

## SUBRIDENDO.

ICH BIN DEIN.

In tempus old a hero lived,  
Qui loved puellas deux ;  
He no pouvait pas quite to say  
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin,  
" Non possum both avoir ;  
Sed si address Amanda Ann,  
Then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin,  
Sed Kate has aureas curls ;  
Et both sunt very agathae,  
Et quite formosae girls.

Enfin the youthful anthropos  
Philouñ the duo maids ;  
Resolved proponere to Kate  
Before this evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,  
Il trouve Amanda there ;  
Kai quite forgot his late resolve  
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed similing on the new tapis  
Between puellas twain ;  
Coepit to tell his love to Kate  
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon  
At fair Amanda's eyes ;  
Illae non possunt dicere  
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow.  
With cheeks as rouge as wine ;  
And offering each a milk-white hand,  
Both whispered " Ich bin dein."

—Selected.

## ULULATUS.

Foot-and-a-half ; who's down ?

" Indade I won't," said the Kingstonian.

The way those buns disappeared, the lad from  
the Emerald Isle seems to have a bon *appetit*.

The night of October 31st was rather a hollow  
eve in the College ; nothing in it at all.

It was too fishy for the Montrealers to meet a  
Shark on the football field.

Professor : Mr.——How does it come that  
you got such a beautiful translation of Livy this  
morning ?

Dull Student : By--by reading often my *Hor(a).e.*

The only difference between one of our students  
and our Thanksgiving turkey is, the one is a bony  
turk, while the other is a *Tony B.*

Billy the Kid claims that Washington Cyclopean  
is ready for all comers.

The indignant second form attribute their  
recent defeat to the Looney referee and the  
Fo(o)ley umpire.

Sandy and Herbie were the head-lights of the  
banquet.

## AN ODE TO VANDERBILT'S COLLAR.

O ! chaste six inches of snowy linen,  
Which took ten days of earnest spinning,  
To give to thee thy form,  
And now you deck the long, lean neck,  
Of a millionaire, true born.

## II.

When first you from my loom I took  
On your perfect form I long did look  
O'erjoyed with your appearance,  
But your lofty place, neath such a face,  
Makes me sad beyond endurance.

## III.

O ! Spotless collar of thee I sing  
Thou art dear to Van—as his diamond ring,  
Which cost a little fortune,  
But with howling cries, we sympathize  
With you in your distortion.

## IV.

When persons see you from afar  
They think a white-washed fence you are,  
Or a penitentiary wall,  
So shake that collar, though it cost a dollar  
And the lads shall cease to bawl.

Our footballers say Kingston is not like Chicago  
—It has no fair grounds.

R——e got a haircut.

There's a Woolie here from Cambridge  
He is a dead-game sport,  
He'll take a hand in any game,  
But football is his forte.  
He tackles low, like Lee he runs,  
And the ambition of his dream  
Is, when he goes home to Cambridge  
He may play on Harvard's team.

That collar again  
Some say 'tis to fence in sheep  
And truly o'er it no sheep could leap.

As a compromise we have inserted the above  
verses on the collar, and unless poems on this sub-  
ject cease to pour in we shall have to keep our  
mail-box locked as we must keep space in it to  
receive our ordinary mail matter.