

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

Students—To pay their subscription to the JOURNAL at once.

Prof. Cappon—To be in time for class.

H. R. Grant—To spend Xmas holidays in Kingston, because the air here is so bracing, you know.

R. C. McNab—Not to study immoderately.

Business Manager—To make out receipts quicker and neater than ever.

J. B. Cochrane—To give someone else a chance to move adjournments.

Science Hall, 1.55 p.m. Enter a Student solus.
Student sadly :)

It was not always thus! There was a time,
A gracious time, in happy years ago,
When English was a pastime; when to class
The jolly Freshmen trooped, nor deigned to note
The rhymes and Rhythms of old bygone chaps,
Whose memories were buried with their bones,
But now, woe's me! This call for keen analysis,
In strict four columns of the blankest kind,
This roasting good Dan Chaucer from his bed
Where swete, smaale grass had hidden him,
This sifting Shakespeare so familiarly,—

Enter a chorus of students, who break in ruthlessly,

There'll be no English there!
There'll be no English there!

In the time to come
We'll make things hum,
For there'll be no English there!

(Vociferous and prolonged applause from themselves, in the midst of which enter a troop of meek maidens modestly.)

Chorus, joyfully.)

Hop along, Sister Mary, hop along!
Hop along, Sister Mary, hop along!
If *it* would never have to go

To the front, front row,
If *you'd* only hop along, hop along!

Comparative silence for a time, then a tuneful Thelog. breaks out (not sure of the exact words.)

When I was a Freshman so jolly,
I never was courted at all,
I used to make eyes at my Polly,
And long for Divinity Hall.

Grand Chorus (slightly tremolo at first, but crescendo at close).

Ti ural, li ural, li adde,
Ti ural, li ural, li a, etc.

And now that I'm cured of all folly,
I've climbed to the top of the tree,
But only to find that my Polly
Thinks more of a Freshman than me!

Chorus, as before (in the midst of which Prof. enters.

Five minutes later—sadly, from fourth back bench :—

How'd you do, "Dear Duff" ie? How'd you do?
Where were you, "Dear Duff" ie? How'd you do?
(But no one seemed to know,

So the whole long row
Got marked with a great, big Q.)

One minute later—Prof., sternly,—

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and some long-drawn sighs
Shall fill the space of Convocation Hall,
When that the fateful papers circling round,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
Yea, then the confident and over-lusty ones,
Who the low-rated English had despised,
No longer dreaming in their seats, shall groan to see
How different knowledge can from ignorance be.

3.05 p.m. Chorus of some few, sadly :—

Alas for the songs of the good old days!
(Too much *prose* in this modern plan.)
It is not, "Hop along, Sister Mary!" any more,
But, "Come down to the front, young man!"

Hear the little College bells,
Nathan's bells!
What a host of lectures their melody foretells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Every hour of the day!
While the students who are scattered
'Round the halls, in gowns so tattered,
Hustle every one his way—
Keeping time, time, time,
To this very silly rhyme,
'Hop along, sister Mary,' that so very loudly
wells,
Mid the yells, yells, yells, yells,
And the bells,
Mid the tramping, plus the tinkling of the bells.

—[A. Poe(t).

Public opinion lays the following at the door of the Divinity, who, according to "Oily," lately got married. If the conjecture is a true one, we can only say: *Quantum ab illo mutatur.*

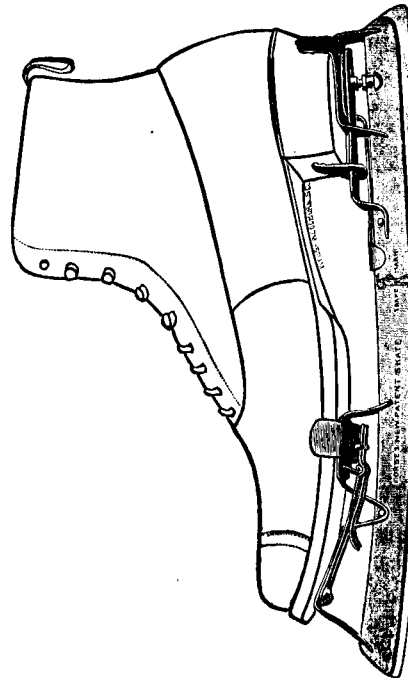
Before.

She is so sweet, so true, so fair,
She lives in other, purer, air;
How can such an angel she
Look so lovingly on me?

Ah, that day in June!

After.

Now, why in thunder did I choose
To tie myself to such a spouse?
Fairly threw myself away!
Grant, ye Gods, the joyful day
Of release comes soon!



SIDE VIEW ATTACHED TO BOOT.

Go to Corbett's, Corner of Princess & Wellington Streets, for Forbes' new patent Hockey; Skeleton, Acme, Climax. All the Best and Cheapest.