

the university centre, and that he must present a certificate to this effect, signed by the academic head of his college.

These rules sustain the Varsity Athletic Executive in their ruling in the case of Shepherd, at the Intercollegiate Track Meet. Shepherd is a student at the Conservatory of Music, but under

these rules he is ineligible, as the Conservatory is not an affiliated college at the University centre.

We regret that in our issue of two weeks ago, the ruling in regard to Shepherd was attributed to the Athletic Executive as a mistake on their part. It will be seen from the above that the ruling then given was the correct one.

Around the Halls

Superintending Editor, A. N. McEvoy.

University College

The Superintending Editor wishes it distinctly understood that for all personal references appearing at any time in these columns, the Editor-in-Chief is alone responsible. Kindly settle the matter with him.

The editor of this column is frequently surprised at the offence given by some of the apparently harmless quips which pass through his hands on their way to the press. A common complaint is "You make me look ridiculous." Never tell the editor that; nothing pleases him more than making people look ridiculous. In fact the editor would make himself look ridiculous were he to appear in this ridiculous column. This is a column of follies, and when a man is mentioned here, it is a sign that the editor believes he is above taking offence when there is no intention of giving it. When the editor makes a laughing stock of anyone it is a mighty enviable kind of laughing stock, such as the editor himself envies from his heart, such as provokes laughter from the singularly scintillating character of the wit "emanating" (as Prof. W—ng might say) from the same jolly admirable laughing stock (as Falstaff might say).

It is a long-faced editor,

And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy long grey coat and spectacles
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The class-room door is open wide,

O, hasten, let me in;

Prof's. do recite and students write:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

"I want some stuff," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, grey-coat
loon!"

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye,

The Senior stood still,

And listens like a Freshman mild:

The editor hath his will.

"Thou shalt not write of Faculties,

Thou shalt not write of power,

For fear the Principality's

Disfavour o'er me lour.

But thou mayst write of ping-pong
strife,

And bats, and tennis rackets,

But if thy writings smack of life,

We'll all get in strait jackets.

The scribe, the melancholy man,

He serveth drivers twain,

The Faculty doth pull the one,

The students t'other rein.

A. N. McE., '05.

After a day of persecution for insults dealt out in various ways to

men of many minds in the "Around the Halls" column, the superintending editor threw himself on his weary pallet and fell into a fitful slumber. Opening his eyes (as he thought) after a few minutes' sleep, he was surprised to find himself in the college quadrangle, witnessing a strange scene.

A large crowd is gathered outside the "Varsity" office. It sways to and fro, as if in the throes of some mighty passion. Now and then an angry voice is heard to exclaim, "Break down the door!" "Set fire to the building!" but for the most part a grim and bodeful silence prevails. The expressions on the sea of faces upturned to the glazed panel in the door vary from those of frenzied anger to those of calm, but stern and threatening resolve. Desire for instant and bloody revenge is writ large on every feature.

And now the cause of the tumult—the editor again, of course—appears; at least part of him appears, for he absent-mindedly allows his head to appear through the aforesaid glazed panel in the doorway. Instantly a brick hurles through the air and crashes through the glass—then another, and another. A couple of shots are fired, and the crowd awaits the result in breathless expectation. But when the smoke has cleared away they catch a glimpse of the culprit as he dodges back into the recesses of his "den."

"Foiled again!" hisses J. J. G., the same who had fired the shots. "He has escaped!" cries another, and something between a snarl and a howl testifies to the baffled rage of the vengeful multitude.

But now the attention of the crowd is diverted by one who is evidently a ringleader of the tumultuous band. A stalwart giant raises himself by a prodigious effort to the window sill of the Varsity office. He takes off his hat and waves it in his left hand while his clenched right hand points toward the heavens. The curly hair, the massive brow, at once announce that the speaker is none other than A. M. D—l—s, large as life and twice as natural. "Gentlemen of University College," he cries, working himself into a frenzy of passion, "have we not grievances against this wretched man who, even now, cowers beneath the vengeance decreed him by the voice of the people?" (Low, earnest growls of approval from the crowd.)

"Shall we not burn, kill, destroy?" screamed D—l—s. "Ay, Ay!" responds the crowd. And then it seemed to the spectator as if a mighty

clamor arose, and the scene became dimmed with intervening clouds of smoke. The sounds grew suddenly fainter, and stopped altogether. When the editor of this column awoke he was clutching the bed clothes in a convulsive grip. The clammy sweat stood out in beads upon his brow. It was a dream! He looked up at the alarm clock, which probably had been responsible for the above-mentioned clamor. It was only 8 a.m. "Time for another sleep," he muttered. "What a sell!"

We Are Seven

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

I met a Senior Moderns man,

(He was twenty years old, he said)

His hair was thick with many a curl,

That clustered round his head.

He had a rustic, woodland air,

And he was wildly clad;

His eyes were like a guinea pig's,

His beauty made me sad.

"Men in the Moderns, Senior, staid,

How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," he said

And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell

You were not seven before."

"One of us in Victoria dwells;

And one is from naughty-four."

"But where then are the ladies, Sir?

The class must have its leaven."

The Senior simply grinned at me,

And said, "Sir, we are seven."

"You do not understand," I said,

"You don't see what I mean;

That the ladies make you more than
seven

Is easy to be seen.

Then, there are the professors, too,

And they are two or three."

But with a frightful, empty leer,

That stretched his mouth from ear to
ear,

He answered, "Seven are we."

* H. E. C., '05.

Mathematical Prof.: By what authority do you prove that?

J.T.: Common sense.

Prof.: But you can't use common sense in Geometry.

J. T. (aside): No, not if you haven't got any.

C—r—g (who is translating "How are you, old fellow," from French into English) to professor S.: "You would say 'comment ça va' wouldn't you, 'old fellow.'"

K—y.: Here, I've gone and put a two cent stamp on this paper when all it required was a one cent.

Cr—g: Never mind; just paste a one cent over it.

Proposition '07 of the Seventh Book of Euclid

Postulates—Let it be granted—

That a slippered sleeper be a sleeper who slips to sleep with his slippers on.

That a slipping sleeper be one in