

"OUTSIDE COLLEGE HALLS."

[A small boy's colloquy, overheard on the street corner.]

"Say, did yer ever hev chilblains?—Huh! I don't mean th' kind you've got, Job Cassidy—I s'pose you fellers think I mean the kinder itchy feelin' what yer jest 'xactly can't git at ter scratch, as I heerd a swell guy say t'other day. Well, yer needn't think thet's the kind I mean! I'll bet my 'at, ef yer hed enythink like th' torture I'm a hundergoin' at this present minit, yer'd all be a-hollerin' like so many Mohawk Injuns! Great Scott! I kin mind th' time w'en I hed thet 'er seratchy feelin' w'en yer feel as ef yer wanted ter go round like a blimed lame rooster—a-hoppin' on one leg while yer rub with t'other—don't yer, Job? But huh! thet was only 'th' beginnin' of th' end,' as our min'ster sed last Sunday. W'y! I kin mind the very fust time I hed that 'er feelin', thet I kin! It was one Chris-mus Eve. Gosh! it was cold!—and talk about yer wind! Whew! didn't it jest whistle thet night? Well, I was a-goin' round shiverin' with th' papers, and, of course, axin' fer Chris'mus boxes at all th' doors. What's thet yer sed, Skinny? Th' night yer lost th' dime thet th' old gaffer in th' gaiters giv yer fer nothink? Yep, thet's th' very time. (My! didn't Skinny raise a to 'bout about thet 'er dime, thet night! Oh, no!) Well, as I was a-sayin', w'en he shoved in 'is spoke, I hed gone nigh all th' round w'en a gel with a big apron on and a little w'ite thing a-stickin' on th' top of 'er 'ead, cum to th' door, 'way up at th' end of th' rout—(Yer knows th' place, Stumpy—th' un thet has th' steps shod with brass, so thet they're so blimed slippery yer hev to hang on ter th' railin's at th' side)—Well th' gel, seein' it was Chris-mus Eve, I s'pose, was a-feelin' purty good, so she sez, sey she: 'Cum inter th' 'all an' warm yer-self, w'ile I go 'n' see 'bout it'—so I stood over th' registrar an' warmed my feet. My! th' 'eat a-cumin' out o' thet blaek 'ole felt good! But w'en I got outside my feet felt th' queered'st thet ever yer did see—all tingly-like and creepy, specially my big toe. Well, thet's th' feelin' as you spoke 'bout, Job, but Lor! it ain't nothink like w'at I feel now. I didn't feel no per-tickler pain then, and it was only after I went a-sleigh-ridin' so much with thet new sleigh o' Dumpy's, thet my toes begun ter feel kinder sore. I guess thet's two years ago, ain't it, Skinny? Any'ow, I kin tell you fellers that it feels like puttin' a bile between pinchers to git my feet inter my boots now—even w'en I'm wearin' boots two sizes too big. Huh! Pop tho't my feet 'ad growed a heap last time he got me a pair o' boots—but then, I ain't no snivellin' gel, and don't care 'bout hev'n' little feet! W'y don't I tell my mother? did yer say, Job? Huh! do yer fellers think I'm a chicken-hearted guy to make a fuss 'bout nothink?"

Damaris.

He was a modern barber, and
His shop was always clean;
His towels all were snowy white—
No fairer e'er were seen.
He kept his brushes sterilized,
He used no powdered chalk;
And while he shaved he sprung a line
Of antiseptic talk.

—Baltimore American.

"This," said the sailor, as he planted his fist on the other fellow's jaw, "is what we call genuine Navy Plug."—Widow.

A BALLADE OF VARSITY GIRLS.

The following verses, in imitation of the mediæval French Ballades of Francois Villon, were inspired in the bosom of a sophomore after the Engineers' dance:

What is the product of the age
Most worthy to be called divine,
Most likely to respect engage,
And admiration—yours and mine?
Of all our jewels, what brightest shine?
Oh! out upon the gawks, the churls,
We e'er deny the wreath is thine,
Fair and accomplished Varsity Girls.

Or would deny their advantage
O'er our grandames so limp, supine,
Unconscious of the noble rage,
They crocheted out a quaint design,
And lives as quaint and superfine,
With heads for nothing but for curls,
And souls!—Oh, never thus confine
Fair and accomplished Varsity Girls.

Who hesitates to throw a gauge,
In championship of such, a sign;
Who beauties rare and learning sage
In just proportions, well combine
To famous make form pole to line,
From where the blue-nose sailor furls
His sails, to th' land of Douglas pine,
Fair and accomplished Varsity Girls.

L'ENVOI.

Thank we our stars and fates benign,
Amongst us here are strewn like pearls
—No, not before ungrateful swine—
Fair and accomplished Varsity Girls!

—L. Owen.

EXCHANGES

If a Sophomore cuts you out,
Keep a-goin';
When the ladies are about,
Keep a-goin';
'Tain't no use to fret or whine
If the fish ain't on your line;
Just bait your hook and never mind;
Keep a-goin';
If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin';
If it hails or if it blows,
Keep a-goin';
Suppose you're out of every dime—
Getting broke ain't any crime;
Just tell the world you're feeling prime,
Keep a-goin';
When it looks like all is up—
Keep a-goin';
Drain all the sweetness from the cup—
Keep a-goin';
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
And, when you feel like singing—sing!
But—Keep a-goin'.
—"Matric."