

an anecdote?

Cyr—l.—A short funny tail.

Bill.—Say?

Joe.—What is it.

Bill.—Is an ocean greyhound some sort of bark?

M. O'C was lately caught breaking into a song. He had just got through the first two bars when F. L. came up and hit him with a plane.

"Can't go home in June, Ose."

"You're dead on me, Bert."

*Pat Riot* is something more than a nominal insurgent.

One of the professors was heard to remark after a recent game of football, Dunlop played well yesterday but he did not shine so much as the *day* before.

Our short-haired poet refuses to write for this column on the plea that all his genius is *owed* to America.

"He's insulting your flag" said Pat Ma—h—n—y, thus persuading O M—ll—y to save him from a mauling. When the danger was

passed Pat explained "Here are the stripes" (pointing to his streaked shirt) "and I'm the star."

"The Harp that once *threw* Tara's halls" sang Shorty, and he got completely rattled because some one innocently inquired whether it was in a fair open fight or a scrimmage.

Prof.—"Mr. P—r, who preached the first Crusade?"

Third Form Historian—"Martin Luther."

But perhaps he was only trying to *guy* the new professor.

Willie Martin and Willie Billiams are Seargents nit Arms of the newly formed bazoo shooters.

M. O'C (to Umpire) Why did you not rule that Cade off?

Umpire.—Oh, I thought you squealed to let the grand-stand hear your voice.

Returning from evening's entertainment—Tom—Say B—g—r, we'll read you an address to-morrow.

G—l—n—Oh, never mind, he'll be *at rest* in less than an hour.

