

the man receiving the highest number of points on field day. It's a beauty and was won by M. N. Ross.

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Mr. W. J. Elliott, late of the "Hurons, of Seaforth," but now our crack Association player, is going down to Toronto on Thanksgiving Day to play for the Western team, against the picked team from the Toronto league

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Because of the success of our hockey teams in 1885, we thought that a good team could be formed this year. Our hopes are somewhat blighted, however, but we may yet have a team which will be able to beat the city teams. Only two or three of the old players remain, and we only know of one new man who has played before.

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Seven million less cigars will be smoked this year than last, and all on account of the bicycle.

## Locals.

The latest judgment: One dollar and costs, or two weeks out.

—o—

Scotty (to Prof. in Agriculture who is giving the boys a calling down)—"Please, Sir, may I open the window? It's getting hot here."

—o—

Prof. to Snider—What are you doing there, Mr. Snider?

Snider—I was just thinking, sir.

Prof.—Well, don't let it occur again, you disturb the class.

—o—

### ANSWERS TO ANXIOUS ENQUIRERS.

Alpha—We have made careful enquiries, and from what we can learn have every reason to believe that the Government will not provide toothpicks for the dining room. You may continue to use the point of your index finger unless some new regulation is adopted to forbid such a practice.

—o—

Specialist—It is not true that one of the local editors slept out on the roof of the tower one night lately. It is true his bed clothes were exposed to the chill November dews, but the editor himself was taken in by kind and sympathizing friends, and given a half interest in a single bed for the night.

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First Year—Yes, attend all the church socials you can, and widen the circle of your acquaintance. Guelph girls are very attractive, and in the past many of them have lost their hearts to those dear College boys, so there is some encouragement for you. Like most girls,

though, they have no use for boys who simply stand around and try to look intelligent.

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A. C. Wilson has been very much interested in Institute work, but of late poultry has gone up, and he is now directing his attention in that direction.

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Boys, for reliable information on "Splints," apply to Jones.

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The literary style of asking for ham at the 3rd year table: "I thank you for that elegant extract of bacon."

—o—

New College song:

Docked on Monday,  
Docked on Wednesday,  
Docked on Friday,  
Docked!

—o—

### COGNOMENS OF THIRD YEAR.

Pompey—T. Bell.  
Caesar—J. O. Macdonald.  
Cassius—H. Hutton.  
Hamlet—L. H. Cass.  
Macbeth—O. H. Rogers.  
Romeo—J. A. Cunningham.  
Lucius (the boy that sleeps)—T. H. Robertson.  
Antonio—J. R. Oastler.  
Falstaff—W. P. Gamble.  
King Lear—G. S. Henry.  
Brutus—P. W. Hodgetts.  
Hotspur—F. A. Parker

Chee Ho; Chee Ho! Chee Ha!

Third Year! Third Year! Rah, Rah, Rah!

—o—

Nicholson (before and after the mitten):

Before—

"'Tis sweet to meet, though sad to part,  
For now have I a splintered heart."

After—

"I know a maiden fair to see,  
Who seems so true, yet false can be,  
For now that she is mashed on Mooney,  
I find she has no use for me."

—o—

1st Year Man—"We've got the best all round man in the College."

2nd Year Man—"Who is he?"

1st Year Man—"What do you say to "Fatty" Wilson?"

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### WARNING TO FIRST YEAR STUDENTS.

Be careful never to promise rash promises, nor wish rash wishes.