

"Ikey Boeckh." Jack, you certainly earned your title. Do not run into your room and eat your next cake all by yourself.

Captain of football team 1901, C. A. Brown.

"Brit, do you remember the Hamilton—I mean Brampton—station?" Slips are often awkward, Babe. We remember Hamilton station very well; don't you?

Parlour golf, Room 125.—An instructor is needed. High wages will be paid.

Why did Leslie want one end of the platform entirely to himself at Brampton? I wonder why.

Red-headed scrimmages are all the go.

Before the Ridley match Brown was heard to remark that he had a store of "gags," "tricks," etc., that he intended to work in scrimmage. "Oh, no, the referee will not catch me, I am well up in them."

Ridley got a great many free kicks. I wonder why?

Red-headed scrimmages are all right. Doesn't that scorch you?

"Whiskey Bob," he who comes from Waterloo and rooms on Mr. Kerr's flat, got very excited over elections. He was a trifle sour when the returns were coming in. Sorry, Bob. Better luck next time.

Baby $\frac{1}{4}$ back.—"Plucky little fellow." "Husky Boy."

Next boxing competition MacLaren will be caught up.

Mr. P.—"Well, Jermyn, what will you do if you do not pass your McGill exam.?"

Jermyn—"Oh, I will get through, sir."

Mr. P.—"Indeed!"

Be careful, Percy.

There will be spikes put in the window-sills and the windows barred after Christmas.

Beatty was advised to go to High Park after deer or dear, which? Mr. S. please explain.

The iron grip. Ha! Ha!

The college engineer's knowledge of phonograph was obtained from "Bunfoot" Gibb. Ask Gibb about it.

It makes him mad to call him "white-head." Eh, Tom!

Healthy John is back and has grown quite fat.

Go to Peck for lessons on the cornet.