

## LOCAL HITS AND MISSES.



The above is the personification of the Second A Form's orthinological Doc's ideal man, and Dave may be seen down on Dundas street each day industriously imitating and fondly hoping to excel that famous personage,—the cowboy.

CHIPS has generously lessened the work of the examiners of the Institute.

The man killed by a large icicle falling on his head from the Masonic Temple, was heard to murmur before expiring, that "that was an ice way to die."

In answer to our request for an essay, Left-handed Charlie said that he didn't amount to much as a writer, even though he was somewhat of a Longfellow.

As the citizens of our town have taken it into their serious consideration to limit the number of tavern licenses and Aldermen, why not totally abolish both, as common nuisances and drawbacks to the respectability of the city.

Just now every peevish and anxious soul is speculating upon what she will receive as a holiday gift. We would here modestly suggest that she should gracefully decline the presentation if accompanied by the adage "*accipe hoc tecum.*"

*First Form Boy:* Better let up on that; Mr. Jim'll be on ter yer biggern a barn on fire.

*Second Form Boy (rather bellicose):* Whatchergivinus! I don't care for Jim, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is Jimmie's.

If the many enquirers after the mysterious disappearance of Jimmie Carlyle, a deceased pupil of the Institute, would examine the ceiling of the Chemistry room they would at once notice a large brown spot, and there lies Jimmie. Poor Jimmie always was fond of making original experiments.

A High School boy is reported to have squeezed his girl, a sweet undergraduate of Hellmuth, until two of her ribs were broken, but he was greatly relieved when he heard her enthusiastically request him to go on and break the other twenty-two. This wa(t)sting of strength should be discouraged in the Institute boys.

"Pupils," said a teacher in the First Form the other day, "from the noise outside, methinks a dog fight is on. You are all excused and may go out and watch it. Don't get in a hurry, for it would look better if your teacher were to go first." And he shot out, followed by a wild rush of scholars. No dog fight. Only Henry A. and chums welcoming the beautiful snow.

We have a large quantity of unaccepted jokes (God save the word!) in our waste-paper basket, which we will joyfully give to those intellectual (ditto above parenthesis) Young Liberals, and we know that the audience (also ditto above parenthesis) will immediately notice the superiority of their next entertainment (and again also ditto above parenthesis). No back talk you minstrels (and still again we say ditto above parenthesis).

The following Ode to the "Spirit of the Fourth Form" was handed in by a couple of the young ladies of the Form:—

"Oh, Spirit! that hovers o'er the dark corner,  
Begone, I implore thee; thou'rt not an adormer.  
If thou art immortal, from whence didst thou spring?  
Chagrin and trouble is all thou didst bring.  
The poem thou wrotest did come to no harm,  
Though all parties concerned may have felt some alarm.  
'Twas very original, though not at all true;  
Your shadow's too smart, and so are you too.  
'Twould be best for us all didst thou leave there straight-  
way—

Leave not any trace in our memories to stay.  
If CHIPS is intended to enlighten the mind,  
I hope that effect on thine own we may find.  
If thou hast departed ere CHIPS shall appear,  
We will all try our best to send you one there.