

Lost : "My dear Gaston." Finder is *earnestly* requested to return him to "His dear Alphonse," and the small boy said, Oh ! fudge.

Say, O—B——n. Why don't you eat more, you are a regular rail? Willie had time to say, "Ha !"

First team aspirant,— "What position shall I play?"

Captain, roughly,— "Go—wayback."

The "Newboy"—I want my key! boo-hoo. Oh ! gimme my key ! I want to go home to my ma !

Teacher :—Master McDuff. Please define an adverb.

McDuff (vacantly) Jene comprends pas l'Anglais.

Last year we had in our midst, a Bishop. He is replaced this year by a Cardinal. I might also mention the acquisition of a Pigeon—He's a *homer* (that is a day scholar.)

"OUR RUBBER NECKS."

What is it can with ease be wound,
So that it bears our faces round,
Till backward turned, our eyes have found,
Those throats whence flows melodi'us sound ?

Our Rubber Necks !

What is it looks so lovely too,
Two feet or more of darkened hue,
When stretched, a class-room window through ;
Out of a tie and collar new ?

Our Rubber Necks !

What is it *some boys in the yard*,
Should take a tumble and discard,
Or, though such punishment be hard,
Should be, at least from chapel, barred ?—
Their Rubber Necks.

Jr. P. E.