

mine arms, smashed my rib in, and dese pig stones are laying on de top of mine pody." "Ish dat all?" said the other; "vy, you hollow so loud I tot you got te toofache."

**HOOKEY.**—A youthful contributor gets off the following:—"Hookey is played by boys. It is generally played in the spring. It ain't a very popular game with school teachers, though it don't take 'em long to find out who can play it best. It don't take many to play it. A fellar can play it by himself; but it ain't so much fun. Then if a fellar gets ketched when he is playing it by himself, he can't tell his dad that any fellar made him do it. I played a game yesterday and got "beat"—dad beat me, and he ain't much of a player either. Sometimes it's called truant. School teachers don't like that kind of aunts. It is called hookey, 'cause fellars always go a fishing when they play it."

An exchange says: "The worst joke that was ever perpetrated on scientific men took place recently at Louisiana, Mo. A man was sick with rheumatism, or something, and a fellow went around to the doctors and professors and things, and told them that he was the queerest case on record. He said the man had no feeling. You could stick pins in his body all over, and he paid no attention to them at all. He was perfectly numb. So the doctors got together, and called on the sick man to experiment. All arrived with pins and needles and bodkins. The man was asleep and they got around him, and each one stuck a pin in the patient. The sick man rolled over and looked at the crowd, and thought they had come to desect him, so he took a chair in one hand and a bed-post in the other, and drove the crowd thence. They are around with their heads tied up, looking for the man who said that sick man had no feeling."

The Hamilton youth are now engaged in that contentious game—"marbles." The "fobbler" has gone into training, and will soon show his activity in running.

## CHIPS.

Onward and upward, is the thought of many a weary student as he ascends two or three flights of stairs from the basement to the Lecture Room, but remember fellow-sufferer—

"He that would climb must begin at the first step."

"We live in a progressive age." Some one has discovered the tendency of the average milkman to water the milk. His instinctive desire that the milk *shall* be pure, impels him to wash it carefully before delivering it to his customers, of course

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families," as when a Clergyman remarked there would be a nave in the new church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred.

"Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune."

He deserves not the sweet who will not take the sour; but when the immortal gods look down and see a tall young man at a church sociable, sitting on a low cassock and trying to hold a plate of cake, a saucer of ice-cream, and a cup of coffee in his lap, they knit their brows and think there is a mistake somewhere and that a young man's knees should have been made like a beaver's tail; flat as a shingle, eight inches wide, and turned flat side up.

"There is a good time coming—it's almost here."

"A drowning man will catch at a straw." A young medical student was escorting a young lady who was troubled with a cough, in the kindness of his heart, he offered her a lozenge, which he advised her to place in her mouth and allow it to dissolve. The next day he received the following note:—

Dear Sir:—I received no benefit from the lozenge you gave me, think it does not suit my case. As it may be of service to you on some future occasion, I enclose. Said lozenge proved to be a pant's button. How true is the saying—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."