

P. V. J. aims high.

Pride often takes a fall on Euclid and Trigonometry Exams.  
Eh, Dutch?

Gill: "Oh, such a headache."

Stop your noise! Prefects are working.

"Here comes another lobster." Hard luck, Charlie J.

Latest rule for 1901:—All hair must be parted on the side. Any one infringing on this rule will be confined until further notice.

Head of the House hurts himself with lessons, and agrees with Mr. P. that the Prefects and Form VI. have an orgie on Saturday morning.

Why was there such a rush for the barber shop one day?

Reynolds' looking-glass and comb are wearing out.

Indian Reserves are getting careless, allowing their occupants to escape—Pilliter, Harrison, Buckingham, Richards, Boyd (Moses), (Warren, E. D.)

J. Boeckh is getting hiccoughs. "That means another week off."

"Lanky" O'Brien has invented an extension suit. He grew one inch in February.

"She was winking at me for fair, and I never met the broad before."—Quotation from H.M.D.

Rubber Heels.

A touch of nature makes the whole world akin: Three plates, three prunes.

Roll-calls on Saturdays and Sundays are getting very popular.

Saturday morning (after an interview with Mr. S. on Friday night), the Sixth Form Table were very quiet. I wonder why! I wonder why!

Macken: "You couldn't hear Pinch and I talking at the table."

Mack is at one end, Pinch at the other, and H.M.D. in the middle.

Mack was very much hurt that we wouldn't take his word. Would you?

McKay: "Get me a little—he! he! he!"