

partment and asked in his customary Parisian French for a cincture. He was conducted to the store-room and told to take his choice of the trunks.

With Bobby as stenographer and Runt Kari as demonstrator in the Physics class, it was not at all surprising that Jimmy should see *ecliptical* shadows.

O'K--fe—I tell you Bob is quite a proposition to the team.

And they picked up their trunks and they waddled upstairs—J. P. K. and D. H.

Captain Phi--ps has been covering himself with glory and incidentally with mud, both of the real and literary kind.

Bosh! we'll have to put an *inch* in the floor.

“Est-ce que l'evêque est-r-r dedans?”

“Je ne comprends pas anglais.”

Richawd Careh nevah loses a chawnce to entravnce the ladies.

It was quite amusing a few evenings ago to see M-l-n-y trying to straighten his face. *Hoc est ommino impossible.*

Hully slamjacks! if yeh haint got brass, yeh wont git gold. So saith the philosopher from the Green Mountain State.

Golly blue.



Junior Department,

Under the faint glimmer of an ink-stained candle sat the Junior Editor in his plain uncushioned chair, carefully perusing the manifold notes which he found slipped under the sanctum door by his young comrades. Not one of this heap of notes was fit to please his refined literary taste, so knitting his brow in disgust he threw them despairingly into the waste basket.

His head sunk to his bosom and his lower lip hung low, when he considered what would be the disappointment of the small fry by the omission of the junior column in the present publication. He therefore threw his pen against the spattered wall, overturned his inkstand and in a cry of wild despair fell back headlong into the waste basket.