

- Third Grade B { 1. G. Casman.
2. C. Howlet.
3. P. Turcotte.
- Third Grade A { 1. J. Stuber.
2. P. O'Connor.
3. J. Dempsey.
- Fourth Grade { 1. E. Donegan.
2. D. Kearns.
3. J. Jacques.

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SUBRIDENDO.

THE BILLS.

See the dudes' and chappies' bills,—
Tailors' bills!
What a world of agony their coming in instils,
How they mingle all together,
Some unopened, some unread;
Bills for shoes of patent leather,
Bills for boots for every weather,
Bills for clothes from toe to head,
On their pilgrimage diurnal;
Till their aggregate infernal
Poor chappie's mind—there's room for it—with
frantic frenzy fills!
Oh! the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
From the tailor's stately William to the flowery
florist's bills!

See the haunted housewife's bills,—
Grocers' bills!
What *account* of stuffing their well-fed column fills!
Bills for eggs, and bills for butter
That was made to *print*—oh, never!
Hear the murmuring housewife mutter
That she never saw such utter
Imposition whatsoever.
Bills for coal, and bills for plumbing,
Till poor hubby goes a-bumming
To find in jags a lethe deep for all these columned
ills
Of bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Butcher's, grocer's, gasman's, milkman's, cloth-
ing, coal, and baker's bills!

See the milli(o)nery bills,—
Bonnet bills!
What an awful lot of paper their figured fancy
fills!
How they seem to come a-grinning
From the debit of the dead;
Till they set the brain a-spinning,
And their total keeps a-dinning,
Fit—like hats—to turn the head.
Oh! these bills for hat and bonnet,
You can take my word upon it,
They will wreck your chance of Heaven through
the words your temper spills
On the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
Like hopes you held of Summer rest this bill
forever kills!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

ULULATUS.

Ah! don't.

Baptiste has decided to devote his Christmas holidays to calisthenics and Greek.

"The coat came back" is the latest production.

The "O"—I Bros." complain that some fel lows whom they kindly allowed to use the alley, have stolen a hand-ball.

Last week everyone was anxious to know if the city photographers were competing.

Off its base—the clock on the stairs.

Foul play—cock-fighting.

Requires pains—to put on double-windows.

"Finis coronat opus."

"The Portage" boy waltzes in a somewhat *Lazy* fashion.

Frank says that he and Joe have introduced a new step.

Sport and *chore* are striving to organize the S.P.G. Worm lozengers are a help.

We would recommeud to our readers the new and startling novel entitled, "The raid or Hardie's prominence."

Why wasn't Tommy's five dollar cheque cashed C—l—n?

His 'tache was thriving nicely when *the party* made a plot

And with the boys from Naugatuck poor Joe was foully caught,

The ruffians swooped upon him and freely used their shears

They robbed him of his treasure, then left him there in tears.

During the dancing season Charlie misses Jimmy M—y very much.

The picture of Patsy—His tin-type.