

bright little chap had just finished decorating the back of another pupil's head with gum.

"Reginald," she snapped out hydrophobically: "A man buys an article for \$12.10 and sells it for \$9.95; does he gain or lose on the transaction?"

After pondering over the problem, in the manner in which Miss C— had previously taught the class, Reggie stammered out: "W-w—ell, he gains on the cents, b-but loses on the dollats."

"What is Jim Robinson doing, these days?" questioned the man home from the west.

"Oh, he's working his son's way through college," returned the other.

Miss Susie S—"Professor Barber, what caused all these holes in this cabbage leaf."

Professor Barber (embryo lecturer)—examines leaf—"A—hum"—pulls out a microscope and examines the edge of the perforation—"The animal had biting mouth parts. Let's see," scratches his head, "must have been a grasshopper."

Superstition has not totally disappeared. A black cat crossed the path of two local Aggies one Saturday evening last week. Immediately they said, "luck's coming." So it did later, yes, quite later, in the shape of three fair wielders of the hickory.

Blanche C, hovering over a poor, diminutive creature, just learning the a, b, c of arithmetic.

"Now, Johnny, look. Never mind the floor. Look at me."

"Oh, I can't, teachuh, I can'th."

"Why,—you stupid thing—why can't you?"

"Becauth — pleath, teachuh — i—it m—maketh me th—the—e—thick."

Poor Flora, she was so fussed. The same old tale of innocence, but, it was surely a concealed treasure. Flora, having entered the fair metropolis of Guelph, was seeking her way to the O. A. College. After mounting a rather crowded street car, she was obliged to sit next to an old gentleman—not mentioning any names—Not being accustomed to P. A. Y. E. cars, the conductor was forced to come to her for her fare.

"Oh! I have been robbed!—I have nothing in my pocket but—a piece of string, s-s—Mercy! some tobacco, an old knife and some matches."

"Madam," said the old gentleman, in a deep, husky voice, "would you please take your hand out of my pocket."

"Oh, girls!" sopranoed Marjorie, as she frantically entered room 64, "I've just read about a terrible accident on the Guelph Radial."

"How did it occur?" asked a timid visitor.

"Well," replied the would-be agriculturist, "Miss Atchison had her eye on a seat and Jack Neale sat on it."

Mary M., at the ball game—"Did you ever see anybody so dreadfully slow as D—ies."

Elva M.—Oh, I don't know. They say he plays a pretty fast game of chess.

A popular lecturer, who orates in College Heights, once delivered an address, upon the interesting subject of "Fools." The house was full, the rush for seats not being at all diminished by the form in which the admission tickets were printed. The inscription ran: "Lecture on Fools. Admit one."