

dian season, in our minds is such that all would involuntarily shrink from not observing it, and how could we perpetuate it better than by statutory enactment that the 24th of May remain a holiday forever to our people, and as *Victoria Day* become a fitting memorial of the longest reign of any sovereign of our nation, and, far above that, both now and when the sad inevitable does come near, of that Gracious Lady herself with whom a generous Providence has so highly blessed us. *Viva Victoria!*"

Collis Campusque

PUNS ASINORUM.

IF you don't like the heading of this section, of course we shall have to put asinorum in the objective genitive.

An intellectual Sophomore complains that Shakespeare uses too many relative pronouns. "Why," says he, "he opens Macbeth with three *whishes*."

1st Senior:—Can you tell me the difference between our position at and after our great egg breakfast. 2nd Ditto (any old nan for a Senior):—No, what is the difference? 1st Sen.:—Why, at breakfast we were a foe of the fowl, while after breakfast we were afoul of the foe. 2nd Do:—Eggsactly, and he turned away singing, "Gathering up the Shells at Acadia."

As the Premier stood before the mirror he exclaimed:—"I said that we had a *handsome* majority of one. But who is it? He can't resemble his leader." The mirror took pity and cast no more reflections on him.

The Freshmen have been improving the looks of the sky by flying a kite with the inspiring motto:—"And hereby hangs a *tale*."

Have you heard of the wonderful Budget,
That is framed so that no one can judge it
Since the consumer now pays
A high duty on *stays*;

So the Grits must stay out and not budge it.

The Freshie had a great fund of experience but a little store of reverence who asked the Junior if he received any birthday presents on the 1st of April.

De Ovis Virisque.

Ye guardians of the sacred coop
Attend my Easter lay!

I sing of fights with appetites,
And senior counsels late at night:
To hatch some *foul* affray.

Oh! every *nick* and chink was filled
With pure albumen *curds*
For thirteen hens toiled in their pens