

Certificates
And constant lates
Can never go together;
But they will come,
If work be done
Regardless of the weather.

So girls, be wise,
And moralize
On "Function of the teacher";
And when 'tis done
'Twill be your fun
To say, "It is complete, sir."

Oh! Principal
So wise and full
Of "Management" profound,
Be not severe
On those not here
For next week they'll come round.—J. I. Q.

(The Editor wishes to express his thanks to J. I. Q. for the above discussion on the events of that fateful 9th of December).

De Nobis.

Scene:—Trig. lecture.

Lai-l-w—(having listened to a discourse on the Sine and Cosine tables)—
"Now can these values be figured out?"

Lindsay—"Why, yes, the first fellow that made the tables must have figured them out."

Lai-l-w—"Well, I mean c-can we figure them out?"

Lindsay—"You've got me this time."

A Picture.

Think of a man without a coat
Puffing around like a ferry-boat,
Making speeches in dark and day,
Banging tables in such a way,
Kissing babies and shaking hands
Paying canvassers, cabs, and bands,
That's a picture serene, sublime,
That's our Kendrick—Election Time.