

## ULULATUS.

Stranger alias Solitaire, called at the sanctum this week, but was promptly ejected. The fighting editor having espied a manuscript marked—Poem—Autumn Leaves, showed his powers of execution, thus adding another scalp to his belt.

Do lin(e) up there, third team, and give 'Cornwall' a chance to make a touch-down.

Requisites for admission to the infirmary:—  
(1) Neglect the morning toilet. (2) If the morning be warm put on an overcoat and turn up the collar. (3) Cast your eyes downward. (4) Let a gloomy expression take possession of the countenance. (5) Take a meek tone of voice.

The mute and meek young man in the northern corner of the philosopher's class-room, sits there like a Rocque.

At the game lately, it was a case of "Let 'er go, Ely!" in earnest.

The latest since Tuesday :  
Where will Grover Cleveland be  
In the year of ninety-three?  
In the White House, don't you see!  
Baby Ruth upon his knee. Ta-ra-ra-bum-de-ah., etc.

The telegram that John longed for never came.

Sully has vacated his room, much to the regret of his large circle of friends and one other.

It may seem strange that we have a *slave in* our midst again. He is no colored southerner, though.

"A SMOKE A BOY CAN'T HAVE."

The boy sat on the window sill  
When all but him had fled,  
And clouds of smoke the air did fill ;  
Dim light was round his head.  
His cigarette was half-way gone :  
The ashes fell adown  
But he smoked boldly on and on,  
And calmly looked around,  
And then the proctor did appear,  
The boy, now where was he?  
He dropped his cigarette in fear  
And he was there in jeopardy.

The "Two Jokers" make a very clever set-to.

"So he's a 'corke.' eh! at cards?" Yes, but he can't *light on* an opponent the way his partner can."

Ottawa is at present abundantly supplied with falls, we have the Chaudiere Falls, the Rideau Falls, heavy snow-falls, our team's fall, the mercury's fall and McHugh's fall out of bed.

One of our externs, manager of a foot-ball team from the west end, which was *over-powered* by the juniors is still *boil-ing* over.

Have you got a pedro ?

Our cheerful friend, Michael, while in the city last week, took occasion to go down by the canal basin, he there heard it remarked that every lock in Ottawa was in that vicinity, whereupon he asked how all the doors in the place were fastened.

One of our foot-ball enthusiasts, who as yet wont Owen up to defeat, is still boiling over, not with rage, however.