

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

A N emerald—A Freshman.

We withhold the name of the Junior who was found the other evening assisting his girl in the domestic occupation of paring potatoes. Practising a little, that is all.

In reply to the question "what is Art, Beauty, Poetry, Truth, Right, Society, a Thing, Matter, Mind?" a Boston philosophical young lady answered:

"Art is the joyous externalizing of inwardness."

"Poetry is the hampered soul leaping at verity."

"Truth is the so-ness of the as-it-were."

"Right is the awful yes-ness of the over-soul meditating on the how-ness of the thing."

"Society is the heterogeneous, buying peace with the homogeneity."

"A thing is an is-ness."

"Matter is is-ness possessed of some-what-ness."

"Mind is an am-ness."

A goodly number from the various classes were seen, the last morning of the term, wearing very high collars. They (the collars) seemed to be very useful in keeping the heads of their wearers from drooping, after gazing at the examination reports.

Prof. (to class in Philosophy).—"Some phrenologists think that the brain is powerful in proportion to its convolutions, forming what might be called batteries; yet a ram's brain is the most convoluted of all brains."

Student.—"Lots of battery there."

Prof. in Political Economy: "What is the result when the landlord asks as much rent as he can get?"

John A. McD.: "He don't get it."

The hardest man in College to teach anything is a Sophomore, because he knows just enough to tickle his vanity without knowing sufficient to appreciate the brilliant reach of his stupidity.

When S——h found he could not raise a moustache on his upper lip, he compromised matters by raising one on his chin.

Marlborough was sometimes a Whig and sometimes a Tory. Still, he was always whigtorious, and when he was a Whig he was notorious. Savez?

Student in Eng. Lit. class: "This poem was written by Keats before his death."

FOUR EPITAPHS.

Deep wisdom—swelled head—

Brain fever—he's dead—

A Senior.

False, fair—hope fled—

Heart broken—he's dead—

A Junior.

Went skating—'tis said—
Floor hit him—he's dead—
A Sophomore.

Milk Farmer—not fed—
Starvation—he's dead—
A Freshman.

A young lady on being asked why women kiss one another, while men never do, replied, "because we haven't anything better to kiss and men have."

A clergyman who owns a farm found his hired man sitting on the plough, resting his horses. Said the clergyman: "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a scythe with you and be cutting a few of these bushes along the fence while the horses are resting?" "Yes, sir," said John, "And waldn't it be weel for you to hae a tub of taties in the poolput and when the folks were singin' to peel them ready for the pat?"

"Smith," said a Clarence street lawyer to his clerk, "why weren't you at the office earlier this morning?" "Beg pardon, sir, but I'm a reformer. I believe that the office should seek the man, not the man the office."

Papa (soberly).—"That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor, last evening." Maud (nettled).—"Indeed! That must depend on one's understanding of the term 'monstrosity.'" Papa (thoughtfully).—"Well, two heads on one pair of shoulders, for example."

A certain Theologue of vocal fame called at a King street drug-store to purchase a tooth-brush. The clerk set out a box of brushes from which said Theologue took a four-sided nail brush, and after carefully examining it, said: "Humph! I'd like to know how a man's going to get that thing into his mouth?"

The papers that come from Qu'Appelle, tra-la,
All say that the Inguns will rise;
These papers have got enough gall, tra-la,
If they think that their rumours appal, tra-la,
They do not cause even surprise;
And that's what we mean when we say that they lie,
When they say that the Inguns will rise by-and-by.

The papers that come from Qu'Appelle, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case;
The reporters these stories who scrawl, tra-la,
Are liars and cheats one and all, tra-la,
They're certainly 'way off their base,
And that's what we mean when we say or we sing
"You bet that the Inguns won't rise in the spring."

A class in the University are finding considerable fault because they can't hear their instructor. They say a certain man always takes his position on the front seat, and keeps his mouth open so wide as to obstruct all sound. Let the nuisance (mouth) be abated.