

Third Grade B. { 1. P. Turcotte.
2. H. Desrosiers.
3. H. Leclerc.

Third Grade A. { 1. J. Stuber.
2. J. Dempsey.
3. W. Harty.

Fourth Grade. { 1. E. Donegan.
2. J. Conlon.
3. W. Whissell.

SUBRIDENDO.

Omne bene sine poena
Tempus est studendi
Venit hora absque mora
Libros deponendi.--Ex.

THE EXAMINATION.

With anguish wild my senses whirl,
My wits have from me fled.
I sit and stare in blank despair,
Recalling what I've read.
What gender's this—what case is that
Or why this useless word,
When sense is just as well without,
And with it is absurd?
The time is gone! Well, never mind—
I've written what is true;
And told to my sad cost, I fear,
How much I never knew. --Ex.

THE DUDE.

The dude is what the dandy was,
Raised to the nth degree;
As odd a human specimen
As mortal eyes can see.
His faultless collar towers high,
His patent gaiters glow,
He calls himself the cream of earth,
For what he doesn't know.
A monocle adorns his eye,
A cane rests in his hand;
Too idle is he, far, to work,
Or e'en to understand.

He doesn't dance—he dotes on "form,"
Is languid as a beau;
But makes a wall-flower picturesque,
As all the ladies know.
'Tis hard to guess his aim in life,
Since things are so passé;
The merest trifle troubles him—
Though why no one can say.
His chief exertion is to dress,
To sleep at times, and eat,
To show himself admiringly,
To folks in town and street.

Each nation has its special due,
To certain features true;
But one may say to steal a joke,
The Yankee dude'll do.--Ex.

ULULATUS.

"What color is your precipitate?
Did *Shortie* cover his man or did the man cover
him from sight?
I am English, you know, remarked *Herbie*.
Joe n-o-s-e how to shoot goals at sight.
Hold on there boys! Robbie and I are going
to *have* a game.
What was wrong with our home man during
last game, he appeared to be somewhat *lazy*.
"Eye's front," said the captain, "and don't
get *gay* there, get *ready*.
If Thaddeus would put less *braguc on* he would
pronounce the Greek better.
A practical joker persists in saying that the fair
is the best place in town to purchase *culinary*
articles.
Our city poet has produced a humorous ballad
entitled *Tic on* your sash.

A MATRICULANT'S PRAYER.

Oh *eagles on* your perch above
Fly down with cribs to me,
In darkness I am working now
O give me light to see.
"Patsy, you can tell him, I am in the robin's
nest again.
In order to get an idea of Shakespeare Joe used
Lamb's *Tates*. He pronounces Lamb to be guilty
of *prolixity*, *circumfuscon* and equivocation.
Tell me not in mournful numbers
Matriculation is a fake
For I tell you in dead earnest
'Tis enough man's head to break.
On June 22nd at my wardrobe, number 2
dormitory, there will be an auction sale of unclaim-
ed goods, viz: suspenders, collars, ties and shoes.