

Of Local Interest

Sully, we did not know your father did not allow you to smoke. Well, too late. Do not cry over spilt milk.

Frankfurter We-r intends to open a quick lunch-room. Three cheers for his best customer—Himself. Later we learn that the name of this establishment will be called Uwanta Bark. Levi Wolf will be the manager.

O'Gor-an (with a pair of pants, a leg in each hand): This pair in my right hand is mine, but the pair in my left belongs to someone else. Wake up, Charlie! You must have been out the night before.

Jimmy Joh-s-n strongly advocates in favor of the Lynch law.

History Professor: If Montcalm had been a little more calm, Quebec would not have fallen.

The exciting melodrama entitled "Messenger Boy 42," which recently held the boards at the Grand, will be reproduced at the College with S-m-rd in the title role.

L-c-y: Why is a hen?

Fl-m-ng: Perhaps the Duck knows something about it.

G-ll-g-n (the morning after the ghost party): Say, Dewey, you will not need a sheet to look ghost-like to-night.

The Guichon Bros. are devising a scheme to heat their room with natural gas.

H-k-tt's parlors were such a success that a barber shop has been opened on the premises. All remedies for the scalp have been thoroughly tested by proprietor (C-nr-y is an honorable man) and guaranteed to contain nothing injurious.

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