

De Nobis.

HIS BUMP OF POLITENESS WELL
DEVELOPED.

TIME—two days before A. M. S. elections. Candidate, (since successful) to college girl a yard or two in front of him, who has nearly fallen from stepping into a hole in the sidewalk—"Oh! I beg your pardon. I'm very sorry. I should have had that hole taken out before you came along."

After the '08-'09 Debate at the A.M.S., the Critic remarks—"The debate has evidently been quite intoxicating. The gallery has been full for some time."

Voice from rear of hall—"Will it have to be helped home?"

Scene—Polling booth for ladies. Young lady attempts to herself put her ballot in the box.

Deputy Returning Officer—"No! Miss —, you must hand your ballot to me."

Miss ——"Oh! How is that?"

Deputy Returning Officer, severely—"Haven't you read Instruction No. 4, 'The ballot must be folded and handed to the D.R.O.'?"

Miss ——"Why, are you the D. R. O. I thought you were Mr. D-n-n-l."

A number of students are seated around the supper table. G-b-s-n is reading the paper. Cr-m looking over his shoulder sees picture of Earl Gray and exclaims, "What! Has he taken Peruna, too?" He reads down the page and remarks, "No, I guess not, but I see one place here where it says he took the initiative."

Why is the JOURNAL like a tooth-brush?

Because every student should have one of his own and not borrow his neighbor's.

College girl on being canvassed for a vote for Th—n: "Vote for *him*? Why! He's a married man."

Scene: Convocation Hall, evening of the elections. The picture of a church is thrown upon the screen.

A voice—"Bum Divinity."

The next picture is another church surrounded by tombstones.

Voice—"Bum Medicine."

Entrance to Theological Building, 9 a.m. D. H. M—l entering collides with a fair one, draws back aghast, then—after she has made her exit—advances with a bright smile, exclaiming, "Well, that's once I was in her arms anyhow."

Junior Hebrew Class. S—t translates—"Thou art the woman."

M-nt-y—"No! It's 'Just one girl.' I'd have showed him how to translate that one."

After the Freshman's Reception, at the corner of Union Street and University Avenue. Freshman, turning west on Union, remarks—"Well, good night, Miss H—. I go this way."

I-4 U---n St.—R. B--d-n—"I see Madame Bernhardt has been saying some hard things about us Canadians. . . . and she says we have no *men*."

W. M-le-m—"I wonder if that's what she came over for."