

The University Hockey team which has done so well this year has four old College boys on it: Jack Gilmour, Billy Gilmour, "Biddy" Barr, and "Watty" Thompson.

"Goosefoot" is evidently the proper name for 'Geordie' Moore, as a juvenile remarked when he was at Peterboro' with the Hockey team, "He does walk rather queer."

There is a rustling as the boys arise,
The organ prelude trembles on the air,
A hushed expectancy pervades the throng.
Then with a mighty uproar starts the choir
Upon its voyage o'er the anthem high,
The way is long, and fraught with perils sore,
Oft times they falter in the midst, and gasp
And strive for breath, and vainly try to keep
With the procession, and in dismal shrieks
Spend their last breaths, and in the spending die.
But once, instead of starting out together,
One half took one chant, t'other half another,
And then began a contest great and loud,
Until the organ sided with one crowd,
And th' rest surrendered, overcome and cowed.
With strifes like this our prayers are oft mixed,
And so they will be till the choir is fixed.

FUN AND FROLIC.

A correspondent wants to know how long editors [*genus celi or vulgaris*] live? About the same as short editors, we suppose.

A THIEVING STORM—"This is highway robbery," said Morrison Essex, as the heavy rain washed the road away in front of his place.

An exchange says that you should go to a dentist to find whether the teeth are in straight. This advice should be followed while the dog is hanging on to you.

A N. Y. paper gravely observes that the suicide of an author, which it notices, "is singularly strange, in as much as he has not been in the habit of doing such things."

The virtues of a good bath, and a subsequent prolonged rubbing with a dry towel or the hands, cannot be fully appreciated, except by those who have tried them.—*Port Jervis Union*. The rural press sometimes makes great discoveries.

"Thus do we burn the midnight toil," said the facetious editor as he consigned a rejected manuscript to the stove.

BEFORE THE COLLECTOR.—Highwayman: Your money or your life! Victim: Help, help! Highwayman: Oh, you need n't bawl for protection! I believe in tariff for revenue only.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!—Smith: By Jove! Here's a French duel where one of the parties was actually shot! Wesson: H'm! Please remember that the shooter was a pseudo-American.

A SOUND BASE IS VALUABLE.—Old Snaggs: Hain't you ashamed to be at the foot o' yer class, Tommy? Tommy: I don't know why I should be, Popper; the foot's the foundation, is n't it?

When a young man walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close as to crowd her against the fence, she is someone else's sister.

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