

ECHOES.

A startling echo—from certain neckties now in vogue.

"What we need these times is rest."

Prof: "Doesn't that man need another brush?"

Freshman (just back after holidays): "Professor, we've decided to excuse you from lectures today."

The Senior kept the company in jolly mood with the story of his Christmas fun. He said at last. "I sat one evening under the misletoe with a young lady of our town, and of course—well you all know me. "Oh yes," chimed in a cruel cad (from the same town) "In a minute you sat on the missile toe with her father.

"Oh yes I take French. Don't you think it becomes me?"

Doctor: "Mr. X—How would you define humbug?" X! "Er—I—I—I—Yes I guess that's it."

Consternation in Chip Hall Kitchen at Supper time Lots of muffins cooked, but the demand is far below the cook's expectations. What can the matter be? Are the Seniors sick? Or is P-I invited out to tea? Just then Garcon comes in and says the Sophomores have mistaken the muffins for sweet-cakes and left them for the last.

Ambitious Freshie: "Don't you think I exhibit signs of genius?"
Cruel Critic: Yes I do indeed—of the tailors genius.

She (at the reception): "Do you think whispering is nice?"

He (abstractedly): "Oh Yes!"

She: "Well let me whisper something in your ear."

He: "Er—er—Can't we rig a telephone someway?"

Description of an evening call: "Oh my! He just stayed, and stayed, and stayed, but some people *can't* take a hint."

At the Reception a Cad was overheard trying too borrow his companion's hat-pin with which to pick his teeth

"How is the walking down Port Williams way?"

Freshman: "Professor, why do they call this poison. "Paris green"? Is it made in Paris?"

Prof: "Yes I think so."

F.: "And how does the Hellebore get its name?"

Prof. "Oh you want to know too much."

"Sleddin" must be good down your way, N. B., you seem to enjoy it a good deal."

CHALLENGE

We the undersigned who write our names always in Italics, and