

reveries of that rabbit and vegetable stew tonight?—Bunny's early growth was made on cabbage leaves and stalks of Brussels sprouts. Bunny was fattened on boiled small potatoes and coarse meal. Bunny was very fond of chicory greens, and what an appetite the chicory gave. He nibbled and munched later even than his natural habit.—Madam is a good plain cook, a very plain cook for a French estaminet. Tonight, Madam has served us cabbage, sprouts, potatoes, coarse brown bread, and bunny, followed by bowls of a strong, black decoction of chicory, that Madam persists in calling coffee.

It can't be the after-dinner coffee that keeps us so wakeful, restless, and imaginative as we are tonight, for it wasn't coffee.—What effect would a diet of stewed rabbit food and rabbit, have on a naturally weak-minded individual?—Would he—
are we becoming rabbit brained from too much Rabbit Stew?

Fads '15

MACDONALD LOCALS

A Westerner driving through the country in Ontario was heard to enquire,—“How long is a mile here?”

Associate:—“Is Miss Reid not coming to breakfast this morning?”

Home maker:—“No! I think she has caught cold.”

Normal:—“Oh, I don't think that is possible.”

Homemaker:—“Why not?”

Normal:—“Oh, those junior house-keepers are all so slow that they couldn't catch anything.”

Miss Rogers, in Home Economics class,—“What is one method of economizing?”

G. R.—“Reduce the waste.”

AN ADDITION TO THE CURR CULUM

After receiving several left handed compliments, one of the Mac girls suggested that a course in the Gentle Art of Flattery be added to the O.A.C. studies. The students would practice on one another and try their practical exam on the young ladies of Macdonald Hall, who would be competent judges. What say you?

FOUND—Somewhere on the Campus “Waterman's Ideal”—No it isn't a fountain pen! Apply?

Al-c,—“Why, I have not been out for a walk after chapel, this term.” Interested party—“Now, Al, just how do you make that out?”

Al-c,—“I mean, really walking—with a man.”

Now just what does the word “walking” mean?

A NIGHTMARE

One morning, when the Frost was White as snow, over the Moor, a Hunter was seen passing by with his Gunn. Over his shoulder he carried a case of Brown Hyde, within were a Stock of Staples, Graham wafers, etc., in case he should get lost during the Day. After wandering for many miles hoping to come across a Flock of Quail, he came to the Brink of the sea. By way of a change, he thought he would fish. They were attracted by the bright Nichol or Tinney appearance of the hook and many were caught. He caught one Sole of unusual size with large Scales on it.

From the sea he turned to the West and crosses a Smallfield and then up the Hill. After a time he became careless and lost his Way, having to Wade through bogs with dense clusters of Reeds growing here and there.

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