## Locals.

<u>IIVASTAA (HAKASTAA KATASTAA K</u>

We offer our most humble apologies to a certain inhabitant on "Lower Hunt" who took offence at a local in our last issue. Upon investigation we find that besides being the possessor of "some clothes and one valise," he also has in his possession a—celluloid collar.

Owing to an overpressure of work, it has been found necessary to make an addition to the Local Editor's staff. We are happy to an nounce that the services of a noted local pugilist have been secured to fill the responsible position of "fighting Editor." Persons having any demands will receive ample satisfaction.

Smart first year man (as bell rings at end of Agricultural lecture)
--- The curfew tells the knell of parting Day.

One of our most Brill-iant students at present is Paterson, of Bruce.

Our table had a little lamb.

The lamb was very tough.

Under the circumstances

A little was enough.

Morgan's favourite song:

"Oh! there's one more river, and that's the river of Jordan.

The following books have been sent to our office to be reviewed. In some future issue we intend giving a full synonsis of them.

"Elora and its attractions."

By R. B. Maconachie.

" Black but comely."

By F. A. Parker.

" Culture of the voice." (Bared on scientific research).

By Clas. King.

"Why I changed my religion."

By G. A. Smith.

Lower Hunt Restaurant.

MEALS AT ALL HOUCS.

Oysters in season.

Cocia a specialty.

Soft drinks on tap.

Give us a call.

Woodcock & Selwyn.

Overheard on Wyrdham street— 1st Kid—"See that girl?" 2nd Kid—"Yes."

lst Kid-" Well, get out of her way. She's an O. A. C. girl."

West (to Gipson who is cheming gum)- "Say, Gip., what are you doing that for!"

Gipson-" Its good for Mi-nerve(s)x.

Effect of College food on "Brady"

"And the sunshine on me streaming

Throws no shadow on the floor:

For I am too thin and sallow

To throw shadows on the floor.

Never shadow any more."

The 2nd Year have for some time past been engaged in compiling a revised edition of Shakespeare's Julius Cassar, with critical notes. Anyone wishing to obtain a copy of this work can obtain it on application at this office.

Things we would like to know;

Why West no longer sits on the radiator outside the Resident Master's room?

If Gibson has received any momos (?) lately?

If it is necessary for Wigham to go skating in order to ment a figure."?

If Cunningiam has purchased a diamond mine? If so, is A. C. Wilson a stockholder in the same?

If Selwyn and Woodcock intend starting a shooting gallery?

If Rogers knows the difference between peas and peach stones?

Prof. (lecturing on chemistry to First Year)

"A metre is the length of Prof. Robertson's arm; a decimetre the length of his fore-finger; a cen'intere the length of the nail on his fore-finger. Now, gentlemen, how can we remember the length of a millimetre?"

Halfour (who has "been there" before) -- It's the width of the dirt on his finger nail, Sir."

The latest acquisition to Upper Hunt are the bloomer pants which adorn the shapely form of Mrs. Geddes.

Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, one of the Local Editors undertook the task of analysing a sample of the "lash" which was supplied for our mastication at a recent meal. The result of his investigations was that four distinct kinds of meat were found to be present, viz: Chopped savisages, ham, mutten and common for rather uncommon beef.

" When these prodigies

Do so conjointly most, let no man say,

These are their reasons, they are natural.

For, I believe they are portentous things

Unto the death that they point upon."

We are pleased to announce that the threatened cases of brain fever in the first year have been averted, by the termination of the Christmas exams. The patients have fully recovered, and are much elated at the thought of their speedy return to the paternal roof.

Prof. in Mechanics—"If you stood on a perfectly smooth table, devoid of friction, how could you get off?"

Sixons (promptly) " Why. I'd blow myrelf off."

Prof. - "Yes! www might be able to do that."

It is with great regret that we chronicle the sudden departure of