

→DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS←

The Professor's little joke—that unannounced exam in Physics.

PROFESSOR IN CHEMISTRY.—Gold is the most malleable of all metals as it can be hammered out to a thickness of one two hundred thousandth of an inch.

STUDENT.—“Now Professor don't you think that is *too thin*.”

It is expected that the number of graduates from Divinity Hall will be **8**.

The Prof. of Metaphysics has not probably made the acquaintance of any of the Freshman class yet, when he remarks that “no man can hope to be equally at home in all branches of knowledge.”

Freshman,—“What is the relation between bread and hash?”

Senior,—“Bread is a necessity, hash is an invention;—necessity is the mother of invention.”

Freshman,—“Gosh!”

Two Seniors who sport Tam O'Shanter's, were seen in an awkward predicament the other day on King street. Some one had cruelly placed them on their heads and they were of course unable to regain their feet again. Steps should be taken to prevent such cruelty to animals.

Student (to city barber)—“What! twenty cents for a shave! Why, I can get shaved twice in Dundas for twenty cents.” Barber (consolingly)—“Oh, well, sir, ten cents a year isn't much of a saving.”

The medical exams were in progress in Convocation Hall, and Ly—n was standing at the door taking in the scene with open mouthed curiosity. Prof. F—— bore down with tremendous dignity, and exclaimed, “Say young man there's nothing to be seen here.”

Ly—n,—“Oh yes sir, I'm aware of that.”

The Prof. caught a Tartar that time, eh!

An advertisement from the College jood:—

WANTED.

“By a young man of good parts, handsome, agreeable, and very interesting, a situation as son-in-law in a wealthy family.”

“Some Juniors have proposed to start a subscription for a phonograph of extraordinary capacity and lightning speed. Then if the machine can be worked with sufficient velocity, they will use it in a certain lecture room, and afterwards grind out the lecture slowly, and take their notes from the instrument.”—*Acta Columbiana*.

Just what we were going to say. A case of two great minds, etc. We would warn a certain professor that we don't like to be personal but——

FROM THE ROYAL—Two of our medical students from the junior year on the closing of classes found that they had an extremity undissected and as they were in a hurry home to the bosom of their respective families they decided to box it up and take it along. After they had it ready for transportation two others who had been watching, stealthily removed the earthly remains and substituted a block of wood. Their surprise and disgust on reaching home may be easily imagined.

Mr. G. F. Cameron '86 of the staff whose poem for the semi-centennial issue of *The Whig* will be remembered was lately presented from that establishment with a beautiful meerschaum pipe, a yard of tobacco and the following letter:—

Dear Cameron,

The *Whig* staff, from the Junior Devil up to the most venerable and hardened sinner, feels proud of this year's ode of our own beloved Black Jack.

As a slight symptom of the obligation of gratitude that happy contribution and other kindnesses have engendered we hand you over this pipe, praying that it may be indeed a Pipe of Peace, and that the clouds it sends forth may be the darkest and most troublesome you may have to encounter in the voyage of life.

Sincerely yours,

E. J. B. PENCE.

On St. Patrick's day Mr. C. took charge of the *Daily News* of this city. The position is a responsible one and that it is being filled by a graduate from our sanctum is gratifying to the JOURNAL.

This pun comes from the Royal. The professor was lecturing on the Trachea and the boys had stuffed one with paper to preserve the shape. The Doctor said he thought it would be better to use oakum—
Student—Oh—come off now.

Amherst has adopted knee breeches; Trinity will follow suit.—“Now Queen's men don't be in a hurry ordering spring suits for we must have the thing which is most *recherche*. Either we must all use our togas or banish them and take kindly to the knickerbockers.”

❖POEMS❖

FROM the *Gazette* we learn that yet another name is to be added to the noble list of McGill's benefactors. This friend who is as yet *incog.* proposes to erect a building similar to the Redpath Museum for the use of the Faculty of applied Science. We extend our envious congratulations.

In a late railway accident as the coaches went bumping over the ties, one of the passengers snoozed quietly through it all. The train at last rolled down an embankment and as it struck bottom he turned over and murmured, “Don't Jane now—yes—I'll get up and light the fire right off.”

“I say, Jenkins can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old tough one?” “Of course I can.” “Well how?” “By the teeth.” “Chickens have no teeth.” “No but I have.”

One of Queen's professors has a way of reading fractions which sometimes startles his quiet class. For instance $U \div V$ divided by G be given with great emphasis in a way which sounds something like this. U is equal to V by gee it is.

There are eighteen editors on Harvard's daily.

A dividend of twenty-five (\$25) dollars per editor was declared March 1, 1884, by the *Acta* Board.—*Acta Columbiana*.

An editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction, “Owing to a crowd of other matter we are unable to find room for it.”—*Ex.*