

## ULULATUS!

Certainly not!

A SHOCKING STORY.—The account of an electrocution.

A CONSTANT GAME OF "BLUFF."—Phen's sojourn in the infirmary.

Instead of "The Wonderful One-hoss Shay" which "Our Willie" proposed giving us, he has sent us "The One-eyed Snow-house," the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes naturally suggesting by the "Pick Method," the idea of house.

In the corner it stands with its back to the fence,—  
The Juniors' "Castle of Indolence,"  
Its broad breast bared to the flut'ring breeze  
How its gaping mouth laughs at the shivering  
trees!

Its massive white head towering high,  
Like Babel's turrets, would cleave the sky;  
Its single window, like Cyclops' eye,  
Marks a Ulysses skating by  
As the *bald* eagle that seeking rest,  
Circles above its feathery nest,  
Betimes 'twould say, with a knowing wink,  
To the hockey giants on the rink;  
"With patent spring rockers "bright and blue,"  
"With a stick from the cedars that Lebanon  
grew,  
"With six months' steady practice too,  
"I think I could play with the best of you!"  
'Twas built of the smoothest blocks of ice,  
Wrought by a Crusoe's "strange device,"  
Of whose secret workings, we little know,"  
Save the fact that it wasted much water and snow.  
Boys turned horses and tugged away  
At a funnily fashioned Lapland sleigh,  
Spending the wholesome half-conge  
Carrying water as if 'twere play,  
Till in the west the sinking sun  
Smiled on the toilers' troubles done,  
And there stands the structure, cold and gray,  
Stout as it stood on that half-conge,

Where it bids fair to stand and stay  
Long after Hockey Rink melts away.  
Doubtless it's good for the Ides of May,—  
Logic is logic—that's what I say—  
And lest one should think that every line  
In this epic of epics might not be mine,  
I deem it a prudent plan to sign  
My name at the bottom—Willie.

N.B.—Open to the 1st and 2nd grades.

Undefined, undefinable, never yet seen,  
Unknown to be until it has been,  
Manifesting itself in its doleful effects—  
Reducing the rugged to physical wrecks,  
Ten volumes of verses the genius may claim  
Who'll send us this undefined animal's name.

RIVAL PUBLISHERS.—Editor N. O. Good, of  
the "Farmer's Reliance," "Wind is sellin'  
kinder dear now, eh?"

Caller.—"Wind? why, how's that?"

Editor N. G.—"Well, that fellow who runs  
that one-horse sheet further down the street has  
got to pay three cents an ounce for mailing mat-  
ter."

THE AGE OF DIVORCE.—"I wish you many  
happy returns of the day," as the Chicago woman  
said to her lady friend on the morning of her  
marriage.

AFTER THE CONVERSAZIONE.—Sawduff—  
"What was the opening feature of the evening,  
old man?"

De Long—"The mouth."

We hear with pleasure that the music professor  
declares himself highly gratified with the progress  
made by the senior base-bawlers.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS NOTICE.—The Presi-  
dent of the University Store desires us to contra-  
dict the slanderous report that his concern is in  
financial difficulties. The stress occasioned by  
the failure of his recent attempted "corner" in  
matches has been wholly tided over by the  
opportune aid of the Bank of England.