

increase of ten over that of the same period last year. Owing to protracted ill-health our Poet-in-Chief has been obliged to lay them over. He thinks that our readers "will like them better next year."

The rank in class for the month of April was as follows :

First Grade	{	1. John Tobin.
		2. R. Devlin.
		3. G. McCabe.
Second Grade	{	1. J. Dempsey.
		2. L. Pelletier.
		3. F. Stringer.
Third Grade B	{	1. E. Donegan.
		2. P. Champagne.
		3. R. Belanger.
Third Grade A	{	1. D. Kearns.
		2. J. Mortelle, D. McGale
		3. J. McCosham.
Fourth Grade	{	1. A. Belanger.
		2. J. Burgess.
		3. R. Gosseiln.

FLORES.

Mr. A. Taillon of Sorel, who was a student in the good old days, and who delivered the French address on the occasion of the unveiling of Rev. Dr. Tabaret's statue has been appointed manager of of the Ottawa branch of La Banque Nationale.

Mr. H. Panet, who after leaving college made a course at the Royal Military College, Kingston, is now employed on the engineering staff of the C. P. R., with headquarters at Smith's Falls, Ont.

Mr. A. Morel who was for a time in the C. E. course here, has left for South Dakota, to tempt the god of fortune in the West.

Mr. Jules Philion, ex-'93, has entered upon the study of law in the office of O'Gara, McTavish and Gemmel in this city.

Mr. Joseph Coté, another quondam member of the Science class, has been selected as a member of the surveying party to carry on governmental work in Alaska, and has left for that district.

A COLLEGE IDYL,

Ram it in, cram it in,
Students' heads are hollow ;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry,
Ram it in, cram it in,
Students's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
What are Profs. paid for ?
Bang it in, slam it in—
What are students made for ?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinicology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Students' heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is of learning ;
Punch it in ; crunch it in,
Quench their foolish yearning
For the field and grassy nook,
Meadow green and rippling brook ;
Drive such wicked thoughts afar,
Teach the students that they are
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it it in, slam it in—
That their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow ;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell you,
How the teacher crammed it,
Rammed it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, carressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

Anon in The Lantern.