

The following held the first places in the different classes of the Commercial Course for the month of January :—

First Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. A. Bissonnette</li> <li>2. J. B. Patry</li> <li>3. A. Martin</li> </ol>
Second Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Richardson</li> <li>2. J. Twohey</li> <li>3. J. Neville</li> </ol>
Third Grade B	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Cotè</li> <li>2. C. Bastien</li> <li>3. A. McDonald</li> </ol>
Third Grade A	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. J. Cassidy</li> <li>2. B. Girard</li> <li>3. A. Kehoc</li> </ol>
Fourth Grade	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. H. Desrosiers</li> <li>2. A. Barter</li> <li>3. P. Turcotte</li> </ol>

### ULULATUS.

Join the New Crusade--against "rusty," slang and cigarettes.

What nation has the greatest growth? Germination.

Mary had a little lamb  
Whose fleece was white as snow,  
And every time John F--l-y snores  
Our beds rock to and fro!

Polo should be both a popular and inexpensive game amongst us. So many students have ponies!

English is my mother tongue, said Joe.  
And French is my bother tongue, replied John.

It is rumored that McG-- received a "collect"-ive telegram from his admirers on his birthday.

Prof.—What House reigned in England from Henry VII to Elizabeth?

Student—The House of Tudor.

Prof.—And what House reigns now?

Joe (indignantly)—The House of Lords, Sor!

Gus delights in the good old maxim,  
Spare the child, you'll spoil the rod.  
But he's never gone a-fishing  
Since he tried to hang up "Codd."

How appropriately might Wordsworth's lines be applied to McC-r-th-'s Glee Club: "Swans sing before they die--'twere no bad thing, did certain persons die before they sing."

The following is a sample of the abuse to which the editor of this department is frequently subjected:

Editor Ululatus:

Sir,

I commend to your intelligence (!?) the following extract from a famous author: "We laugh at that in others which is a serious matter to ourselves; because our self-love is stronger than our sympathy. Some one is generally sure to be the sufferer by a joke. What is sport to one is death to another. It is only very sensible or very honest people who laugh as freely at *their own absurdities* as at those of their neighbors."

### MY BROTHER.

Who tries to be both strong and bold?  
Who has complaints against him told?  
Who gets my pants when they are old?

My brother.

Who wears my shirts and collars all?  
Who thinks he's smart because he's tall  
Who is it that I like to maul?

My brother.

Who gets his money from his ma?  
Who gets his — from his papa?  
Who is it that we call "Big Chah"?

My brother.

Who says that he can beat us all?  
But when we strike begins to bawl?  
Who's out of place in a dancing hall?

My brother.

Who is so strong that he can raise  
A hundred pounds, (or so he says)?  
Who has "Cork County" on his face?

My brother.

Who's always sure to pay his debts?  
But when he can't, most sorely frets?  
Who thinks the girls are in his nets?

My brother.

Who says he does not like mince pie?  
Who eats enough to make one die?  
Who for my share does often sigh?

My brother.

Who gets up in the morning bright?  
The stove and furnace both to light?  
Who's working hard when I sleep tight?

My brother? I guess not.