

Miss Prescott of the B Class is never happy unless Her-
man is with her.

Why should the girls of B₂ be cold? Because they have
a freezer. (Fraser.)

If you have an unruly person take him to the B₁ Class.
It will settle him.

Why should the B₂ Class never be thirsty? Because they
always have (Miss) Porter.

Why is the Academy skeleton always in a jolly mood?
Because he is not in a grave (mood).

If you want to make a boat go to the C₁ Class. They
have a Keeler in it.

Why should the C₁ Class be sheltered? Because they
have a public cover (Publicover.)

Why is it the C₁ Class need never fear invasion? Because
there is a Garrison stationed there.

We hear of homesteads in South Africa but we have
Barnsteads in the B and C Classes.

What is that which cannot change its position, but still
can go in and out of the Academy with perfect ease? A Hill.

What well-known poem would Ella Gibson represent, if
she were visiting a country cemetery? Ella G in a country
churchyard.

One of the students when asked why he did not reply
more quickly said, "Well, you must remember that I am
spent, sir" (Spencer.)

If the Academy were to blow down neither workmen nor
material would be lacking in rebuilding it, as we have lots
of Wood and Masons about.

Why is the C₁ Class the most useful and best protected
class in the Academy? Because they have a Mason, a Bell,
a Garrison, a Smith, a Wright and a Steward, (Stuart).

THE FIERY BUG.

WE left our homes one morning bright,
To fish for trout, with great delight.
Our number—be it known—was three—
John Wilson, Thomas Brown, and me.
We fished all day but nothing caught;
And then got tea of splendid sort;
Tom ate a lot, but I ate more
Than he could eat, to that I swore.
Then off each went unto his bed
Of bugs we had no thought nor dread;—
But in the middle of the night,
I started up in sudden fright—
In the next room I heard a sound
Of breaking glass fall on the ground,
So quickly opened wide my door—
Wilson and Tom sat on the floor,—
A broken lamp was blazing near,
And what a woful sight was there!
B hold, a sheet! and on it spread
Reposed the bodies of the dead!
Wilson and Tom with aspect wild,
Slew father, mother, cousin, child;
And with a dismal groan they said,—
"We have not even been to bed!"
Next day we had good luck, and took
Trout from the river, lake and brook;

And when we all retired each swore
That for the bugs he'd care no more,
Wilson and Tom came to my room,
So did not fear the last night's doom.
Wilson said, "Pooh! I should not care,
Even if a fiery bug drew near!"
But in the middle of his speech,
Poor Wilson gave a sudden screech;
He at the casement chanced to look,
And with a terror great he shook;—
A fiery bug of awful mien,
Was straightway at the window seen.
Thomas and I felt rather queer
To see that fiery bug so near.
The creature soon did Wilson see,
And to itself said, "That's my tea!"
Then flew at Wilson on the bed,
Whose eyes were starting from his head.
Now we did hear poor Wilson say
A word or two, then try to pray—
And, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Is what at first he tried to speak.
Next, "Woe is me! I nevermore
Shall see her whom I so adore!
That awful bug with fiery eyes,
Straight and more straight to eat me flies!"
Despair at last did make him brave,
And then he tried himself to save.
He held his head with dauntless air,
Returned the bug its haughty stare.
His back against the wall he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before;
Then with just one tremendous bound,
He cleared the bed, the chairs, the ground;
And landed out the bedroom—mark it!—
And sank half-fainting on the carpet!
Thomas and I were very sure
Such leaping we ne'er saw before.
The bug thus cheated of its prey,
Went circling round in dreadful way.
But valiant Brown with gloves was armed,
And never was by aught alarmed.
In football he was *always* there;—
Should *evil bugs* then make him fear?
He grasped the soap dish too, and so
Unto the fiery bug did go;
And round about the room he went,
Until the creature's strength was spent;
Played out it fell upon the floor,
Kicking as it ne'er kicked before;
Then with a quick and startling crack,
He brought the cover on its back;
And with a shout of triumph said,
"That bug shall stay there till it's dead!
And now its eyes of awful mien
No more at windows will be seen!
Then Wilson he came in ashamed,
And said, "That fiery bug be blamed!
He made my heart beat very fast,
But now I shall retire at last!"
Next day folks came to make the bed,—
And lo! the fiery bug was dead!

BACKBITER.