

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

BASE-BALL.

When the proverbial Marcn lion had escaped from its keeper and taken a canter into April, one of those professional grumblers, said to us, "your base-ball team will be at a discount this spring." We became angered and informed our kind critic that he had better practice going downstairs head-first as it might be a very good trick for him to know in case of an emergency. Being gentle by nature we compromised by agreeing to keep a discreet silence until the end of the first game. On Saturday, May 2nd, the Montcalms aided by a few married men, after mature deliberation, screwed up their courage to the requisite degree and decided to cross bats with our small boys. The courage of even the junior editor fell a notch or two and our critic smiled a sarcastic smile. The Montcalm's took first innings and tallied 4; College followed and was donated a goose egg. In the second innings, the admirers of the "Plains of Abraham" scored 5 more; College added a hen egg to its basket. Our critic forgetting prudence, breaks his agreement, and as our ire is up, he goes down fourteen steps in one bound and lands on his head. Someone whispers "Hayes is going to bat." Result: Three runs are brought in, and the urchins in the neighboring field are the richer by a lost ball. At this juncture the Montcalms wish they had gone out to play marbles on this particular afternoon. Game closes, College 14; Montcalms 9. Critic disappeared.

The small yard has two teams battling for second place, and after ten games the coveted title still remains undecided. "The Bristlers" have imported Sol Doré from Section I, Phillips from Old Penn, and Cassidy from Buckingham-on-the-Ganges. "The Wide-Awakes" believe in developing men from their own town. Richards would be a good man if he would take a better sleep the night before a match. Third teams gave an exhibition of base-ball as it can be played, May 6th. As we were reading Shakespeare at the time we decided to call it "A Comedy of Errors."

TOM'S RETURN.

We predicted that Thomas Donovan, pursuing a brilliant course in our Alma Mater, after attempting to out-winkle Rip Van Winkle by taking a trip through the starry firmament would return. His reflections are brief, but contain as many golden gems of wisdom as the sayings of "Poor Richard." After a preliminary joust, he writes:

1. When Tom Costello plays the role of prophet, he always makes sure beforehand that he knows whereof he speaks. We had this forcibly impressed upon our minds since the days of our early youth by observing the sad fate of weather prophets who attempted to predict rain for a scorching Dominion Day when it was yet but the 20th day of April. Had these foolish mortals possessed a little more patience and awaited the dawn of July 2nd, they would not have made such a reputation-killing blunder and would now be able to desert their mud hovel to live in marble palaces. We predicted that we would be able to answer the questions laid down as a test for the junior reporter's chair, and we can.

2. Never give your opponent your powder, he may shoot you. We believe in a man's living up to what he preaches, consequently we are not going to give the answers to these questions set in a late issue of the Owl, as we intend to apply for the position next September. Everything comes to him who waits.

3. A trip through the heavens is very exciting, *fin de siecle*, instructive; but young man, stick to Old Orchard Beach for your summer vacation. It is less exciting but more home-like.

4. The success of our hockey team was not impaired by the desertion of a self-styled star. Neither does our base-ball team depend on any one boy even though he is one of the battery. A word to the wise is sufficient.

5. Before practicing to turn to the right when you reach first base, be sure you can strike the ball. It saves time and the effect always follows the cause.

6. Nobody takes as much genuine pleasure in a good story as I do, yet when a companion tells me that his father went into business in 1668 and is now 44 years