

DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.

"PAPA," said a Princess street beauty to her *pater*, "my chin feels sore as if I were getting some kind of a skin eruption." "How long have you had it, Maude?" "I've only noticed the pricking sensation during the last few days." "Tell that red-headed *Divinity* who calls to see you so much to shave. That's what's the matter."

They had been attending the lectures of the Y.M.C.A. Convention, and she, feeling cold at the gate, invited the Senior into the parlor.

"Papa says he likes to have me attend those lectures, although he does object to you, Robert. He says I always bring home so much useful information from them."

"Yes," said Bob, as he heard the old man's footstep in the hall, "and a young man to boot."

Said a maid, "I will marry for lucre,"
And her scandalized ma almost shure;
But when the chance came,
And she told the good dame,
I notice she did not rebucre.

Senior (who is taking the class in Elocution) to his Belle—"Do you notice how sepulchral my voice is?"

Belle—"That is quite natural, my dear; it comes from the place of *departed spirits*, you know.

The young lady who recently sang, "I seek for thee in every flower," we are glad to say, has at last found the object of her search.

His name is "Sweet William." No cards.

"Patrick, you told me you needed the alcohol to clean the mirrors with, and here I find you drinking it."

"Faix, mam, its a drinkin' it and brathin' on the glass oim adoin'."

A German looked up at the sky and remarked: "I guess a leedle it vill rain somedime perty queek." "Yees do, do yees," replied an Irishman. "And phat business has yees to purtend to know about American weather, ye furrener."

The bottom has fallen out of the Anti-Shaving Club, formed by the Sophomore year. The young ladies, at the sight of them, took the other side of the street and that settled it.

"Ergo," remarked the Professor to his class, after a long preamble. "Ergo—" then he stopped to take breath. "Well, let ergo," sang out one of the gay and festive Juniors, and the conclusion was ruined.

A student at Yale startled the class at recitation the other day. "What stars never set?" asked the Professor, "Roost ars?" was his prompt reply *sub voce*.

A FRESHMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

I kissed her hand, and Oh the thrill,
Is warm within my memory still!
It stirred the sources of my blood,
That seemed to quench my heart's sad drought,
And woke emotions in a flood;
I kissed her hand. She slapped my mouth.

As an inducement to the members of the Chemistry class to pursue original investigations, synthetic and otherwise, we offer the premium of a tooth-pick, comparatively new, to the first student who will bring to the Sanctum for our inspection a good specimen of C. O. F₂ E₂. The winner's name will be announced in our next issue.

Not long ago a certain Junior was heard saluting a gray-haired sire of our Church with "Hello, Dr. —, how are you?" If he had been a Freshie we might have passed it over unnoticed, but as it is the outcome of an "inexhaustible fund of knowledge with eloquence to express it" we cannot help crying out "where is the *Concursus*?"

Two Divinity students and an under-graduate in Arts attended the meeting in the City Hall on the 4th inst. When the collection plate came around the Divinity students dropped in their offering, the first saying, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and the other, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The plate next came to the under-graduate, who was puzzling his brains for a text, when a happy one struck him. Dropping in his money he exclaimed triumphantly, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

One of our most fascinating Seniors went to see his "best girl" on Saturday evening last. Her head was pillowed on his breast, and looking up in a shy way she said:

"Do you know, dear George, that —"

"You mean dear Willie I think," he interrupted, smiling fondly at her mistake.

"Why, yes, to be sure. How stupid I am. I was thinking this is Friday evening."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"I am quite an authority on Greek verbs."—W. S—k.

"Oh where is my little dog Schneider?"—J. W—e.

"Did you get that letter?"—N—sh.

"What letter?"—H. P. T.

"Let her go, Gallagher. Ha—a—a."—N—sh.

"Did you hear about my surprise party?"—S—lt.

"Light the lamp quick. I am excited, too."—H. A. M.

"The camera stood it."—Leeds Boys.

"California Jack, is our game."—Fergy and Jack.