

+DE NOBIS VOBILIBUS.+

It would have made the hair bristle on the heads of the Professors if they could have seen the great number of students at the Opera House the other evening, notwithstanding that examinations are so close. But don't fear, men, none of the Professors were there.

Mysterious sounds were heard issuing from the Physics class-room. Startled Freshman to Junior who was reading a newspaper: "Why, what in the world is that noise?" Junior (imperturbed) "*Marshall strains.*"

Professor of Physics (as Mr. E— was turning the handle of the plate-electric machine): "Will you please describe this machine?" Mr. K—: "It is a glass wheel turned by a crank." Class applaud.

A Vassar girl writes: "I haven't seen a man in a month. We were out taking a 'constitutional' on Saturday and came upon a scarecrow in a cornfield. All the girls ran for it at once, and I managed to secure only a part of one of the skirts of its coat. Still it was something?" Poor Vassar!

Here is a problem for our philosophers: "Don't you think that if things were otherwise than they would be if they were not as they are, they might be otherwise that they could have been if they were not thusly?" Pleasant reasons for your conclusions, and address your communications to the sanctum.

It is always the unexpected that happens, but seldom has the truth of this adage been "rubbed in" so thoroughly as it has been in the case of a few of our young men not long ago. It happened that there was a "pairty," to which all the boarders at a boarding house on William Street were invited. They went, they saw, and they must have conquered else they never would have stayed so late. The hostess was seriously entertaining the idea of adding an amendment to the invitation so as to include breakfast. It is unfortunate that she did not, for when the "big four" reached their home they found that their landlady, evidently animated by a desire to check this pernicious tendency to late hours, had securely bolted the doors and fastened the windows, and then had retired. The bell was rung repeatedly, the door was pounded, but all to no purpose. Neither by guile nor force could an entrance be gained. The landlady slumbered (?) on peacefully. A council of war, necessarily short, was held, and it was decided that each man should look out for himself. A rush was made for houses at the windows of which lights were still glimmering, and when morning dawned the unfortunates were scattered all over the city. Gordon Street was called on to accommodate another *White man* than it had expected. Two others were granted a night's lodging on another street, and the fourth had to *make a determined effort* before he found shelter.

The Junior Hebrew Class of Queen's is translating today (26th March) the same two verses (Josh. ix. 6-7) as the class had on March 26th, 1862. Jacob Steele say so, and it must be true.

Impoverished aristocrat: "What dish, waitah, combines the greatest, ah, luxury with the least expense?" Waiter: "Codfish and cream, fifteen cents." I. A.: "And how much for the codfish, ah, plain?" "Waiter: Same price, sir." I. A.: "Waitah, bring me some, ah, cream."

"I think your moustache is just lovely, Fred, and I only wish I had it on my face," she said as she gazed into his face with a sort of gone look. But Fred, the dolt, didn't catch on, but only remarked that he thought it was very good for a three months' growth.

Scene, English Class Room. Prof.—"Mr. Smith, define a vowel." Mr. Smith does so. Prof.—"Mr. Jones, what is a consonant!" Jones (aside to Smith)—tell me. Smith tells him and Jones says glibly "a consonant's a letter that can not be sounded without the aid of a vowel." Prof.—As an example, gentlemen, Mr. Smith is a vowel and Mr. Jones a consonant.

We would call attention to a slight mistake into which some of our men have fallen. We refer to unseemly crowding which takes place in the hall at the close of University services, on Sunday afternoons. Those coming out are subjected to embarrassing stares as well as unnecessary inconvenience. The original intention was that only our *beau ideal* young men should occupy this position so that our visitors may be impressed. In all fairness we ask that our representatives be given ample room to pose themselves. In future it is hoped that these young men will be in their places and that others will not crowd them.

The assistant professor in French has not yet mastered all the intricacies of college slang. The other day when he entered the class-room, for some unaccountable reason only four students were present. One of these, thinking their number not sufficient for a quorum, made bold to suggest to monsieur le Professor that he would allow them to "slope." The polite answer was that though he could not on the spur of the moment grant their request, he would (à la Oliver Mowat) take it into his serious consideration, consult the Principal, and report. No doubt the Principal will consent!

About two weeks ago a popular Senior determined to give his side-whiskers a chance to develop. It is a most remarkable fact that while one side is getting along nicely, the other has "struck," and no amount of coaxing or bullying can induce the rebel to grow even the one-sixteenth of one poor inch further. We think that in this crisis it would certainly be no harm to try the great salt method. It has proved useful on many occasions, and may afford relief here. None of the doctors have been able to explain the phenomenon satisfactorily.