

"E pluribus unum" exclaimed the Soph. when he lifted a hair out of the butter.

Appropriate extract from a recent sermon:—"The boat *slipped* down the river Floss."

Dr. Jones.—(giving derivations of torques) Tortuous, torture, and Tarte, which we have in the house.

As the cop has a few more summonses on hand, these can be obtained at the College Office by anyone desiring.

Thomas receiving his *sheepskin* in the Dr's. office and spying the Cop exclaimed,—What does he wear that badge for and will it shoot?

Things have changed.—Only the other day he was a shy bashful freshman, who wouldn't look toward the Seminary for money. Now he is a mighty Senior, wears sidelights and buys one cent stamps by the hundred.

It is agreed by fifteen Seminary girls, that a certain new Sophomore be reminded that "variety is the spice of life," even in the case of conversations at receptions. Advice: Leave "'ittle 'tones and big 'tones'" for class discussion.

Vice-principal to principal of Sem. at 2 a. m.:—All the Chip Hall boys are in the Seminary.

Principal:—How do you know?

Vice-principal:—They are giving that awful yell of theirs.

Scipio Sophomorus (to Sem at reception) Is this your first year?

Sem:—Yes.

Sop:—I also am new here. Believing I ought to do all the good I can, I am studying for the ministry.

Sem. (rising to the full height of her dignity) do you think I look very green?

Scipio Sophomorus retires in search of greener pastures where the herbage is more in accordance with his taste.

We have heard of the Free Masons and Oddfellows but it now becomes our painful duty to chronicle another society—The Antishavers. A few days ago a goodly number of the upper class men met in a coal-closet and decided to form this Society upon a mutual and solid basis. The constitution reads as follows:—

Whereas, the practice of shaving consumes much valuable time; and