

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

“SAY, Mr. Editor, what's all this row among the girls about a Lady Dean? If they want a Dean to *Marshall* them I'm the one.—M. B. D.

Notice on the board—“Glee Club practice to-night. New music has arrived.” 5 p.m., (discordant strains from philosophy class-room.) “Oh where, oh where, is my little dog gone,” and even John was heard to say, “what an awful bluff.”

Prof. D. Mr. Fr-l-k, what has kept you away so long? Mr. F., “Well, I didn't get back till yesterday.”

“The Limestones are such nice little boys—and good to their mothers.”—The Ladies.

It is said that a special session of “The Venerable” will at length be held to attend to the wants of a very freshly freshman, whose *cacoethes scribendi* has led him to be too effusive in his remarks about senior students through letters to a local newspaper in an eastern town.

C. G. Y—g (entering at Watkin Mills) hums softly, “How I missed her! How I missed her! etc.”

Scene at Registration Booth—“Sir, are you a mechanic?” “No, sir, I'm a McKinnon.”

“As regards friendships between the sexes I have nothing to say except that he who laughs at it,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus,
Let no such man be trusted!”

E. C. G—p.

A freshman who made his first appearance on January 8th, and apparently had not time to consult the calendar, has unearthed a new Prof. whom he is said to have saluted as Prof. *Davey*.

“I've made a new year's resolution to act like a sensible beggar.”—Texas P-t-r.

“Parvulissimus” *lost* his temper and threatened to clean out the rink during the Limestone match. The only other serious *losses* were those of the omnipresent Walter K—r, which totaled up ten cents, partly covered by insurance; and of Jim S—t, who is minus a few hogsheads of wind.

On the evening of election day two lady students were seen foundering in the snow on West street, and the De Nobis Man has been wondering if election beverages really penetrated to the Levana Sanctum.

“The fellows at our house are awful ‘bummy.’ Why, sometimes we get together and waste fifteen minutes!”—Andy P-t-r-n.

“I've a secret in my heart, sweet Marie.”—Prof. C—.

“When there was silence in heaven for half an hour the Divinities were not there.”—The Girls.

“I find it blamed difficult to get up six classes, twist that embryo moustache and look after all this hair at once.”—Fuzzy Frizzy.

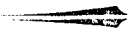
At the university of Michigan one student was expelled and two suspended for making undue noise in the class-room.

Prof. in Jr. Greek (with mammoth Greek dictionary in his arms): “I've brought this little *pocket* dictionary along to convince the sceptical members of the class.”

“Wanted—To Exchange—A gown, half interest in a locker, and secondhand copy of ‘Sophocles Antigone,’ for a rocking horse, drum, or other infantile apparatus in good repair.”—Peter P—.

Who wrote the most—Dickens, Warren or Bulwer? Warren wrote “Now and Then,” Bulwer wrote “Night and Morning,” and Dickens wrote “All the Year Round.”—Ex.

Sheldon & Davis announce that they have received a consignment of hardened glass lenses, which, together with their new patent wrought-iron negative plates, makes it possible for them to fulfil their contract for the class photo of the graduating year.

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