

"It's not good enough for Varsity," said Herb. Collins, as he passed us the following. So we decided not to put his initials on the end of it :
There was a Freshmen reception at Varsity,
Which, they say, was a terrible far-city;
I am bound to declare
That the men were all there,
But of girls there was a very great scarcity.

Conant, '05, translating in French class : "It is true we have seen each other in places where it ought to have been warmer." (Angus Cameron bursts into a prolonged roar of laughter, but is at length restored to his senses by his anxious friends.

Heard from Freshmen—
"But I don't see how they got them!!"
"I came early, but they wouldn't let me in."

"Just wait till next year."
"I only had two promenades."
"Wonder how much it will cost us?"

Walter Bryden, on approaching a group of fellows in the library in the centre of which sits W. H. Henderson: "What are you trying to read, Bill?"

W. H. H.: "I am trying to read 'Alastor: The Spirit of Solitude,' and there is confoundingly little of it here."

Book Reviews

Varsity is in receipt of some very interesting new books and songs by popular writers. One of the most notable of these is W. W. Hutton's "How I Kept in the Public Eye," or "A Handy Guide to those wishing to occupy the centre of the stage." Mr. Hutton also has a charming little song entitled, "I want to be a Turk and have a harem of my own."

Mr. Bitzer contributes a parody on that well known popular favorite, "If I only had a moustache like the Kaiser," while C. L. Bilkey is looking mournful over the loss of his copy of "The Darling Black Moustache." N.B.—Both these young men are collaborating on a new song to be called "It's nice to be a girl, sometimes."

Ned Boyd has for sale, very cheap, a number of copies of his now famous brochure, "How to manage a football team—without winning a single game." We expect there will be a great demand for copies.

The Girls of '05

A maiden there is so wise,
With radiant amber eyes,
Ambrosial hair,
A Minerva, all swear,
And nobody it denies.

Her companion, a very fair lass,
Never can manage a pass,
But always insists
On leading the lists
And stands at the top of the class.

One of our girls is so bored,
Tho' she's really by men adored,
She says them she hates,
Whether single or mates,
But down in her heart—Good Lord !

There's another fair girl who smiles,
And smiles, and smiles, and smiles.
Is it on Quaker Oats
That she really dotes ?
For they won't come off, those smiles.

A girl there is with red hair
Who thinks she can sing, I declare.
A debater and writer,
Always a fighter.
We wonder—how does she dare ?

A sweet little girl is Grace,
With charming, winsome face,
Good and loyal heart
That we two must part
Is one of the sad things in my case.

There's the President of the "Lit."
She is most certainly "It."
As popular she
As a girl can be
In her place she really does fit.

Then there are the Heavenly Twins,
As a Turtle Dove Bird, of course,
wins,

Each so devoted to t'other,
Their charm it doth smother,
We don't get a chance—for our sins ?

All the girls of '05 have such charm
It really causes alarm

To think that next year
They will not be here.
What can save Varsity from harm ?



The Varsity wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all its readers among the Medicals.

With the present issue, the editor of this column lays down his pen and says good bye to the Varsity, sincerely thanking his fellow-students for the support and encouragement which they have given him in his work, and also for the good-nature with which they have borne the many little skits and jokes which have appeared at their expense. He hopes that he has given wanton offence to nobody, nor judged anybody unfairly. If he has, he is sorry for it and hopes they will forget it in the enjoyment of a good Christmas dinner. In the coming term they may have many an opportunity to hit back, and if by so doing they will help the succeeding editor, let them hit as hard as they like.

At last we have got one of our College poets to break into song. We have been coaxing him to do so for a long time, but not until the present issue has he succeeded in blossoming forth for the benefit of the Varsity. The limericks which appear in this column are from his pen. They at least attest a marked interest in third year affairs on the part of our innominate bard. His first flight is as follows :—

There was a young fellow named Blair,
Who wanted a fight, then and there ;
'Till they "raised" him one day
In the orthodox way,
Which considerably ruffled his hair.

We are surprised to hear that Alex. Sinclair '05 exacts dues upon the pencils he lends to his friends ! One cent a day is his usual charge, they say. At this rate he ought to grow rich and it's a pity he doesn't go into the business on a larger scale. We would suggest pins, boot-laces and

extra buttons as good lines in which to branch out.

There was a young fellow called Mason

Altogether too fond of tracin'

Such things on the board
That the boys said "O Lord !"
"Now if that isn't simply amazin' !"

Mac. Cameron continues to be about the busiest man around College, but he seems to prosper pretty well with everything he lays his hands on. One day Prof. Macallum drolly inquired how he ever expected to graduate with his fingers in so many pies at once, and ended by drolly remarking, "It seems to me, Mr. Cameron, that you are suffering from what we might designate a plurality of functions."

There was a big fellow named Dobbie,
With manners inclined to be snobby.

Thinking our year too slow,
He jumped it, and so
We only meet now in the lobby.

Last Saturday Prof. Primrose gave the Third Year a gentle reminder of all the work which they are expected to get up before next spring. The present state of Third Year knowledge on some of the subjects named for spring examinations may be judged from the question which one of the fellows, Douglas, was heard to ask of the man next to him : "What is Topographical Anatomy, anyway ? Taking it up by topics, as it were ?"

There was a Professor named Powell,
Whose stories made everyone howl ;

But though most of his jokes
Were quite fit for nice folks,
He had some that were pretty near
f—.

As usual, the bald-headed row must suffer. The other day a gentleman of myopic tendency in row No. II. mistook a white surface in the front row for his note-paper. It was well for the peace of all parties that his ink was not indelible.

Several seniors have been advised an immediate operation for hair-lip. For the benefit of Class A, Dr. B. R. Burwell intends operating upon Messrs. Carrick and Hamilton, it is understood, at the earliest opportunity.

There is a young man from Guinnar
A little bit previous in manner ;

At other men's clinics he
'S not at all finnicky
'Bout taking front place, like a
tanner.

Have chickens risen in price this year ? Else why have we heard nothing, this fall, of Mr. Duncan leading out, as usual, his little band of bold adventurers to attack the fowl-supper at Weston ? We had looked to hear once more the story of Hawkins' doughty deeds there, and Fred. Manning's tender romances.

Lecturers in Hygiene to the Fourth Year steadily increase in interest. Prof. Oldright now carries a complete line of model bathroom utensils, which Tom delivers in a basket. The Professor finding them too artistically arranged, the other morning, remarked in his characteristic, happy manner, "This is not like Tom's trick, gentlemen." A hearty subscription is solicited for a new basket.