

De Nobis.

THE thanks of the students are due to J. V. D-ll-b-gh, electrical expert, to whom alone is owing the highly satisfactory system of bell-ringing between numbers at the Conversat. We understand Jim is taking out a patent for his system.

Al-c P-tr-e (at the Conversat when the lights went out—rapturously) "What an all-embracing darkness this is! smack!" (later, with his usual witty unction) "Yes, I found 'The Light that Failed' truly romantic."

T. W. Th-mp-n (at the rink after Conversat) "Do you know, I was up so late Thursday evening that I was duller than usual at the Conversat?" Freshette (attempting a flattering remark) "Oh! Mr T., that's surely impossible." (Our freshman friend is growing haggard trying to devise her meaning and latest reports say he is about to consult C. C. Wh-t-ng, D.D., specialist in the wiles and mysteries of a woman's heart.)

Freshman Urq-h-t, (addressing lady) "Could I have the pleasure of leading you a *whirl* around the rink?" Lady—"But I don't know you."

Fr. Urq.—"Oh that doesn't matter, I'm running as much risk as you are."

Our readers will be pleased to learn that our French Prof. is contemplating the publication of a book, entitled "Stars and How to See Them, or Astronomical Figure-Skating."

J-m Fa-rl (retreating behind a pillar)—"Perhaps in future it will be better for me to avoid joshing the chairman of the Alumni Conference."

We would warn J-ck W-tt—that while the choir loft is delightfully conspicuous during the singing, it is equally so during the sermon, and would humbly recommend "Mahood's Anti-Somniam Tablets."

C-m L-dl-w (proudly contemplating the Musical Committee storm)—"And to think that I was at the bottom of it all!"

1st Punster (reading last issue's "De Nobis" column)—"There's a 'rotten, wooden' joke."

2nd Punster—"You're about right; it's certainly one on 'peat.'"

Prof. in Chem.—"Where could we find a more asinine creature than the long-eared fellow who persists in annoying us?"

S-ndw-th (again striking the pipes with his foot)—"Here! Here!"

J-- L-s (ruminating angrily)—"Why, this is absurd, ridiculous, outrageous; a matter of spot cash; a leap year performance at that; to think of it! Forsooth! Seventy-five cents! Why, to say the least, I don't remember when an 'At Home' cost me anything! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Much interest is being aroused over the approaching anniversary of the miraculous recovery of our worthy Latin Professor's "canine godsend."