

De Nobis et Aliis.

Carries all before him—the waiter in a restaurant.

The place for young recruits—the Infantry.

Prof.—A strong glass will show you that nearly all the stars are double.

Student (*sotto voce*)—It takes more than that to produce the effect on me.

In one of our esteemed contemporaries we noticed an article entitled, "Onions Regarded as Food." We ourselves have always regarded them in this light, and we consider it our solemn duty to give an impressive warning to all who persist in regarding them as a beverage, assuring them that they are making tracks in quite the wrong direction.—*Windsor Mag.*

A.—Are you the manager of this establishment?

B.—Yes, sir, my wife's dead.

A crying need—a pocket handkerchief.

"What a cold that donkey has," remarked a man to his friend, as they passed a cart with a poor animal wheezing terribly. "And that reminds me," he continued, "how is your cold?"

"I like your cheek," said the Fusser, as he kissed her again.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

In Senior Latin, 11 a.m., very hot and close.

Menzie—Isn't it hot here!

D. A. F.—I don't mind it, as there's (pointing with pencil) *Fresh Eyre* just ahead of me.

98 Division street; W. Stott enters about 2.45 p.m.

Landlady (suddenly appearing)—Oh, I thought you were the mail man.

W. S.—So I am a male man.

Landlady (with righteous indignation)—Lands sake!

Wife—John, you were talking in your sleep last night.

The Brute—Pardon me for interrupting you.

'10—I nominate Mr. Lord.

Pres. Arts Soc.—Mr. who?

'10—Mr. Lord.

P. A. S.—What are his initials?

W. B. T.—O. Lord! (Elected by acclamation.)

Rev. Dr. M-ck-e (conversing with P-w-rs, '10 Med., on the occasion of his first visit to the parsonage)—"What faculty are you in, my young man?"

P-w-rs—"Why, I'm in Medicine, sir."

Rev. Dr. M-ck-e—"Well, can you tell me how many bones there are in the spine?"

P-w-rs—"I'm not quite certain, but if I remember rightly there are about two hundred."

The witticisms (this is not meant for sarcasm) appearing in this issue are not, we confess, due to the acknowledged brilliancy of the editor, but to his dexterity with the scissors.

Mr. C. T. Cartwright, who has written the interesting notes on A Western Smelter, wishes to "acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Blaycock, the chief chemist at Trail, for kindly criticisms and assistance."