

BEREAVEMENT

Peter Smith was desperate. Grim, stark tragedy faced him and to his chagrin, he found himself wholly inadequate to cope with it. But he knew that somehow he must do something to bring comfort to the small, pitiful figure who wept so sorrowfully. Peter wiped his brow and cast about desperately for inspiration.

The two victims in the tragedy which had struck so suddenly were Sally, Peter Smith's small five year old daughter and McWhiskers, a not so small indefinitely aged cat whose lifeless form Peter now eyed balefully. When that evil eyed old reprobate had insinuated himself into the Smith home and little Sally's heart, Peter had known no good would come of it. And no good had. Here was McWhiskers dead on the very edge of Smith's front lawn and here was Sally completely inconsolable in the loss of her loved one. Peter regretted viciously that the old roue had not had the decency to choose some other locale for his tragic meeting with the truck; then Sally would have been spared this ordeal and so would Peter Smith.

Now that was somewhat unfair to poor McWhiskers because from his point of view, he was the real victim of the tragedy and should have been accorded a certain respect under the circumstances, even if his past had not been quite above reproach. And Sally had loved him. Peter suffered a twinge of compunction and he renewed his efforts with Sally.

He tried a new approach. He waxed eloquent in praise of McWhiskers. "Of course, he was the finest cat in this part of the town and we will see to it — you and I — that his last resting place is one of which he can be proud."

He paused for a minute to note the effect, if any, of his words, but the sobbing continued unabated.

"We could bury him down by the cedar trees — if you want to bury him there — and we could fix up a little box to put him in and you could help me with it," he said. . . . and waited. No response, but he was sure the sobs were quieter.

He wiped his brow again and prayed for more inspiration. "And we could put his little catnip mouse in the box with him in case he should want it — and his little rubber ball . . ." These two items were sore points with Peter. He had never forgiven McWhiskers for the snicker of derision with which he had greeted the advent of these gifts. Both items had been strictly for Sally's benefit — Peter was only too well aware that McWhiskers' diversions had been of a much more sophisticated nature.

The sobbing had definitely lessened and Peter was quick to follow up his advantage. While he paused a fresh flow began, and he continued quickly.

"And then we can plant a little garden and grow flowers and keep it free from weeds, and perhaps build a little fence and paint it white and put it around the garden and you won't have to forget McWhiskers ever."

Peter was amazed how this sort of thing developed once it was started. He had no idea he was capable of such a flow of suggestion. He only hoped that some more suitable companion would have been found to replace McWhiskers in Sally's affections before execution of these schemes became feasible.

Sally whimpered again and Peter reacted with alacrity: "And McWhiskers will be looking down from the Cat Heaven and he will be pleased that you haven't forgotten him . . ."

He paused to congratulate himself on this effort and to wonder how far he could go without being downright blasphemous. He shuddered to think what Sally's Sunday-school teacher would say and just then a miracle occurred. A veritable miracle! Just in time to save Peter from actual blasphemy, McWhiskers moved! He actually moved!

Peter could hardly believe his eyes. "Sally," he shouted, "Look at McWhiskers. I believe the old son-of-a-gun had a life or two left after all." He was beside himself with joy. Here was his problem completely solved. He picked Sally up and tossed her up to his shoulder.

McWhiskers though far from his disreputable, debonaire self was definitely showing signs of life and had raised his head a little and was emitting short, mewling noises. Apparently he had merely been knocked unconscious. Peter had not investigated too carefully — he certainly had looked dead.

Sally's tears had stopped completely as if by magic, and Peter hugged her tightly. Poor little Darling — if only all her troubles could be righted so easily, he thought. He moved to wipe the tear stains from her face and drew back in amazement. On the face of his small, five year old Sally was an expression which he had never seen her wear before, but often enough on McWhiskers. She turned to look at McWhiskers and then back at her father, with gleeful, conspiratorial eagerness.

Let's kill him", she said.

—By JACKIE WEBSTER.

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Letters to the Pensions Office

The abstracts below are from genuine letters sent to the Pensions Office.

I cannot get sick pay; I have six children, can you tell me why this is. This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

I am glad to report that my husband who was reported missing is now dead.

Sir, I am now forwarding my marriage certificate and two children, one of which is a mistake as you will see.

Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immortal life.

I am sending my marriage certificate and two children. I had seven but one died, which was baptized on half a sheet of note paper by the Reverend Thomas.

You have changed my little boy into a girl. Will this make any difference?

In answer to your letter and according to your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. Is this satisfactory?

Please send my money at once as I have fallen into errors with my landlord.

Re your letter regarding dental enquiry; the teeth on the top are all right but the ones in my bottom are hurting terribly.

—From "THE SHEAF"

Jason — The Pride Of Them All

Jason was the pride of the doughnut makers union. A stalwart employee who took pride in the operation of his machine which toasted 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts for the prosperity of Mr. Katzman McSnatch.

All day long Jason would feed the little shrivelled, anemic, and pasty-looking 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts in one end of his massive contrivance to emerge at the other end as proud, golden brown and oozing with goodness 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts.

