

City Girl, (watching farmer's wife picking feathers off chickens.)—"Do you take their clothes off every night?"

PERSONAL MENTION.

It is reported that D. J. M., '19, is acting as accountant in a mercantile establishment. He says the course in Farm Accounting at O. A. C. helped him a lot.

* * *

A. H. K. M., '19, paid a visit to O. A. C. and immediate vicinity recently. He had a pleasant time and seemed reluctant to go home.

* * *

We notice that W. T. Z. also of '19 was away from the college for a week-end lately. He seems to find Kennilworth while, but we think that he would be the better of having the matrons' motherly eye over him for a while yet.

* * *

The above are the remnant of the notorious Mill Street Gang; the others are beyond our ken entirely.

"Mother," said little Evelyn, "may I go out and play with the other children now?"

"You may play with the little girls, sweetheart, but not with the little boys; the little boys are too rough."

"But, Mother," rejoined the little Miss, "if I find a nice smooth little boy, may I play with him?"

* * *

Judge—"Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?"

Witness—"Well I ought to. We just moved and my husband has been putting up the stove-pipes."

* * *

An inquisitive visitor was looking over the various departments at the college last week. In the apiary she met two students working industriously among the bees. Addressing the

younger of the two, she asked: "How much a week do you get paid for the work you are doing here?" "Well," replied the young man suavely, "I get paid for what I know, not for what I do."

Then turning to the tall man she enquired, "How much a week do you get, sir?" "Oh, replied the tall one dryly, "about three dollars a week." "Humph!" returned the lady indignantly, "I suppose you also get paid for what you know."

* * *

Ed.—"Are late hours good for one?"

Co-ed.—"No, but they are good for two."

* * *

She.—"What do you think of a man who constantly deceives his wife?"

He.—"Why, I think he's a wonder."

* * *

Lady.—"What is that peculiar odour I get from that field?"

Farmer.—"That's fertilizer."

Lady.—"Oh, for the land's sake!"

Farmer.—"Yes, lady."

* * *

"You are quite comfortable, wifey dear?"

"Yes, love."

"The cushions are easy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any jolts?"

"No, sweetest."

"And there is no draught on my lamb?"

"No, my ownest one."

"Then change seats with me."

* * *

Self-made Man.—"When I was four years old I was left an orphan."

Sweet Young Thing.—"Yes? What did you do with it?"

* * *

(Advertisement). New song, just out: "The smell of moth balls will remind us, etc.," Wady's latest hit.