

It would be an agreeable surprise to the ordinary man around the University to drop into an orchestra practice and see what progress this organization is making. Under the skillful supervision of Rev. Father Dewe it has already reached an advanced stage in the art of dispensing choicest music. Henceforth the students will look forward to an occasional musical entertainment in the recreation hall.

Prof.—Man is the only being gifted with reason.

C-n-g-n—Alas! Poor woman.

Photo orders! Where? Ground floor, developed by Six in the morning and delivered by Six in the evening. A fancy Comb will be always present in the studio and free instructions on posing by H-ck-tt.

Les—You've a great appetite.

Jim—Yes, I'm taking things for it all the time.

Pud's continual question—"What's the lesson in French for today?"

Mr. J. C-n-gh-n has just completed an illustrated and exhaustive treatise on "Effective Tackling." We promise to publish it next issue.

McK-nn is constantly worrying about how to get rid of his surplus avoirdupois.

Toast:

Here's to the boy who curls his hair  
And keeps his face in good repair,  
And oft while walking, the folks declare,  
Why, there is Larry, the debonnaire.

Kenn.—Why doesn't Austin like to play second wing?

Glen—Because he doesn't like to have Mike's arms around him.

One of our clever captains succeeded fairly well in deceiving the opposing team when he produced the following lines for signals:

O haste thee! Haste! We'll be all in,  
Albino loudly cries,  
For should they catch us in the glen  
My blood would crystallize.

The Sanctuary Society held its first meeting on October 16th, for the purpose of reorganization and election of officers. The following were chosen for the year: Director, Rev. W. J. Collins, O.