

Ry-n.—Say Joe, this beef-steak is not very well cooked.

C-r-l.—Why that's venison. Didn't you ever hear that whatever is rare is deer.

M-h-n blandly remarked there were many striking incidents in the Ottawa game. He then ducked behind the door to avoid the shower of old rubbers.

Mac.—Say Pat, are matters rushing up the creek?

Pat.—Everyone is busy, and pork is steady but still on the hog.

C-l-n to Toby who is reading the *Globe*. You're not the whole earth, Toby, because you've got the *Globe* in your hand.

"Doc" as he fin's the corridor locked; "Just behind the times."

Everything goes on wheels now according to H-l-t-n, except pens, ink and paper, and they are stationary.

We are expecting some poetry from "Dod". This gentle boy has given considerable time to a study of flower language.

Thrown down—the "Caps".

Thrown up—the city football team.

Dont forget to read Cl-ys latest. "It Cuts Both Ways on—The Caps thrown down and the City Team thrown up."

CHAMPIONS—1897.

To the air of "The O.M.I. Cadets."

We sing our glorious football team whose fame is now world-wide

They've always won the championship whenever they have tried,

And teams from East to West declare that our boys can display

The fine points of the Rugby game in a scientific way.

CHORUS.

Sis, boom, bah, rah, varsity, rah rah.

As we pass by, the crowd begins to cry; Hurrah for V-A-R-S-I-T-Y,

And what is wrong with Varsity, oh Varsity's all right.

It is not Tom your pretty face nor shape that we admire,

But 'tis your honest style of play, which all might well acquire,

With Mac. and Boucher by your side you form a barrier strong,

'Gainst all opposing scrimmage men no matter where they're from.

O Gleeson we admire your shape, 'tis fit for fashion plate.

But more delightful is your game when on a winding gait,

With Murphys and McGee to help, the backs without a flaw,

And ladies on the grand stand shout, "Oh he's a laddidaw."

Your little game much joys us Smith your tandem runs are grand,

While Ross with crispy, snaky locks can always lend a hand.

The forward line will brightly shine, when the sun has gone to rest,

And vanquished teams have moonlight dreams in the islands of the blest.

(The author of the above lines is still living as we go to press, but his condition is hopeless.)

