

Freshie.—"So you are surprised that some of the Profs. prefix Mr. to your names in calling the roll, are you? No, they don't do it in '11. Of course not; but then the reminder that you are no longer at school may be necessary."

Prof. M-r-n.—"Yes, we think that couplet remarkably apropos:

"Your very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of all the others are."

Sport.—"Yes, I would like to rub it in about our 14-0 victory, but by the time that this report comes out in print it will be history, not news. To hear that '11 defeated '12 is not so astonishing as to leave any lasting impression on anyone."

L-ch-d, D-v-l, A-g-e and Co.—"No, we can't print those jokes which you bring from the 'Princess.' Yes, we know they are screamingly funny—but, after all, first year men read this paper, and we must not allow our desire for witty sayings to overwhelm our care for their morals."

Mc-n.—"That's a 'fine' joke, and we hereby print it—of course, we know it did not originate with you."

"Question.—Why is Prof. 'Il faut's' hair like heaven?"

"Ans.—Because in it there is no parting." N. B.—A slight tendency to part is being shown since this was composed.

Prof. E-n (after some one has spread some evil-smelling chemical around, in speaking of the occurrence).—"I entered the room, and very shortly the horrid odour arose."

We hate to be personal, but when one of our class asks the Donaldas if it was they who took his hat, some remark is inevitable.

Mc-G-n in the library one day,

Lost his cap in a curious way.

He thought some Donaldas near

Had stolen his headgear—

Blushing, he soon walked away.

On Saturday the Arts
ARTS '12. '12 basketball team took
a trip out to St. Anne's.

Thomson was, as usual, late, and we barely clambered aboard the train before it started. On the way out we found that two of our members had disappeared, and later they were discovered in other company. A man named Kelly, of Valois, had taken a fancy to Buster's valise and telephoned, telling the brakeman that it was his. The brakeman put it off at the next station and we had to scurry round to fit Buster up in playing togs. When we arrived we found that nearly the whole college, especially the fairer ones, had turned out to meet us (for reports of our beauty must have preceded us). We gave our yell, and they followed suit. We formed in line and marched to the college. The game took place soon afterwards, and though we were not successful, yet the score of 19-17 shows how well we did. One of our men scored a basket before the whistle blew, which for some reason or other was not counted. Again, the latter part of the second half we played four men to five, one of our side having been banished for giving the referee some advice. While we were dressing our supporters were fussing, and by the time we finished most of the fair ones were busy. The writer also noticed a member of the Annual on a business (?) expedition. We were entertained by our rivals, and when the hour for departure came our captain had disappeared. He was found on a seat meant to hold one, but then it held more. We waited for the conversation to come to an end, but we might have been waiting yet, only the girl had to go. Our '12 caps created a favourable impression, and if we could have given a cap for every hint that was thrown out we would have needed a special car to get them there.

While waiting for the train we entertained our hosts with the McGill songs