

Third Grade B { 1. J. Cote.
2. M. O'Brien.
3. C. Bastien.

Third Grade A { 1. B. Girard.
2. A. Kehoe.
3. F. Houde.

Fourth Grade { 1. H. Desrosiers.
2. J. O'Neil.
3. P. Nolan.

P. P. A.—All held first place.

ULULATUS.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Examinations are a bore,
For the boy is slow that cannot
Make out cribs the night before.

Trust no cramming how'er thorough,
Put it down in black and white,
If you make out cribs sufficient
You'll be sure to come out right.

Lives of cribbers oftines show us
How to make our standing high,
And departing carry with us
Honors for which others sigh.

A reward of \$500 is offered for the detection of the aut' or
of the above lines.

"THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

With apologies to the memory of Sir W. Scott.

She was a bird—she was not the OWL.
Although she was not a common fowl—
Nor the Whippoorwill with his dulcet thrill,
But a bird.

The notes of whose wild, enchanting song
Floated the forests the whole day long ;
And even at night by the moon's soft light,
She was heard.

Among her mates of the feathered race,
She held with honor the highest place —
She was known to fame by the flattering name
Of Minstrel.

She was the last of a noble line —
Could trace her birth to a bird divine
Whose lamenting cries harrow'd paradise
When man fell.

The sole left since her parent's death
The world of songsters had held its breath,
Awaiting the day when her timely lay
Would secure

An issue that might carry her name
Through ages down, as to her it came,
With the royal blood from its fountain flood
Full as pure.

The world of singers still held its breath—
The Minstrel lay on her bed of death—
Till the mourners sigh'd that the bird had
died
Where she lay.

A rumor flew and its message spread :
" An heir was left the lamented dead ; "
And the rumor grew—just as rumors do—
On its way.

And many an aviary's halls were swelled,
And many a feathered convention held,
Until all the birds on th' equivocal words
Had their " say."

" If she lay," reason'd the wisest head,
" She left an issue, although she's dead ; "
So a search was made where, 'twas claimed,
she laid
Many a day.

But, as no egg could, of course, be found,
The wise head furiously stamped the ground,
And uttered the cry : " 'Twas the mourners
lie."
Since they said :

" The Minstrel lay before she expired—
His hearers wonder'd and so retired ;
And a lay of verbs in his dreams disturbs
The wise head.

C. C. D., '91.

POOR VANDY.

Joe Proulx and Saul went to the store
To buy some cakes and candy.
Joe Proulx and Saul returned once more,
(But closely watched by Vandy.)

We know not why our Vandy gazed,
(We're sure 'twas not for cakelets)
But Proulx, keen man, was not amazed,
And said : " Juss look his fakelets."

And, true enough, poor Vandy came,
Straight forward towards the pair.
" Now see, said Proulx, hees leetle game
An' how wid me he'll fare."

" Pray what's the time ? " then Vandy said,
(Though he knew Joe had no time-piece.)
Joe bit his cake, and bowed his head.
" De clock hees on de cornice."

But hoping still some cake to get,
Vand spoke of games and rink.
Then Saul, in turn, his questions met
By " yes," " I'm sure," " I don't think."

A look of hunger came right straight
From Van to Joe and Saul ;
A frown, two smiles, poor Vandy's fate,
The cake had vanished all.