

"The team from Toronto 'Varsity to play McGill will probably come down with the champions of Ontario on Nov. 18th."—*McGill Fortnightly*.

Oh, no! gentlemen. The champions of Ontario do not reside in Toronto, nor the Champions of the Dominion in Montreal.

A very determined effort is about to be made, under the auspices of the Athletic Committee, to raise the wherewithal to fix up a new Campus. There have been three ways proposed: to level the old Campus; to enlarge the bowling green and to make a new field altogether on the Artillery Commons. The last will likely be carried into effect. The scheme deserves the hearty support of all, and by next fall there will be no cause for outside clubs to kick about our grounds. The Champions of Canada will have a team and a field to play on second to none in the Ontario Union.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE following conversation is said to have taken place in Toronto: Mowat to Ford—? ? ? ? ? Ford to Mowat—? ? ? ? ?

It takes me to give Prof. Watson a few pointers on Mill.—[Rev. E. T—m—s.]

Professor—Mr. B-y-n, could you tell me where Venus is to be found? Hughie B-y-n. In the west, sir, *after dark*.

Tuddy to Umpire—Do you know anything about the rules of the game? Umpire (indignantly)—Do I, indeed, know anything about the rules of the game. I've played ball on 'Varsity II.

Professor—Mr. H—b-s-n, why do churches face the east. Mr. H—b-s-n—Because, sir, it is the land of the rising sun. Professor—That's the first time I knew you were a heathen, Mr. H.

Just after the arrival of one of the much talked of electric cars, a woman who had evidently spent some of her years in the Green Isle, on seeing the steam roller, asked if that was one of them. Another woman who came from the same quarter of the globe was seen trying to post a letter in a fire alarm box.

Professor—Mr. McI-n-s, can you name another class of horses? Mr. McI-n-s—Thoroughbreds, sir.

A freshman filling out the registration forms wrote opposite the legend:—Intended profession, if decided—"Bachelor of Arts."

If that is the case, it is well.—[W. W. P—k.]

The notice calling a meeting of the C. I. & V. has caused a ripple of excitement among the freshmen, and considerable anxiety is shown on the countenance of more than one.

It appears that the 'Varsity sprinter came down here to give the "natives" an exhibition of the Kangaroo start, but apparently he missed connections, for he was the last man to leave the scratch.

Alfie—I won a dollar.

A couple of the "boys" were walking down Princess street and passing a window in which corsets were exposed for sale, one of them remarked: "What a fine display!" "Of corse-it-is," immediately replied the other.

Why should the Senate deprive me and my children of a gymnasium.—[W. G. I-v—g.]

H. R. G—t, (on the 'bus from Rosedale to the Palmer)—Why, everybody takes off his hat to us now.

Toronto rooter—I guess, Smellie, we're going to get licked. Smellie—Well, I should rather think so. That's the best team that trots in shoe leather to-day.

Big Joe Wright (on being tackled by Foxie)—Get down, little boy, and stop your scrapping.

The eldest son was a son of gun, he was, he was. He bet on Toronto and lost his money, he did, he did.—[J. S. R-ys-de.]

Not only do the students get excited on the occasion of a football victory, but even the Professors and the worthy Principal himself. After the final result of the Toronto match was known, the Principal rushed into Dr. Watson's home and shouted, "Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher, the score's twenty-seven to three."

10 PER CENT. OFF - -

RAZORS, SKATES,
HOCKEY STICKS,
- AND -
POCKET : KNIVES

—AT—

CORBETT'S

Corner Princess and Wellington Streets.