

Act 1.—Scotty Lawson stood upon the sidewalk as four of the sweetest of Macdonald Hall, emerged from the station and called a cab.

Act 2.—It was a shame to allow them to carry those heavy grips to the waiting vehicle. So Scotty choked down his native shyness and assisted.

When each fair maid was safely stowed within, Scotty, with that quick intelligence not possessed by every wee, canny man, jumped up beside the driver, enroute for Macdonald Hall.

Act 3.—Four cramped, and tired maidens emerged from within the cab, as it drew up in front of the "abode of the beautiful," each paid the price of her ride to the expectant Jehu, and then trotted toward the hall. Scotty meanwhile scrambles down from on high and proceeded to depart.

Act 4.—The cabby contemplated the fares within his grimy paw, and then exclaimed to the last of the maidens—Hi! there, aren't you going to pay for this little boy?

The President of Lit. (at Union Lit.)—Professor Dean has kindly consented to act as critic this evening. If any of you become weary, have patience, the last car does not leave until a quarter to eleven, and the lights are on until midnight.

Rettie (Union Debate)—Mr. Chair man, Ladies and Gentlemen, As the leader of the affirmative stated: "A house divided against itself cannot fall."

N.B.—Perhaps he was thinking of the college residence. Therefore excuse him, "O Kings."

"It's not the coat that makes the man (it's the socks.)"—Elmer Rice.

Professor Reynold (English class)—Do you believe that there were clocks which struck the hours in Caesar's time, or is this sentence another case of anachronism?

King—Perhaps Shakespeare was referring to the sun striking the dial.

Professor Dean (To second year dairy class)—I hope you will excuse any mistakes I may make in my lecture this morning, but I have just taken two periods with the first year, and I'm not feeling well.



ROSS CREELMAN AND HIS DONKEY.

"These are the times that try man's scul."—The Editors.

Romance in the life of Napoleon?—Yes. Of Shakespeare? Yes. Of Caesar? Yes. Of Capt. Tommy Clarke? Yes.—It would seem that all of earth's truly great have their softer moments.

Tommy proved himself to be no exception to the rule, when he sat with smile-bathed visage upon the side line, whilst the Rugby team trampled their way to victory. The light of battle shone not in his eyes. For at his side there sat a maiden fair, who gazed at Tommy, and betwixt her sighs, he whispered nothings through her au burn hair.