However, in the offices of Mr. Notool O'Toole, manufacturers of 'Rimless Beauties' those delightful doughnuts which melt in your mouth and lump in your stomach, and hated rivals of Mr. Katzman McSnatch, things were not so well.

Mr. O'Toole was speaking to his first vice-president: "Things were not so well with our 'Rimless Beauties'. Mr. McSnatch's, our hated rival, who produces 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts, golden brown and oozing with goodness, is running us out of business." First vice-president: "It is Jason, that stalwart employee who puts the golden brown and oozing with goodness into the 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts. If we could get rid of Jason!" Mr. O'Toole: "Yes, we must get rid of Jason, that stalwart employee."

Second vice-president: "Let us hire Sultry Citronella, she will get rid of Jason, that stalwart employee."

Mr. O'Toole and first vice-president: "Yes, let us hire Sultry Citronella." It was the next day that while Jason, that stalwart employee, was feeding the little shrivelled, anemic and pasty-looking 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts in one end of his massive contrivance to emerge at the other end as proud, golden brown and oozing with goodness 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts, he should look up and see Sultry Citronella. "Sultry Citronella", he gasped. For he had been around. He recognized that Parker 51 figure, those braided eyelashes, that long, lustrous, Toni-waved black hair, which she wore down over the front and reaching almost to the top of her décolleté black negligee, in a fetching little page-boy style.

Sultry Citronella parted the fetching little page-boy style from in front of her mouth, and pausing so that he might smell and absorb the effect of her exotic perfume 'Midnight in Devon', said to Jason in a low sexy voice: "Jason, in a low sexy voice."

"Sultry Citronella", Jason gasped again, as his hand went through the massive contrivance with the rest of the shrivelled, anemic, and pasty-looking 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts and emerged at the other end as golden brown and oozing with goodness.

"Jason," she said, "Fly away with me to the West Indies, the mysterious South Sea Islands, to Grand Manan."

Jason fought to answer as he grabbed the small girl who worked beside him and sprinkling sugar over her, thrust her in a box with eleven other golden brown and oozing with goodness 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts. "I cannot, I must support my old ugly and bedraggled mother who is a Co-ed at U. N. B."

"You must choose between she or me," said Sultry Citronella, as she flicked the ash from her foot-long cigar into the cuff of his peg-topped pants.

"I choose you, Sultry Citronella", said Jason, that stalwart employee. "Let Mr. Katzman McSnatch feed his own anemic and pasty-looking 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts in one end of his massive contrivance to emerge at the other end as golden brown and oozing with goodness 'Perfect Circle' doughnuts. We shall fly away together."

So they fled.

And today they can still be seen basking in the heat . . . in a small corner near the Furnace in Alex Drill Hall.

STEVE.

ALL AWARDS, A. A. A. BANQUET REINSTATED

It has just been announced by S. R. C. Treasurer, Hugh Church, that the funds will be available so that the A. A. A. Banquet, the Athletic Awards and the Non-Athletic Awards, will be reinstated.

J. V. Anglin, A. A. A. President, has also announced that the A. A. A. Annual Banquet will be held on April 7.

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Poem

There's a fact I have found
In my looking around,
I'll admit that it struck me as queer.

There's nothing you'll meet,
Like the inborn conceit
That's inherent in each Engineer.
And their trouble in chief
Is this inborn belief

And you'll find it exceedingly odd
That the Engineer's station
Is moving the nation
And the only one greater is God!

So hark to my pleadings
Superior beings . . .
Here's advice that's too precious
to sell

Though a pedagogue's brains
Can't find stresses or strains
Remember he's human as well.
An accountant it's true
May look stupid to you,
He may not know a lathe from a

lathe
But don't look with scorn
On the folks lesser born
You all look the same in the bath.
And now here's a word
To the rest of the herd . . .

Politician, professor and clerk . . .
Don't try to outshout him,
You'd better just humor the jerk.
So hold back your tears
If you're not Engineers,
It is simply a matter of birth.

And keep your respect—
For the great intellect
And they'll go on saving the earth.

Carabins Burn At Dismissal

Montreal, March 6—(CUP)—The dismissal of the managing board of the University of Montreal's Le Quartier Latin last fall has led to complications. Since the first board were dismissed another has been appointed; however the supporters of the former board are taking up a petition around the campus asking that the former board be reinstated.

Board number one faced a public trial at a meeting of the AGEUM (Association Generale des Etudiants de l'Université de Montreal.) Feeling is so strong on the campus that a Montreal lawyer, Charles Lussier, was recently approached by supporters of the first board and is now studying the case with a view to taking it to court.

Dissatisfaction at the "snobbish intellectual policy" of the managing board at the beginning of the academic year brought about the trial last October, when the students overwhelmingly voted confidence in the managing board.

Charges then made were that the policies of the paper were too snobbishly intellectual that it had devoted too much space to features material and artistic news from outside and too little space to campus happenings.

The ideal marriage would be accomplished by a deaf man marrying a blind woman.—Montaigne.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage and half closed after.—Thomas Fuller.

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