

## SUBRIDENDO.

-- A new version, Ego sum homo -- I am at home. -- *St. Viateur's Journal*.

## NOT VERY MANY.

Willie : How many presents did your brother give you Frank ?

Frank : Oh, just three a necktie and a pair of suspenders. -- *Smiles*.

Visitor. -- Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar.

Tommy. -- Yes, sir.

Visitor. -- If I give you the sentence, "The pupil loves his teacher," what is that ?

Tommy. -- "That's sarcasm." -- *Ex*.

Mike : Why do them false eyes be made of glass, now ?

Pat : Shure, and how else could they say throo 'em, ye thick head. -- *Yale Record*.

The following epitaph is inscribed on a tombstone in an English cemetery :

"Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 50 years.

*She lived with her husband 50 years and died in the confident hope of a better life.* -- *Smiles*.

"Look here, I understand that you referred to me as an educated hog."

"Yes, I did, but I am willing to modify the statement."

"You'd just better."

"Very well. I'll take back the word educated." -- *Ex*.

Physician. -- My friend, I fear that you have got water on the brain ?

Patient. -- Water your reasons for thinking so ?  
The physician fainted. -- *Ex*.

## HE BIT.

Tawk. -- How can you tell an old chicken from a young one ?

Gawk. -- By the teeth, of course.

Tawk. -- But chickens don't have teeth !

Gawk. -- No ; but I have ! -- *Smith*.

"Wasn't it camphor you asked for ?" queried the polite clerk.

"Yaas, that's what I cam-for," murmured Cholly, and they had to turn the river on to bring the clerk to. -- *Ex*.

Why is an editor a moral man ? Because he always does write. -- *Ex*.

"I don't mind doing away with the editorial 'we,' said Editor Cutting, "but when a fellow comes into the office with a club and tries to abolish the editorial eye, it is a very different matter." -- *Ex*.

Well done -- as the man said when he finished digging the cistern.

## DI-VARSITIES.

*He Wasn't In It.*

Bill orter larn philosophee,  
An' be high toned and Literree,  
I'll chuck him down to Varsitee.  
Bill wasn't in it.

He swaggered round so recklesslee,  
You'd think he owned Amerikkee,  
He had a splendid libraree,  
But wasn't in it.

He thought he'd like the sights to see  
And swagger round the Queen Citee,  
But such a thing as hard studee --  
He wasn't in it.

His nights were spent at the Musee,  
At socials or some whist partee,  
He found the classics so prosee,  
He wasn't in it.

But at exams he was pluckee,  
Yet wasn't able to copee,  
For Mac did keep his eye on he,  
He wasn't in it.

Then in the lists was bold Billee,  
As in the hearse was Godferee,  
Aloud he wailed so bitterlee,  
O, I ain't in it.

His father said disgustedlee :  
"My son, yer done with Varsitee,  
Ye'll get yer hoe and stay with me."  
And William did it.

-- *Varsity*.

J. ROSE.