

Second Grade { 1. J. Neville  
2. H. Denis  
3. J. Twohey

Third Grade B { 1. J. Coté  
2. M. O'Brien  
3. J. Murphy

Third Grade A { 1. B. Girard  
2. J. Cassidy  
3. E. Giusta

Fourth Grade { 1. H. Desrosiers  
2. P. Turcotte  
3. L. Pigeon.

### ULULATUS.

Bonne Santé ! Bon jour ! Bon voyage ! Merci !

Many readers found this column sadly out of joint last month because it contained no reference to Vandy. Yielding to the general remonstrance, we have consented to give him a mention or two in the present issue.

Vandy (leaving St. Joseph's church)—Fine singing, Sir Adolphe, eh? old boy!

Sir Adolphe (staggered)—Yes, (aside) who's that fellow?

There was an ould man and he had a wooden leg,  
No tebaccy had he nor tebaccy could he beg;  
There was another ould man just as cunning as a fox,

And he'd plenty of tebaccy in ould tebaccy box,  
And the ould man's name was Austin.

Oh yes, Austin, you're a reguish fellow. But you surpassed yourself in the choice of a profession. To become an undertaker because you have a brother a doctor is too clearly a case of brothers playing into each other's hands.

Vanderbilt is busy on an article for the July Owl.

McI---and John F.--l--y admit they had a rather lame excuse for remaining a month in the infirmary.

Bis—When I write I pay great attention to euphony.

Prof. - Indeed ! I suppose that's why everyone finds you *teuphony*.

### IN MEMORIAM.

In a dark and silent room,  
Filled to faintness with perfume,  
A student lay at point of doom,  
For stealing John the Dutchman's broom.  
Full length he lay upon the floor,  
His eyes were dim, his head was sore,  
And with his dying breath he cried,  
"Come, Hardy, friend; come to my side."  
And Hardy came and raised the head  
Of noble Murf who slowly said:  
"Dear Hardy, this advice I give  
In order that our tribe may live,  
Shun Johnny as we did the Greek  
That we have failed in every week.  
Oh Johnny! Johnny!" poor Murf cried,  
Then turned in Hardy's arms and died.  
This happened many moons ago  
And Johnny still prides in the blow.  
A blood-red sign now marks the room  
Where Murf was killed by Johnny's broom.

Students who are not trying matriculation should keep away from the *Laton*.

Are you going up for the matric, Pat?

I? Going up for the matric? Well! I would not give it trunk-room! Going up for the matric! Ugh! Oh, I am getting mad! May the quartan ague snatch the matric! To the demon with the matric! A plague take the detestable matric! If I ever—eh, eh, eh. (Pat falls speechless in a paroxysm of fury and is carried off on a plank.)

It is rumored that the Hon. Wolf H—, Sir John Louis V—m—t, Chief Justice All—n and Arthur M—K—e, Esq., have accepted an offer to join Sousa's band. The same offer was declined by Charlie H—s, Jimmie M—t—l and company for the reason that they already belong to Susan's band.