

IN LAW CLASS.

Dr. Maxey—"What is one of the essentials of murder?"

Mr. R.—"Malice after thought."
—*The Athenaeum.*

We are pleased to welcome "*The Pharos*," an ambitious little monthly published by the Royal City High School, New Westminster, B.C.

De Nobis.

FRESHMAN, at early breakfast in Alfred St. boarding house—"Why am I here so early? Isn't it apparent?"

Philosophic Junior—"My son! Nothing is apparent."

Wise Seniorette—"Why, Mr. —, isn't a father a parent?"

A. H. G-bs-n, gazing thoughtfully at Library check No. 243—"Isn't it a shame that in a university like this brass should stand for knowledge?"

W. B. T-mm to W. C. G-ll-s, coming suddenly on P. M. Sh-r-y, who is doing stunts on the icy pavement—"Look, there's P. M. drunk again!"

G-ll-s—"No, not drunk! He's only learning to skate."

In Junior Philosophy Room (A cracking, pounding noise in the hot water pipes disturbs the class)—Prof. D—: "There's our old enemy again. It's wonderful what different forms he can take!"

We are informed that the '08 Invitation Committee has found it both advisable and pleasant to hold its meetings behind closed doors.

OVERHEARD AT THE FRESHMAN'S RECEPTION.

Modest Freshman, to tall Senior girl—"Please ma'am, may I have a number?"

Sophette, who "just loves" a dance: "I think they ought to call this a Conversat, there's nothing but conversing here."

Sophomore girl to Freshman who has just agreed to take Number 10—"Now you understand what this means, do you?"

Freshman Br-n-tt, to young lady—"May I have the pleasure of a number with you?"

Young lady—"Yes, but I have only the last number left."

Br-n-tt—"Oh, well! I can take the first few minutes of that anyway."

At Mr. Crosby's lecture before the Philosophical Society, the lecturer, expounding Tolstoi's views, exclaims: "Why should we put to death the criminals? Would it not be more reasonable to execute the saints? They should be the most ready to die."

J. A. D-m-II—"By George! that fellow's getting altogether too personal."

Scene, Honour English Class. The Professor writes on the blackboard the title of a poem—*The Evening Walk.*

S-II—"That's what I like."

Professor writes the first line of the poem—"Far from my dearest friend 'tis mine to rove."

S-II—"Not that kind, though!"