

❁ NONSENSE AVENUE ❁

*Pray be not mad at Shea or Ron,
When your name you gaze upon;
But as you read down o'er the page,
Laugh, while others at us rage.*

Michaud (after U. N. B. game):—"May I have permission to go to the High Tea, Father?"

Coach (excited):—"You may g-g-go to the High Tea, you may g-g-go to a low tea, you may g-g-go to a pink tea, you may g-g-go to any tea. 19-0! Row de dow!"

Fr. Os. (stopping Plymouth):—"Want a lift to town, Guy?"

Sheik Sullivan:—"Never mind, Father. I'll just wait till the first car comes along."

Hennessey:—"What time is it, Doctor?"

Rector:—"8 o'clock."

Hal:—"Town time or college time?"

Rector:—"Neither. It's Mooney's, our bell-ringer's."

J. Sullivan (making up for play):—"I don't like the taste of this lipstick."

Fr. Gavan:—"Whose do you like?"

McINNIS LAUGHS LAST

When James was caught within his hide,
The Prefect flushed up high with pride;
To many willing ears he told
The story of his capture bold.
He thought no feat his deed could top,
Nor any closet him would stop;
But once 'twas said: "the great may fall;"
Which hit our hero like a mall.
For when he seized our friend, Marcotte,
The other two he failed to spot;
With quaking, beating hearts they stood
Beneath the shield of darkness' hood.
Which is the bigger joke to you,
Capturing one, or missing two?

HERE AND THERE

Among the Freshmen is Chief Cahill, who came to replace Chief Gill. Cahill's fiddle has taken more scalps than ever fell to the tomahawk of the redoubtable Pontiac If you would like to know what to do when you find your girl friend with another boy, see Cliche . . . Ronnie McD., having received his "B.L." in Cardigan, is now after an "R.N." at the city hospital The Bursar is wearing a long face because his picture was published without his permission. Never trust a reporter, Father "Porky" McKenna likes Mary but will not escort her home. She lives too near the Pork Factory Tenders for the removal of the debris from McInnis's room will be received any time before the holidays . . . Bouchard received 200 letters; wrote 150; is a member of a "Lonely Hearts Club." Tsk ! Tsk ! These Frenchmen ! McAree's latest invention: a door with a zipper down the middle to eliminate buttons, bolts, and the breaking of ladies' glasses by swinging doors Chisholm, 190 pounds scrum man, keeps a lock of hair and a pair of ladies' gloves locked in his trunk McCarey sings "Mary Lou" every time his pet "Molar" bothers him For sale: One (1) 1898 Farmer's Almanac containing all my latest jokes . . . Apply Dr. Croteau . . . Gendron was a Freshman before he came here; he's still fresh Corcoran thought Cahill was dumb when he fell for a nineteen year old "Gag." Then there is "Giraffe" Roche, who saw a hole in the seat of his pants from the starting line on Field Day. (The track is one quarter mile in circumference) What will a certain person in Montague say when she finds out about Victory Avenue, Vince ? It is rumoured that Art Campbell intends to learn the football game next year . . .

Scoop McQuaid.

Phil. Prof:—"The genus animal embraces man. And the species man . . ."

McAree:—" . . . embraces woman." (to himself) "And I am a man."

Sark:—"Why do you think Walsh would be a poor swimmer ?"

Strain:—"He doesn't know how to keep his mouth shut."

Ella:—"I took Elmer McIntyre's pulse to-day and it jumped ten points."

Wight:—"Mine jumps more than ten every time you hold my hand."

Prefect (bursting into the room):—"What was that noise I just heard?"

Hebert:—"It's quite all right, Father. Landrigan's arches fell again."

FAMOUS SAYINGS

"Anything you say may be used against you."—The Humor Editors.

"If the Mount A. team are no faster than the service in this restaurant, we are not going to encounter much opposition."—"P. F.," in Sackville.

"It's not much use having an educated toe, unless you are educated above the ears too.—Dr. Croteau.

French Prof.:—"Is there anything wrong with this expression. 'Cherchez la femme francaise?'"

McGaughey:—"Not a thing, Father. I agree with it"

"Grandma" Delaney:—"Gee, but football is an awfully rough game."

"Susie" Donahue:—"Yes! Let's go and play a good old game of tiddle-y-winks."

Dannie:—"What happened to Coady's lips?"

P. F.:—"The love bug bit him."

Helen H.:—"Is Freddie Hughes after you or the apple pie?"

Bernadette T.:—"The apple pie, I hope."

TO THE NURSES

(By McIntyre)

Helen, It's well to stick to McCarthy;

Maher is too lengthy to have on a party.

Richards, be careful! The Frenchmen will get you;

There's Gendron, LeClerc, Briand and Cliche too.

Sympathy, Handrahan! McGuigan is gone;

Your dancing career at the K. C. is done.

Minnie has poor Jimmie still up a tree,
 And down on the earth old fossil McAree.
 "To whom will you, Grant, all your womanly love?"
 Wight prays in his sleep to heaven above.
 Remember, Miss Collins! Ronnie was late;
 Delay him not at the hospital gate.
 Ella, I hope his neck has got shorter!
 And that, O'Hanley! your next will be smarter.
 I would advise both Whelan and Croken
 And you too, O'Meara! but my heart is broken.
 Last lines to Norrie, nurse of the city,
 Neat and well mannered, charming and pretty;
 To chat with you now is a pleasure,
 An alumnae date would be a treasure.

