

**De Nobis.**

**E**XTRACT from a private letter of Mr. Bl-k, a recent distinguished grad. of '05:—

My Dear C——;—You are no doubt surprised to see where I am. I had planned to study hon. Phil. this year and to learn to skate. But one day last week the educational needs of the West hit me hard; I changed my vest and my plans (?) at once and here I am. . . . I find I've "left a lot of little things behind me." At S——'s on Un-v-r-ty Ave. I left a board-bill and a parcel of laundry; on Al---d St., at ——'s I left Watson's Christianity and Idealism and a cork-screw. Ask Gar. P---t for my tooth-brush, I think he knows where it is . . . . some of my music is down at the Hen——I mean R-s-d-n-e. . . . Send me what of it you can get together. . . . My kind regards to—you know whom. Yours scurriedly, N-rm-n.

President of A.M.S. (after Dr. P-te has held forth for ten minutes)—Anything more under that head?

The pious theologues who accompanied the football team to Toronto found themselves comfortable in a barber shop on Yonge Street, just above Wellington, for in large letters, affixed to the plate-glass window, they read, "THOROUGHLY AN-TISCEPTIC."

LAMENT OF THE FOOTBALL  
EXCURSIONIST.

Now listen to my tale of woe,—  
It really is no joke,—  
When I go forth on pleasure bent,  
I always come back broke.

W. H. McI--es, at banquet to J. M. M-cD-nn-l at Keswick—"Jim's sport was always clean sport."

Prof. C-mp-e-l—"He was ruled off once, wasn't he?"

Freshette, at Levana reception—"I don't want to crawl through hoops."

Senior Girl—"Pshaw, you'll soon be glad to. They're coming into style again."

One of our divinities has just returned from a western wilderness. On first evening in city he opens the door onto a street brilliantly lighted by an electric light at the corner—"My, what fine moonlight!" he exclaims.

Freshman Pr-sn-l, to saleslady in Wood's fancy store (He has seen for the first time the Venus de Milo)—"I want something, but I don't want to ask for it."

Dr. K——t in Sr. Physiology (he is trying to illustrate the power of carrying sounds which solids possess and points to one of the fourteen foot benches in the room). Now, gentlemen, if one of you would put his ear to one end of that bench and would scratch the other end with a pin, he could hear the sound distinctly.

Voice—(from rear)—Try it Pat, —you can reach it if anyone can.

AN EFFUSION FROM '09.

A seraphic creature named Akin  
For the championship was (achin')  
But he pretty near lost 'er  
To that young chap, Foster,  
Whose main forte is in record  
breakin'.