

had the fastest wing men in Canada, but Cumie would pass the ball to me, and I would run up the field and kick goals. I kicked six goals from the field," etc.

The occasional prevaricator of the sophomore year was recently overheard describing the football match between the freshmen and the K.C.I. Part of his description ran as follows: "Yes, big C——n's jersey was badly torn around the neck, and after one of the scrimmages the Collegiate played for a while with only fourteen men in sight. I could not make out where their fifteenth man had gone, until at last, after another scrimmage, during which mysterious, muffled howls startled the players, when big C——n was running, with six of the other side hanging on to the tail of his shirt, that garment split up the back—and out rolled the missing player."

A junior and two sophs were recently engaged in investigating the theory of probabilities (with an ante thrown in, to make things interesting.) After several hours' play, resulting in the pockets of the sophs being depleted, one of them rose, gazed sadly at his companions, and, drawing two aces from his sleeve, remarked: "Boys, honesty is the best policy. Here I have been playing all afternoon, with these two aces in reserve, waiting to draw another one before I used them, and I'll be hanged if one would come to me at all." The other soph gazed blankly at the cards, squirmed for a moment on his seat, then rose, and as he rapidly made his exit revealed on the chair on which he had been sitting the other two aces. As the junior selected from his boodle a five-cent bit with an extra large hole in it, for the contribution plate, he gently murmured, "Put not your trust in kings."

The excavations for water pipes which adorn many of our streets prove a source of frequent misfortune to the unwary. The lushy sophomore, wending his homeward way half seas over, has not been the only victim of the civic improvements. A short time ago a "grave and reverend senior," one of the highest officials of the "most ancient and venerable C. I. et V.," came to grief in the ditch on Clarence St. The poet laureate of the junior year has commemorated the misfortune in an epic poem, from which we quote four stanzas:

"The night was dark and lowering  
As a senior picked his way  
Through the mud, and slush, and water,  
Lit by no electric ray.

"A chasm stood before him,  
Opening wide its awful jaws;  
But the senior's steps were heedless:  
Came a fall—a splash—a pause.

"From the murky depths and darkness  
Crawled a figure—woe-begone;  
His pants were torn and tattered—  
His Christy was not on.

"And the atmosphere grew hotter,  
And assumed a tint of blue,  
As the senior hurried onward,  
Hustling homeward P.D.Q."

And between the cursory remarks which shot from his lips—partly directed at the corporation, and partly referring to the ditch—he was heard to mutter, "I'll see what Bill Harty has to say about this."

A Turk who went to a neighboring (U.S.A.) medical college, on the score of Mohammedan customs, obtained permission from the authorities to smoke during the lectures in the class rooms. He was to be seen with his legs doubled up under him, calmly puffing away, the while taking notes and listening intently to the professors. It did not last long, however. The entire class professed to join the Mohammedan religion, and on that score wanted the faculty to give them permission to blow gentle clouds of the seductive weed while they drank into their Oriental ears the words of wisdom. The imperturbable Turk had to be "fired," and the class has returned to its old religion.

## A, MODERN NOVEL.

### CHAPTER I.

During the summer a certain senior was camping, in company with a few other students, on an island not a hundred miles from Kingston. One afternoon a large party of friends visited the camp, and after supper a game of baseball was indulged in, the ladies taking the principal positions. All did not play, however, for just before the game commenced our senior, with a very particular lady friend, escaped the vigilant eye of the chaperone and wandered off for a quiet stroll.

### CHAPTER II.

A few weeks later the lady was wickedly asked by a friend what part she had taken in the game. An answer was immediately forthcoming. She had played "catcher." Turning then to the senior, who had not heard the lady's answer, the same question was put to him. Imagine the roars of laughter from the company, and the confusion of the young lady, when the innocent answer came, "Oh, I guess I was *the ball*."

The continuation and conclusion of this thrilling tale is prayerfully waited for in the sanctum. [E.D.]

Our sister students long to possess a real, cosy, luxurious parlor. We hasten to announce that our sanctum is for saie and for a very small consideration we will also let the furniture and steel engravings go.

1st Soph—"S-a-y, why is a crow?"  
2nd Soph.—"Why is a crow what?"  
1st Soph.—"Nothing, only why is a crow!"  
2nd Soph.—"Moving off, "Oh dry up. You're away off. You've been taking too much."  
1st Soph.—"*It's beak caws!* Ha—a—a-h!  
The diagnosis is concussion of the brain.