

ULULATUS.

Hail musicians and sweet-singers
 Come weep your confrere's fall
 For misfortune overtook him
 At a recent game of ball.
 When upon the stand he noticed
 Two dames in bright array
 With bow and smiles profoundly sweet
 To them he made his way.

He did surpass gay Beau Brummel
 The way he doffed his hat,
 The ladies captivated then
 In quiet rapture sat.
 And now our Dandy Dinment youth
 With Patsie Rooskie's hair,
 Raising his duck-tail coat he sits
 Between these roses fair.

The Prefect grim detects poor Jim,
 With Ward McAllister air,
 It vexes him to see G—kin
 With such a giddy pair.
 He calls and Jim crest-fallen comes
 With fears for verbal storms,
 The scene is changed, our masher sad
 Now sits between two thorns.

Moral

You may play well musician and try hard to win
 But he who loves danger shall perish therein.

George charmed the grand stand by his phenomenal catching, and was much elated when they presented him with a beautifully arranged bouquet of Dandelions and an address in French. George amiably entertained the donors to a banquet at the Peep O'Day hotel, and appropriately addressed his guests in the vernacular.

One of the most enjoyable features of the Field-Day was big Jim's graceful pole climbing.

Sandy—Say Jack fix Auss—t

C—sh—Arrange the rope the way I have it, can't you?

Auss—t—No I'll be hanged if I do.

Hanged till he was red, red, red—the anchor man of the collegiate tug-of-war. His assistants mournfully chanted the dirge. "His funeral is to-morrow."

The Collegiate course accuse Sandy of misunderstanding the term relay; they say he thought it a delay race.

Elias's sickness is accounted for in different ways. Some say disease of the heart; others who saw him the day before claim it was caused by absence of the heart.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," was the motto adopted by the members of the Third Form on the eve of the matriculation examination.

Joe won the wheel-barrow race. His enemies say that the barrel was an appropriate objective point.

The football club is meeting with a heavy loss in the departure of its celestial, Wing Lee.

A feet—ure in baseball; Kinney's base running.

The sunniest thing—O'R's batting the one-armed pitcher.

