

LOCAL.

Not long ago we visited the Insane Asylum of this city, and, but for the nature of the institution, we had just reason for feeling proud, inasmuch as, in coming across an elderly gentleman reading a paper, we enquired, "Is that the *Spectator*?" "No" said he, "It is the *TIMES*, you are the *Spectator*."

In consequence of ladies becoming members of the Literary Society, nervousness and a desire to show off, have increased among the boys. This was manifested in one instance by a member rising with awe-inspiring dignity, after a motion had been made, and saying—"Mr. Presi-i-i-ident! I-I-I move that the motion be seconded" (applause.)

One of our students is exceedingly pleased with his boarding-house. He tells us that it seems the most homelike of any he has ever been in. There are young ladies there, and it is expected *one* will leave home about Christmas, after which, in this *cold* world, may be found another house equally homelike to our aspiring friend.

The other day while going home from school we noticed that one of our city jewellers had engaged the services of an able-bodied man to carry round an advertisement suspended from a long pole. Now, we would suggest to that jeweller as well as to all other tradesmen who wish for "a walking advertisement," to engage with some of our city gentlemen who wear the latest style of collar, and to have advertisements printed on the backs of said collar at as much per square yard as can be agreed on by both parties.

A gentleman accompanied by several ladies while waiting for a train at the H. & N. W. station, employed the intervening time in playing nice little games. One of the young ladies, who had not been to school for fifteen years, wishing to know the difference in application of the terms "bus," "omnibus," and "rebus," suggested to the young gentle-

man's mind that now that the excitement ran so high, a good opportunity was presented to propose a game whereby to give a practical demonstration of the terms. So after a lucid explanation, for he was acquainted with a few prefixes and Latin roots, it was agreed that the ladies should play "bus" with the gentleman, and he, "omni-bus" with them. Its superiority as a game was heartily acknowledged by all, and the dear lady (not forgetting the meaning of "re,") said let us play *re-bus*—they did; the excellent and sweet features of the game were again rehearsed, and the fond girl, overcome with pleasure and bliss, said "there isn't nothing like applicative experience; it is exquisitely charming, superhumanly delicious, and (putting her finger in her mouth) its awful nice—lets play it some more. We sneaked round the end of the station to snort.

Not long ago the following paragraph appeared in the *Detroit Free Press*:—"A company of the students at the Hamilton, Ontario, Collegiate Institute became tired recently of paying high prices for board so they 'hired a hall' on Rebecca street, and proceeded to keep house for themselves. They manage to live for about half nothing, and, of course, save the rest for spending money. Over the door of their caravansary there is a sign in large letters which shows the appalling name, "The Farinaceous-Galactophagous Institution;" and when any inquiring stranger, who thinks this must be the Russian headquarters, asks the astounding title, the boys kindly explain that it stands for "The Mush and Milk Club"—as that delectable mixture forms the principal article of diet at the "Institution." These boys will get along in the world."

Thinking that some people from curiosity would like to know the origin of the "Gala-farina Club," we have attempted to give it briefly in the following doggerel. The scene is supposed to be laid in one of the city boarding houses, where several of the students, not being

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