

## ULULATUS.



To-whit ! To-who !  
 'Owling still !



How did you spend your vacation ?

Quite *Tacitus*, indeed !

Ca--na--na--ree--ato--ats ?

The staff poet promises an epic on *Regulus* for our next issue.

It is pleasant for *Troy* to be no longer besieged by the Greeks.

The hardest case in the house is the genitive.  
 Proof : *Regis* and *Solis*.

A distinguished member of the fifth form *owns* the patent for tenement-house pipes.

Of Gus who could tell the throes when he skinned his nose and passed a pitchfork through his toes ?

Class cry of the Sophs :—

I—so—cra—tes—cra—cra—cra—Hoi—Hoi—  
 Hoi—Ho men—Ho day—Phi—Chi—Psi—'93.

"Tickets, tickets!" cried the conductor as he rapped on the lid of a trunk addressed to Ottawa College and labelled "Passenger."

The boys of dormitories Nos. 1 and 2 have enough of athletics in the daytime between football and baseball, without having *cricket* at night.

A prominent member of the Junior Philosophy class finds much difficulty in grasping the metaphysical subtleties of the *Me* and *non Me(a)*.

No wonder that trips around the world are becoming so cheap, seeing that an embryo astronomer has lately discovered that the earth's diameter is just four miles.

A philosopher, from his habit of grinding during the day, has recently developed an abnormal gastronomical craving for buttons. All contributions in the shape of old buttons thankfully received at "The Parlor," No. 1 dormitory.

## THE LITTLE OCTORINA.

(Air: *Annie Rooney*.)

When Orpheus, as our fables show,  
 Descended to the shades below,  
 His notes dispelled Ixion's woe,  
 And made his wheel cease turning ;  
 They stayed the stone of Sisyphus,  
 They checked the barking Cerberus,  
 And quenched the thirst of Tantalus,  
 Whose tongue was ever burning.

CHORUS:—But what music can there be  
 With more enchanting melody  
 Than the soft strains flowing  
 Down the yard to greet  
 Us from the Octorina  
 That sounds so sweet ?

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,  
 Whose music did the stones inspire,  
 Did build the Theban walls entire—  
 For such renowned has been he ;  
 But yet there dawned a brighter day—  
 The gods and heroes lost their sway—  
 To Mozart all the world gave way ;  
 Then bowed to Paganini.

CHORUS:—

And even Gilmore's famous Band,  
 The most harmonious in the land,  
 Would make a short and feeble stand  
 Before the Octorina.  
 And Strauss himself would fade away,  
 As night before the orb of day,  
 Should he but hear our minstrel play  
 His little Octorina.

CHORUS: Never nightingale heard we  
 Give forth such strains of melody,  
 Nor is there a feathered  
 Warbler to compete  
 With Tommy's Octorina,  
 That sounds so sweet.



"Reputation is a spur to wit,  
 And many wits flag for fear of losing it,"  
 says Cowper.

Such is precisely the opinion of the *Ululatus* editor for past two years. The doctors report no change for the better.