

Last Sunday at church, Goodchild chanced unfortunately to get into the seat regularly occupied by Mrs. L—— and her seven daughters. As the family entered he saw that he was intruding, and somewhat embarrassed exclaimed, "Pardon me, do you *occupew this py*."

Reed was looking out the window at some young ladies, when he should have been examining grasses. Prof. Doherty, seeing this, remarked, "That seems to be more interesting than the grasses, Reed.....but they'll never be of half so much use to you."

Did sleighing parties cause Jumbo to forget to trim his nails, or was he preparing for the wrestling competition !

A few evenings ago the fellows of Upper Hunt collected tin cans, horns, and other similar instruments and with them attempted to rival Sousa's Band. A generous application of *aqua pura*, administered by the residents of the street below, quickly put a *dampner* on their musical aspirations.

Lower Hunt.

Why didn't those Lower Hunt fellows tap us when they came up for that purpose !

Upper Hunt.

We have been told that the First Year intend to protest the last hockey game. Their ground is that the Second Year played two "ringers," Eason of Peterboro and Dryden of Toronto. Their opponents claim that the First year is equally guilty, having played R. Baker of Philadelphia in their team.

Contributions for the "Sick Children's Hospital" thankfully received. Hunt St.

A mystery solved.—Ketchen: "Well, they are a *little* off." We understand the whole load was off—the road.