

Locals.

"By gum."

SHE is in brackets.

How many legs has the flea ?

BET your pie.

THE little bantam still crows.

THOSE horrid boys are always looking.

PROF.—Mr. H.—What about Pythagoras.

MR. H.—(With philosophical gravity) Pythagoras invented the sun, sir.

MR. B.—(who wears *brads* in his shoes, waxing eloquent), Prof., I noticed last evening, as I walked, a—a—a—well, a large swelling on the side of the *room*. The Prof's answer is unrecorded.

SOPH.—What is the meaning of "paradox."

FRESHIE—I think it means a pair of docks.

AN enthusiastic student is so enraptured with the study of Navigation that he is heard "boxing the compass" while lying in bed at the midnight hours. Such persistence should be encouraged, but the effect is extremely *w(e)aring* on the nerves of his next neighbour.

A FRESHIE, in class the other day, upon being aroused leaped to his feet and shouted, "Does he want me"? Doubtless, his dreams were *marred* by a *telling* point as the price of pins have since gone up.

JUNIOR to Librarian,—“How many of these books can I take out?”

Lib.—“That depends upon your strength, I suppose.”

Raven locks and nut brown hair
Lie mixed beneath the barber's chair,
And killing curls are now no more
They're killed in turn by pompador.

And now the maiden sighs forlorn
Because the Sophie's locks are shorn,
And in her tender heart and sore
She hates that dreadful pompador.

Now boys desist before in vain
You try to make your action plain,
For all the fair will cry for war
If you must wear that pompador.

AN enterprising junior has discovered a horse that canters along with no apparent exertion under his rider, a man of some 300 lbs, *avoidupois*. His shadow, it is said sits on behind.

How often as we rest by the way is the *hollow* sound of a blithesome spirit of the air heard in mellow accents descanting on the charms of nature's gentlest handiwork.

THERE has been considerable difficulty of late in obtaining a frog for the science room. We have heard that a specimen called *leap frog*, makes a frequent appearance at a neighboring institution.

And now, nocturnal beacons gleam,
And tables creak and quiver;
Fragmental rockers strew the halls,
Despairing groans convulse the walls
And make their timbers shiver.
Now frenzied fingers cleave the hair
And strain its rooted fibres;
Within, the intellect that's there,
With mighty throes excites the glare
Of eyes that frantically stare
On titles, scrolled and flourished fair,—
But empty—fruitless as the air—
Which mock their baffled "scribers"
At length ideas begin to swarm,
Alas, how soon rejected;
For Prof. would think that overdrawn,
Doctorial lips would drop in scorn,
The rest would roll their eyes and yawn,
With absent glance deflected;
For eloquence—abundant store
He feels within his bosom.
Erect, he rears his head on high,
His arms, impelled with fervor, sw
If but his tongue he could untie,
He'd chain that audience or die.
But facts are stiff as Irish rye,
And soon their force subdues him.
"I ne'er was born for literature,"
(So sighs our Junior hero);
"I cannot write an essay sure,
I won't recite, and, what is more,
If they insist, deep in their gore,
I'll bathe this pen-knife o'er and o'er,
I'll be a modern Nero!"