

"And then the ambulance drove on,
And loading up with men
With twisted necks and broken lungs,
Went driving off again.

"Oh, football's just the cutest game!
It cannot be surpassed;
But yet it really is a shame
To use up men so fast."

—*Boston Courier.*

INCONTROVERTIBLE.

Why is it that in summer time,
Your piece of ice is small,
While in the early winter time
You seem to get it all?

And this is capable of proof,
Despite the well-known facts,
That heat invariably expands,
And cold always contracts.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEN AND NOW.

"The world is mine," he said,
As he proudly left old Yale,
With the firm belief that he
Held the world fast by the tail.
But the years have come and gone,
And his spirit has grown meek:
He is selling tape and thread
Earning just fifteen a week.

—*Kansas City Journal.*

ULULATUS.

Deed it an, niggah!

Sandy can't be coming back, *can he?*

Say down dare, after you.

The boys fear that maple sugar will be scarce,
as there are no signs of sap.

THE CLOCK THAT STOPPED.

In the quiet stairway corner,
Our College timepiece stood,
Its face was like white marble,
And its body was made of wood;
But last month came an evil day,
Its pendulum ceased to swing,
No longer it marked the hours of time,
Nor did its tocsin ring.

Then a placard was placed upon it,
'Twas a very uncommon sight,
Upon which was legibly written,
The following words, "Not right;"
Then the head they took from the body,
That head more precious than gold,
And placed it aloof on the window,
Exposed to the frost and cold.

When the externs came next morning,
Each in amazement peered,
At the face so sad and solemn,
And the casement all besmeared;
Some turned at the foot of the stair case,
And homeward retraced their way,
To tell their friends of this College clock,
That had strangely gone astray.

It stood the test of work for years,
And faithfully played its part
It is a precious heirloom,
Dear to every College heart.
Old clock you now are fixed anew,
To your old time fame ascend,
Have the bells to ring at their proper time,
And the routine right again.

All persons are hereby warned to cover their
mirrors when filou strays around.

His masterpiece is "A Snowshoe Tramp at
Midnight."

What a pretty little moustache he got ready
during the holidays.

The keen Gatineau air has not only hurried on
the growth of Jean's asparagus, but has also im-
parted a rich and glossy color.