



Who says jokes are scarce this month? Why! the College is full of them.

Two of our intelligent and attractive young teachers, at present, gulping agriculture at the O. A. C., were riding down town one afternoon last week. Being natural girls, they were engaged in an animated discussion. In the seat behind them sat a good-natured, fatherly looking Irishman enjoying a nap. Finally, one m'am enquired of the other.

"How many children have you?"

"Twenty-two," she replied. "And how many have you?"

"Oh, I have only nineteen," replied the first.

At this point, the Irishman, now wide awake with astonishment, leaned forward in his seat and, without any formality, inquired in a loud voice:

"What part of Ireland, did youse come from?"

Sandy Maclaren to D—R—"Say, you didn't come out to our little gathering last night. How was that?"

D—R—"Please Mr. Maclaren I had a little gathering of my own, and I couldn't possibly attend."

Sandy—"Oh—yes—I know now—you're up to your old tricks again. Please tell me where you had that little gathering of yours."

D—R—"On the back of my neck."

At one end of a bench at the tennis court sat Miss M— and Lucky. On the other end posed Miss Br—.

two were discussing the merits of their motor cars.

"What color is your body?" asked Lucky, meaning of course the body of her motor.

"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"

"Oh, mine. Say, it is some body! Mostly black with a few light spots here and there, where Hugo Clarke took the notion to wash it."

Miss Br— tilted her nose, rose, and right-wheeled.

She (?) used to sit upon his lap, As happy as could be,

But now it makes her sea-sick— He has water on the knee.

Teddie Webb—"Why does Crawford wear those short puttees, and carry that hatchet, while out snaring insects with the teachers?"

Tom Stewart—"Oh, you know these bug artists, are liable to do anything—probably so he can creep up on stray bugs."

The fraction leaned over, and touched the whole number on its digit, "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

Jean H— to Mr. Marcellus—"How do you tell bad eggs?"

Mr. Marcellus—"I never told any, but if I did have anything to tell a bad egg, I'd break it gently."

One day, last June, Bertha C— called one of the boys up on the mat. The