

ULULATUS.

Line up !

Whoa ! Nap-a-dandy !

If your shoes are *mishfs* don't *fail in* disposing of them.

The second form is so large this year that it can afford to lose one of its members.

The gentlemen who conducted the bear performance last year intend to repeat it by special request.

We are glad to see that at least one of our newcomers is always "*reddy*" to play football.

Two calves came into the smoking-room one evening last week, but as their names were not on the list, they were promptly ejected.

The director of the music class announces that there is a great number of pupils taking lessons on the flute, this term.

An aspiring matriculant, who fancied he was of Milesian extraction, has just made the *Munster*-ous discovery that his ancestors hailed from the Celestial Empire.

A member of the fifth form has under "*tuck*" to cultivate the vocal talent of the smoking-room glee club.

A not very observant freshman whose exercise was marked 1.8 was surprised to learn that he could not obtain more than 100 in a month though his daily note was 18.

The Rev. Pastor of St. Joseph's was rudely awakened from his slumbers by a loud knocking at the door of the Seminary, at midnight, a few days ago. Fearing an urgent sick call, he hastily arose and opening the window demanded "what's the matter?" The two *habitants* who were at the door and who were the cause of the disturbance, answered simultaneously "We come to bring Mr. G——'s trunk to the cemetery."

It was not very large, this Rugby football. A harmless envelope of leather enfolding a few cubic inches of air. It looked very enticing when Frank saw it, yet in one short minute the ball was bounding merrily over the field, and Frank was lifted tenderly from the furrow plowed by his nasal appendage and led to the infirmary.

THE ROCKING-CHAIR.

I.

Lament of the furniture dealer.

My beautiful, my beautiful that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and curving arms, and painted back reared high,
I grieve to part with thee to-day, dear object of my care,
I may not rest in thee again, thou'rt sold, my Rocking-Chair.

Farewell ! my weak and wearied limbs another's care must seek :
A stranger's room thou'lt grace to-day, with yellow paint made sleek,
Some other hands than mine must now the duster round thee ply,
But for repairs, thou'lt yet return, my Rocking-Chair, good bye.

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II.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As up through Rideau Street there passed,
A youth, who bore upon his back,
Just as the miller bears his sack,
A Rocking-Chair.

His brow was knit, his eyes were keen,
He thought the darkness would him screen,
From observation, as he bore,
Homeward from the furniture store,
A Rocking-Chair.

"Tu whit ! tu whoo !" sang forth the OWL
The bird of wisdom, sapient fowl,
As from his perch on the college tower
He saw approach at that late hour,
A Rocking-Chair.

"Tu whoo ! tu whit ! just what I want,
For scenes like this, the tower I haunt,
Who hides beneath th'unsteady seat,
Who carries here with stealthy feet,
A Rocking-Chair ?"

The College porch at last is near,
The lectric lamps shine bright and clear,
The youth's gaze rests on a label bold,
Startled, he drops from his iron hold,
The Rocking-Chair.

On the telegraph pole, just over his head,
"Unload all trunks in the yard" he read,
Like magic vanished all his cares,
And through the portal wide he bears,
A Rocking-Chair.

"Try not to pass" the porter said,
"You'll break the lamps that hang o'er head,"
Unheeded was his warning cry,
The youth ascending bore on high,
The Rocking-Chair.

Safe in his chair, ensconced at last,
The youth reclines, all danger passed,
Of all his comrades, he alone,
That solace in fatigue doth own—
A Rocking-Chair.