

NONSENSE AVENUE

Dear students do not this resent
If here your name you view.
Just meet it with a great big smile
As though it were your due.

Astaire (Lynsky): "What makes you so dizzy when you come out of chapel, Mr. Crosby?"

Bing (R. Mac.): "Oh I go up so high on those notes that I get dizzy."

Abe: "With that dance act of yours you should go on the stage. Why, you'd fill the aisles——"

Lynsky: "Sure, I——"

Abe: "Not so fast—you'd fill the aisle with people going out."

Higgins: "Go way, you can't even read the thermometer."

Inf.: (Hotly) "I could read yours at 97 any time."

Higgins: "How's that?"

Inf.: "You're not so hot."

Her brother: "Tell me when your little "Crosby" is coming again, will you?"

She: "Why?"

Her brother: "So I can get an extra bottle and nipple. He used the baby's last time."

McAree: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

Chemistry Prof.: "I don't care where you're from, get on with that experiment."

Jerome: (After folding his History exam) "I'll bet Fr. McGuigan will have to use a pitch fork to get through this." —(Tech Flash).

DESCHENE'S SOLILOQUY

O Lord be praised I am amazed
How things can be amended
Chocolate "dips" go through the mail
When kisses were intended.

PANCAKES

'Twas Mardi Gras night and all through the house
Flowed the odor of pancakes, the Chief's hunger to rouse.
The Chief as was fitting in the warm parlor sat,
Susie in the kitchen was dropping batter in fat.
It's an old Irish custom to mix with the dough
Some little figaries, life's future to show.
Now Susie, the rogue, was of this well aware,
And into the pancakes she put her hardware.
No, No, my friend not her dishes and things,
But some straw and some money and her own little ring.
When supper was ready the Chief took his place
And the excellent pancakes shoved into his face,
Till his jaws came together with a metallic zing,
Pete's jaws had made contact with the little cook's ring.
For the moment nonplussed, knew not what to do,
But then in his brain the light filtered through.
For back in the wigwams of his bronze-colored race,
When warrior and maid like each others face,
They sit around the fire and toss chips at each other.
Then the brave puts on war paint and barter with mother.
Now the chief well pleased arose from his chair,
And doffed his eagle feather to the lady so fair,
Sat down and ate pancakes again with some zest,
We hope in the end it will be for the best.

Gus: (After social in K. of C.) "She winked at you,
eh? What followed then?"

Mike: "I did."—(Acadian Athenaeum).

THE FOSSIL CONSULTS THE ORACLE

Dear Miss Fix:

I am entangled in a very complicated love perplexity.
I am a freshman, quite good looking if you overlook my
long chin, and very popular with everybody. My dimen-
sions are the following: I am four feet, seventeen inches in
height, with a size forty-two waist, and size eleven shoe.
I weigh 125, and am quite a scrapper as my opponents all
know. I take part in no athletics except bowling, at which
I excel. Without exaggerating I have knocked as many
as two pins down with three balls. I also am a very good
hockey player, but have one serious handicap in this line
—I can't skate.

However, this is getting away from what I wanted

to write about. As a growing youth I became enamoured of a young lady named Jane. Now Jane was a slim, graceful damsel and she made me sit up and take notice. She, unquestionably fell for me, for she often told me she loved me. Two years elapsed and another lady entered the picture. Martha was a perfect angel, and I fell in love with her at first sight. This is where the perplexity comes in. Jane loves me, I thought I loved her, but I don't, Martha is indifferent to my approaches and I am completely baffled. To add to my consternation Jane threatens to blow my head off if I don't give Martha up immediately. Who wants to have his head blown off ? or who wants to marry the woman he does not love ?

O miserrime me ! Please aid me in solving this very delicate problem.

Sincerely yours,

A Bewildered Fossil.

THE SHEEP'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In May I was born in the woods at Bradalbane,
And there I delighted to skip and to play,
The streams and the hills were so cool and refreshing,
That there with the sheep I desired to stay.

My lambhood passed quickly in this my dear birth place.
Although food was quite scanty, a wild little sheep
Emerged from the woods and the hills and the pastures
In knowledge and learning his "Capax" to steep.

