

BELL DING

Miss B. had a little bell :
 She liked to hear it sing ;
 She went once to the Opera House
 To hear her dear Bel(l)-ding.
 What's happened to your bell, Miss B.?
 Her friends to her did cry
 Once is enough to hear that dum-Bel-ding
 He's N. G., was her reply.

NORMALITE.

Answers to Correspondents.

Miss B. K. D.—1 Yes, it is all right to have hearty good-byes (of the proper kind of course) but be careful on the street corners—they are too public. 2. It was all right for you to review the magazines so that Percy might go the rink. Could you arrange with another of Percy's girls, say Miss G., to help other debators. 3. We would not care to suggest as between Percy and Roy.

Miss M. Gee R.—1. Mr. Rideout is quite nice and you might find him useful if you can keep him. 2. Yes, we will tell him you like but ereups.

Miss P. P. F.—1 No, we wouldn't advise you to accept attention from Peter Caverhill—he's a born flirt. 2. We would suggest Maxwell as a substitute; Jack McNair's got a girl. 3. We agree with you that Young is not a bit cute.

☞ Look out for the Professor, Skiff.

Organ Recital

B. C.'s LECTURE ROOM
 Next Tuesday

by the Famous BEE-BEE S.

Admission:—reserved seats, 1 electric spark;
 Rush seats, 1 erg.
 Everybody come and have a "blissful" time.

Ter the Wanigin Editor -

Dear Sur : I wud like ter tell yer a fue things about a fue fellers wich belong to the faimus band of Yuen Beites wich no wun nose but me and wich I doan't want no wun ter no but me and this is wy I am telin it ter yer.

Say did yer ever see that feller naimed Klarc, the sofamore wich gose up and down frunt strete so much in companie wid a blue hat wid a smile under it; and that ther Estey kid wich boards at Tomas's and bumpires at the girl's basket-bawl and never calls a fowl on enny of them but that he looks inter their faises and winks like a wun big tode.

Then yer have doubtles sene that Patersun, a boled bad youth wich deliteth in normalites—femails at that mind yer—and whuse ambishun is ter becum a grone-up so that he ken stay out til haf past too in the mornin if he wants ter. Then there is Sims wich has laityly applied ter the Hazin government fur a patent on a certun kind of glas; and the boled Alikzander wich hein week-harted sekes out onlie the smal things of life wich enny wur els would overlook. Doubtles yer have herd of Hanahoit that long lene lad wich looks as tho he wuz goin to floy; and Cook and Porter wich have laityly formed a gras jint and meny others of wich it is not permitted me to menshun includin Cushinwich wants to Lockhart to hart with a St. John girl, and Dockorchid that wayward youth wich sels his buter and eggs over the river and stays all night; and varius others. Hopin that yer wil here frum me agen,
 I remane
 Mr. Myles Sherwood.