

"Battery Bang" the conquid "Wawtae Waltz," the alluring "New Girl's Hesitation," all had their charms—but nothing in the whole evening could hope to equal the call of the supper dances—the "Dining Hall Dash," and the "Fuller Waltz"—

There is an old saying, "The way to a man's heart"—and no one can tell how many hearts were found (and lost) during the night of, what will be for many of us, the last dance in the Hall.

The Battery Boys—God bless them—have a place all their own in the hearts of the Mac Hall girls, and if good wishes will bring them back they will all be home again safe and well before many moons have come and gone.—*F.B.*

MACDONALD LOCALS.

Stranger—"What kind of a town is Guelph?"

Native—"A college town."

Stranger—"What do the people do who do not attend college?"

Native—"They do the students."

Dr. Stewart—"Are you ill? Let me see your tongue, please."

Patient—"It's no use—no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

Dr. Stewart—"You have a high fever?"

Miss Mac—"Yes, and a dreadful headache."

Dr. Stewart—"You have a complicated case of appendicitis."

Miss Mac—"Impossible—my appendix was removed four years ago."

Miss Roddick—"Why does fat rise to the top of soap?"

Brilliant Homemake—"So it can be skimmed off."

Miss R.—"How do you tell a bad egg?"

Junior—"If you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently."

Mary Moxon—(wading through the fishworms after Tuesday's storm, gazing heavenward)—"Where do those worms come from anyway?"

A darn may be a species of strong language, but it's a darn hard thing to define.

We notice that Kay has not yet removed the bristles from his upper lip. Well, we suppose that no one has noticed it there.

Mr. Fulmer—"Name a bi-product of coal."

Edith O'Flynn—"Coke."

AT PARTING

Although the strings are muted now,
And low and minor the refrain,
And all the lilting notes submerged,
In wistful parting notes of pain—

Full glad and strong a symphony
Of hope and courage steals its way,

Until in true interpreting
The purest music holds the sway.

Past joys and sweet rememberings;
True friendship, golden years of gain;
All this to keep, and this to prove
The days have not been lived in vain.