

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

Gerald Brophy, who attended College in '77, has been elected a member of the Catholic Provincial School Board in Manitoba.

Rev. Geo. Corbett, '67, is now pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Stormont Co., Ont.

J. Wm. Lynch, a commercial graduate of '85, is a member of the firm of Lynch & Son, furniture manufacturers, L'Epiphanie, Que.

John S. Concannon, '81, fills the position of Assistant Superintendent of the Mystic Water Works, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Alexander McDonell, '60, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Kingston, is pastor of St. Finnan's Church, Alexandria, Ont.

E. W. White, who was in the College in '77, is now Travelling Freight Agent for the Queen and Crescent Railway, with headquarters at Vicksburg, Mass.

Rev. H. S. Marion, '74, is parish priest of Douglas, Ont., where he has lately erected a magnificent new church.

D. J. Dunn, '85, was elevated to the priesthood at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, on the 22nd December last.

Rev. C. J. Smith, '75, is pastor of the recently consecrated church of St. Mary, San Antonio, Texas.

Rev. A. Chainé, who was in the College in '62, is parish priest in Arnprior, Ont.

John O'Cain, '82, is agent for the Royal Canadian Life Insurance Co. in St. John's, Que.

Rev. P. F. Sexton, who was a professor in the College in '85-'86, is now assistant pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.

We learn from the Pittston, Pa. *Evening Gazette* that Dr. P. J. Gibbons, '84, is about to begin the construction of a large private hospital on one of the most beautiful and healthful sites in the Wyoming valley.

COLLEGE HUMOR

The jockey's horse has feet of speed,
Maude S. has feet of fame;
The student's horse has no feet at all,
But he gets there just the same.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Freshie on being told that the photographs would cost \$6 a dozen and \$3 for duplicates, asked for a dozen duplicates.

A senior having just purchased @
Fifteen dollars a new stove pipe h@,
Smiling out with it tripped,
But unluckily slipped,
And quite comfortably down on it s@

—*Yale Record.*

A Vassar girl who lost a button from her shoe, remarked, "There has been an inadvertent elimination of a perforated ferruginous protuberance, necessary in fastening the integument of my pedal extremity."—*Alleghany Campus.*

IN LATIN—Professor—"Now as to *quodam*, what is the significance of the termination *dam*?"
Freshman,— "Makes it more emphatic, sir."

When Anthony Comstock recently lectured at Princeton, the students, with a considerate regard for his feelings, draped the statue of "The Gladiator" with a bifurcated garment of red flannel.—*Ex.*

A Yale graduate, who was a student about thirty years ago, said, in speaking of changes that had taken place since his time: "I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was there the law school adjoined the jail, the medical school was next to the cemetery, and the divinity school was on the road to the poor-house."—*Hartford Post.*

Energetic canvasser (to grad.)—You are an alumni, are you not?

Grad.—No: I am an alumnus.
E. C. collapses.—*Q. C. Journal.*

A sophomore stuffing for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is justified in trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*

TWO EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS.—Tramp (some years hence).—"I see you belong to a college society. So do I. can't you lend me a dime?"

Man of Wealth—"Yes I am a graduate of Yale and make \$10,000 a year as a base-ball pitcher. Here take this \$5 bill and get a square meal. What college did you belong to?"

Tramp—"I am a graduate of Harvard. They don't teach base-ball at Harvard. Thanks."—*Christian Register.*

A professor in a California college was stricken with lockjaw during a Latin recitation some few weeks ago and has not been able to speak since. He was teaching the continental pronunciation and had just told the class that Yoolius Kaiser said "Wany, weedy, weedy," when the shock came and it is quite generally believed that the outraged spirit of the libelled old Roman landed his traducer a sollaker on the jaw with his mailed hand.—*K. U. Tablet.*