

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

PROFESSOR in Logic:—"Mr. P—, what is the universal negative?" Mr. P—, "Not prepared, sir." Tableau.

"I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," said an orator, who had already spoken to a great length. "Yes, and they will soon be here," shouted a wearied auditor.

Professor of Philosophy:—"There is a sweeter, a happier life; it is found in that blissful duality—," Senior on the fourth bench, (suddenly wakening)—"You bet! That's just what I told her."

Professor in Astronomy:—"In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.

"Well, that's a new idea. I never heard o' puttin spittoons on the side o' the house before," remarked a countryman from the suburbs of Napanee, as he walked up to a telephone transmitter in this city, and made a bullseye the first shot.

Life is warfare, and those who climb up and down steep paths, and go through dangerous enterprises, are the brave men and the leaders in the camp, but to rest basely at the cost of others' labors is to be a coward, safe because despised.—*Irving.*

"What do you think of my moustache?" Mr. C— of his girl. "Oh, it reminds me of a western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling."

"Oh, tell me where is fancy bred?"

She asked, and getting bolder,
She laid her darling little head
Right down upon the shoulder.

And I, with no more poetry in
My soul than in a Quaker's,
Replied with idiotic grin—
You'll find it at the baker's."

An examination: Professor (to first applicant)—"Name and age, sir?" First student, "Abner Bascom; age seventeen." Professor (to second applicant)—"And you, sir?" Second student—"Phineas Bascom; age seventeen." Professor—"Brothers?" S.S.—"Yes, sir," Professor—"Twins?" S.S. (doubtfully)—"Well, ye-es; twins on our father's side. We're from Salt Lake." Professor—"O-O!"

Into the glowing grate he gazed
In silent meditation,
Until her eyes the maiden raised
And said, "What's osculation?"

The lover slowly bent his head,
And with some trepidation
He kissed her on the lips and said,
"Sweet love, *that's* osculation."

Then while her heart went pit-a-pat,
Till she could almost hear it,
She said: "*I thought it must be that,*
Or something pretty near it."

Slight though the ticking of a clock may be, its sudden cessation has a wonderful influence upon the inmates of a room in which the time-keeper is located. A dim realization of something wrong steals over the senses—a feeling as if something of value had been lost, or a friend had gone away perhaps never to return, or as if some of the children were sick, until suddenly one looks up and exclaims, "Why the clock's stopped!" And immediately the ill-defined forebodings dissipate, the little shadow of gloom melts away, and as the winding-up process is completed and the cheery ticking recommences, the family circle regains its wonted buoyancy of spirits, and the members wonder what it was that made them feel so gloomy a few moments before.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I WISH I was a rumor, because a rumor always gains currency, and I have never been able to do that.—*Col. Holdcroft.*

The JOURNAL poet is wrong. My head is not small.—*Mr. Phelen.*

My watch won't keep good time.—*Prof. Nicholson.*

Get it cleaned Professor.—*We, Us and Co.*

I'm a kicker, from Kickerville Corners, and I kin beat all tarnation at singing Scotch songs, I kin, by gosh!—*John A. McDonald (not the Premier.)*

It was your fault that the robe was lost.—*Jim.*

How could I keep an eye on the girl and also on the robe, under such circumstances, and watch the surroundings.—*Joe.*

Don't fret, gentlemen, the rug is found.—*Mr. Wilson.*

Oh, we're so glad!—*The ladies.*

We're best in the dude line.—*Ottawa boys.*

Is Miss B— in?—*F. W. J.*

See's engaged, sir.—*Servant at the door.*

"Yes, I know it. I'm what she's engaged to."—*F. W. J.*

I can write poetry, do the athletic business. I could be a philosopher but I won't.—*T. G. Marquis.*