

DANIEL MCCOY.

Fresh from the land of corn and hay
Where the black crows caw, and the lambskins play,
Where people rise at break of day
And live on endless cream:
A country youth from a place way back,
Came Dan McCoy with bundle and pack,
From a homestead far remote from the track
Of civilised stream.

In English grammar he was weak,
But he laughed in Latin and sighed in Greek,
His hair was red and his air was mock,
And his soul did yearn for light.
For he came with purpose and the will
That purpose grand well to fulfill,
He came to study at Mettill—
To soar in dauntless flight.

He studies hard does Dan McCoy,
Study, in fact, is his only joy,
I fear a somewhat dismal boy,
A lonely country lad,
His pale blue eyes and timid stare,
His crown of fiery-coloured hair,
His rat-, or heavy awkward air,
Bespeak his mood as sad.

But fired by potent magic wand
Of intellectual converse grand
Aglow his mind will soon expand,
His voice will soon be heard,
Discussing works he's never seen,
Or coun tries where he's never been,
Whilst commonsences grand he'll screen
In flowing, flowery word.

Think not you are to smile at him,
Nor cast his country style at him,
He has no one to pilot him,
This simple country swain.
I would not have you feel contempt,
Of such a boy I have not dreamt,
So hold me free from the attempt—
For Daniel's is a brain

That loves to sit and ponder free
On problems that are hard to see,
And he will get his Arts degree,
He surely, surely will.
And his will be an honored place
At finish of the hard-run race,
His plodding, steady-going pace
More bounding gale will kill.

SPRINGGINS.

Between the Lectures.

Labor Omnia Vincit. Whose?

Is it *dignity* or *indignity* a Freshman is called upon to bear?

A Boodle Inquiry: What great Library at Oxford does the Fraser Institute resemble?

The Museum is to be congratulated on the recent acquisition of a fresh specimen of the order *bimana*.

When can a case be said to have progressed sufficiently to justify a physician in "calling in the remainder of the students?"

The members of the first year in Medicine desire to inform intending patients that their presence is not urgently requested in the wards.

In Latin.—Prof.: "Now, as to *quodam*; what is the significance of the termination *dam*?"

Freshman: "Makes it more emphatic, sir."

A man, having bought 1,000 Havana cigars, was asked what he was carrying. "Tickets to a course of lectures to be given by my wife," he replied.

A remarkable therapeutic discovery has recently been made, and in future Fl. Ext. Jaborandi will take its place among such drugs as Chloral Hydras and Tr. Ergot.

On one occasion, at least, Cook wished to be "elevated," when he was brought to a standstill, with his gruesome load, through an interference with the platform ropes.

Aunt: "So you're studying Roman History, Bobby? Why did Caesar hesitate when he came to the Rubicon?"

Bobby: "Oh, 'cause he wanted to see if he had the Gaul to cross it."

"Young man," he said solemnly, "what would you think if I should put an enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains?" "I would (hie) think, sir," hiccoughed the young man, "that you were going to an unnecessary expense."

The star of Medical Science, from a diagnostic point of view, is in the ascendant when "Round Ulcer of the Stomach," and "typical" at that, can be detected from lingual symptoms only. If such things can be done in the green tree, what will the dry bring forth?"

It was the day after Christmas, and they were opening a bottle of ale in their rooms; it opened in a hurry, frothing up on a grand scale.

"Hello!" said the first sophomore, "I believe that ale has been out all night, it's so frisky."

"Yes," said the second, "it has a head on it."

Little Dorothy had been intently watching her brother, an amateur artist, blocking out a landscape in his sketch-book. Suddenly she exclaimed—"I know what drawing is."

"Well, Dot, what is it?"

"Drawing is thinking, and then marking round the think."

Government Inspector—"Well, boys, what did the witch of Endor think she saw?" (Pause).

First Boy: "Plaze, sur, that wur an apparition!"

G. I.: "Quite right; but what is an apparition?" (Longer pause).

Second Boy: "Plaze, sur, that be a spectar!"

G. I.: "Yes, yes, quite right again, so far; but what's a spectre?" (Prolonged pause).

Bright Boy (in a wild falsetto): "Plaze, sur, that be a gentleman as goes about examin'in' scules!"

Chaplain: "So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again, and soothe his last moments; why didn't you call me?"

Hospital Orderly: "I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself."

Chaplain: "Why, what did you say to him?"

Orderly: "'Opkins," sez I, "you're mortal bad."

"I am," sez'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you'll get better."

"No," sez'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "you're going fast."

"Yes," sez'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you can 'ope to go to 'eaven."

"I don't think I can," sez'e. "Well, then, 'Opkins," sez I, "you'll go to 'ell."

"I suppose so," sez'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "you ought to be very grateful as there's a place perwided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go."

"And I think 'e 'eard me, sir, and then 'e died."