(This is McIntyre's conception of poetry, not ours).

"Idler" McGaughey:—"My girl friend told me that
 she knows I love her. She said that she read my mind."
 "Dillinger":—"With what, a microscope?"

E. McInnis:—"How do you and Bouchard get along?"
 He doesn't speak much English around the college."
 Millie (hotly):—"I'll have you know, sir, that love
 speaks its own language."

Noah:—"What is Higgins' favourite song?"
 Boudreau:—"Judging from his face after he shaves,
 I'd say it is "The Butcher Boy."

9.15 P.M.—Grant and Gallant borrow a full bottle of
 liniment from Holland.

9.45 P. M.—They return same almost empty.
 Holland (angrily):—"What did you fellows do, take
 a bath?"

Dickie Howatt: "Maud must love me,
 Because I love her.
 Therefore I am a lover.
 And all the world loves a lover.
 And Maud is all the world to me.
 Therefore Maudie loves me."

—"McGill Daily."

McPhee:—"I ate twelve oysters last night. I don't feel well."

McIntyre:—"Were they fresh ? What did they look like when you opened them ?"

McPhee:—"Oh ! Do you have to open them ?"

—"St. Mary's College Review."

Coady:—"Dannie had a letter from his home town. Any news ?"

Vince:—"Yes, the horse died."

Howatt:—"An earthquake near the cemetery ? What happened ?"

Somerled:—"Oh, the dead heard that Larry became Premier and they turned over in their graves."

I, the undersigned, do hereby publicly retract the statement in which I reported certain remarks supposed to have been made by Cahill when J. Trainor tried to open a box of his. Murice did not say: "You—
(censored). This thing has gone far enough. Get the . . .
(censored) out of my room before I throw you out.

(Signed) J. Sullivan.

ADVENTURES OF McAREE

(Enter Two Gun, quickly opening door, which strikes and breaks Maria's glasses). "To-day I shall plight my troth."
(Sees Maria). "Ah ! fair lady"

Maria (interrupting):—"You old fossil, you old half pint, you breaker of glasses, you sharp chinned old monster . . ."

Two Gun (interrupting):—"I crave a thousand pardons, fair lady. I came but to crave your affections this day. I"

Maria (interrupting):—"Begone, you smasher of spectacles
(Exit Maria).

Two Gun:—"Woe, woe is me ! 'twas not my fault but that of the door. I shall write her a letter explaining all; and, forsooth, I shall have help, for at that Jacobus and Leonardus are proficient." (Exit).

(To be continued next issue).

Little Girl (age two):—"Is oo my dad-dy ?"

Gene:—"No, but if that's your mother over there, I wouldn't mind being your old man."

McPhee (visiting asylum):—"Is that clock right ?"

Inmate:—"Would it be here if it were ?"

Rossiter:—"I'm more used to football than to dancing."

Rita:—"So I thought. What is this — a loose scrimmage ?"

Ivy (pulling out of St. John):—"Have patience, Sark."

Sark:—"How can I have Patience, or how can I have Doris ? Why the heck do we have to leave to-night ?"

Dr. Croteau (to W. Pineau sitting behind the map stand):—"Stop beating around the mulberry bush, Pineau."

Stillface:—"What chapter is that in, Doctor ?"

Hist. Prof.:—"What is a tonsure, Mr. Cahill ?"

Cahill:—"Wa-all, I don't know for sure, but I think it's a short haircut."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

Fashion Heights.....	Oyster-Bar McPhee
Bed Making Difficulties.....	Big Aylward
The Curse of Gambling.....	N. Regan
Dissertation on Roast Pig.....	Porky McKenna
Food Value of Brown Bread.....	Kenney Mooney
Modern Upholstery.....	"Lord Plushbottom"
The Lost Letter.....	Ronnie McDonald
Off to Buffalo and Denver Nights.....	E. McArey
Football.....	"Cagy Gus" Campbell

(We condemn the last named for its criticism of the coach).

Alex:—"Does Dr. Croteau know much about extension courses for fishermen ?"

Dunn (one of the fishermen):—"No, he has to ask us a good many questions."

Joey:—"Do you dance?"

J. Coyle:—"No, I am a member of the Light up and Listen Club."

McKenna (yawning):—"I know I'm ready for the exams."

French Prof.:—"How is that?"

Porky:—"Oh, I have that lazy, indifferent feeling."

Allan McD.:—"Gosh, the flies are thick."

"Long" Campbell:—"The aeroplanes are my chief worry."

Prefect:—"Fishermen, why do you bother Landry so much?"

Fishermen:—"Because he looks like a shark."

Physics Prof.:—"What is the force of gravity, Griffith?"

Art:—"It's the force that tends to pull Cyr's right shoulder to the ground."

And now for the biggest joke of all---Big Aylward.

"DIMMY" and "FWANCIS"

Frances likes dances, and Jimmie likes Frances;

A set-up like this is ideal for romances.

On Saturday nights Jimmie eagerly prances

To be off to the dances that Frances enhances.

Now Frances is pretty, but it is a pity

Her tender years make Jim the butt of the witty

But her age is no matter when he gazes at her;

Her cute baby-talk makes his heart pitter-patter.

But, Jimmie, we wonder if you've made a blunder

In choosing a girl-friend of fifteen or under.

For there ought to be plenty nearer to twenty.

Don't you think so?