

SKIN SIDE INSIDE.

He killed the noble Mudjokevis,
 With the skin he made his mittens,
 Made them with the fur side inside ;
 Made them with the skin side outside ;
 He, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside skin side outside ;
 He, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side, fur side inside.
 That's why he put the fur side inside,
 Why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned them inside outside.

—*Western Journalist.*

—◆—

ULULATUS.

Charlić, togged up in his best, went out on Saturday night
 To see the game of hockey and to hold up blue and white.
 He came back late that evening, and without much ado,
 For his white ribbon was out of sight and he felt awfully blue.

The Cambridge boy got out of his financial difficulties by writing the poem entitled: "An Ode (owed) to My Tailor."

Found a peanut, found a peanut just now.

The echo from the hand-ball alley is "Oh, nail it grizzly."

This lower town joker whose initials are K. C. doubtless reads the almanacs.

Shortie was the pillar of the cave.

The crowd had waited at the cave
 To see him make a start.
 He stammered at the door awhile,
 But soon he made a dart.
 The crooked passage was so long
 He was quite turned about.
 When he saw light he said with might,
Ah! but, now I'm out.

HANS MEIKLENBERG'S EXPERIENCE.

Hans Meiklenberg, dot man vos me,
 Mit rosy sheeks und happy soul,
 Who loves, from Bruch's contcherto
 To tender shtrains of "Schlaffe Wohl."

Dis mighty love von music, frients,
 It leads me to distraction nigh ;
 For, if I hear some musics blay,
 Hans Meiklenberg can not pass by.

I walked me out von odder eve
 On Vilbrot shstreet before de College ;
 I hear a bass, a cornet's notes,
 So ender I dot seat of knowledge.

I lishened to de tones confused
 Dot issued from de leetle shtage :—
 Mein Gott ! de dings vos frufeful !
 I nearly goes into a rage.

Yooost tinks, mein frients, vot ass moost be
 To make sooch a selection !
 I never seed such lack of taste
 In all mein recollection.

For shtrings, dere vos four fiddles,
 Und all de rest vos vint alone,
 A cornet und a clarinet,
 An alto, bass, und barytone.

Now, if you tinks you hear de fiddles,
 Your ear moost be a microphone.
 De only dings dot reach mein ear
 Vos cornet, bass, und barytone.

But dot vos not de funniest ding.
 Mein Gott ! it vos de mann vich lead,
 Dot shstretch mein mout from ear to ear
 Till I vos 'fraid dot it mide pleed.

He shtug him on a roshtrum up,
 To show his very heels I guess.
 I heard some giggling urchins ask :
 "How long it take dot mann to dress ?"

He lets de blayers all come in ;
 Den, ven dey all vos seated vell,
 He enders mit an air dot tries
 To prove dot he's a music-shwell.

He takes his time so dot you see
 He tinks de beeples moost admire.
 De boys dey clap, und hiss und yell,
 You'd tink it vood oxcide his ire.

But no ! he tinks it all applause,
 Und takes his place upon de shtant,
 Und raises churlishly his lip
 Und signals to his bulldozed bant.

Hans Meiklenberg could shtant no more.
 Now can you blame me, shentle reader ?
 Vood not an honest mann be sick
 To see a bant mit sooch a leader ?

Respectfully,

HANS MEIKLENBERG.