

ULULATUS.

V-a-r-s-i-t-y !—Rah ! rah !! rah !!!—Rah !
rah !! rah !!!—Rah ! rah !! rah !!!

“ Champions Again !!! ”

What's the matter with the Garnet and Gray?
—They're all right !

Ἡδὺ γελῶν ἐκ τῶν πρῶθεν ὀυζυρῶων.

One of the Montrealers after Thursday's championship football match was heard to Shakespearingly vent his feelings thuswise :

“ O well-a-day, that ever I was born !—Some aqua-vitae, ho !—O woe ! O woful, woful, woful day ! Most lamentable day ! Most woful day ! That ever, ever I did yet behold !—Never was seen so black a day as this : O woful day, O woful day ! ”

To which another re-echoed : “ Beguil'd, distressed, spited, martyred, killed ! Uncomfortable time ! Why can'st thou now to murder, murder our solemnity ? ”

OUR SCHEME.

Oh, the language we intend to renovate,
All its crudities we're going to extirpate,
Through the realms of rhetoric,
Clad in sentences plethoric,
Will we march our polysyllables in state.

All colloquial expressions we'll eschew,
Mannerisms, affectations banish too,
We'll compile a dictionary
Which, from present forms, will vary
In containing not a word of letters few.

Our verbosity extemporaneous,
Exophthalmia in others will produce,
While this exomogenesis

Rhodomontade, of our scheme is
An expatiation isagogicous.

In the Latin Class (after the Montreal game):—

Prof.—What case does “ad” govern?

Student.—The accusative, motion towards.

Prof.—Give an example.

Student.—Campbell's pugilism was ad-meagher-
ed in Montreal.

INTERNAL EXPRESSIONS REGARDING EXTERNAL
IMPRESSIONS.

“ Land of eternal frosts and snow,
Haunt of the bear and buffalo,
Home of the oily Esquimeaux, ”
So have they named thee !

So have they called thee, Dominion fair,
Who've never breathed thy bracing air ;
Who, of perfections haye least to spare,
For thy dearth they've blamed thee.

Yes, thou art labelled from day to day
By some ignorant neighbours over the way,
Whose graphic portrait of Canada
Is a work of their own creation.

They think of Iceland, if they think at all,
When they swear that Canadians have no Fall.
That such, true winter we're pleased to call
By a stretch of our imagination.

Yet, they picture our land with a cloudy sky,
With white-capped hills and ice-bergs high,
With pallid plains that freeze the eye
Stiff in its concave socket.

As a land where ceaseless storms prevail,
Where the howl of wolf and the bleak winds'
Thro' the long, drear night the ear assail [wail
As a wife would her husband's pocket.

Where nature nought else with life can stir
Save the snow-shoed foot of a roll of fur
That resembles neither a him nor a her
In its entire appearance external.

As a land to the Christian world unknown,
But somewhere up in the frigid zone
Which Boreas rules from his ice bound throne,
As Satan the regions infernal.

Poor fools, untaught of Geography,
Pull down your ear-laps and come and see
If our climate's not as mild as that of the Free,
And be not incredulous.

With four fine seasons our country's blest ;
For grand achievements, we do our best,
While we feel that we're not far behind the rest
Of the nations sedulous.

What about the two heroes *l(a)unched* forth after
the 16-year old half-back's supper? Was it the
anniversary of the Aylmer escapade?

Two prominent Seniors are *tray*-ing to compose
a *dean*-ty poem, which will appear in o next
issue.

Congratulations from Tuck
On the Owl's last puck !