

Prof. in Senior Latin—"What learned name do they give to that construction, Mr. McD—?"

McD.—Epilepsis, sir.

Prof.—Ye-e-s; ah, that's pretty near it. Thank you.

"Oh, these are the whiskers the wind blew through, blew through,
Oh, listen to my tale of woe."

—[W. J. H—b-s—n.

"What do I care for your Vice-Principal! He's not Janitor of this College."—[John.

We were sitting in our sanctum, one day last week, in a frantic but all too vain endeavor to evolve something that would at least look like a joke, when our attention was drawn from our misery by a gentle tap at the door. In answer to our gruff "come in" there appeared before us an aged apparition who informed us that he was the Shade of Chaucer, and that he had just dropped in to have a chat about things in general and the boys in particular. His conversation, conducted with his usual naive simplicity, was to us exceedingly interesting. These are some of his quaint sayings:—Speaking of A. B. F——, he said, "Noher so besy a man as he ther was, And yet he seemed besier than he was."

And of the newly elected Assistant Secretary in this wise—

"He is as fressh as is the moneth of May."

In the course of conversation about foot-ball and various other matters, we chanced to mention the name of Guy, when our visitor interrupted with—

"What schulde he studie, and make hisselven wood,

Uppon a book in cloystre alway to poure,
Or swynke with his hands, and laboure,
As B--t--n byt? How schal the world be served?

Lat B——n have his swynke to him reserved,
Therefore he was a pricasour aright."

Regarding A. J. Mc——, he remarked—

"And though he holy were and virtuous
He was to sinful man nought despitous,
To draw folke to heaven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, this was his busynesse."

"M—d—I is a stout carl for the nones,
Full big he was of braun, and eke of bones.

Ad. Inf.

DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY.

Ah! My heart is weary plugging,
Plugging for exams.,
Every day old computation,
Permutation, combination,
Anticipation of observation,
Velocity, acceleration,
Sanskrit, Latin, French, translation,
Histories of every nation,
Values and their variation,
Each one closer round me jains,
Ah! My heart is weary plugging,
Grinding for exams.

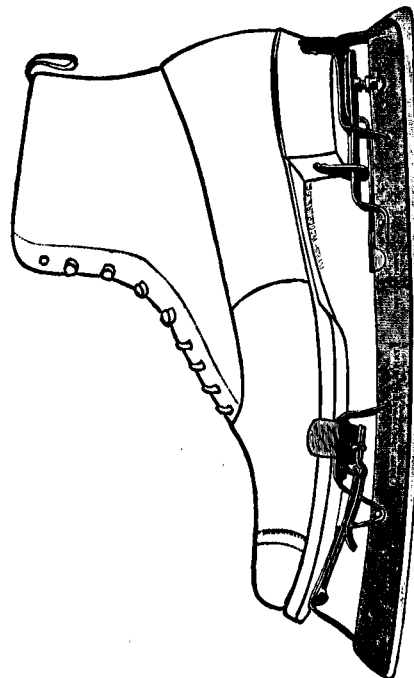
APRIL.

Ah! My head is sore with cramming,
Cramming for exams.,
Trying to "get off" each class,
Hoping for "at least a pass,"
That I may throughout the summer,
Be not ever, ever "glummer,"
Oh! I am all sore with plugging,
For the spring exams.

AUGUST.

Waiting, sad, dejected, hopeless,
Waiting for exams. (sups),
Time goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlight evenings, sun-bright mornings,
Supplementals, dark and dreary,
My grindings are only shams,
Ugh! It's dreadful weary business,
Grinding for exams.

Class Poet, '94.



SIDE VIEW ATTACHED TO BOOT.

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