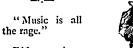
ULULATUS.



Did you hear the ban'-joe?

Pass the ball!

Tackle him low!

Held! HELD!! HELD!!!

; wrote the coal-dealer to his son.

: the son answered.

A sure sign of the approach of cold weather-" The Spanish Migration."

Said the Prof :- "Estne difficultas circa haec." Understood the student :- "There is no difficulty; chuck ahead."

Why does the new "member from the Island" Stow away his boxing-gloves? Why not give us an exhibition in the Rec?

Our noted mathematician has shown "poor judgment" in introducing the old time football dash into the Physical Room.

Why is our baseball nine like the Himalayas? Because it has an Everest at one of its bases.

A hopeful young student, examining his upper lip before a mirror, gloomily remarked :- "This is a case where distance does not lend enchantment to the view." .

Canadian ponies are becoming very scarce. The entire breed seems doomed to destruction; whether this is owing to over-riding or too close confinement, is difficult to ascertain.

A question for the 4th Grade:

A perambulating reservoir 4 ft. high, and 10 ft. in girth, is filled with musical gas. If it takes one cubic inch of gas to produce one note of "Annie Rooney," how many cubic feet will it take to produce the whole song? and, how much must be added to what remains in the reservoir to play "Home, Sweet Home."

COLLEGE HUMOUR.

Of all the words of lad or lass The sadest are those, "I did not pass." —Colliy Echo.

In the sanctum.-" Yes, sir; I feel it in my bones that my name will be written 'on Fame's eternal head-roll' as one of the greatest humorists

of the age."
"Well, you'll have to be-droller than you are now." James, pass me that waste basket.

The Assistant Editor. - I have some paragraphs on socks here. Where shall I put them?
The Chief.—Among the foot notes.

...F.x.

Marvellous Realism.-Artist: You didn't ac cept that little drawing of mine-the drawing of

Editor.—No; it was not true to life.

Artist.—Not true to life? Why, when I put it on your desk it lay there! -The Epoch.

Arnicus.-How did that batch of jokes you wrote in violet ink come out?

Spacer.—It came back as I sent it—inviolate.
— Town Topics.

Returned to the giver.

"By Jove, Bronson! excuse my saying so, but you get it!"
"You gave it to me last night. I was afraid of it myself."

What the envious world says of us:—
St. Peter.—"Halt!"
New Spirit.—"Can I come in?"
St. Peter.—"I'd rather you wouldn't. You are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe."

The editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in the car, found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

The Right Spirit .- "I see," he observed, walking into the sanctum, "that you need the services

of a leader writer on your editorial column?"
"That position has been filled," was the reply.

He sighed.
"I notice also," he went on, "that you advertise for a person to address envelopes. Is that possition still open?"

"It is, sir."

"Then I'll take it." Puck -

"Non paratus,' sighed the junior, With a sad and troubled look, "Omne rectum," said the professor, Nihil scripsit in his book. -Mt. Union Dynamo.

If you see a gentle freshman, With his eyes all black and blue, And a plaster on his forehead Along with a bunch or two, Do not think the matter startling, Though with pain he seems to crawl, He has been upon the campus, And has only played foot ball. -University News.