

ULULATUS.



After our 'Xmas
Number what shall
I say?

Public Notice :—Ran away from our “sanctum” during the Christmas festivals, a fellow by the name of *Joe Kerr*. A rich reward offered for his capture.

Hockibus fustibus
Where is that puckibus?
It's under the scattered Tuckibus.

Oh *jam transit* Christmas Day
Jam abiit far away
Et nunc venit dreadful exam.
Ne'er mind, *transibit etiam*.

A goose was eating a boy,
That is, the boy was eating the goose;
Yet it would a wise man annoy
This knotty problem to loose,
Which of the two was the true goose.

And what has become of “African Pete?”
Gone back to his native wilds.

A desperate young Gnatho, steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows, was heard to remark: “A Christmas turkey may be stuff, but surely t'aint nonsense.”

We never heard “Auld Lang Syne” sung more movingly than it was the other day by a promising Freshman, as he wended his way up to the dormitory, fondly carrying in his arms a large Christmas box, in which his fellow students had considerably deposited a pair of cast-off boots.

“Oh my sole! oh my awl! and thou, my love..... no.....none after thee.....thou art my last,” exclaimed the cobbler.

“Oh my art! oh my chair! oh my hone!” sighed the barber.

“These fellows must be a sort of blue-sockings. Darn them both,” said the grave old dame.

He of “the long coat in the week and of the bobtail on Sunday;” he of the jansenistic tendencies hath departed much from his wonted principles by *sedulo*ously indulging in capers fantastic.

The Aylmer folks were wondering who that *new man* could be that had been “left” in their breezy town from the Christmas sleigh ride. The beaming countenance of his friend might throw light on the subject.

An old story reports that a preacher once said that “the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly.” Something akin to this happened to one of our distinguished orators, when, in his speech, he remarked that “the Quebec Government had generously decided to grant twelve acres of land to every father of one hundred children.

HOCKEY.

From off the College Rink below
Red-visag'd students cleared the snow;
But ruddier yet their cheeks shall grow
By far increased activity.

By shrill-voiced captains fast arrayed,
Each team its hockey sticks displayed,
And furious was the charge they made,
Impelled by honest rivalry.

Then shook the ice with sharp blades riven;
Then rushed the *puuk* before them driven;
Till, inch by inch, the ground is given
Before the active semin'ry.

The Arts still struggle, losing fast;
Now make a desperate rush at last—
Point, Cover-point, Defence are pass'd,
As onward press they eagerly.

Wild with delight, th' unconscious *puuk*
Spins dizzily whene'er 'tis struck,
Till safely guided on by Tuck,
Passes th' opponents rapidly.

Now fain would each fleet-footed Sem,
His threatened goal from danger hem:
But woe to whom the Fates condemn,
Although he struggle gallantly.

For, dash the Arts, with heart and soul,
Upon the Sem's' uncovered goal—
A final rush, a stroke, a roll,—
The Sem's retire despondently.

'Tis thus when hockey teams shall meet,
One must sustain a sore defeat,
And hear the joyous shouts that greet
Their rivals crowned with victory.