

Local.

We feel it our duty to congratulate the man in charge of the "fines" department in his valuable work. Never in the history of this College have so many strenuous efforts been made in order to keep the boys in the right path. When we see students charged a quarter for not working on holidays, for not going to the gymnasium, or for answering too loudly or not loudly enough at roll call, we must acknowledge that little more could be done towards the moral improvement of Freshmen—or the material good of the Government. However, if his practical genius stands above criticism, such is not the case with his handwriting. Our readers may judge from the following notice posted lately on the bulletin board:

Beaumont, for bedroom pig, 25c.

That pig, it is said, was supposed to be a jug, but who knew it?

Facts to Remember.

Nov. 1st. Freshmen got out their first year yell.

Nov. 7th. Bancroft got his hair cut.

Halloween night. Had apples for supper.

Sunday, Nov. 13th. "Broc" got up for breakfast.

Cote, giving instructions to first year team—"You see, dat jus' de way. Yo' keep your foot in de hole, like dat—all de time, den yo' pull like everyt'ing—den it comes!"

Good enough, Joe! But which way did it come?

Home-made taffy, "for the only three girls."
Home-made lemonade—Ketchen, Vanatter & Co.

"I rise as the champion of oratory," said Rang-o-iang.

New phonetic system of spelling by Fawell—
Logarithmes = Logrums.

Hutton—"Toads boiled in vinegar * * just the thing for ring-bones."

Horticulture class—"What is the object of spraying, Mr. Kidd?

Kidd—"To kill fungicides, sir."

Merrily along they went,
Each on his bicycle bent—
Hutton, Link and Cameron,
Jack and modest Hutchison.

Strong were the sun's rays,
Stronger yet Sorby's cider,
The excitement grew to such a pitch
That they could not see the ditch.

* * * *

'Twas well after dark when
Torn, bruised and mud covered,
Each riding a new wheel pattern
Slowly crept in five sportsmen.

Prof. Hutt—"Gentlemen, I would like to know what makes the class feel so nervous when we speak about prunes?"

Let Mr. Hutt board a week in the College and he'll know!

Chemistry class (the professor has just stated the relation of the ethers to the alcohols)—Joe suddenly, "Oh! I see now, I see! The ethers are just the same as the alcohols, only they are a little different."

Crerar—"Are not plums and prunes cultivated much in the same way?"

"Now boys," said kind hearted 'Panorama' Brouse as he came home triumphantly with his camera, "every one of you who wants his picture taken has only to come to my room."

Brouse said there was a slight misunderstanding when the whole college, staff included, asked for admittance the same night. He recovered, but the room did not.

"Can I get excused from work this afternoon, Mr. President?"

"What are you on for, Mr Bain?"

"On scrimmage, sir."

Agricultural class: Prof. "Who can give me a definition for sand?"

Freshman (after long meditation)—"Silicoe of albumine, sir."

Literature class: Prof. "How can we distinguish the characters in a drama?"

Clark: "By looking at the programme."