

Filled to the brim—A hat.
A greenback—The frog's.
A home stretch—Our papa's knee.

—*Lampon.*

"That's a storied earn," said the man who had gotten money under false pretences. "We shall now go off on an animated bust."—*Harvard Lampon.*

It is related that on one occasion Beau Brummell was walking down Pall Mall when he saw some very beautiful tulips in a florist's window. Walking in, he inquired the price of the same.

"A guinea a piece," replied the florist.

"And will they keep?" asked the Beau.

"Very well indeed," said the man. "They will keep for several days."

"Then," said Brummell, with true Mansfield politeness, "you may keep them."

—*Harvard Lampon.*

ULULATUS.



A HOME RUN.

And the fattest
Was the fastest.

*Tristis in principio mensis Junii, sed exit in
catastropham comicam.*

V-a-c-a-t-i-o-n ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !

Farewell ! Farewell !
Old college bell !

Aleck—"Where are you going, Donald?"

Donald—"I am going to roam."

Aleck—"To Rome, in Italy?"

Donald—"Nø, in Glengarry."

Oh, for one glorious sleepovers !

"I have come to bring you home. To bring you home, home, home ! . . . Home's like heaven."—*Christmas Carol, Stave II,*

We are told the *French* are going to make a raid on the county of Renfrew, and intend to plant their cannon on the banks of the Bonnochere.