

## ULULATUS.

Oc-to-ber !

B r r r r r !

Scared leaves !

Naked boughs !

Overcoats !

Fervet opus !

Friget tempus !

What's the price of turnips, John ?

To our printer's devil : Go, tell your master to take good care that *i* be not mistaken for *u*, for that would be most *innatural* and *unjurious*.

In the sanctum, one evening, the editor stood  
As twilight closed over the scene,  
And said to himself, in an angry mood,  
"This surely is awfully mean."  
For close by his side, stood out in relief,  
Three lamps of various styles.  
But the contents of one, by the hands of a thief  
Served the readers of different files ;  
The other had oil, but oh ! what a trick !  
Some midnight marauder had stolen the wick ;  
The third one had wick and oil in galore,  
But its chimney in pieces is found on the floor.  
"Alas !" cried the editor in grief and despair,  
"Scenes such as this would make any man swear."  
But pondering awhile on the strength of his project,  
"Surely some friendly being will throw light on the subject."

Delinquent subscribers are hereby notified that our "minister without portfolio" has become "Fighting Editor."

A venerable member of the Senior Philosophy Class, while *coming* o'er the rules of lacrosse, on seeing a diminutive canine attempting to masticate the rubber, during a recent lacrosse match, gravely inquired whether, in case the aforesaid rubber were swallowed by the aforesaid dog, the latter would have to be substituted for the former. "Yes," replied another brilliant disciple of Aristotle, "if he *fits* on the stick as well as the ball."

"Nicodemus, the slave, who was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth" should be hung up in the Refectory over the plate of the new manager.

Who could question the existence of latent talent, when the following poetic effusion has been handed to us by a member of the class of '99? :—

A PARAPHRASE ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;  
Our Hero lowered at the dead of night,  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the one that we will see no more,  
The sods with our bayonets we turned by the light  
of the  
Moon and the lanterns dimly burning.  
*The funeral is over now.*

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is our destined end and way.  
We carved not a line and we raised not a stone,  
Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Foot prints on the sands of time.  
*And we left him alone in his glory.*

In astronomy class, Prof. :—"Can you read off the Vernier, Mr. Twinkle !"

Twinkle, (bewildered) :—"I've heard of the book, sir, but never read it."

THE DUDE.

How he prances,  
And glances,  
And dances,  
And trips up and down thro' the street,  
Oh ! his pants are so tight,  
And his head is so light,  
That t'would fly like a kite,  
Were it not for the weight of his feet.

He's so slim,  
And so trim,  
And so prim,  
With a light growth of down for a "tache ;"  
Which he waxes with care,  
Lest he'd pull out a hair,  
And thus leave his lip bare—  
What misfortune t'would be for a "mash" !

He flutters,  
And mutters,  
And stutters,  
And forces the world to conclude  
That Darwin would wink,  
To his friends and would drink  
To the long "missing link,"  
Which, at last, has turned up in the "Dude."