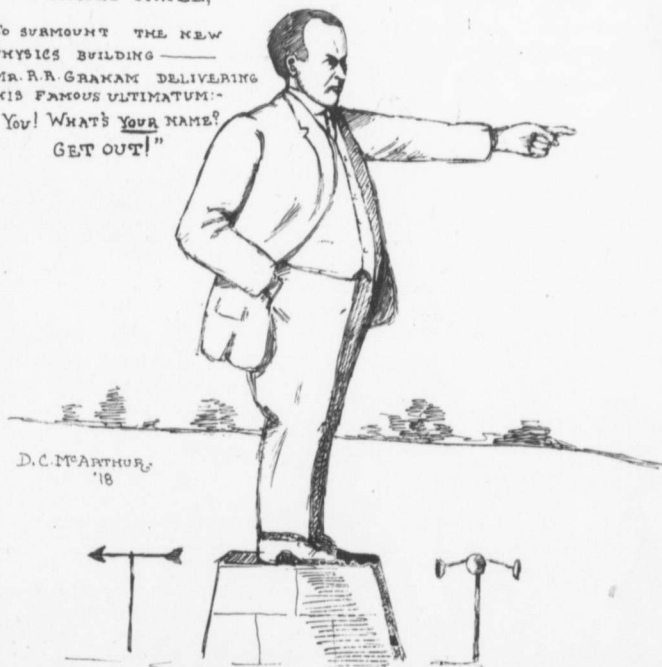


PROPOSED STATUE,

TO SURMOUNT THE NEW
PHYSICS BUILDING —
MR. R. B. GRAMAM DELIVERING
HIS FAMOUS ULTIMATUM:—

"You! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
GET OUT!"



Mr. Harcourt—"Macadam, name the fatty acids."

Macadam (in an oily voice)—"I'm sorry sir, but I'm so hotheaded that they all turned greasy, and slipped my memory."

Mr. Harcourt (speaking gruffly)"Why don't you put some sandpaper in your hat?"

With whiskers thick upon my face,
I went my fair to see;

She told me she could never love
A bear-faced chap like me.

I shaved them clean, and called again,
And thought my trouble o'er;

She laughed outright, and said I was
More bare-faced than before.

One of the young ladies who caught cold from drinking out of a damp tumbler is said to be convalescent.

Miss—(at Prom)—"Do you like cod fish ball?"

Mr. Wiggins (hesitatingly)—"Really I don't know, I never attended one."

For Sale—One registered Holstein cow, giving milk, also, 1 wheelbarrow, 2 hoes, 3 spades, 2 bushels of turnips, a phonograph, and a sewing machine.

Editor's Note—I would advise anyone who is thinking of starting housekeeping to buy this cow, at any price.