

dark night has always been the best time to work a star move in card-playing; so saith Robert Burns jr.—the father of whist in the Senior Department. The moon sent her man to us—the Junior Editor—with the official announcement, that his mistress would inscribe upon our columns the most secret thoughts of our young friends, by means of the new Edison rays. At the appointed moment she flashed the rays through a crystal upon the mighty brain of Geo. Campbell. This diminutive son of the clan “the Campbells are coming,” was dreaming of the adventure he had during the Xmas vacation. “I built a sled with sails attached to go for a spin. After waiting two weeks for a good wind, I mounted my sled and sped at the rate of a mile a second, but unfortunately landed in a tree on the peak of Mount George, Cantley. It was glorious! But the wind, with more than human perversity, fell flat. A 25 mile trip was very nice, but luckless I had no return ticket and was forced to take shanks’ mare back. More dead than alive, I arrived in Ottawa two days later; richer by sad experience, poorer by a pair of frozen ears.” The wonder-working light next made Mike “The Boy Orator’s” brain as transparent as the purest crystal of ice. When we saw the result, we dropped a silent tear of sorrow for Mike’s horrible state of mind. “I was a foolish cat,” he sobbed out in his sleep, “unsatisfied with the pure cream that the Junior Hockey team gave me to drink. I thought and said, that the cream was *n. g.* and would go up in curds. I left. The cream of victory flowed steadily in their direction. I tried to get back to quench my thirst for glory. Alas! A sadder but wiser man, I found that there was a great difference between the cat in the popular song and the *yours truly* cat. That cat “came back the very next day”; when I tried to enter my glory-painted quarters, I found that I could not even carry the water-pail.”

With a truly malicious smile of feminine spite, the Moon reflected the tell-

tale beams upon the dark, curly locks of Jean Baptiste Esq. Oh! What a secret was revealed! Jean Baptiste was in a night-mare, his hair stood on end, and his hands worked convulsively as though vainly trying to ward off a fearful danger. Between his groans, we caught the following: “I with my friend George Coal-water, endeavored to get square with the Junior Editor; we went to the door of the First Grade room. I climbed up the door and passed through the fan-light safely until my feet stuck and thus I hung, suspended by the heels. There was only one escape. George unlaced my shoes and down I went head first and skinned my nose as you all noticed a couple of weeks ago. The boots were on the other side. I wrote with a chuckle of delight, on the black-board “The Junior Editor is a joker, but he is a fool.” Oh! Cruel fate! When I crawled over the door my boots were gone. Thereupon I said unto myself “Jean Baptiste you are one fool, and you have lost your boots into the bargain.”

#### VARSITY III. VS. COLLEGE JR.

Our team, known in hockey circles as College Jrs., played their second league game, Jan. 27th, with the Varsity III. During the first-half there was a fine exhibition of good, clean hockey. Result, Varsity III, 1. College Jr. 2. At the intermission, the Grand Master of hockey in the Sen. Dep’t., held a conference with Capt. Bawlf; John L. must have been chief consultor for heavy play was the result. Game closed Varsity III, 3, College Jr. 2. At the commencement of the game, a large rooster and a young one were on parade on the field of battle. The older gentleman was in full dress war paint and feathers in the flush of his recent victories. The uncombed youth had but a single feather in his plume for he was as yet in swaddling feathers. At the close of the fray, the old sport was hopping around in high glee, keeping time to the screeching strains of the “Highland Fling” played