

ing to see the Normal boys beaten by the Collegiate in a game of basket-ball.

After about 200 people had been comfortably seated (?) around the running track, the whistle blew and the teams lined up.

I.C.I.—Morrison and Balfour, forwards; Garvin, centre; Ballard and Pettit, defence.

O.N.C.—McKinley and Elder, forwards; Aberhardt, centre; Martin and Cooper, defence; Alexander, spare.

Mr. Thompson tossed up the ball, and the game was on. Accompanied by the deafening music of the agricultural war-whoop of the Collegiate and the Normal's Highland slogan the score rolled up, till at half-time the Normal boys woke up to find it 9-6 against them.

When play began again, however, the college braced up and scored several goals in rapid succession, till the score was considerably in their favor. Then even the ladies joined in the yell. It was getting so dark by this time that the college basket could not be seen, while it was still light enough at the Collegiate end to enable them to even up the score. The whistle then brought to an end a game of which the prominent features were the close checking and utter lack of combination on both sides.

Overheard on the running track—

She—When is it a foul on the Collegiate?

He—When Morrison jumps on McKinley.

She—When is it a foul on the Normal?

He—When Billie Martin plays football.

“Abie” had some great signals and tricks up his sleeve, but they were too good to give away.

Side Scenes.

Where do had pedagogues go?
Room 5.

Go to Eastwood's for Kipling's latest book.

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, sang the poet.

But he changed his mind when he felt a fellow feeling in his coat behind.

Teacher in Chemistry—Each student ought to be ready to take his oath that the observations he is making are his own.

Student (who has just ruined his coat and burned his fingers)—I swear.

Our serio-comic lecturer, musing as he enters the amphitheatre—My voice ought to fill this room. Musing as he leaves—Well, it about emptied it.

Brunhilde awoke from her pedagogic coma with her skates on. But she awoke too soon. Nothing but the bay will give her scope enough.

College Lecturer—What is the Gothic for “go”?

Student (withering on the stalk)—I have forgotten.

President Gundy still does without his breakfast, but consoles himself with the reflection that Dr. Dewey, Diogenes and a few others have been early morning abstainers.

Teacher-in-training—Who was Fitz-James? Don't know? Why he was King James, but he took fitz so people would not know him.

Teacher-in-training—*Zeitung* means something filled with news. What gender is it?

Chorus of Bad Boys—Feminine.

Conundrum—At what school should we get the best report?

Answer—Cannon, of course.

A lady with violent objections to Normal College students called on our laudlady yesterday. She concluded a startling tale of the evil doings of the students with “It's just as it says in the Bible, much learning hath made them mad.”