

NONSENSE AVENUE

Make us happy, laugh a bit
At these so-called gems of wit.

Chesty in restaurant:—"Why don't you shoo your flies?"

Waiter:—"Well, you see, it's so hot today I thought I'd just let them run around bare-footed."

Judge:—"Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed on you?"

Prisoner:—"No, judge, I had ten dollars but my lawyer took that."

Dalziel translating Virgil in Latin class:—"Three times I strive to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got sir."

Professor:—"Well, Mr. Dalziel, I think that was quite far enough."

Murphy:—"What are you doing with your socks on inside out?"

Murray:—"My feet got hot so I decided to turn the hose on them."

Sparrow MacAulay informs us that no bird is actually on the wing. He maintains that wings are on the bird.

Two Irishmen had been fighting mosquitoes in a New

York tenement house. About two o'clock they got to sleep. While they were in a half-doze a lightning-bug came into the room. "Paddy! Paddy! It's no use," exclaimed Pat. "Here's one of the creatures searching for us wid a lantern."

He determined to pass by his favourite tavern on his way home. As he approached he became somewhat shaky, but, after plucking up courage, he passed on. Then, after going about fifty yards, he turned and said to him self: "Well done, Pat, me boy; come back and I'll treat ye."

A gum-chewing girl
And a cud-chewing cow,
There is a difference
You will allow,
What is the difference?
Oh! I have it now,
It's the intelligent look on the face of the cow.

Dr. Croteau:—"Did you hear that I pulled off something big last night?"

Dr. Johnston:—"It must have been your shoes."

Leo says the things he likes about Kaye are his arms.

Shea:—"She's the girl of my dreams."

Kelly:—"You had better stop that habit of eating before you go to bed."

Pearl worked so hard in Biology lab. she found a cure for which there is no disease.

Jim Murphy thinks nothing is too good for Sarah, and Sarah thinks nothing is too good for Jim. There are two good-for-nothings for you.

A lady walked back into the kitchen unexpectedly one day and found the cook sitting on the butler's lap.

"Is this what I pay you for?" she stormed.

"No, madam," said the cook, "I do this for nothing."

Burge in restaurant:—"What do you call this stuff, coffee or tea. It tastes like turpentine."

Waiter:—"If it tastes like turpentine, it must be coffee. The tea tastes like kerosene."

O'Keefe:—"I phone my girl friend a dozen times a day."

Joe A:—"I know several fellows who do the same thing."

ACCOMPLISHED

"My uncle has addressed half the people in Canada."

"He must be a wonderful orator."

"Oh, no, he mails catalogues for Eaton's."

HERE AND THERE

It has been brought to our attention that now that the rink has closed, Joe A. is rooming in Dalton again.

We are told that spendthrift Pete Rossiter has gone on another of his spending sprees. The other night he took his lady-love, Hazel, to the Forum and proceeded to give her a good time (?). First he managed to get her in on a child's ticket. He skated every band with her, including God Save The King; at half-time he took her to the canteen, purchased three crab-apples, put two in his pocket, and shared the third one with her. Those other two should come in handy on the next two dates, eh Pete?

While we are on the Rossiter subject, here's the low-down on Brother Leo. One Thursday, after seeing the

show, he claimed it was ghastly. The next Saturday night he sat through the same show twice with Midnight McNeely. "Midnight becomes you, Leo."

Bardolph McEntee has written a new song entitled "Coal Dust Upon My Red, Red nose." Music by Strauss McGuigan.

Not shaving is no excuse for staying in the puppy-love stage. N'est-ce pas, Howard ?

Some people will never realize that three is a crowd, especially Frog. You are like the handle on a teacup, Alban, you're there but you're not in it.

Ill fortune has again struck our erstwhile Romeo, Jim Murphy. His heart-throb has moved to Antigonish. We think we can follow her line of reasoning.

Cradle-robber Smith is satisfied if he gets a ninety-three permission. The curfew law will not allow him to keep his dates out any later than that anyway.

Dr. Cyr has discovered a new disease. He finds that Roche is suffering from aquaphobia. (You're all washed up, Emmett).

That's all for now, dear readers. I'll be back with you again next issue.

Snoopingly yours,

The Ferret.

Said the spider to the fly:
"Don't forget your specs."

Frantic voice on phone:—"Help! A robber just broke into Roche's room."

Cop:—"Who's this calling ?"

Voice:—"The robber; I'm drowning."

Bishop says an agriculturist is a farmer who is too proud to work.

A group of negroes were lying on the floor in front of the fireplace, when one of them spoke up:

"Is it rainin' out?"

"Ah don't know," replied another.

"Well, git up and look," instructed the first voice.

"Ah", said the persecuted one lazily. "Call in the dog and see if he's wet."

"A little bit goes a long way," said the keeper handing a handful of hay to a giraffe.

Len. MacD:—"When is your one time girl friend thinking of getting married?"

MacAulay:—"Constantly."

Then there was the bachelor who was sick so long he began to look like a married man.

Frosh:—"My roommate wears only one garter"

Prof:—"How does he keep the other stocking up?"

Frosh:—"He has a wooden leg and uses thumb tacks."

