

De Nobis.

EXAMINER (at meeting of the Presbytery Committee): Now, Mr. K—, will you tell us how long the Children of Israel were in captivity?

W. A. K—nn-dy (hesitatingly): Four hundred and ninety years.

Examiner: No, I think hardly that long—seventy years was it not?

W. A. K. (*sotto voce*): Well, I like a good full answer.

Prof. N-ch-ls-n (before the Conference): "Even in those early days there was great literary activity, and on their numerous baked clay tablets with their cuneiform inscriptions we find many literary remains and *letters*, too, of the youth of that dim past."

K. C. McL—d: "Gosh! I'm glad I didn't keep a post office in those days."

P—nm—n (muttering audibly, as the football excursion train whirled through Smith's Falls): "There—Twenty-five cents gone! That telegram told *her* to meet me here. That fool-conductor! Plague take him! I'll report him to the Alma Mater Society—or no, By Jinks! I'll score him in my speech at the Liberal Convention next week."

Prof. N-ch-ls-n (at the '02 re-union banquet): "I like such anniversaries but I should prefer to have *three* or *four* of them in a year."

"Society is founded on *force*," said Prof. Sh—rtt in a recent lecture before the Alumni Conference. In retaliation the made-in-Canada-ites are likely to take the Professor to task for passing over "Orange Meat."

It is said that a *Christian* professor has been frequently seen gamb-(o)-ling with his dog.

K—ss—e to F—n—n—e (after '06 "At Home"): How now, Sir! You are charged with having six dances in succession with one girl.

F—n—n—e: 'Tis fair—but I only had four with "*her*" and six with another girl.

OVERHEARD AT FRESHMAN'S RECEPTION

Charming Freshette (emerging from crush in rendezvous room): Oh my, I was nearly squeezed to death.

Second Freshette: So was I; let's go in again.

Prof. G—ld—rk (striking a violent discord on the piano, then turning to the audience): "This is the Logie motive—notice the wierd discords—vividly picturing before us the evil genius"—of Divinity Hall.

Freshman in Theology: "I wonder why they are tearing up the walks around Science Hall?"

The Pope: "I don't know, unless it is in fulfilment of the prophecy that the ways of the ungodly shall perish."

C—nn—ly, minor: Going to the Levana Tea?

C—nn—ly, major (considering his Gray's Anatomy and thinking of Dr. M—nd—l): Well, I guess not. It's getting precious near Christmas and I must *leave vanities* like that alone.

Gushing Freshette (enthusiastically at '07 "At Home"): I just think Mr. W—ls—n is perfectly lovely.

Experienced Senior (with medical leanings): Yes, but just look at the cute little mustache "*Jake*" has.