



## Of Local Interest

"Some class" to Ballard, and to that can-can that he does before hitting the line.

Stronach, Simpson and Ballard have done fine work for the Seconds under the able coaching of Dr. Wright.

Prof. of Eng.: Women do not reason; they imagine.

Student: "How long have we for this competition, Father?"

Prof.: It all depends on when you begin.

Student in Philosophy: "Funny if there ain't more prime matter in D-b-o-s than in me."

Where's G-u-th-r now?

Du-b-s (at Wun Lung's): You may take that back; look at the dirt in it.

Wun Lung: You have to eatce a bushhel of dirtee befole you cloakee, anyway.

Well, I'm not going to eat the whole bushel with this meal.

K-e-n-dy is some sprinter. Take care, Goerge, or you'll be arrested for exceeding the speed limit.

Dummy on the Arnprior team was pushed fifteen yards for a forced rouge. The poor fellow couldn't say "held."

G is for G-th-r,  
"Gee Whitticker" too.

C is for C-té,  
Surpassed by but few.

D is for D-b-s,  
The small man of our class.

B is for B-k-c,  
To him raise the glass.