

**A Toast.**

Here's to the Garden of Eden,  
Where Adam was always a weeding,  
Till Eve, by mistake,  
Was bit by a snake,  
Who on the ripe pippins was feeding.

Then a longing seemed to possess her,  
For clothing sufficient to dress her,  
And ever since then,  
It's been up to the men,  
To pay for her dresses—God bless her!

Short Course Student (surveying swimming bath)—What a privilege to have! If I were at this College, it would take a pretty good man to prevent me from taking a bath every month.

Miss W.—Oh, here you are Mr. Jason!

J. C. Young—That is not my name, it's my nickname.

Miss W. fainted.



*The Experimentalist.*

Whilst a well-known Senior was endeavoring to make clear the true meaning of "Rosabel" to the Professor of English, the other day, it occurred to the learned Professor to make the following very opportune remarks:

That, Mr. McKenzie, is the indication of the feminine mind. In other words, you should not take the first rebuff. She often means "yes," whilst her voice says "No."

P.S.—Mac was seen making a bee line for Macdonald Hall about five minutes later.

**Overheard at Conversat:**

S.—Let me introduce you to these two ladies over here?

T.—No, thanks; I don't like their style of beauty.

S.—They are my sisters!

T.—They have my sympathy, but I can't do it.

Which is right?—A hen lies, or a hen lays?

Professor Graham's answer to this vexed question is this—When a hen cackles, she either lays or she lies.