

We are requested to announce that any person desiring to use the pigeon-hole table may obtain the right to play for a space not exceeding seven minutes by applying to Messrs McDowell and Byrne.

A leap year sport whose crust is harder than the marble in that part of the U.S. whence he hails, recently entered a room and strange to say, coincident with his departure was the disappearance of a cane. The natural affinity of two crooks is the only explanation that can be offered for this singular incident. An umbrella, property also of said room, disappeared under similar circumstances. Verily this gentleman has a taking way.

Prof.—What do you mean by a psychological novel, sir.

Sir Daniel Webster Bolger Sideboards.—One that treats of cyclones.

The first *flurry* of snow caused the disappearance of our *Lawn*.

The sudden seriousness which has settled over the life of H. Bis is due to the fact that he is cutting his wisdom teeth.

J. P. F.—What's the difference between the poet who contributed to last month's ululatus and a prison butcher?

L. E. O. P.—The one kills cows, the other lines.

T. P. H.—No, I've got it. The one deals in bad meat; the other in bad me're.

*Me and my chum* have trousers now, Eh Douglas?

