

NONSENSE AVENUE

We have a short message of gladness and cheer,
Although with sadness to some t'will appear;
If the joke is on you, do not get sore,
And if on your friend, laugh till you roar.

CAUGHT

Of all the woes we ever heard,
This one stands out most clear,
About the night Neil went to see
The girl with the nut-brown hair.
Joyously the hours did pass
For affections never tire;
He never thought of being disturbed,
At such a pleasant hour.
At ten o'clock a knock was heard,
And a footstep on the sill;
She hastened from the sofa,
To seek the stranger's will.
He glided past the lovely dame,
Then seized Neil by the feet;
He tore him from the chesterfield,
And threw him on the street.
And there a gang was waiting,
To escort him through the town;
No time had he to say farewell,
Nor to get his cap and gown.
He swore vengeance on the leader,
His face he sure would slam;
Not knowing that the leader was
Our tricky little Ram

Willie D—"Do you know what bigamy is?"
Shea—"Yes, sure, to live with Grandma and to flirt
with Mary C."

McCarthy (in Economic Class)—"What is the greatest
economic problem of today, sir?"

Prof.—"Well, I think, in taking a bird's eye view of
the situation, the greatest one is how to divide three text
books among eleven students."

Prefect of Discipline (looking at Donnelly rooting through the garbage container)—“Don't you know that this is study hour?”

Donnelly—“Yes, Father, but I can't get down to deep thinking unless I have a smoke.”

Sullivan, J.—“I always act like a gentleman when I am drunk.”

Holland—“Well, hurry up and get drunk.”

Landry—“I look upon you as a monkey.”

Bud Doyle—“Well, you may look upon me in any form you wish to assume.”

Classified Ads. Lost a tomahawk and a peace-pipe—Pontiac Gill.

Can accommodate a student with bed and board. Apply to Annie.

Kidnapped from my chesterfield, a young man, affectionate features—Please return to 67 Douglas St.

Candies, peanuts, and doughnuts at Costello's Confectionary Store—Phone or call J. Kenny.

Lost—Control of my thinking apparatus—finder return to L. Ayers.

Kenny—“Did they take an X-ray of Shipwreck's Jaw when he got hurt?”

Dr. Johnson—“Yes, but all they got was a moving picture of it.”

Lobster—“I want to try on those socks in the window.”

Clerk—“Sorry, you will have to go to the dressing room.”

Steve McMillan—“I asked Lily if I could see her home last night.”

Driscoll—“What did she say?”

Steve—“She said she would send me a picture of it.”

Biggar—“I am going to be in the hospital for a long, long time.”

R. B.—“Did you see the Doctor?”

Biggar—“No, but I have seen my nurse.”

Higgins—"Hennessy is in touch with the heads of many organizations."

Smith—"Yes, he is a barber."

DOWN ON THE FARM

Granpa Donnelly is getting old
And so is Grandma Hughes;
They have the care of everything
To loaf they do refuse.

Granpa always feeds the Calf
He brought from Amherst town;
While Grandma cleans the dirty Tub
She got in Charlottetown.

They have a roaring Irish Pig
That keeps them on the hop,
For he always goes a-rooting
'Round Cantwell's barber shop.

The Ram forever roves around
And bleats from hour to hour;
You'd think they ought to sell him
To the mutton-buyer, Power.

At night when darkness hovers
They shiver in their fear,
Because Slim Edmonds told them
Of the bad man Dillinger.

CAN YOU IMAGINE !

Shipwreck praising somebody else ?
R. B. in short pants ?
Shadow Green on a diet ?
Hennessy laughing to himself ?
Willie D. a Polygamist ?
Dillinger's hair combed ?
Donnelly with a package of tobacco ?
Kelly holding his temper on the football field ?

CECILIA'S SOLILOQUY

I only see him once a week,
 Yet I think he's simply grand;
 What joy when I behold his face,
 And reach his outstretched hand.

He comes to me but once a week,
 The time between is drear,
 Would I could greet him every day!
 Who? of course, my Ram, so dear.

Taylor—"To what do you attribute your long life?"
 Peg—"Among other things, to the fact that the
 Prefect doesn't know who shifted the Moose Head."

Balbo—"So the Prefect sent you to the Dormitory, eh!
 Sockfoot—"I congratulated him on turning out such
 a fine young man."

Linsky—"Dancing is in my blood, y' know."
 Pilate (P. Wood)—"Then you must have poor cir-
 culation. It hasn't reached your feet yet."

