

facture of Hydrogen. What is that stuff you are making.

"No 12 will you do this, oh not, here" No 12 (*sotto voce*) Yes I'm here.

ADV. SEN. — Studying Latin for recreation — "Two men, how do you express that in Latin? Oh, yes, *bis hominum*."

PRINCIPAL. — No. 4, were you absent last day? No. 4. — No, sir. PRINCIPAL. — Well, you must have been absent-minded, then.

Who was the Senior of whom we have heard tell, who went to the coasting party, got his leg broken, and had to be hauled home on a hand-sled? *Will he ever do it again?*

One of our well-known Seniors, on seeing the German letters on the board in the Principal's class-room, innocently asked of his seat-mate if they "taught music in the Academy."

It is with deep regret that we have to chronicle the following sentence coming as it does from one of our esteemed professors. "He who has the bride groom is the bride." What next?

He is a bright youth. He had his hair cut just before vacation. Probably the holidays Cum(m)ing(s) on made him fear an attack of brain fever. Yea, verily, he now looketh for drawers.

We saw one of our prominent students not long since vainly endeavouring to squeeze a lead ink-pot cover into his vest pocket to resemble a watch. What would you *Mak(e)ma(ho)n*.

An adv. Senior was seen the other

day going about with the invitation. 'Please kick me' ostentatiously displayed on the back of his coat. It is needless to say that the invitation was cordially accepted.

We notice that one of our students has been distinguishing himself by the slaughter of pigeons. He has now come to the conclusion that, on account of some slight misunderstanding with the guardian of the peace, he had better leave off the ~~business~~.

The subject of one of our jokes in our last issue called at the sanctum a few days ago, armed with a ruler and a carving-knife, to impress upon us the necessity of keeping any more jokes on him out of our columns. His arguments to that effect probably weighed a *Ful ton*.

*Heard in the hall:* "Say Jim how did you do in the exam? Oh fine, he marks splendid. How did you do?" "Not very well, he marked me miserably, I am certain I made more than twenty, look at this now its all right except an *a* for an *e*," and so forth. Moral, you can't please everybody.

Texas Charlie is said to be able to break two balls thrown into the air by one shot from his rifle. We have an adv. senr., however, who can get ahead of this. Who can break five lamp-shades without any rifle at all, and beats the record. He is not, however, Charlie's son, but we are under the impression that he is *Thom's son*.

He marches through the hall with compressed lips, with aspect weird, with stern brow. His countenance is pale, his pulse throbs violently.