

That essence of squirt
Must have smarted right pert,
For, the tray he was carrying there
Made an incurving shoot,
Turned over so cute,
And eatables crowded the air.

A deluge of fishes,
And other rare dishes,
Stewed oysters—frogs' legs by the
score ;

Thus rudely before us
Were thrust in a chorus,
A sea we ne'er swam in before.

When the smoke cleared away
Neath the table, the jay
Who long since had vanished from
sight,
Was heard faintly to groan
As he merged from the foam :
"The oysters, boys, aren't served
right."

Then the waiter got mad,
Made a kick at the lad,
Saying he was the cause of it all ;
But this med. was no bum,
Though he was full of rum,
And his nibs got a terrible fall.

Now four jolly good fel's,
In the street found themselves,
With never a nickle so bright ;
When the cabman who stayed,
For his cash sore afraid,
Demanded his pay for the night.

Not a man could make good,
—Mr. Cabby got rude,
Saying he'd take it out of their hide ;
But along came J. Day,
With his generous way,
And the cabby got paid for the ride.

Homeward bound thro' the snow,
Arm in arm now they go,
Singing loud as they move on their
way ;

But harmonious notes
Are estranged from their throats,
As they troll out their merry old lay.

Key-holes never so bright,
On a dark stormy night,
Such as this, always go on a spree ;
And their owners can't find
Mid the snow-flakes and wind
Where those sad little apertures be.

But precautions young Jim
With a great deal of vim
Draws forth from his pocket a light :
When a war-whoop real loud,
Showed the rest of the crowd,
The key-hole had gone out of sight.

Then a boarder who leaned
From a window-sill, beamed
A bright happy smile as he said :
"If you make little noise,
And be good quiet boys,
Your troubles will soon all have
fed."

In his covering of white
He slipped down in the night
And cautiously opened the door ;
When a gust from behind
Pushed him out in the wind
And slammed the door shut, as be-
fore.

His feet in the snow
Tripped the war-dance just so,
His voice rose above all the rest ;
While his troublers profane
Called the wind a bad name,
And vowed that that the door was
a pest.

When the mistress so grim,
Heard this terrible din,
She thought that the house was
a-fire ;
Rushing down to the door,
She found students galore,
And very supreme was her ire.

But the lads once so gay
Now, in plausible way,
Explained how the key-hole had
flown ;

Then her anger gave place
To a half-smiling face
As she cautioned them no more to
roam.

—"FRITZ."

The Medical dinner which at the
present writing is still in the future
promises to be quite as large an event
as usual. The JOURNAL has seen the
programme and the faculty song and
will be at its seat in time for the first
course.