

to the required amount will be forthcoming, but the feature to attract notice will be the special uniform of the players. There will be at least one pair of white pants, whether with a *Tam O'Shanter* to match is not yet decided upon. Perhaps a new pair of *tennis shoes* will be purchased, if any one can be hired to *haul away* the old pair from room 25. Soon will the green sward be trampled up by agile feet and no longer thereon will *pa's cows* procure even the semblance of a meal. Then will the *church ill* attended on the coming Sabbaths tell of grievous hurts sustained and fractures missed. Yet boys, go in and win. There is nothing like a good *racket* to drive away melancholy and perhaps, too, the fair ones, as they pass, will stop and wonder and adore. Don't practice too hard as there is never much of a chance for the world's championship the first year and if you did get it, then people would say you must have played before. Never get angry with one another. But if any dispute arises, forgive as you hope to be forgiven. *Verbum Sapientibus Sal.*

When a student of French turns to a class-mate and asks the loan of the book of Esther from which Racine derived his play of the same name, we conclude that this student has crossed the Rubicon from the *east* and finds it not a trickling *brook*.

Two students lately buried in the depths of mythological research are now *w(e)aring* their lives away discussing a much vexed question. The younger and more inexperienced says it is due to environment and industriously applies cold steel and "Williams genuine." The elder and more philosophical says it is hereditary and calmly waits the coming growth. And as each collegian has furnished them with data concerning the lengths of beard of their respective ancestors and compared them with the presumptive growth of their own, their hopes, no doubt, are on the wing that those beards may *make* their appearance, if not here, at least, in their own *far land*, and graceful float on the balmy air.

Hist !

What shape is this that awesome and so white
Informs thus to mine eyes. Meseems the air
Itself doth scent of tombs, and caverns dark,
And charnel-houses filled with dead men's bones :
While from my soul doth outward strike a frost
That chills my body up, and makes my blood
Like rigid floods of ice within my veins.
What well known form here straightened for interment ?
Ay well known form, for oft have I it's like
Encountered when before the glass I posed
And sleeked my ruffled dress, ere me to church
I did betake ; the mirror messaged back
To me, "This shape is thine, these graceful limbs
This blode hued hair, these very vestments, thine."
Hath Charon in his wherry ferried me
Across the Stygian flood ? Is this the land
Of shade, whence none may reembark to gain
The distant shore, once this the other side.
How changed is all and things once near at hand

Are now beyond my touch. And will those feet,
Nor heaven pointing, never beat the streets
Of this dull village, now how grown in worth ?
Now bear me at the music of the gong
To eat my portion on the board laid out.
But see a what's on the breast, a note near by
The pocket pinned ? The pocket's stretched sides
Any gaping top reveal the outlines of a shape
Glass stoppered, whence I judge a jolly son
Of Erin's on the face portrayed. But stay,
I'll read the epitaph.

Reads. Kind friend, in pity breathe a sigh,
Nor check the falling tear.
For know, when these remains you spy,
That I am on my bier.
Ah grieve o'er my misfortunes here,
For fate I found to be
A cobbler at his ends. But *Beer*
Hath made an end of me.

How tough he looked ! "Hahd" was no name for it. He almost *fell* tough with his decrepit head gear, so that, as long as the sun shone with refulgent beams on his weather beaten hat, his joy was full. But when the shades of eve approached and he was left cold and alone, compunction at the thought that he could so far forget himself as to be happy, so preyed upon his conscience that he penitently walked bare headed through the town in the sight of all beholders. The way of the tough is "hahd" and leads through the *hollow* vale of humility.

First Junior.—(Going into another room)—"What book is this you're readin' ? Oh ! the Duchess. Why don't you read Dickens as I am doin' ?"

Second Junior.—"Which one of Dickens' works are you reading."

First Junior.—"I'm readin' Vanity Fair but I don't like it much."

There is a glorious city beyond the sea. The limpid *Jordan* there its littered streets laves lovingly. How huge a name hath all its Herculean hitters ! Its catchers how consummate ! And if some other game than base ball catch their changeeful fancy and paste board chips or *chess* lead any of its denizens to wile away the tedious time ; in that also are they superior to all others. And even epistles to their friends begin *Anno urbis condite*.

Prof.—"In a case of poisoning, how would a chemist proceed to detect the presence of arsenic ?"

1st Student.—"By introducing a portion of the stomach with contents into a Hydrogen generator in activity and thrusting a cool piece of porcelain into the flame obtained—"

2nd Student interrupting, evidently harassed by fears for the safety of the individual. "But wouldn't the person be dead by that time ?"