

this over they acted like gentlemen and looked around for all *snaps* as Tiddly-winks, in which sport "Michael with gayest of hearts and of waistcoats" played a forward game. The number of the wounded has not yet been estimated.

It was at another reception that a Junior was explaining to a Semite the various steps in modesty attained in college life. "A Freshman thinks he is everybody," said he "a Sophomore thinks quite a lot of himself, but when one becomes a Junior he has entirely lost self-consciousness." "Indeed," replied Miss —, "So you haven't matriculated yet." The moral of this is:—There is many a Slip between the cup and the Lip.

When Sunior came into prayers bearing the banner of 1900, one gentleman exclaimed :—"Well, that's the only dog of the Freshman class." A miserable Soph was heard to remark, "yes, the rest are pups."

The Yarum are taking chemistry and are on the alert for information. One of them asked a member of the late Mock Parliament : "What do you use to 'dissolve' the House? "Oh," replied he, "We just soak the Government in *Ferrous* acid."

At the recent "At Home" a sweet girl undergraduate was doing her kindest and best to amuse a student of the Cad. He appeared nervous but still she asked him about his Latin and his "A, B, C's," at last he spoke, but this is what he said, "I say, let's take a walk around and I'll see if there's anyone I'd like to meet."

The following conversation was heard at the Glee Club concert: 1st Collegian—"Isn't it fine!" 2nd do—"Were you thinking of the last selection?" 1st Coll: "No, I was thinking of the chink I've saved since she's in the Glee Club."

Now to return to that Seminary Reception, there is a story about a Freshman who being asked by a fair one what he was thinking of replied, "Oh, nothing." "My," she gasped, "What extreme egoism!"

A poem beginning "As flush as May" has reached our department. After having paid our "fees and dues" we decided not to publish so good a joke, but are open for any obituary notices beginning, "as strapped as May."

The melancholy days have come
With the Senior and his thesis;
But we care not if the Senior's dumb
As long as we get the sis.