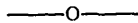


ginning of the season, who as a rule were all the material required to finish our engagements. This fall we cannot expect to act similarly; in fact we may at once decide that before the fall of '97 is finished, at least 20, and possibly 25 men will be called upon to fill positions in the senior ranks. We mention this fact chiefly to encourage those who may aspire to a place on the champion fifteen. In filling vacancies the committee invariably picks the best men. But remember, natural ability is not in their opinion the sole criterion in judging players. Proper condition is always first choice.



### *JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.*

On our return from a well-earned vacation, we were at once made sensible of a decided change in the atmosphere of the small yard. The temperature seemed to have fallen away below the freezing point. There was no trace of that noisy open-hearted welcome which characterized the reunions of former years. Instead, the members seemed to be in deep contemplation of some weighty matter, the issue of which would influence the course of nations. Little cliques were gathered here and there, eagerly discussing the all absorbing topic but everything was dark and secret as the grave. We could give no reason for such disturbing signs, for had we not that day encountered John Baptiste in all the glory of unabridged trousers? Was not the "boy orator" again in our midst? And had not the wizard's smile beamed upon us lighting up the innermost recesses of our editorial heart? We were gradually pining away under the long continued suspense, but a day of reckoning was at hand. On Wednesday,

September 15th, the Junior Athletic Association held its annual meeting with Thomas Lauzier presiding. When the meeting was called to order, the chairman addressed the members in the following strain.

GENTLEMEN:—I feel the importance of the honor bestowed on me by my election to the chair on such a momentous occasion. As you are all aware, we are here assembled for the purpose of selecting our leader for the coming year. Before calling for nominations, I must ask you to look back on the bright and rosy term we have just completed under the skilful direction of King Charlebois, and I trust I may find a responsive echo in the heart of each and every member of this association, when I say "Long live the King." When the chairman resumed his seat, Sylvain's applause was so long and continued that Jimmie Mills turning on him a look of withering scorn, inquired if he imagined this to be a Gatineau Point concert hall. But although some signs of approval greeted the chairman's speech, low murmurs of discontent were heard throughout the hall, and finally matters reached a crisis when John DeChadenes arose in all the might of his 3 feet 6 inches and proceeded to enlighten the poor deluded members as follows:—For the space of ten long weary months have we submitted patiently to the tyrannical rule of one who is known to you as the King of the Small Yard. Many a time and oft have the hot tears of indignation coursed down upon my pillow, as I lay awake till dawn, reflecting upon the manifold iniquities inflicted on us through this despotic autocrat. My blood boils within me as I call to mind the hated "decalogue" published during his administration, the first precept