

Sweet voice over the 'phone—"I wish to speak to Bob Alimony of the 3rd year."—"?—! !"—Surely Bob is not mixed up in anything that name suggests!

Student in Massey Library—"I want copies of the first year's Christmas examination papers."

Librarian—"We have them for the past five years, up to December 1916."

Student—"I don't see why this college can't be more up-to-date and have the 1917 papers on hand. All those others are away out of date."

The Rag and Metal business promises a great future. Bill M— is tho't to be turning his attention toward it.

Found at the Winter Fair, a hand in a grey Fox muff.—For information regarding the owner of the hand apply to the finder—G. R. W.

Norman J—s pleads "not guilty" to the charge of Stargazing on a recent beautiful evening. He says that he and his fair companion, or companions, were watching what they thought was a fire. The fact that it was the rising moon they saw makes us doubtful.

It is rumoured that Laing has not been on exhibit around the college since "Sleepy No. 9" awoke and exercised his fists the other evening. Quiet fellows sometimes show "speed" when aroused.

1st Freshman—"Has Gibbard a job in the president's office?"

2nd Freshman—"No, but he has a situation that offers great inducements"

At Faculty Club—1st Prof.—"Why

what's the hurry? You don't have to go yet; its only 10.30." 2nd Prof.—"No, it is early, but you see, I have an able bodied wife waiting for me at home."

Time—12.05, noon.

Place—Pavement in front of residence.

Episode—"Dad" Stewart falls with his insect collection, shattering all their remains. Mac Girl, passing, enquires "Are you hurt Mr. Stewart?" To which "Dad" replied—"No Miss, but I fear I'm plucked. I've gone down on entomology."

Paddy Dolan bought a watch from the local jeweller with a guarantee to keep it in order for twelve months. About six months after Paddy took it back because it had stopped.

"You seem to have had an accident with it," said the jeweller.

"A small one, sure enough, sir. About two months ago I was feeding the pig, and it fell into the trough."

"But you should have brought it before."

"Sure, your honor, I brought it as soon as I could. We only killed the pig yesterday."

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

The taxical driver had been driving his fare about for an hour and a half and at last inquired:

"Where to now, miss?"

"Oh, how much do I owe you?" said the fare, seeming to awake from a day dream.

"Eight dollars and a half, miss," said the driver, glancing at the taximeter.

"Oh, I say!" said the fare sweetly, "would you mind backing up and keep going backward till you come to 75 cents? It's all I've got!"