

NONSENSE AVENUE

This world would be a dreary life,
If men would never smile;
The worldly cares and College strife,
Would clothe us all the while.

To drive these burdens far away,
These pages few are scrolled;
And should they be for what we say,
Please, laugh when you are told.

A Dream

Heavy and sad were the sleeper's eyes
As the moon on his countenance shone,
While in his brain there flew the thoughts
Of the graduates one by one.

He dreamed he saw Joe Ready bold
On the prairie's grassy plains,
Driving a flock of ewes and rams
To shelter from the rain.

The sleeper then turned in his trundle bed
And his face wore a ghostly smile,
For he saw a Doctor and then a Judge
In the persons of Gillis and Doyle.

The smile of youth returned again
For O'Donnell is on the scene,
He is searching the home of Lord A. I. Hughes
For contraband smuggled in.

Beneath the shade of the Church's spire
Where the wind is soothing and calm,
Willie D. is paroling to and fro
Voicing the air of a psalm.

A vessel is drifting on the open sea
That was moored on Italian soil
Nap Beaudet, Mussolini's true heir,
Is steering it through the mail.

Near the shore of the surging foam
Two Scotchmen are casting lines:
Says Peg to Alban, "It is better here
Than in the papers' front lines.

Dionne, the Premier of Canadian soil,
Had written to Wilbert Shea,
Commanding him the Micmacs lead
From O'Leary o'er the bay.

McKenna is calling to house and house
Carrying a volume of books,
He is illustrating Monaghan's works
And sad and weary he looks.

He saw Neil Trites with the wavy hair
Go waddling up and down
A street called Douglass Avenue
In the City of Charlottetown.

Alas ! the sleeper jumped out of bed
And his face was all aglow,
For he saw at Hoollywood, a Movie Star,
None other than Pineau.

C. Redmond at the Bat:

There was ease in Redmond's manner as he stepped into
his place,
There was pride in Redmond's bearing and a smile on
Redmond's face;
And then turning to the audience he proudly tipped his hat,
Then all the college students knew 'twas Redmond at the
bat.

We watched him very closely as he rubbed his hands with
clay,
And cheer re-echoed cheer as he threw his hat away.
Then while the softball pitcher picked the ball up from the
earth,
Our Lobster then danced in the box and filled the crowd
with mirth.

And now the twelve inch softball comes slowly to the
batter,
But Redmond just stood watching it as if it didn't matter.
Right past the ruddy batter the unhit ball did go,
And Redmond then was filled with shame and his team-
mates filled with woe.

Now Redmond gripped the hickory with fingers just like
brass,
And swore he'd lit a homer 'ere again that ball would pass.
And now the pitcher has the ball and now he lets it fling,
And now the air is shattered with the force of Redmond's
swing.

Strike "Two" was on the batter as in frenzy he did stand,
For he felt himself a quitter to his true and loyal band.
"It just takes one to hit it," said the lobster half in prayer,
'Twas then we all felt sorrow for the victim standing there.

Once more the softball speeded towards him thru the blue,
But to hit that darn al' spheroid was much more than he
could do.
But anyway he swung so hard he fell right to his knee,
Then dejectedly he crawled away as the umpire said
"Strike three."

McIvor: "Driscoll's not so big a fool as he used to be."

Ready: "Is he getting wiser."

McIvor: "No ! thinner."

Taylor: "If you are caught skipping rooms once—that's a warning." If twice—the dormitory. The third time means——

McNeil: "What ? "

Taylor: "That you were caught twice before."

Ayers (in Physics class): "What is noise ? "

Professor: "The best example I know is when the boys are seating themselves in the refectory."

The Latest Books

"Hints on Knitting," by "Grandmas" Donnelly and Hughes.

"Marconi's Mistakes," (with corrections) by "Shadow," Green.

"The Missing Crystal," by "Cochon," Girardin.

"Second Story Leddy" by Bandy Trainor.

"The Size of an Atom" by "Molecule" Painchaud.

"How to Bring Home a Fine Moose Head," by "Peg," McNeill.

"Catherine the Great," (revised) by Sandy McCloskey.

"How to get Acquainted" by Dillinger and "Moon" Mullins.

"How to spend Easter Holidays," by "Sock," O'Hanley.

"Hiawatha," (new edition) by Wilbert Shea.

Shipwreck: "My father shingled our barn in one day."

Cattlebuyer Campbell, "That's nothing; one day my father was shingling the barn and he shingled so fast that he didn't have time to stop and fell down the other side of the barn."

Happiness

O S. D. U. is old and fair,
 The profs, they are not green,
 And you may gather knowledge there
 Would grace a college dean.
 And as I strolled by Dalton-hall,
 Beneath the maples tall,
 A senior, (Peg is not so tall)
 Was singing merrily,—
 "O S. D. U. is old and fair,
 The profs, they are not green;
 I'd rather have my Albina here,
 Than be our English king."

If, "Beano" thou would'st wend with me,
 My father runs the town,
 He'd make a special point to see
 Your papa not put down.
 And if it's jewellery you need,
 As I know full well you may,
 Then to the jeweller's shalt we speed,
 And you may have your say.

Tub Butler (running after the Calf)—"This is the warmest day I ever felt."

R. B. McCormack—"Warm! You don't know what heat is; I saw a cat chasing a mouse in Souris and they were both walking."

Beggar: "Have you a few cents for a hair cut?"

Porky Hennessy: "Oh! I'll manage somehow, thank you just the same."

Gus Kelly: "If you were out in a forest and didn't have a watch how could you tell what time it was?"

Shadow Green: "By my stomach, of course."

Willie D.: "After this when you enter my room, please knock,—I might be dressing."

Ram Ready: "I don't need to knock. I always look in through the keyhole first."

C. Pineau: "That picture certainly did McNeill justice."

Bernice: "He was not looking for justice, he was looking for mercy."

Who is the Minister of Public Works ?

All the college is divided into six parts. The Dormitory, (by permission) a docile tribe but very frivolous with a weakness for throwing around their shoes at night. The chief of this tribe is called Augustus.

Immediately south of the Dormitory live the fierce and warlike Bolshevisti. Few ever visit their domain, not only because of the foods but because of the savage and wanton nature of the people. As an example of this, Henessius, from the tribe to the south, dared to visit them and after being nearly drowned in the floods was sent home with his face blackened. The chief of this tribe is "Ambra" Greenus.

South of the Bolchevisti live the "Cammari," (lobsters to you), a gentle tribe but much given to slamming the doors of their cubicles. They are noted for their horses, cucumbers and their Buckaror Baritones.

East of these three tribes live three more tribes of a more progressive nature. On the extreme south of this region live the Kangarooi noted for their beautiful queen "Kata" Obriena. Pontius Pilate rules this tribe.

Due north of the Kangarooi live a very peculiar people called the Seniorii. They live almost entirely by hunting the moose and the greatest riches a man of this tribe can possess is a fine moose head. They prize these trophies of the chase so much that less than a month ago civil war was almost precipitated by someone's pilfering a moose-head from another member of the tribe. For amusement they play a game called "Hide the moose head."

The last tribe in this region is the renowned and highly civilized Juniorii. They are noted for their great softball team and for their skill at Bridge. One of their members, a world famous explorer called Sockius O'Hanlius, not so long ago penetrated even to the cold region of the Dormitory.

Farewell ! dear studes, our task is o'er,
We did our best, if not some more;
Malice or grudges we do not hold,
Nor apology make for anything told.



We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

—Cranch.

A goodly apple rotten at the heart,
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

—Shakespeare.

O Time ! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou !

—Lowell.

