

ULULATUS.

Some more besides already !

Towser and Schnider are a *handy* pair to tackle.

"Pompadour Jim" may be thankful that he did not run up against our "Michigan Cyclone" while in the city. Too bad you did not get that permission, Dan.

SPRING !

O Spring, fair Spring ; thou prolific thing !
What marvels of music thy footsteps bring !
Let thy praise resound, let the welkin ring,
Whilst the muse still lives and the poets still
sing ;

She comes, she comes, we have called her long ;
She comes o'er the mountain with light and
song ;

In the little bud wrapped in its verdant coat ;
In the song that swells in the Robin's throat ;
In the flowing locks of the vernal poet ;
In the glad, green earth, that was out of sight —
Thro' a long Canadian winter's night,
But that now emerges as smiling bright
As the student roused from his cozy bed
Ere the frisky, frolicsome morning light
Has painted the levant City red.

She comes in the nick of this gladsome time
When the gay plumed singers revisit our clime —
And the plumeless singers as rich in rhyme —
When the rain-drops rattle their restless chime,
And the brooklets murmur their strains sublime,
When the clumsy Bruin, that had run to hair,
Paw-nourished for months in his frozen lair,
Comes forth with a wild and vacant stare
For a whiff of our pure, dry, bracing air,
Like the fuming fiend that would fain regale
His dejected wits with a short inhale.

She comes, she comes, as was said of old.
With Lagrippe or other infernal cold,
She comes, oh yes ! with the emerald bud
And trowsers spotted with slush and mud,
With sweet combinations that raise the soul,
And the prices of wheat, and corn and coal,
To tennis-voterics she brings content ;
To tenants, the landlord for last year's rent.
There's no one to whom she does not bring
Some source of joy or some bitter sting,
For her fragrant but fever freighted breath
Bears the seeds of life and the germs of death.

"Rich and Rare"—a generous millionaire.

"Out of sight"—the blind beggar.

A Bank Draft—Newfoundland cod.

Gumdrops—when the prof. sends John to the box.

Tim : In what does der seat of yer Canadian Government resemble der head of Little Lord Fontleroy ?

Tommy : In the flowing locks behind.

Drowsy Pupil, (who suddenly awakes on hearing the prof. expatiating on the hazards bound up in the Wheel of Fortune) mildly interrogates : "Say, do you think the Wheel of Fortune is square ?"

Class Light (with *ready* wit) : "No ; it's round!"

Everything went smoothly and from the beginning of the year he successfully worked his bluff and sat in the host's place at the head of the Infirmary table. But something unusual must have occurred. Perhaps the favorable mention he received last month upset his gravity, for we notice that he has been sent back to eat with the rest of the boys. He will soon have his *car* on the track again—though with a new scheme.

The member for Hogs-Back, though of *French* origin, advocated the abolition of the Dual language.

The majority of the Seniors, with the advent of spring, have removed from their upper lip, that known to philosophers as a langivle entity or mental concept.

On the government side were a noble crowd,
Of men both tried and true,
But their eloquence was for nothing
Against the mob, and *Brian Boru*.

They talked lacrosse all winter, but now when its season is at hand and all the ice has gone in keeping with their principle of contrariety. "Dan from up the creek" and "the tapeworm" are all the time disputing about hockey.