

A member of the calculus class has succeeded in resolving 0 into its prime factors.

Prof.—You have seen what is meant by the term “substance,” now tell me what is an “accident”?

Student.—S', s', something that may happen to a person.

A new kind of wheel has been devised by a sixth year man ; it consists of “spokes and spaces.”

The new song among the juniors : “There’s a hole in the bottom of the rink.”



TAKING A DROP.

Look out for the brown bread bill. It will come heavy this month.

The French style of farming doesn't seem to take in the debating society.

Who is the mistress of the seas?  
2nd Grade Boy.—Mississippi.

Aspiring matriculate: Alfred the Great founded Ottawa University.

Though the season of touchdowns is over, the Philosophers are yet touching “down.”

New translation: Erat mortuus, the rat is dead.

The Sanctum is open for Christmas boxes.

Keep cool, boys, it is not a fire alarm : only a watch with the balance-wheel *tuck* out.

Tragedy in one act. Scene, Study-hall. Dramatis Personae : two embryo Philosophers, a piece of bees-wax, a small mirror, and two incipient moustaches.

Scene I.—Vigorous application of bees-wax to moustaches.

Scene II.—Moustaches begin to bristle.

Scene III.—Standing out defiantly with a slight inclination towards the zenith on the part of a few hairs at the extremities.

Scene IV.—Warning signal from the study-room. Immediate and complete wilting of fierce moustaches and disappearance behind desk-covers.

POOR APPRENTICE, *loquitur* : “Oh, last night I had such a beautiful dream ! I thought that my master’s wife had cut her hand so badly that she had to let me butter my own bread !”

—*Fügende Blatter.*

DE TOMPKYNS (who has been narrating an incident in his career) : “Oh, I’m no fool !”

Paperwate : “N-n-no, you’re no fool, but (enthusiastically)—what a substitute you would make !”—*Fun.*

Fresh.—“Dont you think, Miss —, that my moustaches are becoming ?”

Miss —, “They may be coming, but they haven’t got here yet.”—*Denison Collegian.*