

angle is a square with three sides.
Next!!!

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The following held first places in their classes for the month of January :

First Grade, (A) — 1. Paul Benoit,
2. O. Vallee, 3. R. Lapointe.

First Grade (B) — 1. H. St. Jacques,
2. E. Lessard, 3. J. Lamarche.

Second Grade.—1. J. Raymond, 2.
P. Ducharme, 3. G. Campbell.

Third Grade. 1. A. Lapointe, 2.
R. Desrochers, 3. Thos. Corcoran.

Fourth Grade. 1. E. Belliveau, 2.
J. Abbott, 3. J. Slattery.

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ULULATUS.

Since Lapointe got charge of the drum he has been making more *hiz*s than any other musician in the house.

O'C-n-l. — Good-bye, Frank, I'm going.

Frank. Where's your satchel?

O'C-n-l. — Oh! I've got the Grip(pe).

Tom says Billy ain't the only shirt in the laundry, because he can be done up like *the others*.

P-w-r's ode to the Grippe.
I had a hen whose name was Enza
I opened the window and in fl(ew)enza.

AN ACTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

But now farewell to all my greatness. This is the state of an actor. To-day I put on my comic air, to-morrow the same, the third day comes the play, a thrilling play, and then I think, good easy Plump, my fame surely is increasing, and then there comes a shower (of eggs) and then I fall (asleep). Vain pomp and glory of the stage (Hawkesbury), I hate ye. I smell the eggs

fresh opened. Oh! had I studied my Greek, as I studied my part, Homer would not now have left me, old, battered with cabbages, the mark of every boy.

OUR HERO.

In study he's a worker,
"This is his busy day,"

In class whenever called for,
He nothing has to say.

At music he's a corker,

He's got it down quite pat,

Ask for a waltz or two-step

"Oh, he's too good for that."

He's lazy, fat, and careless,

For nobody cares he.

To Joe he's fond and tender,

What can the reason be?

Georgie's a good thing to bet on.
He always has tips.

Dennis.—If I was born in France would I be a Frenchman?

C-r-o-l.—No.

Dennis. —Why?

C-r-o-l.—If some kittens were born in an oven would you call them biscuits?

I know a hockey player who never
[dallies
He's Tub M-r-n of the Hogan's Alleys.

Chimmy.—Why is man at his best in winter time?

Pete.—Don't know.

Chimmy. — Because there ain't no flies on him then.

Did you see the spook?

At reading of notes the pair of Jimmies furnished much sport. The Vermonter's rendition of "Marching to the front," and his accompanist received hearty applause.