

that it is to be hoped that the members shall immediately set to work in order to fully satisfy these sanguine expectations.

Nature smiled serenely on the College campus Wednesday afternoon, when the many aspirants for first team honors were to exhibit their skill as ball players to show reasons why they should be selected as members of the base ball team that would represent "Old Varsity" on the diamond for the coming season. The directors have shown a very laudable spirit this spring in the manner of selecting the ball teams. A series of games will be played between the five ball teams, and after a thorough trial the twenty best players will be chosen. There is no reason why twenty very good players cannot be selected from among the following: --Morin, Delaney, Hughes, Kennedy and Tobin, catchers; Gleeson, Garland, Doyle, and Cush, pitchers; Clancy, M. J. O'Reily, J. J. O'Reily, Cleary, first base; McGee, Fleming, Harvey, second base; Joyce, Copping, E. McDonald, third base; McKenna, Trainor, Millane, short stops; Dulin, Morin, Foley, McDonald, Hayes, Guald, fielders. Efforts will be made to secure games with the city teams, and if possible a league will be formed.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Small, but oh my!

The small yard's latest out: Doran on three strikes from Philips.

Scene: Dormitory. Time 1.30 a. m.

Gus and Angers in consultation. Angers:—"Gus, old man, you press the pillow and I'll do the rest." *Before sleep* Gus was white, *After sleep* Gus is black, *Moral* beware of false friends and burnt corks.

We have heard of Barnum's wonderful headless man; but the "greatest attraction of the greatest show on earth" is simply not in it with the *onion* beds that Paul is cultivating on his toes.

Joseph Shadow Clarke desires to acquaint the public in general and presiding examiners in particular, that it is

hard lines to advise a man to eat everything to increase his proportions and then give him "hail columbia" because *he cheres his words*.

Tim: "Never will a Finnegan destroy his nerves by pounding a battle out of a kettle drum." Yet the very next day the sweet strains of *the cat came back* were wafted to our delighted ears upon the balmy evening breeze.

The Junior Debating Society held its last meeting on March 18th, President Edmund Burke in the chair. Armed with the gracious consent of Generalissimo Paul Kruger Valentine and fortified by the all-powerful protection of the Junior Editor, the society resolved itself into a committee to hear and if possible to eradicate the grievances of its members. The president called upon the powers that be to temper their complaints with a liberal grain of the salt of mutual forbearance.

Romulus Remus Barter forthwith mounted the rostrum and made a desperate attack upon the evil effects of all banquets, and 17th of Ireland banquets in particular. His peroration was magnificent. We quote in full. "Oh! haggard looks; drooping head; small hat; pale cheeks; ye eyes, of yore the fiery furnaces of my soul, now smoky and smouldering; faltering gait; spring-halt knees; especially ye friends of my happier days and partakers of my woe—Barclay and Bawlf—come forth, arise in your might and denounce such institutions so fatal to the peace, quiet and tranquility of the evening's repast." They carried poor Remus out and laid him on ice for repairs.

Todd Barclay, in a neat little speech, moved "that Joe Nevins' ill-mannered founder, coat-eating cur should be shot not later than March 19th." John C. Philpot Curran Cavanagh contended that it was a good dog and an astronomer to boot, since it barked at the stars on dark nights. Paul brought down the house by slyly remarking that in that case the dog was not likely to bark at its owner. Motion pigeon-holed until September 4th, 1896.

Donovan asked the privilege of the