

college and challenge all comers. Their melodious howl may be distinctly heard every afternoon, (Saturdays and Sundays excepted.) as far away as the Kingston hospital.

THE author of the following lines says that they represent the scene in a certain class-room the other day when the Prof. fined each member of the class fifty cents for "cutting."

The Professor came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his hand was stretched out for the silver and gold,
And the gleam of his eyes was like that of a cat,
And with anger the tassel stood up on his hat.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That class with its note-books at roll-call was seen,
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has flown,
That class at dismissal was withered and lone.

For the voice of the Senate had spoken the word,
And the shivering students in sorrow had heard,
And their pockets were lightened of "money to spend,"
And cutting forever had come to an end.

And there sat the freshmen, with terror struck dumb;
In his eye was a tear, in his mouth was his thumb,
His brow was o'er clouded, his soul was opprest,
And thoughts of his mother were racking his breast.

And there sat the sophomore angry and pale.
She cried if a lady, he swore if a male;
And the junior, he thought of cigars and of rum,
And 'five into fifty,' he groaned for "adsum."

But the senior redolent of Lubin and Kant,
From the ethical standpoint began to descant.
He appeared metaphysical, dignified, calm,
Advising the freshman, consoling the *lamb*.

THE College parody fiend has broken out again in a new place. Hoping that he may have a relapse, should he see some of his efforts in print, we insert these:—

"Heavy Tom was a great big lad,
Who made the Brockville players mad;
He pushed them about, and kicked their shins,
And often knocked them off their pins;
He didn't seem to care a red,
Whether he stood on his heels or his head.
When the game was through, all went to dinner,
And here again Tom came in winner."

Truly poetic, is it not? But try another:—

"The freshmen of our class
Are bound in friendly tether;
Through every pluck or pass,
We're sure to stick together,
The Sophomores may vaunt
Their slight advantage o'er us;
No matter how they taunt
We still will sing our chorus, &c."

But enough of this, if he torments us any more we will publish his name, sure.

CONUNDRUM.—1st student (after lecture on philosophy with regard to ancient atomists and their theory as to the nature of atoms)—Why is an old maid like an atom? 2nd student (who distinctly remembers one characteristic of an atom) confidently—Because she ain't *squeezable*. (Query.)

It is reported that a certain Freshman had to leave his boarding house the other day on account of being too highly fed. Can this be possible?

SUBJOINED is the list of University preachers prior to the Christmas holidays:—Nov. 26, Rev. Dr. Grant, Principal; Dec. 3, Rev. Dr. Elliott, of Chicago; Dec. 10, Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray, of McGill College, Montreal; Dec. 17, Principal Grant.

LOVE's young dream is made of caramels and garden gate farewells, with many a silver quarter laid out in soda water.

→ ITEMS. ←

HE was an '86 man, she, a blooming *college widow*. He writes to his father announcing his engagement. The reply:

MY DEAR SON:—Accept my heartiest congratulations. I was engaged to the same Miss Bunter when I was in college, and can appreciate the fun you are having. Go it while you are young.

Your loving father,

AUGUSTUS DEFOREST.—*Williams' Athenaeum*.

HEY diddle daddle, the press and the twaddle,

The copy jumped into the fuss;

The college boys laughed to see the fun,

And the joke ended up in a muss.

THE above appeared in the *Brounonin*, under the heading, "College Nursery Rhymes." It seems appropriate.

A MOTTO for young lovers: So-fa and no father.

THE millenium must soon be near at hand—the Freshman and Seniors play foot-ball together. Now trot out the lion and the lamb:

MAUD: "And now you've shown me all your favors, dear, do tell me who was there—the men, of course, I mean." Alice: "Oh, let me see! There were lots of college men, of course—yes, and some *real men*."—*Ex*.

Professor: "The order of this class is intolerable."
Student: "Please repeat that statement, sir."

HE was sitting in the parlour with her, when a rooster crowed in the yard. Leaning over, he suggested, "Chatter." "I wish you would," she replied; "I'm as sleepy as I can be." He cleared.

A FRESHMAN wrote to his father: Dear Par—"I want a little change." The paternal parent replied. Dear Charlie—Just wait for it. Time brings *change* to every body.

Opera—Billee Taylor;

Last week, Friday night.

She, full dress with lillies,

Opera-cloak of white.

Only met on Tuesday,

Impudence ungraced,

Trys to put, however,

Arm around her waist.

Heavens! how she shuddered,

Shivered like a saint,

Whiter than her lillies,

Seemed to want to faint.

He began to stammer,

Not a word would come;

She, "Sir, oh, how dare you!

Wait till coming home."