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Campus Comedy

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EULOGY OF MEN

Women's faults are many;
Men have only two—
Everything they say, and
Everything they do!

Go, Tech, Yellow Jacket,
"She was rather a nice girl
B. C."
"B. C.?"
"Ya-as, Before College."
—Calif. Pelican.

"How long you in jail for,
Moss?"
"Two weeks."
"What am de charge?"
"No charge, everything am
free."
"Ah mean, what has you did?"
"Done shot my wife."
"You all killed yo' wife and
only in jail fo' two weeks?"
"Dat's all—then I gits hung."
—Froth (Penn. State).

No Opposition

"Ah, win."
"What yuh got?"
"Three aces."
"No yuh don't. Ah win."
"What ya got?"
"Two aces and a razor."
"Yuh sho do. How come yuh
so lucky."
—West Point Pointer.

"Last night I made an aw-
ful mistake."
"That so? How come?"
"I drank two bottles of
gold paint."
"How do you feel?"
"Guilty."
—Wash.

"Bill, you don't know how I
miss that cuspidor."
"You always did miss it.
That's why I threw it away."
—Brown Jug.



"A SMILE WILL GO A
LONG, LONG WAYS"
—Go, Tech, Yellow Jacket.



Employer: "You say you had
your last place three years? Why
did you leave?"
Applicant: "I was pardoned."
—Brown Jug (Brown).

Little Boy—"Mamma! Mamma!
ma!"
Mother—"Yes, Johnny?"
Johnny—"We have an awfu-
ly good ash-man. Today when
he was dumping the ashes on
the wagon his mule moved and
he dropped the can on his toe,
and all he did was sit down,
hold his toe, and talk to God
about his mule."
—Pointer (West Point).

The naked hills lie wanton to the
breeze.
The fields are nude, the groves
unfrosted.
Barren the limbs of all the shams-
lets.
No more, that the corn is
shocked.
—Winneton Tiger.

Mrs.: Dad, my son is al-
ready 21 years old. I ought
to get married.
Mr.: Take your time,
her wait for the right man.
Mrs. (furious): What!
Why should she? I didn't!
—Buffalo Bison.

Teacher—Johnnie, name an
important city in Alaska for me.
Johnnie maintains a dignified
silence.
Teacher—Well, don't you
know?
Johnnie—No'ma.
Teacher—100.
—Dennison Flamingo.

Sunday-school Superintendent
(examining banner class)—"Oscar,
what Bible character arouses your
sincerest admiration?"
Teacher's Pride—"Job, sir. He
cursed the day he was born."
Lafayette Lytle.

An Englishman's Revenge

A party of Americans and
Englishmen were traveling on
the continent this summer.
They encountered a road sign
which read: "Ten miles to
Barrington." Some witless
wonder had scrawled below:
"If you can't read, see the
Blacksmith."
The American openly
snickered and the party con-
tinued. About ten miles far-
ther down the road an Eng-
lishman burst out laughing.
"Suppose," he gasped be-
tween guttaws, "suppose, the
Blacksmith wasn't home."
—Rice Out.

KILLED THE DOCTOR

A giant and killed Scotsman re-
cently made his appearance in a
country village, and was endeavor-
ing to charm the locals to charity
with selections on his bagpipe.
A shaggy-haired man opened the
front door of a house and beckoned
the minstrel.
"Gie us a wee bit lilst just out
here," he said, in an accent which
told that he also was from the land
of the haggis. "My said mither's
in a creakin' condition, co'pstairs.
The doctor's wif bar the noo, and
says the pipes may save her life."
Up and down in front of the
house marched the braw Hielander,
discouraging music that might well
have been incidental to a cat and
pig fight.
Presently the shaggy-haired man
came out again.
"Gie us the 'Dead March' noo,"
he said.
"Is the puir auld lady gone?"
questioned the piper.
"Na, na, mon, ye've saved mither-
er," came the reply, "but ye've killed
the puir doctor!"
—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

—M. I. T. Yoodos.

Ripping!

