone,
They gave you the go by,
Still useless was my talking quite,
She wouldn't see it in that light,
And seven was her reply.