

Mr. Michael—"Have you any hair the same color as mine?"

Barber—"Do you require it for a wig, sir?"

Mr. Michael—"No, I want a small piece to give a lady."

Question—How can one tell whether a girl's hair is fast to her head or not?

Answer—Pull a hair out and see if she squeals.

Question—Could you please suggest a good pose for my picture so that my face may be seen to good advantage?

—Sullivan.

Answer—Open your mouth, the picture will be characteristic at least.

Locals

WHEN '16 GRADUATES

W. H. Scott (walking into outer office)—to office boy—"Say, sonny, do you think there is a position here for an O. A. C. graduate?"

Office Boy (savagely)—"Dere will be tomorrow, if de boss don't raise me pay to t'ree dollars a week."

Later—in inner office, to manager—"Is there an opening here for an O. A. C. graduate?"

Manager—"Just behind you, close it as you go out."

Prof. Harcourt—"Gentlemen, next week you will be given an examination in Animal Chemistry."

William James Benny Kay—"Do you mean the week after next?"

A certain eccentric gentleman was somewhat cranky and had a horror of draughts. If, perchance, one happened to leave a door open, he was greeted by a peevish "For heaven's sake shut the door, and keep that draught off of me." Finally the old man died and his body was sent to a crematory. It was put into the crematory oven and left to burn. The attendant coming round to take his ashes out of the oven, opened the door, and was greeted by a peevish "For heaven's sake shut the door and keep that draught off me."

Miss Mutrie—"Why do all the boys come down our way on Sunday?"

Shields, '19—"To see the chickens, of course."

Carncross (putting on Art. White's cap)—"I always look good in a cap."

Peter Robert Skelton—"You look good in anything that covers your face."

Eccentric Eric—"Is that why you look so well with a mustache?"

Mr. McLaren (leading Y. M. meeting)—"We will now close the meeting with prayer. Mr. Richardson, will you lead?"

Richardson (waking out of a sound snooze)—"It isn't my lead, I just dealt."

We find that Moses, like most fellows, had indigestion. The Good Book says that the Lord took Moses up on the mountain and gave him two tablets.

A certain henpecked husband died, and his wife put the following epitaph on his tombstone:

"Rest in peace

"Till we meet again."

VERY BADLY MIXED UP

The make-up man in a rural weekly newspaper office got full of hard cider