

Prof. of Chemistry—"What is hydrochloric acid gas?"

Rev. Dan. Jones—"A liquid, sir."

Prof. Cumming—"Did we have good or bad results from sowing this variety of wheat?"

McKenney—"Yes, very."

A. B. C.—"What are the effects of cultivation of the soil?"

Middleton—"It makes the soluble plant food insoluble."

Mr. Evans (after delivering a lecture):

"Now, gentlemen, you may ask me any questions you like."

McMillan—"Please, sir. What time is it?"

Davison (in the hospital):

"Say, boys! If a feller could afford the time, he would just as soon be here sick as not."

Prof. H.—"What kinds of plants contain the most ash."

Thom—(after some rapid calculation on the fly leaf of "Warrington's")
Why the biggest plants, of course.

The Dean:

"I will not ask you to read the "Mill on the Floss"; I only require you to become thoroughly familiar with its contents."

2 a. m.—Watson, after he gets into bed.

"Well now. There is a boot and sock I might as well take off."

The latest song:

"We are the people who must be respected," as sung by themselves, to the tune of "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Hall To-night."

Heard during the Indoor Sports (after the decision):

Freshman—"Well, I don't know. You see, MacFayden got one in on Cleal almost every time he hit him."

MacIntyre, at the table.

"Talk about "baby" beef, will you, after this?"

"It must have been in its second childhood."

Prof. of Euclid (in answer to an unusual look of amazement):

"Well, what is it, Mr. Buchanan?"

The Chief of the tribe of Dan. (with reference to figure on the board)—"I don't know what it is."

Overheard in the Reading Room:

"Oh! Mr. Deachman. What brings you over to the Dairy so much lately. Are you taking special lectures on Poultry."

Even the students who knew the propensities of Bob also marvelled greatly.

Get Prof. Taylor, of the Chemical Department, to work out a dairy ration for you.

Guaranteed to contain:

'Various solids not fat.....	90	percent.
Owen's mixture	9	"
Silage.....	.5	"
Hay4	"
Moisture.....	.1	"

Time, 11 p. m.:

The lady (innocently)—"Oh, Mr. Peart, are you going to stay around here all summer?"

Peart (surprised, looking at his watch)—"Why no, er—yes. Don't know." (Exit Peart).

And still he wonders if it was meant.