

UNCLE IKE'S ROOSTERS.

Las' Sunday while ise settin' on de bench beside de do',
An' feelin' sort o' chilly kase de sun was gettin' low,
An' a wishen' dat de winter time wa'nt comin' on so fas',
For I pintly hates de cuttin' ov de Janewary blas'.
I knows de an' ware comin' to's gwine to be stingin' cold,
Kas de common trees is hangin' jes' as fall as dey kin hold,
De pigs is 'gin dar squealin', when de lee wind cut 'em so;
And de wild geese like der betters is flyin' 'Westward Ho'.
I was studyin' 'bout dem dere sigas as on de bench I sot,
When I see my two young roosters come a struttin' cross de lot,
Dey was showin' off der elegance and dandifyin' ways,
Jes' like me and my ole masser used to do in courtin' days.
De masklines is all alike where ebery dey is foun',
Dey all will strut and show demself when hens is knokin' roun'.
I know frou de minute dem two roosters came in sight,
Dat bot of dem was longin' and spilin' for a fight;
Dey was bustlin' an' a sparrin' out dar in de open space,
When a big ole 'bacca worrum come a trablin' by in hase
Like he had a heap uv business fer de Public on he mine,
Or was ramin' fer his office with his 'pourent close behin',
No matter what his business was dem roosters spiced him out,
An' 'bot bounce down upon him wif a crownin' shot of haunt;
Der bills hit up together on de 'bacca worrum's back;
An' dey bot 'gin one anudder wif a mighty yarnest wack.
Each knowe de worrum was his'n an' de other was a thief,
An' greedy an' rapacious too, and mean beyond belief.
Each thought de other's sassiness was pas' all standin' too,
(An' den de hens was watchin' fer to see de fightin' fress).
Dey fit and fit until de blood was runnin' from der heid,
An' I thought I'd hab to put 'em, fo' dey kill one 'mudder dead.
I had jes' got up to do it when I see de big black hen
Jes' gobblin' up de worrum dat had made de fus' begin.
I bust right out a larin' as I grab dem chickens' leg,
An' I turn two hoxes over dem, to cool 'em down a peg.
It seem so awful foolish like fer dem to fight and squim,
An' dat ole hen come walkin' long and gobble up de worrum.

SPICE.

Ed. is na sae modest as usual.

WHO is the darkest boy? Mr. Black

CAN you bounce a B? No! but I've ken a D!

WHO is the greatest sportsman? Hunter.

WHAT's all the fuss about in France? *Drefus*.

WHAT boy is noted for his raids in school? Jamieson

WHO is short in winter and long in summer? Mr. Day.

WHO are the most (app) pealing pupils in the C Class? The Bells.

WHICH student cannot be shot for three years? (Miss) Partridge.

WHY is Hollis St. like a river? Because it has a bank on each side.

WHY is Miss Clarke so solemn in room 10? Because she is near a Church.

WHAT buildings does the B Class boast of? A Church, a Hall and a Hut (!).

WHY were the Wanderers likely to fall? Because they tried to run down Stairs.

WHY should Miss Lawlor be the best behaved in the school? Because she sits next to a Bishop.

"O *though sharp* you are and Otho Sharp your name, yet I intend, etc., etc."—*Ral Phiman*.

WHAT have we for Xmas in the way of desert? We have one-fourth of the unbotled Olives in the city.

WHY can't the pupils of the drawing class see the black-board? Because they have a Hill in front of them.

WHY young ladies the 'B' and 'C' Classes not be afraid of losing their young nides? Because they have a Hunter and a Holder.

WHY was it a good thing for the *Annual* that Mr. Hope Blois was elected Editor-in-Chief? Because, "Hope maketh not ashamed."

MR. M.—"In solving this problem, Miss C., shall we use sine or cosine? What do you propose?" "It is not my place to propose," was the faint reply.

WHY is Wood's bed too short for him? Because he lies too long in it.

"Please keep still, young ladies! You know I am completely at your mercy."

WHO is our greatest bird-fancier? Miss W. of course. She is especially fond of *Martins*.

WHY should the B Class be treated with kindness? Because it contains hearts, (Heartz).

WHAT boys, according to their names, should belong to the Scottish Church? The Kirk erters.

WHY should the C₁ and C₂ be sharp classes? Because they contain Thorn (e)s.

WE have some valuable minerals in the institution such as Gold (Gould), Iron (s), Silver.

WHO is the greatest fighter? Corbett (Reginald). Who is the greatest navigator? (Miss) Drake.

WHICH Class is most like a house? The B Class because it contains Stairs and Baxters, (backstairs).

"ALL Gaul in ancient times was laid to waist," but we hope that Bro. S's arm has never been.

WHAT is the difference between Mr. Morton and an engine driver? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

WHY is Sackville Street like a prominent business firm of this city? Because it is a *little incline* (Little & Kline)

WHY should the students of the D₁ class excel on Scotch and Irish poetry this year? Because they have Burns and Moore.

A FRENCHMAN, wishing to know of what a "picked" regiment consisted, expressed himself in the following way:—"What you call dose armies, pickled regiments?"

FRANK will need to be a good "Walker" to come all the way to town every Saturday from the Eastern Passage. If only he could fly, he would be a bird of passage, as well as a bird of song.

ONE of our brilliant B students has given us an idea that divers must have been scarce in ancient times, as he said in recent exam. "Mohammed, the great reformer, received a 'diving' commission from heaven."

IN the English Class the meaning of Ciceronian in the following sentence was asked: "...to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian glass and brilliancy." The following answer was written:—"This glass is very highly polished and of great refracting powers."

TEACHER, (holding a pen and looking around as in quest of something), "*holder, holder*." George presents himself.

Teacher, (in a low kind tone and with a peculiar smile), "Thank you, George, but you're not big enough. I need a *pen holder*."

JIM—"Hello Billy! Jes' stop eatin' dem apples, will yer! der off our tree!"

Billy—"Naw, dey aint neither! Der from me fadder's orchard."

Jim—"I'll prove it to yer, too!"

Billy—"Will yer! Come on den! How's dey off your tree?"

Jim—"Dey's not on it, is dey? Ha, ha!"

ACADEMY PRINCIPAL, standing on school steps, to Maria Muggs, who is very thin and angular—

"Of what are you so afraid? Can't you go home?"

Maria Muggs—"No o, sir! I'm frightened of that dog; he has a dreadful bark!"

Principal—"Oh! I know that dog! He is so gentle that he wouldn't touch a piece of meat!"

Maria Muggs—"No! but he might touch *me*!"

Principal—"Miss Muggs! He wouldn't even touch a *bone*." Miss Muggs only speaks to the Principal now when necessary.

Rah! Rah! Rax!

Rim! Rim! Ree!

Hoorah! Hoorah!! 'Cademy!!!

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