

Hey diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon,
But her bellowing loud,
Wouldn't scatter a crowd,
Like Rodolphe's big bassoon.

Job worked right hard for heaven, you see,
And won it at great price,
So 'tis small wonder there should be
Job's son in Paradise.

You Jene Grew
Where are you
Going with those books?
On your arm
Safe from harm,
Ah! How wise he looks!

I've no time
To your rhyme
To listen on the corners,
So ta, ta,
Tra, la, la,
I'm studying for honors.

"Alouette" gaily sang Brunette,
"Alouette, je te plumerai"
But an Owl came flying by
And pecked out the right eye
Of Brunette, pauvre jeune Brunette.

ULULATUS.

A

Merry

Christmas!

Double Pedro.

Shinny your side!

Boys, get ready for a tramp.

Boys if you want fun, make it.

The knight of the two edged sword.

"Half a million a year annually."

"For Man or Beast." Which got it?

"Is dere a Skinny Atlas paper here?"

What was that deaf man doing on the jury?

The Glee Club have been very *hysterous* of late.

The witness that lost his memory gave evidence
—of what?

One of our Sophs is back with a—well, yes it
is a moustache.

Damon has removed his office to No. 37,
Dormitory No. 2.

When that fourth form man finds what he has
lost let him *keep* it.

Who knows anything about the geographical
position of the M. P.'s?

Say! why not have the *sparrow* and the
martin in the Glee Club!

Did that third form man build the *sidewalk* in
the *middle* of the road yet.

Though it was not quite *Paradise* lost, it was
nearly so, wasn't it, Oscar?

On a certain table in the refectory no statement
is accepted without *divine* proof.

O. C. A. A., do not lend your flags to the
engineers if you want to use them again.

"Barber, spare the three" is what Frank D.,
said when about to be shaved last week; and the
barber succeeded with the aid of a microscope.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us,
E'en when out o' the study we float
Wi' a bit o' red flannel o' the tail of our coat.

"Yes," said the member from the Island strok-
ing his side whiskers, "The fish are so thick
along the banks of the St. Lawrence that the
waves crush them to death. I am not joking
gentlemen, it is a fact."

Caius as a skater,
Is no small pertater,
See him skim along,
Now in circles narrow
Now in a wheelbarrow
He twists with merry song.

A petition is being circulated amongst the stu-
dents asking that the ancient pipe which our
Trojan smokes, and which neither time nor tobac-
co can destroy, be given a place amongst the
antiquities in the museum.

Out of the cupboard the rodent peeped,
In search of a crust of bread,
Up on the benches the students leaped,
In terror deep and dread,
Yet one their was,
Both brave and true,
'Twas duty's call,
Full well he knew.
He seized a knife
And cut in two,
The quadruped,
Bone and sinew.

Garland the brow of our hero hold,
'Tis Kailton's noble son,
Long may our brave one his honors hold
For they were nobly won.

Vincent has given up all hopes of getting his
A. B. this year.

O give me three minutes more Johnny,
Only three minutes more,
That I may make a repartee,
And your arguments floor.