

BROWNLEE, wandering into Jackson Hall—"Say is this the Athletic Union Room?"

MISS ———, '02—"When the corner-stone is laid, and the B.D.'s have left town, perhaps I shall be able to get a little work done."

MISS BEATTY—"It makes me nervous to think how cool I am over exams."

CHAPMAN (to Miss ———, '05)—"I dreamed about you last night—so funny—we were alone ———"

"I've heard of dreams coming true" (exit freshette).

ROBERT's dog, "Watch," whose attendance at College coincides to a day with that of the class of '02, becoming despondent with grief at their departure, and probably entertaining gloomy forebodings for the future, on Victoria Day, in a fit of melancholy, took the only honorable course open for a canine of his reputation, and deliberately placed himself in front of a trolley.

MISS CULLEN, '03—"Do you know, I was reading the other day, and got so interested that I forgot all about my lunch." Oh! ! ? ?

ROBERT made a serious mistake when he didn't examine carefully the address of that letter from Tennessee, which found its way into the ladies' study not long ago. If he had, he would have noticed that it was addressed in dainty handwriting to *Mr.* and not *Miss*, Rockwell.

---

AT WHITBY.

ERNIE JOLLIFFE and *cousin* had a splendid time watching the baseball match from outside the fence.

"COME on, Warner, let's go up to the College."

EAKINS—"Not now; half an hour of such frivolity is enough for me."

CRUX—"Well, did our girls beat?"

SPEER—"Sh—; it was our hearts that beat."

ECKARDT—"Say, I'm coming down here to look for a wife."

DURING THE GAMES—"Cheer up, Miss Smith, the game is young yet."

Miss K. Smith—"Yes, but I'm not."