

## NONSENSE AVENUE

Come, gentle readers, peruse the space  
That the editor great left for humour;  
And give us, we beg it, some little grace,  
If your name we abuse with a rumour.

Pontiac:—"What does Roche do all summer ? "

Vince:—"He chews."

Pontiac:—"Chews what ? "

Vince:—"He chews the rag."

Kennedy:—"Have you anything in this country as dangerous to an unarmed man on foot as the Bengal Tiger ? "

Murnaghan:—"Have you ever heard of an automobile ? "

Greek student (stuck translating):—"I couldn't find that "Krwo."

Prof. (a bit of a marksman):—"Well Sir, I found him, and moreover I got him with two perfectly good shells."

### THE QUEST FOR THE LAST ANARCHIST

Come all ye detectives of Scotland Yard,  
For I have a mystery, to solve it is hard,  
Its essence is this: a lone bomber bold,  
A modern Guy Faukes, stepped out from the fold  
Of peaceful first corridor, on a dark dreary night,  
His object a single long torch to ignite,  
For well he heard of this warning before  
To all meek Freshmen each one at his door:  
"One more explosion and each man will pay  
Till Christmas each highly esteemed Thursday."  
The clues are a feather, a horseshoe, some silk,  
Some bacon, some bird seed, some pudding and milk.  
The theories are these:—perhaps off the track—  
First, that the criminal was "Gill the Micmac."  
A feather ! Looks bad ! but then a horseshoe,  
Who knows but Horse-Wight had a hand in it too ?  
Perhaps it was Hennessey, he grows such good bacon,  
Or was it Pete Pronko his pudding forsaken ?



Perhaps it was Polly his bird seed forgot,  
 Or maybe our Two-Gun his milk bottle sought.  
 If each of the former you've found, then, in fault,  
 Here's certainly one that will cause you to halt.  
 Cleopatra McGaughy went after a bomb  
 The night 'fore it happened very peaceful and calm,  
 Went right to the room where the last bombs were kept,  
 'Tis said since that night not a wink has she slept.  
 The lovely silk hankie does the verdict enhance,  
 But why should our Cleo take such a chance?  
 Well, there is the case, the prefect has said  
 That some day the criminal will sure lose his head.  
 With arguments plenty nor evidence lacking,  
 If ever we get him, he'll get a good blacking.

#### FOR SALE

One thorough-bred Percheron Colt. Can do the mile in ten minutes. Of a kind disposition, will work in anything. Can be housed in same building with a pig or a parrot. Likes Fossils. Is reputed to have met Aeneas on his travels and to have been ridden by Hercules McCormick the night he made quick getaway after he threw the fire-cracker. Would be quite willing to take a sheep as part payment. For further particulars consult either his jockey, E. McInnis or his owner, J. McGaughey. Offices of both gentlemen adjoining Murnaghan's Pig-sty.

Also an old Fossil with rare long chin. Come and see me—F. McAree.

Monaghan (the Sheik)—“I'd like to win that shaving outfit that is on lottery.”

Bernard (another Sheik)—“You don't need a shaving outfit, what you do need is a vacuum cleaner.”

Knock, Knock!

Who's there?

Winnie.

Winnie who?

Win are you going home Jerome?

Knock, Knock!

Who's there?

Trainor.

Trainor who? get

Train or get off the team.



## LOST &amp; FOUND

Lost:—One Jay answering to the name of Eunice  
When last seen she had a porridge-stick on her arm. Find-  
er please return to J. J. MacDonald and receive Scotch  
reward.

Found:—A horse-shoe on first corridor. Apply to E.  
McInnis.

## THE LIPSTICK BETRAYAL

The trip was over, we homeward-bound,  
The usual joshing was going around,  
We all more or less were being the butts  
Of the witty tongues of the other nuts.  
Over in the corner looking quite smug  
The unholy three gazed at the rug,  
And then at each other they would smile,  
And turn to us with a look full of guile  
As if to say "Among all of ye,  
We are the ultra holy three."

We bided our time for a little while,  
Something there was behind that smile  
It was very well known to all of us  
That Balbo and Jerome and our little Puss  
Had been for a ride in the Chevvy Bus.  
Whom they had with them was yet unknown,  
When the car came home they were all alone.  
They sat like Parisees till that time when  
The cubby-hole opened and then, Oh then,  
Out on the floor (of the Chevvy, I said)  
Fell a piece of paper and printed in red,  
In red, red lipstick that girls do use  
In a manner nowadays most profuse.  
The names of three little Moncton lassies,  
Who now know a little about forward-passes.

Needless to say  
Under the warranted barrage of us  
The smugness dropped with a great deal of fuss.

## THE MORAL

A moral there is in this poem then,  
For those of you who don't carry a pen,  
If you let a Rita, a Florence or Winnie  
Write names in lipstick, you're Tout Fini.



SHEA'S LAMENT

It's nice to love, but Oh ! How bitter !  
To love a girl and never git her. (under his breath) Where  
is Cairns ?

LONG TOM'S PRAYER

O, Lord above send down Thy love,  
Have pity and compassion,  
Give me some meat that I may eat  
For bones are out of fashion.

Katie:—"Why is Willie Wood so much like a Jewsharp ?"

Sheep:—"Because he's all tongue, I guess."

