

dusky lanes. And the professor came down like a wolf on the fold and his partners were gleaming in purple and gold. The whirring of a rocket, dull and drowsy made the truants feel and the half-awaked Willie cried: False wizard avaunt! I have marshalled my clan, their coats are a thousand, their cushions are one! They are true to their tryst and like potions descend to the harvest of sleep. Yet remember, No. 5 gathers hence but glorious wreaths of fame. Tyrants! let our comrades revere us for our sleep risked in Freedom's holy cause. Theirs are Davie's, Kading's glory, Gus' matchless shade is theirs—the Martyrs in heroic cause worth a hundred stripes.

JUNIOR PERSONALS.

Todd Barclay goes to Montreal to take a summer course in French during the next three weeks.

Willie Fitzpatrick made the hit of the season when he fell on the ice and knocked out three of his teeth.

J. Cassidy is about to inflict on a long-suffering public, a comedy entitled Buckingham-up-to-date.

R. Barter gives private lectures on the best method of avoiding an opponent in a hockey match—he will be a success.

Clarke departs to Cantley to study one phase of commercial geography—agriculture. Barney Barnato is going to take part in the New York civic contest and will expose Goff & Co.

Tom. Costello, ex-president of the Trans Calgaria Colonization Co. goes as its special delegate to the conference on *Creameries and their future*, at Osceola.

New York's celebrated trio—the Fitzpatrick brothers, will present stereopticon views of Uncle Sam's Babylon to the natives of Lowe.

Our features at the recent entertainment given by the seniors were: Gus' most obsequious bow; Girard's stiff and starched, ready-made tragic pose; and our own dear little Albert's handsome face, and bright gold curls.

Some person or persons unknown to us, dropped the following into our box, "You would confer an inestimable favor upon the students of the Junior Study Hall if you would give J. Fitzpatrick, commerce '96, a mention in your next." We absolutely refuse to print the above and be a party to a base conspiracy to blacken the fair character of an unoffending and unobtrusive young gentleman.

Willie Bawlf leaves for Almonte Dec. 23rd and will endeavor to open up a branch office of the Winnipeg Board of Trade in the little Manchester of Canada.

Jas. Scanlan delivered a spirited oration to the short-pants' brigade, on the benign influence of long pants, the 10th inst.

Prof. Herr Phan. (a companion hands the music) "You can read this at sight."

Herr: "I can read the notes but I shall have to go out to find the air."

ULULATUS.

Not very long ago I read

A legend of the banished,

In book by some it has been said,

Just like the "*Man that Vanished.*"

'Tis very strange! How came't to pass?

Why never be returned?

For shame! It lies a ruined mass,

That valued book so learned.

"I *pay mon* book, you tore it up,

Replace it, or by Pan"—"Hish!

Be still! With threats *Quin* (til) *Jan*, hop,

, Or like the *book* you'll vanish.