My master considering that I was too frisky,
Then shipped me away to a large college farm
Depriving me thus of my home and my birthright
And here I am curbed and can sure do no harm.

I gaze on the boys as they troup round the college,
And see them conversing and pointing to me.
They quote "Quid sit res ?", but I know not its meaning
While resting in shade of some tall leafy tree.

Yet how I have longed for the hills of Bradalbane !
For still I desire to skip and to play,
Although round the college I *skip to contentment,
As the prefect I'm sure is well able to say.

*(Consule praefecto de hoc)

We wonder what the Bursar pays Wisner and Wood for
the use of the Old Building.

Art C.: "How old was your grandfather when he died?"

Cairns: "104."

Art C.: "What did he die of?"

Cairns: "He strained his heart playing football."

Prof.: "You'll never get work if you don't look for it."

Joe Francis: "You're right Sir. That's one comfort."

DREAM WALTZ TO VELMA

Melody by W. O'Brien

This is the K. C. waltz,
This is the dance of love
Under the pale light's beam,
Just close your eyes and dream,
I'd dance my whole life through,
If I could dance with You.

SYMPTOMS

Yes Father I feel a little sick, that's why I'm still in bed.
Oh I don't think I'm sick enough to go the infirmary!
My temperature is normal? That's no sign, I know I'm sick.

What! I have to have a temperature to be sick? But Father, I've got an awfully sore throat, it even hurts to swallow. And my head—Oh such pains! Could I eat some breakfast. I—sure—I mean—Yes—that is a little something—just tea and toast and maybe some jam—an egg or two. Just a little snack. What? You don't think I'm sick? But Father—I'll get no breakfast? Gee Father I'm awfully sick—well I guess—well I'll get up for class—but still I think I'm not well. I feel so tired.

DOINGS OF OUR WOMEN

On Saturday, Feb. 12, the Saint Dunstan's Old Women's Institute met for their monthly meeting. Miss Emily McKenna a taciturn old dame was in the chair. Miss Mary Ann McGaughey a paled faced, inquisitive old lady read the minutes of the previous meeting, which in turn were adopted. There were eighteen members and five hundred visitors present. The business of the meeting opened with Ronnie McDonald singing "How I long to hear the Chapel in the Organ in the Moonlight" which

was followed by much weeping and moaning. Miss Sheep McGuigan a stout old lady from some non-descript section of the country then moved that the hostess get the company something to eat. This motion was not very well received by some, and a general old lady's scrap took place in which fiery Mary Ann McGaughey's false teeth fell down her throat, and Sadie McNeill lost two of the shiniest buttons off her frock. Among the other old ladies who distinguished themselves were: Lena McCarthy, Vincentia Connolly, Jane Boudreau and pretty little Polly Landry. When the scrap had been quelled the meeting was continued, after the president Miss McKenna had been awakened up. She had fallen asleep, and it was a lengthy process to rouse her. Miss Vincentia Connolly a very aged, and infirm old dame, then read a paper entitled "How I make full without studying all the time like Par." Her reading was disregarded, as the old lady has a tendency to overvalue her abilities. Supper was then served by the stately hostess, Miss McNeill who had a fine spread of beans, lime juice, and loaf bread for her guests. She was assisted by comely Janie Boudreau who was dressed in purple gingham, and gray shoes, with hat to match. The meeting then concluded with the National Anthem.

In case the Students Council is at a loss for some innovations to make, here are some things it might do.

Get a bicycle for Pilate, to hustle things along a trifle faster in the refectory.

Procure a device for the control of the tongues of the Wood, Wisner and Hennessey incorporations.

Get Escalona a time piece. Wake Jerome up at different periods during the day.

What would be the sense of ?

Escalona trying to bleach himself with H-2-S

The Freight Train trying to get to town ?

Monaghan or Boylan going back to the convent ?

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

History of French by McAree

Extension without substance by J. J. MacDonald

Supplying the world with by fish Abe Sumarah

My Valentines by Eric Robin