

selves, were, under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert, a pronounced success, and called forth rounds of applause. The readings showed careful preparation, and were rendered in a most natural and pleasing manner. The recitations were quite up to the mark; Master Richard proving himself equal to the task of rendering the deep sentiment expressed in Hugo's "Conscience," while Master Godfrey Lebel took the house by surprise.

The speech delivered by M. Angers was the event of the evening, as was easily seen by the frequent applause during its delivery. THE OWL is always glad to see this talent developed, and hopes it may continue to grow.

Immediately after the close of the programme, Mr. R. Lafond, in a neat little speech, proposed a vote of thanks to the Rev. Father Dubreuil for the care he had bestowed upon the Society as its Director. He also proposed a like vote to Rev. Father Lambert for the musical entertainment furnished. Mr. R. Angers seconded the motion which was carried with enthusiasm. Rev. Father Dubreuil arose, and in a short speech thanked the members of the society for their kindness to him, and expressed his sorrow that the season had closed, as it had always been a source of pleasure to him to preside at the meetings during the year. Thus was concluded what is pronounced to have been the best closing entertainment ever given by the French Debating Society.

ULULATUS.

Play ball!

Prof.—If water should sink when it freezes Jule, what would be the consequence?

Jule.—Why all the fish would be frozen, and consequently there would be no lent.

Jimmy looked so sweet with his little bunch of daisies (in parts) on his coat.

Billy is making better time since he has Todd as his running mate.

After the "*mute appeal*" at the recent entertainment, O'Connell protested, "That is nothing uncommon, I've often signed notes myself."

On the morning of the examination *Lup* looked up from a page of ratios, square-root, etc., and announced "The chances are 5 out of 3 that I shall be called in Higher Algebra."

Our precocious logician from the Fourth Grade speaks of the "*Divina Comedia*" as being "too exquisitely beyond."

SIR HUDIBRAS SPUD.

He was in boxing a great critic
Clever, hard-hitting, scientific.
He backed Fitz with great vim,
To get the better of Gentleman Jim.
True his prophecy was proved,
And their bets his opponents rued.
So far, so good matters athletic
But now for things a bit dogmatic.
'Gainst doctors learned and men erudite
He would make a gallant, plucky fight.
And prove he could not be wrong
To all the large, admiring throng.
And well of him may we be proud
We can recognize him in a crowd
To be the only spud
Of true and blue and noble blood.

The latest out from the corridor.
(at 5.30 a.m.) A. T-b-a.

A Greek comedy by the Fourth
Form will be the attraction next week.

"Bean soup and its origin" by A.
M-c-ie.

Jack.—Why is a A-s-a-ts moustache
like the jokes in *The Owl*?

Sandy. Don't know.

Jack.—They are both re(a)d.