

We admit that we were beaten on Friday, but that does not call for a constant reminder of the fact. Why, even in physics, when litmus was being mixed, it was said, 'Yes, the red always wins.' It's rather tough, to say the least.

There's a young boy called Jack Benjamin,

Who is so exceedingly thin,
When once he essayed
To drink lemonade
He slipped down the straw and fell in.

There once was a chap called Jack Gwynne,
Who wore a perpetual gwynne,
When asked to efface it
He said he'd erase it,
But didn't know where to begynne.

The other day, at the football practice Goldie yelled out, "Dan, Muffit," and he muffed it.

Any items of general interest to the college fellows will be gladly received, and such as are accepted will appear in the next issue. Don't be shy. If you know any little item, get busy and tell one of the staff.

Ever notice how frisky Horsey gets after a hair-cut? Never mind, we can make allowances for him; it is only equine nature.

The question of the moment is, "Will McCullough get his culloughs?"

We knew Snowball wasn't all there, and so we made the excuse that the radiator had melted him. But, evidently, he wants the truth told. Before he leant up against the radiator he wasn't all there, but we did not like to say so. The heater was cold, having no effect on him, as he himself admits.

There is a young fellow called Hodder,
Who is an inveterate plodder,
He never will shirk
The least bit of his work.
He particularly likes to eat fodder.

There was a young fellow called Thom,
Who sail he'd invented a bomb
That would, so he reckoned,
explode in a second.
We think that it was a Thom-Thom.

Turnbull (to ticket agent at Union station, meekly)—"Please, sir, may I take a sleeper to Hamilton?"
"Yes, if you want to, but there are enough there now."

There was a young scholar called Dean
Who tackled a bit of unseen,
When asked to construe it,
He thought that he knew it,
But found he'd forgotten it clean.

COLLEGE YELLS

I.

C-OL-LE-GE.

What's the matter with U. C. C. ?
She's all right, Oh yes, you bet,
Who's all right, why, U. C. C. ,
Hurrah, hurrah,
Hoorah, hoorah, Canada, Canada,
Hoo-rah-ray.

II.

Whack-e-go-whack,
Whack-e-go-whack,
Boom rah ! Boom rah !
U. C. C., U. C. C.
College.

III.

Nigger, nigger, hoe potater,
Half-past alligator,
Ram, ram bonigator,
Chick, raw duck,
College, College !
Rush her up.