

Locals.

The College has re-opened,
With all its former vim;
The students, in returning,
Have brought back all their sin.

But Shylock is not present,
And none would dare to croak,
That any other could so well
Teach Freshmen how to smoke.

And Jimmy Routley's absent,
'Tis whispered much about,
He has to *rustle* for himself
And guard that old hymn book.

And Army and McGougan,
We must remember them;
They'd show the first year how to box
Like scientific men.

All these like others come and go,
But though we miss them so,
There's always more to take their place,
We have them with us now.
Who are they?

We were rather surprised recently to see a third year man wearing a new suit of clothes from which the tickets had not been removed.

Each of the photos in the College group will be in an oval, that is, in a round circle that is not square. G. I. C.

Mr. Harcourt, assigning seats—And where do you come in?

Johnson—Among the J's.

Mr. Harcourt—Very well, sit between Hunt and Klinck.

The Baby Elephant has escaped the circus managers and returned to the O. A. C.

"It is quite easy to tell which lameness the foot is in, and to dislocate the disease."

One of the most interesting events on the day of the sports was the consolation race. It was warmly contested, but Mr. Shuh won it by two large feet.

We hope it will not be necessary to distribute Mr. Cleal over the dining hall.

Prof. Day—Which is your seat, Mr. Craig?

N. R. Craig—I take two seats, sir.

Second year Agriculture is on the hog.

"Hey there you fellows! Put a cushion under that hammer. You're keeping the whole flat awake."
Including the resident master.