

For Sale:—JAM—Room—Beware, a freshman lives here.

Yesterday, to-day was to-morrow, but to-morrow, to-day will be yesterday.

Life from the standpoint of a Ladies' College:

Q. What would the nation be without women?

A. Stag nation.

As Prof. Reynolds was explaining some pictures of clouds.

F. Prettie—"How do they obtain those photographs?"

Prof.—"Oh, just with a Camera."

After giving an effective rendering of a few typical lines of his Satanic Majesty's imprecations. Professor R—ds remarked "Anyone with a deep tone can imitate the sound of Satan's voice.

1st College Girl. "Well, girls, I can at last look the world in the face,—all my debts are paid."

2nd College Girl. "How did you do it.?"

1st College Girl. "Oh, I succeeded in borrowing the money."

Lost! an incandescent light bulb from Lower Pantan; we hope the one who demolished it will not suffer from so light a repast.

In the hockey game between the 1st and 4th years there was a noticeable absence of tripping. We hope they will not permit this feature of inter-year games to be again neglected.

We are informed that on February 27th, the Macdonald Institute students intend to hold an open debate,

the subject being, "Resolved, that cookery has a greater influence on man than flattery."

Prof. Reynolds—"Reconstruct this sentence to give it added force:"—"The tattered individual was so enraged that he vociferated like an infuriated animal."

McKillican—"The tramp was so mad that he swore like a Bull!!"

Emily, while taking a bath after the lights are out, hears Miss B—r's gentle voice saying, "Who is there?"

Emily. "It is I."

Miss B—r. "What are you doing?"

Emily. "I am taking a bath."

Miss B—r. Don't let it occur again."

Emily. Suppressed giggle.

(Vox Collegii.)

Heard on the ice during a game between tables No. 2 and 4.

Bower—"By gosh! That ice is hard."

Warner—"If you had sat on it as long as I did you would think it cold, too."

Stewart—"I find the fence hard enough."

Referee McK. as he tumbled—"Blame that hole."

The following is a rare epistle.—
"My Darlin Peggy,—

I met you last night and you never came. I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stay away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's first, why rub it out darlin, and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin'-tree Peggy; fur, faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are whether you're there or whether you're not.

Your own Mike."