

## SMILES.

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### *A Sorry Trio.*

A certain sectarian college in the United States was well equipped with everything except students. Of the latter it could muster only three.

"I suppose," said a sympathetic visitor to the head of this institution, "that you make up in quality what you lack in numbers."

"I fear not," that dignitary replied regretfully. "One of them is an ascetic; the second is a sceptic, and the third——"

"What of him?" inquired the interviewer.

"He is—a dyspeptic!"—(From a lecture in Church History.)

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### *Heroic Treatment.*

Doctor—You must take these pills two nights running, then skip one.

Patient—But, doctor, I can hardly walk.

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### *Theology With Qualifications.*

A speaker at the conference thus parodied the hazy views of some mild theologians: Although you repent, so to speak, and are converted as it were, you will be damned to a certain extent.

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### *Nil Desperandum.*

A professor in Theology dropped in to a Salvation Army meeting and was approached by an Army lassie, who asked him if he was saved. "Why, I'm a Theological professor," he replied. "Sir," she rejoined earnestly, "I wouldn't let that stand in the way."

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### *How Would They Say it.*

Racial differences are to be noted in the following descriptions of the same symptoms:

Ireland—Oim killed intoirely.

Scotland—A'm no' just weel.

England—I cawn't eat.