

## SMILES.

*Just as Good.*

Flora: "D'ye iver kiss the Blarney stone, Nora, me dear?"  
 Nora: "Not exactly; but Oi wance kissed a fellah what did."

*Lapsus Linguae Latinae*

Mr. Woodbeewyes (laboriously reading and translating in Latin class)— Puer . . uno . . anno . . senior . . fratre . . fuit—  
 Hum! The boy . . was . . one year older than . . . his father.

*"The Female of the Species"*—

Teacher: "Now, William, can you give me the feminine forms corresponding to these masculines?—Executor?"

William: (promptly) Executrix.

Teacher: Testator?

William: Testatrix.

Teacher: Rooster?

William; Roostrix.

*Anticipating the Inevitable*—

In a certain Scotch University there was manifest a lack of interest in Greek, and the worthy professor decided to hold private audience with the delinquents. One morning the following colloquy took place in the class:

Prof. (in commanding tones): Mr McCloshen, will you translate?

Andrew McCloshen (meekly): Not prepared, sir.

Prof.: Meet me in my room after the hour, Mr. McCloshen—

Will Mr. McTavish translate?

Fergus McTavish (penitently): Not prepared, sir.

Prof.: Meet me in my room after the hour, Mr. McTavish—

Will Mr. McPherson translate?

Alexander McPherson (plaintively): I'll meet ye in yer room after the hour, sir.