

ULULATUS.

"Passed a miserable night, eh?"

And now W. W. W. wagers no more cigars.

"The capture of the Bastile."

Hortus Siccus was classically translated by H. Bis. as "the horse is sick."

Pesky and C—sh were unfortunately unable to attend the recent State Ball. Some person or persons unknown meanly removed their *evening* (night) *dress* from its customary resting-place.

"Spirits of evil, begin your work" said our local Mephisto as he placed his feet on his desk. And instantly his neighbor fainted.

"The Man with the Iron Mask" has considerable dramatic fire in it. It ends with a tableau vivant.

The B. I. F's (Best Irish Families) are to be congratulated on the successful outcome of the corridor "At Home." They announce a social for the 17th. prox. under the direction of the following committee of management.

President—Micky McKenna O'Flaherty Flynn.
Vice. President—Hon. Punjab Gideon O'Hou-rigan Millane. Secretary—Sir. Michael O'Reilly-O'Leary MacGeoghan Lynch.

Treasurer—Plain Ned Bolger.

Prof.—Who is David Copperfield supposed to be in this novel?

Student—Oh—Oh—

Prof.—Charles Dickens, Charles Dickens is it not?

Student—Well if Copperfield was Dickens who the dickens was Copperfield?

The manager of Wm. Tell has secured the services of Frank Percy Joyce as assistant vigil at the Gate of Altorf.

Prof.—(to a boy who should have answered more intelligently) What class are you in?

Boy—This class sir.

Prof.—Clear out.

O Sang! Joe do oil those whiskers please, the shrill voice of the wind will not let us sleep.

The students of the fourth Grade are lovers of fresh air. Tim says,— "Instead of a fermometer we keep a *snow ball* in our class-room, and never allow it to melt.

Fin Nigan watched the *Lowly Sun*,
As eagerly gazed Sir *Frang Kun Lun*,
But the Sun the latter seeks not at all,
But *old Thor Post* with face so small.

What, said he, my bed's departed
With amazement back he started
Wondering where it went.
Angered then he ran next door,
Laid out a man upon the floor,
Said he'd do the same thing o'er,
Laid he but the strength.

Applications for our base-ball team are already flocking in—M. J. Mc's qualifications are, that he can captain a team, and bat the sphere wherever he wishes. The manager knowing this individual said that it was the atmosphere he best batted. Pesky the Vermont twirler claims to have four curves. The manager declares him too crooked for this league.

If Maher did not meet Fitzsimmons, *Shark* recently asserted his pugilistic powers in a contest with a clever (?) antagonist. We are trying to arrange a contest between the victor and Lachance.

George is no longer a criterion on history hockey or base-ball.

The backers of Bis and Baptiste have declared the set-to between these disciples of the manly art postponed until they meet at Athens in the Olympic games where they will contest for the olive wreath.

You're wanted at the telephone, George.

Jimmy says that pigeon hole is a faster game than parchesi but that there is more science in the latter.

Mac to J. O' B. "You Irishmen want the earth."

J. O' B. "Faith an' it's a mighty poor piece of it we get when we come to Canada."