

HOW SHAKESPEARE WROTE.

THE Shakespeare cottage was gloomy
On the weekly washing day,
And the great Bard of Avon was "nutty"
From a loss of something to say.

He tried, but the words would not come,
Tho' he brought his vast stock in play
To write "Yes; that is the trouble,"
In a wholly original way:

Till, dim through the steam in the kitchen,
He saw his wife bend o'er the tub,
Then thought came to him like a sunbeam,
And he wrote, "Aye! there is the rub."—*Ex.*

LOCALS.

Merry Christmas.

THAT remark is not original.

IT seems to us we have heard it before.

MAKE us a Christmas present of a joke.

FERGIE and Hansford are rejoicing in the hope of being able to take a much-needed *rest* during the holidays.

SPROTT's Thanksgiving-day jag lasted a week. During the process somebody swiped his moustache.

THERE is an agitation on foot to superannuate the '96 Senior Picture Committee.

THIS month's copy of "Our Little Folks" is waiting for Misener at Robert's desk.

MCCREDIE has this month off. He wants to send a copy of ACTA home to his friends.

THE ladies will please note that the cane Hansford is sporting belongs to one of the local editors.

"PILLY" tried hard, but the provocation was too great. Before his fourteen-day week of prayer was up he "swore a mighty oath."

SOME poor guy knocked for admittance on the college door, the other day, for about five minutes before one of the students took pity on him.