

## ULULATUS.

ὦ λειοπαγών νεανία!!!

Mister O'R—I—y!

How are they coming?

A la "Barney": Noah!

Play "the fox," John. Fool 'em!

A freshman is not necessarily a fresh man.

Might a gambler's den be referred to as a *di-ssecting* room?

Even in the most difficult straits the iceberg's coolness never deserts it.

"Dry up!" said the sun to the rain, as he came from behind a cloud after the storm.

Scribbler: "What was the matter with that article on 'The Atomic Composition of Molecules?'" "Wasn't it all right?"

Editor:—"Yes, that's what was the matter with it. It was all write."

Whether engaged in scaling *Alpine* heights or in battling with a delirium resultant from *crisp* elas, he ever contentedly hums this soothing ditty:

"I used to go to school with 'Maggie Murphy,'  
and 'Maggie Muryhy' used to go to school  
with me."

"Why does old Moneybags look so shaky as he stalks along? He usedn't look that way."  
"Well, he's got hold of some stocks just now that are pretty shaky. I suppose that accounts for it."

Every one present at the banquet expressed himself as especially delighted with the "Broma."

Like a true *Englishman* he still seeks for new championships and is now, as the latest acquisition, to be considered as "the best ring-blower in the smoking-room."

With bloodshot eye and un*kempt* hair, he strode toward the dormitory, muttering as he went: "My sole relief is to consign myself to the arms of *Morpheo*."

It has been reported in society circles that "Juce" has become divorced from the Banjo and is soon to be married to the Violin. When is the wedding, Ted?

## MACK'S COMET.

*When Robins chirp and poets sing,  
Gray bearded sages say; 'tis spring!*

Now glowed ambition's burning coal  
And fired th' astronomer's young soul,  
At eve, he loved to scale the sky,  
To walk those worlds that, mounted high,  
Ride boundless space above his own,  
Or search for planets yet unknown.  
To-night he bends his practised eye  
Upon the dimmed hesperian sky;  
And where his rolling orbs are bent,  
O'er the Dominion Parliament,  
A flaming star-like globe appears—  
A comet, which for countless years,  
(So he surmised) had groped its way  
Till it had stood o'er Canada;  
Or, perhaps, as old folks say, a star  
Prognostic of a pending war,  
A torch to light the obscurity  
That overhangs futurity;  
A beacon-lamp to guide the nation  
Safe to her final destination—  
The storm-proof port of Annexation.  
As spheres revolved thro' the great void,  
Such wild conjectures now enjoyed  
Untrammelled freedom in his mind  
Where little else was e'er confined.  
To fill the hollows of this brain  
A knowledge more defined he'd gain—  
He grasped the mighty telescope,  
The only anchor of his hope;  
But ere he'd wheeled the *seer* about,  
The curious comet had gone out—  
Leaving the sombre veil of night  
To shroud a new Electric Light.