History Prof.:—"Mr. Roach who were the Ionians ?"

Roach:—"A brilliant and courageous people who come from Iona."

Prof.:—"Apparently they are all extinct today."

English Prof.:—"Moreover, Doctor I shot that old No. 12 into that flock of sparrows and I brought down five of them."

Ec' Prof.:—"Unconcernedly) "Did I ever tell you about hunting toads the other night ? I fired at one and five hundred croaked."

Gerry (The Drug Store Cow-boy):—"I hope my visits are not disagreeable to you."

Mary (Politely):—"Not at all."

Gerry:—"I sometimes think that I worry you."

Mary:—"Oh no ! No matter how gloomy I feel when you are around I'm always happy when you go."

SCOTS WIN: GAME MAKES

HISTORY. CHIEF INCONSOLABLE

Chief Gill, interviewed before the game in his wigwam while sharpening his tomahawk, is quoted as having said to his squaw, Felicity: "This day our tribe must win for the glory and dignity of the Micmac race." The other Captain when interviewed, while filing his claymore, would only say "I'm not getting enough porridge to stir."



The game itself was made spectacular by the individuals engaged in it. Every man was of course on his toes, and several spectators relate that side-quarter McGaughey became so enthused that he actually removed his hands from his pockets and broke into a fast walk; others assert that the same player at a critical point during the game kicked up his heels and said to his companion in the half-line "Did you write your French exercise yet?" He is to be congratulated on his assiduity. "Freight train" MacDonald made the hair stand up on his opponents' heads by his several jumps into the air. Of course he always came down in the same place but it was a fine exhibition for a Freight Train. "Red Roger" Sutherland shattered all records for being off-side—there being thirty-seven scrimmages called in his honor.

Some injuries are reported: Willie MacDonald's tonuge, we are told, was so wearied that it could not operate for fully fifteen minutes during which time silence prevailed, McGaughey's hair was so ruffled that he had to comb it anew.

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In the wigwam good squaw Felicity strokes the Chief's hair, consoles him by telling that he suffered an honorable defeat, and that there will soon be another wake; hearing this the CHIEF brightens up and smiles.

Lynsky:—"How long could a person live without a brain?"

Prof.:—"How old are you, Sir?"

Wood:—"How are you getting along in class these days?"

Wisner:—"Oh, I'm plugging along trying to get ahead."

Wood:—"Goodness knows you need one."

Holland:—"Gee, but these flies are a nuisance."

Polly:—"Funny they never bother me."

Holland:—"They probably haven't found you yet."

Prof. of Physics (to student using he-man tactics on sensitive Beam-balance):—"What do you think you're doing, steering the Queen Mary?"



Feehan:—"How does Wisner keep a hat on that head of his?"

Hibbits:—"By vacuum pressure, I guess."

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Hibbits:—"My Gosh, a letter from Dad!"

F. Hennessey:—"What's the dirt?"

Bill:—"He wants a touch."

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Pat:—"Hi Fred!"

Fred:—"Hello Cookie! I sure am glad to see you back."

Pat:—"What's the dope on that Cookie stuff? You never called me that before."

Fred:—"Pat, darling, I call you Cookie 'cause you've been a wafer so long."

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Snodgrass MacDonald:—(The first day) "Isn't that a rather homely individual over there?"

Noah:—"Oh, well it is only skin deep."

Snodgrass:—"Well why don't somebody skin him then?"

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### BILLY'S MISFORTUNE

Come all you college students,  
And listen carefully;  
I'll tell you a little story,  
That will make you dance with glee.

One evening bright and early,  
When Cairns was surely in,  
Our Billy sneaked his way up there,  
To get his hair cut thin.

Our Roy obliged him quickly,  
And set him on a chair;  
With scissors and with razor  
He massacred the hair.

He surely made a job of it,  
But if he'd been wise;  
He would have snipped his tongue a mite,  
To help him stop the noise.

MOORE & McLEOD, LTD.

YES  
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Poor Billy now is pointed out,  
 And laughed at by the rest  
 Who say the mice chewed off his hair  
 And took it for their nest.

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#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH

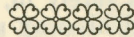
- "O Blessed Idleness"—By R. Paoli  
 "Men of Importance and Why We are"—By Wisner & Sutherland.  
 "Rugby Prospects Around Borden"—By Dillinger.  
 "How to get weighed on a Clock"—By Dr. Croteau.  
 "Bridge and Gunnery"—By English Prof.  
 "Only the Brave deserve the Fare"—By The Waiters.  
 "The Fine Points of Nursing"—By J. Mahar  
 "The Structure of the Atom"—By H. O'Hanley.  
 "Much Noise about Nothing"—By Polly.

The above books are recommended for elderly children. However we must condemn Mr. Charles Trainor's book on "Lily Pons" by reason of the profanity found therein.

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#### CAN YOU IMAGINE

Briand playing as flying quarter ?  
 Callaghan struck dumb ?  
 Fat McKenna in a conversation ?  
 Cairns telling the truth ?  
 McCarthy as Jesse Owens ?  
 The Chipmunk wasting time ?  
 Robin knowing his History lesson ?



Minds that have nothing to confer  
 Find little to perceive.

—Wordsworth.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

—Goldsmith.