—BOOK REVIEWS—

Murder on the Gridiron.....by Gus Kelly
 The Jungles of Africa.....by Simpson and Ayers
 The One Man Football Team...by C. Redmond
 Too Much Mouth.....by J. Higgins
 The Vacant Lot.....by Lester O'Donnell

—FICTION—

One day Grampa went fishing; he caught a big Red Lobster and sold it to Slim for a cigarette butt. Pontiac did not like to see his friend sold so cheaply, so he bartered his tomahawk for the shellfish. The Lobster escaped from the wigwam and ran to the giraffe who placed him aloft on his head; but the shellfish fell and cracked his head. (So that's what's wrong!). Dr. Johnson sewed it up. Then Shipwreck bought him for an old sail; he took him on a voyage and the ship sank and Blowfish McKenna was waiting for the Lobster——the end of the Lobster.

Pineau—"I called to tune your violin."

Nap.—"I never asked you to call!"

Pineau—"No, but the third corridor boys did."

Waiter—"Don't you like your pudding, sir?"

Landrigan—(with a sour grin)—"Naw, there's an egg in it that ought to have been expelled."

Prof.—"How far is your church from here, Eddie Cantor?"

Eddie—"Only a five minutes walk if you run."

—BARN YARD GOSSIP—

"I'm all the way from Africa,
I'm noted at the Zoo,
The climate does not suit me
For I am the Kangaroo."

"Moo moo" said the Calf,
"I never was away,
Except when Mary Peters
Invited me to stay."

"To drink when I am thirsty,
There's a Tub not far from me,
To eat when I am hungry—
There's Kenny's bakery."

"Ahem" the giraffe muffled,
From the fathoms of his neck,
"I don't remember anything,
For my memory is a wreck."

Biggar (at a football game)—"That man with the yellow hair will be our best man this season."

The Wild Irish Rose—"Oh, Biggar, this is so sudden."

Giraffe Ayers—"What is the Egesta of the Amoebia, anyhow?"

Snozzle Ganeua (half asleep)—"Unum aptum in esse pluribus plus sine and cosine of an angle by the law of

falling bodies, all over the Industrial System multiplied by Pope and Dryden.—Oh gosh, I don't feel just right.”

F. Gervais—“Hasn't Ray Mahar got the loveliest brown eyes ?”

Margaret—“I don't know. I never got any further than his lips.”

Dorm. Prefect—(looking at Sockfoot in bed)
“H-m-m-m, Poor Little Waif, someone has mistaken this place for a Maternity Ward.”

PREFECT'S SYLLOGISM

Chestnuts were fired from Third Corridor.
But the Juniors room on Third Corridor.
Ergo The Juniors fired the chestnuts.

SONG HITS

“There's an Old Spinning Wheel in the Parlor”,
by Aubrey Hughes.

“When it is Sheep Shearing time at Powers,”
by Ram Ready.

“I'm just a bow-legged songster,”
words by S. Trainor.
music by W. Shea.

DILLINGER

U. S. may claim their crooks
And rightfully they may;
Yet old St. Dunstan's vies with them,
In having Connolley.
He is a short, stout, pluggy lad
In features not so mean,
Yet he dresses pretty nifty
When he goes to see Ilene.

THE LOBSTER'S MITAKE

One bright Thursday morn in October
After Biggar had sounded the bell,
The Lobster still snored in his pillow,
Not hearing the loud ringing knell.

A few minutes later he wakened,
And heard the boys rushing to prayer;
Then he rubbed his eyes for a second,
And made one mad jump from his lair.

He threw on his pants and his sweater,
Smoothed his hair with one sweep of the brush;
His shoes seemed to jump on his feet,
So mad was the poor Lobster's rush.

In his haste, though one thing he omitted,
His socks were still left on the chair;
And that afternoon in the city,
His ankles got many a stare.

The joke was unknown to the Lobster,
Until two or three hours had gone by;
Then McCloskey broke the news gently,
And a tear dimmed poor Lobster's eye.

In a twinkling he had two new socks,
Bought at Moore and McLeod's, so some say;
But alas, it was then four o'clock,
And this mishap had spoiled Lobster's day.

Now the story so far it quite true,
But the following perhaps is all wrong;
For many of the students now claim,
That the Lobster jumps up with the gong.

—I, THE KING—

I am a monarch, ruler of a vast domain,
The king of earthly kings, and on my very word
The hopes and fears and destinies of men
Depend as night depends on day;—I am a lord.

No Croesus ever lived whose halls of gold
Matched the royal splendour of my court;
No Grecian Sage on parchment ever told
As I can tell the Cause of causes and the gist of Truth.

I meet a queen, a lady proud and fair,
Whose essence breathes the loveliness of Heaven;
I love her at first sight, ask her then and there
To be *my queen*, and when consent is given—

I writ an edict to the whole wide world,
Proclaiming my true love the second Queen of Troy;
My happiness like some great flag unfurled
Lifts heavenward and knows no bounds of joy.

This is the Day of days, this is one moment grand,
My royal robes in marriage splendor gleam;
My Queen is coming near,—I hold her hand,
The Prefect rings the bell and spoils my dream.

