

circles that the learned gentleman from the Island intends to commence, in the near future, an extended course of lectures on such pertinent questions as "Woman Suffrage" and "Short Courtships." We have it on good authority that the lecturer is in communication with Susan B. Anthony and Teddy Roosevelt. Hence we may expect something very spicy and perhaps something *stale(y)*.

Lost — On or about the 12th inst., a boy answering to the name of Mac—dn—ll. He is about five feet six inches tall, of a fair complexion, and when last seen was wearing J. K—ng's clothes. It is believed he strayed in the direction of the Rideau River. Those giving information of his whereabouts will be amply rewarded by both the Third Team and the Silent Three.

The Review now finds its way regularly into Osgoode street. We wonder if the name attracts it. Perhaps Mr. C—n—y could enlighten us.

The delegates of the Scientific Society say that there's no place like Buckingham and no people like the Camerons and their friends.

"Hey there, McGl—de! Will you come till we finish this dance?"

\* \*

F-L-Y.—"Say, 'Gibby,' your Raglan's a perfect convulsion."  
"GIBBY" (exasperated) "How's that?"

F-L-Y.—"Because it's a perfect fit." [Ex.]

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Riding home on a box-car is bad enough, but it's nothing to coming from Montreal at 2 a.m. to find your bed gone and be compelled to *camp* out on the floor:

\* \*

They say that "Dic" has abandoned the idea of ever finding anything in his lower-left-hand-vest-pocket.

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How was it that McGl—de did not prevent his cover from making a touch-down? That was an awful *slip* Jim.

\* \*

PROF — "Why couldn't you go through that wall, Mr. V—q—t?"

"RIC."—"Because I haven't enough density, Father."

PROF. — "O, yes! V—q—t, you're *dense* enough."