

ULULATUS.

"Montrea-a-a-l !

"Colle-e-e-e-ege ! !

"Catch him by the whiskers !"

"Watch your man well McCauley !"

A mystery—Who threw Tony out of bed ?

"Mon-Col-a-e-MonColajupovpqrirxghsndr ! ! !

Down the stairs ran Bob and Billy,
Down ran Bob, and down ran Billy,
At the sound of footsteps nearing,
At the sight of some one peering
In the darkness ; perhaps hearing
All they said to one another.

'Neath the stairs hid Bob and Billy,
There hid Bob, and there hid Billy,
Yet the footsteps neared them quickly,
And a feeling queer and prickly
Held them. How their looks were sickly,
When they saw it was a brother !

"Say, do you fellows understand all that ?"
"Why, of course we do." "Then I guess I'll
go home." He went.

IN THE DORMITORY.

'Twas witching hour of midnight,
The Sophs were snug in bed,
When up spoke little Damon,
And this is what he said :—
" 'Tis truly mine, I've Pedro,
I've played the low, you bet,
Big Duncan now is in the hole,
But we're not out just yet.
Six in hearts ! I'll take three more"
He cried in joyous strain ;
His angel whispered other thoughts
And he slept in peace again.

Two of our philosophers, fearing the effects of
our severe Canadian winters on vegetation of a
tender growth, immediately removed the capillary
shoots from their upper lips and placed them in a
hot-house in the city. They expect a more luxur-
iant growth in the spring.

My blankets I've missed from my bed,
My blankets marked W. T.,
My blankets with blue stripes and red,
Oh ! bring back my blankets to me.

What's the matter with McGill? They're all
right !

"Hottawa College is too 'oggish ye know, they
want the hearth !"

"This hanging folks by electricity that they do
in New York is quite an idea."

For the latest rules in "hockey" or a receipt
for making lemonade go to Kaiser William.

There's no danger of the roof of *our* skating
rink tumbling in, is there, boys ?

The rush line of the newly organized Glee Club
is remarkably strong ; they're always on the bawl.

IN A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

Life is short and time is fleeting,
O give us but one only greeting
Thou amicable orb of day ;
Then for our studies ever ready
In brainy books our thoughts we'll steady,
E'en though you grant us but one ray.

We reprint the following fable from the *Detroit
Free Press*, for the benefit of the sporting editor of
a certain Montreal daily :—

THE JACKDAW AND THE OWL.

"The Jackdaw, having heard much about the
Wisdom of the Owl, and being moved by Jealousy
thereto, determined to hold him up to Ridicule.
He gathered his Friends together and waited upon
the Owl and said :

"You are Reputed to be the Wisest of all
Birds. We have come to learn Wisdom from
your words. Give us a Short Speech."

"The Owl Winked and Blinked, but kept
Silent.

"Come, go ahead," urged the Jackdaw.

"The Owl was still Silent.

"There ! What did I tell you !" screamed
the Jackdaw to a Fox, who had halted to see the
disturbance. "I have always contended that the
Owl was a Fool instead of a Philosopher, and
here is the Proof. He can't open his Mouth to
say a Word !"

"My Fellow-Traveller on the Rocky road to
Halifax," replied the Fox, "in keeping his Mouth
shut in the presence of his Critics the Owl displays
more Wisdom and Philosophy than ever before in
his life."

"Moral: Talk is the weak spot in every man's
armor."