"These jokes remind me of tissue
paper."
"How's that?"
"They're terrible."
—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.

N. Sigma—"Were there many
people at the Naval dance?"
Lou Tenant—"Oh, yes. Gobs and
gobs."
—Ohio Sun Dial.

OUR COLLEGE HIGHBROWS

Literary Senior—"Do you
like Kipling?"
Sweet young
co-ed—"I don't
know. How do
you kipple?"
—Farrabee,
(Denver Union).

GRANDPOP LAUGHED AT THIS

Policeman, with prisoner—"Your
name, this man you caught picking
Judge—the circus."
Policeman—"dollar fine."
only five."
Judge—"Then Honor, he has
til he gets the rest."
low Jacket.

Nosey Pelican

Kindly Old Lady: "You
say you've been on the force
eight years? Why haven't
you some service stripes on
your sleeve?"
Cop: "I don't wear them.
They chafe my nose."
—Calif. Pelican.

WHOOOPS!

He was asleep!!
She hovered
Over his lips,
Nearer
And nearer.
She came!
At last
She touched them!!
He awoke
With a start,
And cried,
Damn!!!
Those mosquitoes?
Augwan (Nebraska)

He—"I'm go-
ing to cut off
my mustache."
She—"If I had
one on my lip I
wouldn't take
it off." (Silence
for one-half
hour).
—Hopkins Black
and Blue Jay.

THE POOR THINGS

Lady—"Officer, some
one are shooting fire
down on the corner."
Officer—"Madam,
what do you think I
am, a game warden?"
—The Vanderbilt
Herald.

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like Kipling?"
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co-ed—"I don't
know. How do
you kipple?"
—Farrabee,
(Denver Union).

Rondo

Our athlete's games, as you
know
From small beginnings have
been reared.
And basketball was first be-
gun
When Moses dribbled down
his beard.
—Parliament Jack-O-Lantern.

OUT WEST

An army sur-
geon was ex-
amining a cow-
puncher recruit.
"Ever had
any accidents?"
"No."
"What's that
bandage on your
hand?"
"Rattle snake
bite."
"Don't you
call that an ac-
cident?"
"Naw, the
damn thing did
it on purpose."
—Yale Record.

POETRY OF LIFE

Alma—"I adore
Katie."
Katie—"Oh, is it
right to love a
body yet still like
children."
—Fame State Press.

AGAIN

Co-ed: "I weighed a
hundred and twenty-five
pounds, striped."
Poetess: "Lose it!
"Don't, you can't sell
about those scales in
the drug store."
—(Mama).

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like Kipling?"
Sweet young
co-ed—"I don't
know. How do
you kipple?"
—Farrabee,
(Denver Union).

TOOK LOTS OF CRUST

Mr. Newly-Wed (At dinner)—Dear, what kind of
pie is that?
Mrs. N. W.—Rhubarb, darling.
Mr. N. W.—Well, why did you make such a large
one?
Mrs. N. W.—Because I couldn't get any shorter
rhubarb.
—Laligh Burr.

A LIGHT DARK MAN

Rufus
Chastice



JOHN HELD

M. I. T. Yoodos.

OH, DARLING!

It was his first trip across. He leaned toward
her, under the white moon, while they stood on
the stern gazing at the rippling wave.
"Darling," he whispered. "Won't you marry
me?"
"This makes the seventh time, Harold, and
I'm telling you positively 'No.' You'd better
give up."
Then the boat gave another lurch, and he
did.—Flamingo, Dennison U.

"Is my wife forward?" asked the passenger on the
Limited.
"She wasn't to me, sir," replied the conducting
politely.
—Fit. Panther.

"More Truth Than Poetry"

First Burglar—Where ya been?
Second Burglar—In a fraternity house.
First Burglar—Lose anything?
—Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

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—Laligh Burr.

Judge—"Guilty or not guilty?"
Ingratiating One—"Far be it from me to influence
the court. It would not be seemly to dictate to you,
Honorable."
—(Brown) Brown Inn.