

## ULULATUS.

Venit, Cantavit, Exiit.

Who "tuck" the candle?

Red feathers are much appreciated in Texas.

The examinations are over, now let the oculists be discharged till June next.

A most infallible weather prophet is the seniors' rink—every time it is flooded it snows.

"Venus is a celebrated volcano" was a brilliant scintillation from a fourth grade student, recently.

When I see a student reading,  
And his mind with folly feeding,  
Through trashy columns speeding  
To the end.

With pity I upraid him,  
But ne'er yet have I made him,  
To advice when'er I aid him,  
An ear lend.

So without the least exertion,  
I say for his diversion,  
'Tis but a mere assertion,  
My dear friend.

A fourth form mineralogist has discovered a new compound which he calls "Platonic Chloride."

A sixth form student in expatiating on magnetism recently, explained certain phenomena by the "theory of osculations."

"Brockville" has studied algebra to some purpose since he has succeeded in expanding permission for one day's absence into five days.

TEACHER—"What kind of a verb is 'strike' in the following sentence: 'I struck Mea on the back?'"

STUDENT (promptly)—"Reflexive, sir."

Our member from the "eye-land" is engaged in consulting parliamentary procedure in search of a precedent for the recent action of the Debating Society in ousting him out of the chair the first time he ever was in it.

If you wish to be lauded and loudly applauded, by juniors revealed, by classmates endeared, by teachers respected for knowledge reflected; if for work you desire to be awarded the palm, the secret I'll tell, please learn it well: just score twenty points at the oral exam.

## MY LITTLE STEED.

FROM THE ADVANCE SHEETS OF A COMING EPIC.

My uncle gave it me when I was young  
A birthday gift, this pony I call mine,  
I often vowed his praises would be sung  
As soon as "Dick" could write a single line.

And now I am quite developed in the art  
Of making rhyme; in which so few excel,  
My pony too in tugging in his cart  
Can use his feet—poetic feet—as well.

He's gentle; yet he'll balk and the reverse  
And kick the dashboard; still 'tis all in fun,  
I'd make you roar if I should here rehearse  
The wondrous things my little pony's done.

R. I.

"I came near getting out of the oral examination the day I fell down the elevator."

Determination to succeed is a characteristic of many of our junior students, but in none is it more marked than in the one, who, in his anxiety to become an adept at snowshoeing, straps pillows to his feet and promenades around the dormitory.

For the past six months Signor D.O. Novano has been making an excellent collection of chromos. Soon we hope to hear of him having a supply sufficient to cover the walls of the Junior dormitory, when we expect to announce the date of a formal exhibition.

Wry and sour was the appearance of a certain young gentleman's countenance, the other night, when, making a sea voyage in the realms of dreamland, the vessel collided with something or other and our traveller found himself on the dormitory floor, beside his bed.

Slide! Kelly, slide!

The ice is brightly gleaming,  
Why stand there idly dreaming,  
Hear the students loudly screaming,  
Slide! Kelly, slide!

Slide! Kelly, slide!

You'll never be a skater,  
Nor yet a good debater,  
Till you learn e'er 'tis too late to  
Slide! Kelly, slide!

Slide! Kelly, slide!

'Tis the secret of success to  
Know when life's troubles come on presto,  
How, that you may take a rest, to  
Slide! Kelly, slide!

In writing his appreciation of Napoleon, in the recent history examination, an enthusiastic admirer of the great man was so absorbed in his work that when it was about half finished, he unconsciously drifted into French and wrote the remainder of the examination in that language.

On Monday evening, January 27, an exciting scene took place in the class-room corridors. A third form student, whose lethargical gait gives us the idea that he would find it difficult to keep up with a glacier, essayed to run. He made a daring attempt, and took as much as a dozen steps before being winded. This is believed to be his first attempt in rapid locomotion since he arrived—rather—was deposited in the college.

## IN THE SMOKING ROOM, 7:30 P.M.

Oh! the blue ethereal smoke,  
Picturing clouds with a master's stroke,  
Clouds on the smoking room ceiling.  
How it curls and wriggles and spreads,  
From their lips and over their heads,  
Binding together with gossamer threads  
The smokers in fellow-feeling.

## DITTO, 8 P.M.

Oh! the stifling, smothering smoke,  
Filling your lungs, you sneeze and choke  
As into your nostrils it's stealing.  
From this atmosphere noxious and dread  
You try to escape. With staggering tread  
And other's assistance, at last you're led  
Out of the smoking-room reeling.