

ULULATUS.

Alas ! Alas !
Where is Xmas ?

This year for the first time our boys on New Year's morn could dispense with addressing old Janus in Horace's classical words :—“ *Matutine Pater.*”

Good morning, Jack ! That's a powerful *grip* you have.

Music Teacher . . Have you ever studied music before ?

Student.— Yes sir ; but only in French.

A Hibernian's view.—What's the colour of an iceberg ?—Dark white.

How old is our friend Tom ?—If we reckon from the time of “ The Big Fire,” he is 22 ; but if we are to accept his own statement, he is only 19, and he never *prevaricates*.

“ Quack ” has a room now—between the goal-posts. But he objects to it, as the puck seems to consider it a thoroughfare.

A telegraphic special to THE OWL informs us that the University Stumper, Dick, is doing noble work in the lower provinces.

Prof.—“ Whose view do you accept, that of St. Thomas or that of Duns Scotus ?

Student.—(Recently returned from elections) drowsily.—Dun Scotus by 336 of a majority.

Extract from the goal tender's report of the game :—“ Well, the puck was too small and they lifted it too high in the air anyhow.”

“ The Wonderful One-hoss Shay ” which our Willie gives us for the present issue is far superior to his “ Sheridan's Ride ” contributed last month. Perhaps the most striking feature of it is the wonderful similarity it bears towards the original of that title.—A likeness so perfect that “ Oliver ” might easily mistake it for his own.

“ Lord John ” hopes the snow will melt before vacation comes so that he may tell his N. Y. friends that he has seen Canada.

“ Aime ” of the Amateur Geography Class is curious to learn in what year the Dead Sea died.

Samson, according to the best First Grade authority on Jewish Antiquities, extinguished the Philistines by removing the centre pole of a large tent, under which his enemies were congregated.

OUR WILLIE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Long had he waited—impatiently waited
The ling'ring approach of the lawning New Year;
And like thunder his cries rent the Varsity skies
As the much-talked-of Xmas Vacation drew near.
To each of his friends, as a secret that ends
In a “ little brown nut ” never spoken of here,
His wild hopes he confided, for he was decided
That Santa Claus, braving the icy snow-drift
Would undoubtedly bring him a rare New Year's
gift.

So his young heart dilated, with happiness
freighted,

As scene after scene of the merry “ good-cheer ”
Filled his mind ; and his last note he hurriedly
dated

To him who's considered the “ Great Financier,”
And 'twas nothing so funny that Will wanted
money

To reach home and parents and land he loved
dear,

Where those bright little stars and those red and
white bars

In the glory of liberty's noon-day appear.

So when the boys started, our Willie departed

Leaving deep silence to reign in his stead

Till he'd made his appearance again,

Now, the pleasures he'd yearned for he found and
returned

To the great empty college—yet so full of know-
ledge—

And encountered a comrade who shortly inquired
If Old Santa had brought him the gift he'd
desired :

When thus spoke our Willie—a curl on] his lip—

“ Ye-es ; magnificent present he brought me ”—

“ La Grippe ! ”