

Mr. J. (to young lady friend) : "I believe I will commence to wear knee-breeches."

Young Lady : "Let me beg of you Mr. 'Chippy, not to think of such a thing."

Mr. J. (in astonishment) : Why?"

Young Lady : "Because you would be arrested for not having visible means of support."—*Messenger*.

HE WAS DISSIPATED.—In the chemical laboratory :

Professor : "What has become of Tom Appleton? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?"

"Ah, yes ; Appleton—poor fellow ! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals, very. That discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?"

"Yes."

"That's him."—*Journal of Health*.

HER ONE FAULT.

She could talk in Greek and Hebrew,

Most delicious tea could she brew,

She could play on the piano and could bake the lightest bread.

She could cut and fit her dresses,

On no pug she showered caresses,

And she never paid attention to a word the gossips said

She was apt in conversation,

She could point each constellation,

And in mazy mathematics she could do the hardest sum.

She could versify in jingle,

That would make your ear-drum tingle,

She could sing, she danced divinely, but she would chew gum. —*Exchange*.

The *Harvard Lampoon* proposes the following rules to prevent the base-ball club's being contaminated by contact with professionals.

1. Every man in going to his position in the field must wait until every opposing player has come in and taken his seat upon the opponents' bench.

This will keep the Nine from coming into close contact with the professionals, as they will not have to pass each other going to an fro.

2. No man except the captain shall be allowed to address the umpire ; he may, however call the captain's attention to an erroneous decision, but in doing so he must not raise his voice above its ordinary pitch.

3. No man shall be allowed to address an opponent except upon some point of the game.

The wisdom of this rule is apparent, as it will do away with such needless exclamations as "O Mike ! you can't hit a balloon," "Buck Ewing's in the soup," &c.

4. In addressing an opponent every man must say "Mr. So-and-so," "please," and "sir" When he is answered he must lift his cap, and say, "Thank you, sir."

This rule ought to be especially insisted upon : nothing encourages familiarity so much as calling a man by his first name.

5. When the game is finished the captain shall simply thank the captain of the opposing nine ; further remarks are unnecessary.

This rule will prevent our Nine from chaffing their opponents for having been beaten.

ULULATUS.

"Ho ! look at the hicc-water pants."

"Did you ever see a one wheeled bicycle?"

Calh says Jean Baptiste can swing clubs in French.

"Say C——n, did you ever see a ghost?"

"What's dat : a *nanny* ghost?"

There was much indignation when it was discovered that Scriver voted against the Jesuits in the recent House of Commons Debate.

One of our young Canadians undertook to celebrate April 1st in English this year ; and after the success of his first trick cried out exultingly "Foolish April."

Freddy L—— had the nose bleed in the barber shop the other day, and asked the barber what would stop it. "Go to a tinsmith and get fixed," was the reply.

As the Third Form was going into Pittaway & Jarvis' for a class photograph, an urchin was heard asking his neighbor :

"Say Jim, who's dem kids?"

"Sh——" came the reply "dem's de cranks from de dime museum."

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS : "What metals are employed in the construction of Melloni's thermopile?"

STUDENT : "Bismuth and Anthony."

PROFESSOR, (sharply) "What's that?"

STUDENT, (alarmed) I—I—mean Bismarck and Anthony.

There was a terrible yell,

When a rush yell fell

Bruised the organ of smell

Of a youth named Brun——

As he saw his nose swell

His dismay who can tell

For he will not be well

Till he reaches Low——

On a low iron bed a youth reclines

In lieu of a barber's chair ;

By him an amateur barber prepares

To remove superfluous hair.

Stropping the razor and lath'ring the youth

The barber sings merrily,

With gladsome eyes and happy heart,

The following words sings he :

Shaving, Shaving.

Shaving for a cigar,

Shaving, shaving,

Don't hold the light so far.

As he scraped away on his victim mute

His assistant held the light,

And his master's hand with a critical eye

He always kept well in sight.

A geometrician noted was he

And also of massive mold,

Whenever the razor intruding he'd find

He'd sing in accents bold :

Shaving, shaving,

You're careless don't you see,

Shaving, shaving,

Preserve the symmetry.