



Will someone interview the President of the Sophs? in regard to the not only allowing, but compelling all "Freshmen" to fuss at Macdonald Hall, at least once a week until after field day. Let the penalty be the same as tradition has imposed upon those, who in former years, could not refrain from visiting across the Campus. Let the veterans for the past few months have a well deserved rest.

WANTED—Someone to prove to J. C. McB. that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third. Jim apparently doesn't believe it, because in going from Woodstock to Walkerville, he goes Woodstock to Guelph, then Guelph to Walkerville.

WANTED.—The names of the men who were guilty of pushing a "Henry" near Turkey Point.

QUERY.—Who is the busiest man in Ontario?

Ask the Bursar, he knows.

It is reported on good authority that Red Wallace, '18, who is now in camp at Camp Funston, Texas, made practical, but unwise use of his powers of selection when picking himself a quiet mule. Something happened when "Red" attempted to halter the animal, and by the time he landed back on Mother Earth, the mule, so "Red" says, was out of sight. He has been wondering ever since, whether it was he, the mule, or both, that moved.

A seedy-looking Irishman was driving an attenuated nag in front of a dilapidated wagon. The outfit was progressing leisurely down the main street of the town and passed in front of the hotel on the steps of which a group of commercial travellers were sitting.

"Hey Jack," they called to the driver. "How much can your horse draw?"

"Draw, is it?" replied the driver, "he can draw the attention of every darn fool in the town."

J.R.S.—Showing party of young ladies through Physics Building, comes to draughting-room:—

Sweet Young Thing—"And what are those two young men doing in there at those desks?"

J.R.S.—"Oh, they are drawing plans of farm drains to remove the surplus water from the ground."

S.Y.T.—"Why, just like our wind-mill; it draws water whenever the wind blows."

J.R.S.—"Yes,—they draw plans whenever there's a draft."

Little Jew (to his friend Ikey): "Yes, he said something against England. I said, 'If you say that again, I'll knock you down.' He turned as white as your shirt, Ikey." Then, looking more closely at the garment, "Much whiter."