Prof:—"Do you know what happened in 1776?"

Student (with hangover):—"Gosh, no! I can't even remember what happened last night."

ADVICE

Say it with flowers,

Say it with sweets,

Say it with kisses,

Say it with eats,

Say it with ermine,

Or say it with mink,

But don't be a darn fool

And say it with ink.

(Take this to heart, Howard).

Teacher (after lesson on snow):—"As we walk along the road on a cold winter's day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"

Little Finnegan:—"Gloves."

Howard Shea says that love is an itch around the heart that you can't scratch.

Green:—"What a beautiful mouth you have; it ought to be on a girl."

Mahar:—"It is as much as possible."

Porter:—"When we become engaged dear, you'll give me a ring won't you?"

Morris:—"Yes, dear, certainly. What's your number, darling?"

Gillis (in restaurant):—"Say, waiter, just look at that chicken. Why it's nothing but skin and bones."

Waiter:—"Well, what do you expect on it, feathers?"

Frog:—"How do you work that shower?"

McInnis:—"Turn it on! If you turn red it's too hot; if you turn blue it's too cold; and if you turn white you needed the bath."

1st. Co-Ed:—"What kept you out of school yesterday—acute indigestion?"

2nd. Co-Ed:—"No, a cute engineer."

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady poker player to the orphans.

Man:—"Who laid the table for breakfast this morning?"
 Servant:—"I did, all but the eggs."

FROM EXAM PAPERS

A litre is a lot of newborn puppies.
 The three chief races of men are sprints, hurdles,
 and long distance.
 A polygon is a heathen who has many wives.
 The epistles were the wives of the apostles.

Farming in the western states is done by irritating
 the soil.

Rabies are Jewish priests.

The bones of the head are a frontal, two sidals, one
 topal and a backal.

REMEDY

My darling wife was always glum,
 I drowned her in a cask of rum.
 And so made sure that she would stay
 In better spirits night and day.

The stingy farmer was scolding the hired man for
 using a lighted lantern when he called on his best girl
 friend:

"The idea! he exclaimed, "When I was courtin'
 I never carried no lantern; I went in the dark."

"Yes," said the hired man sadly, "and look what you
 got."

THE RAID

I see the lights of the kitchen
 Gleam thro' the rain and the mist;
 And a feeling of hunger comes o'er me
 That my stomach cannot resist.

I stare thro' the rain-spattered window
With my nose pressed close 'gainst the pane
And trembling with hunger I wonder
If a trip over there'd be in vain.

My feverish mind tries to warn me;
"Don't go, you'll only get caught,"
I guess I have more grit than will power
I don't care if I am caught or not.

I snatch up my room mate's galoshes;
Size twelve, and they fit him just right,
If the Bursar sees tracks in the morning,
He'll think Frankenstein passed in the night.

I solicit the aid of a comrade,
Olestes McGuigan, by name;
Whose various nocturnal prowlings
Have won for him food and acclaim.

Together we steal 'cross the campus,
The lights of the kitchen draw near,
We dodge past the well-lighted windows
And make for the door at the rear.

My friend with the hands of an expert
Soon jimmies the lock with a knife;
On tip-toe we silently enter;
I was never so scared in my life.

We make for the well-laden tables;
In our haste we forget 'bout the noise;
Our joking and laughing is ended
By a quietly spoken: "Well, boys."

For a moment my two feet are useless;
They seem to be nailed to the floor;
I finally find strength to get started;
I betcha I flew thro' that door.

I quickly return back to Dalton
And trembling with fear go to bed;
The feeling of hunger has gone and
Is replaced by a feeling of dread.

There followed a week-end of worry;
Who caught us I'd rather not say,
But the terrible fright that he gave us
Sure showed us that crime does not pay.

THE S. D. U. ANIMALS

Oh yes! My friends, it is too true
That animals go to S. D. U.
For I have seen them round the place.
They really are a funny race.
Half human some of them appear,
But looks don't really count, I hear.
I can believe this when I see
The "Big Bull" running round. For he
Would rather snort and paw the grass
Instead of going into class.
Another "Bull" comes out here too,
But he is quieter 'tis true,
But that may be 'cause his roommate
Knows now to soothe his irate state.
On second floor the "Horse" you'll meet.
He loves to run and stamp his feet,
And in the night you hear him neigh
Whenever water comes his way.
Besides these three there is the "Frog,"
Who croaks and cries for his native bog.
He thinks that with his coat of green
A bright blonde head should best be seen.
Next year we will not have our "Sheep."
And for him all of us will weep.
We sure will miss his curly fleece,
When on his pen he has no lease.
It never was quite understood,
Why third was always in a flood,
'Till boys confessed they threw the foam,

To make the "Duck" feel right at home.
The "Rainbird" loves his cozy nest
Where each night he retires to rest.
But scarcely does he start to snore
When the pet "Tiger" starts to roar.
But Tiger's roommate makes a lunge
Into his mouth. And as a "Sponge"
Can absorb things into its pore,
No more they hear the Tiger's roar.
There are some more besides these nine,
To tell of them I have no time
But you can see them all I know
If to St. Dunstan's you should go.

