



Miss Mac.—“Are you a married man Mr. Crow?”

Prof. Crow—“No, ah-er-its rheumatism makes me look that way.”

BOUIS WILL BE BOYS.

There was an intensely human sentiment expressed in the short speeches delivered at Chalmers Church Social by Rev. Geo. Little and Alex. Maclaren so it was quite natural that the mind of a youth of stature tall and slender frame should resolve in its own peculiar way that “it is not good for man to be alone.” And how beautifully Fate exerted herself in his behalf. The college car crowded with the beauty and chivalry of Mac Hall and O. A. C. strove grumblingly to get up speed, when lo, the lights went out and darkness reigned. A hushed silence filled the gloom and every man stood firm at his post twixt love and fear. In these bewitching moments it dawned upon the hero of our narrative that Providence helps those who help themselves and, accordingly he felt about him. Ah! Eureka, thought he as his hand closed snugly over the soft warm fingers of a kindred living soul while his heart skipped and his “Adam’s Apple” rose and mellowed in his throat.

Surely such divine bliss could never end! So evenly did pulse reply to heart-throb and so sweet a thing it was to caress and squeeze those delicate digits and experience that—Flash, there was light, and Slim (for he our hero is) shook from his grasp the soft pink hand of Louis O’Neill, and flushed

perceptibly as the phantom of delight faded from his ken.

How eagerly Currier year ’20, rushes for the noon mail! There’s a reason.



AFTER FIELD DAY

THE FRESHMAN’S REWARD

In Freshman year meeting—President Kernohan—“Well f-fellows, what do we do next?”

Quirie—“I motion -er- I nominate that the nominations close.”

Evans, (at supper table)—“I thought you said that this was pork and beans. Where’s the pork?”

Gardener—“It’s behind that bean on the opposite side of your plate, I think.”