

## Locals.

Relata refero:—

**Fin de Siecle; or, "Brother's"  
Lament.**

This life's a hollow bubble,  
Don't you know?  
Just a painted piece of twouble,  
Don't you know?  
We come to earth to cwy;  
We gwo oldeh and we sigh;  
Oldeh still and then we die;  
Don't you know?  
It is all a howwid mix,  
Don't you know?  
Business, love and politics,  
Don't you know?  
Clubs and pawties, cliques and sets;  
Fashions, follies, sins, wegets,  
Stwuggle, stwife and cigawettes,  
Don't you know?  
And we worry through each day,  
Don't you know?  
In a sort of, kind of, way,  
Don't you know?  
But it's all so flat and dead,  
Bweakfast, luncheon, dinneh, bed;  
That is life when all is said,  
Don't you know?  
Love? O, yes, you meet a g'll,  
Don't you know?  
And you get in such a whi'l,  
Don't you know?  
Then you get down on the floah  
To adoah and to imploah  
And it's weally such a boah,  
Don't you know?  
Business? Oh, that's simply twade,  
Don't you know?  
Something's lost or something's made,  
Don't you know?  
And you twouble and you mope,  
And you hang your highest hope  
On, perhaps, the price of soap,  
Don't you know?  
Politics? Oh, just a lawk,  
Don't you know?  
Just a highmatch in the dawk,  
Don't you know?

You pespiah all day and night,  
And atfeh all the fight,  
Why, perhaps, the w'ong man's wight,  
Don't you know?

Society? is dwess,  
Don't you know?  
And a sou'ce of distwess,  
Don't you know?  
To determine what to weah,  
When to go and likewise wheah,  
And how to pawt your haih,  
Don't you know?

So theah's weally nothing in it,  
Don't you know?  
And we live just foh the minute,  
Don't you know?  
Foh when you've seen and felt,  
Dwank and eaten, heahd and smelt,  
Why all the cawds are dealt,  
Don't you know?

You've one consciousness, that's all,  
Don't you know?  
And one stomach, and it's small,  
Don't you know?  
You can only weah one tie,  
One eye-glawss in each eye,  
And one coffin when you die,  
Don't you know?

—Farmers' Advocate.

McKillican's definition of Practical  
Physics: "A geometrical progression  
from bad to worse."

Prof. Gamble—"How much does a  
litre of water weigh?"

Scott—"One cubic centimetre."

Brown, the man from Jamiaca  
(when the April snowstorm came).  
"Is this next winter already?"

Second Year Horticulture:

Query—"What is the most suitable  
place in which to grow roses?"

Daddy—"Why, a "Shady" Bower,  
of course."