

SUBRIDENDO.

THE EDITOR'S FRIENDS.

In reverie sat the editor
 And bit his finger tips,
 His copy must be in at four—
 His pen in ink he dips,
 And holds it there,
 And wonders where
 He'll find his scattered wits.

The door is opened, 'tis a friend
 Who, since he'd passed that way,
 Will drop in and a minute spend
 In chatting if he may ;
 A thing or two
 He'll tell him, too,
 That he's heard people say.

"Your paper is not just what they
 Had hoped you'd make of it,
 I think you readily will say
 It would improve a bit
 With more that's new
 And lively, too,
 And more of jokes and wit."

The editor smiled meekly at
 His friend, a deep sigh drew,
 And timidly suggested that
 He write a thing or two.
 "Not I, oh no !
 But I must go,
 So here's good luck to you."

Then soon a worthy class-mate
 Dropped in to see his pard,
 And asked him if the "College World"
 Came cheapest by the yard.
 "Had he the time
 To write a line?"
 No, he was studying hard.

And soon another rap was heard
 Upon the study door,
 But straightway rose the editor
 And tiptoed 'cross the floor,
 And right fiercely he
 Did turn the key,
 And opened t no more.—*Ex.*

ULULATUS.

O Si Phonograph ! Si Phonograph O !

Stape no longer plays the races, he is now tak-
 ing a course of crib.

The command of number three's sturdy
 captain is : Boys don't stand as you please ; but,
 attention ! stand a-at-ease !

A lad from Conn. slipped on the rink the other
 day, and for the first time in his life, held the seat
 of *just-ice*.

The rec. looks bare since the old *pioneer* is
 gone.

Our hockey men still persist in saying that they
 were simply shocked by the Electrics.

In a recent algebra class, the third form noticed
 that Mac. knew the alphabet O.K.

We have a big striker named A—dy,
 Who in the debate is a dandy,—
 At least all the students think so ;
 He says that all strikers are crazy,
 Also like himself they are lazy,
 From henceforth he will be their foe.

He whispered to D—in the back of the hall,
 "By my socks, I will give my opponents a
 fall,
 For to-night is the night of my big *feat*,
 My language believe me will truly be grand,
 I'll be no disgrace to the far-off land,
 I will give Ottawaites a treat."

The boy that left us in September, took a *car*
again for Ottawa last week.

As Dan quietly watched the batallions from the
 reading room heights, he smiled complacently say-
 ing "Drill you terriers drill."

He is *rich, eh?* to have a room near the parlor.

As he rushed the puck an admirer spoke,
 You bet that man's all there,
 But, immediately the answer came,
 In all respects, save hair.

Robbie's long pants promoted him to the big
 yard.

Joe thinks the Marquis of Gooseberry's rules, far
 more square than London's prize ring.

The eye is the indicator of character. Verily
 that gymnast, who closed his eyes when sitting for
 his photo, must be a *close character*.

He worked the infirmary racket splendidly, till
 the doctor caught *Mac. at tea*.

After the puck—a black eye.