

youth too good for the infirmary. The infirmarian requests us to publish the following poetic gem :

EMPTY IS THE CRADLE.

Empty is the cradle, Jimmie's gone away,
'Cross the silvery waters he has flown,
Gone to join the angels, peaceful ever more,
Empty is the cradle, Jimmie's gone.

"Ton professeur, donne-t-il des versions trop longues et des thèmes trop difficiles?" Translation by Michael O'Leary, who has spent three summers at a French watering place : "Does your professor make any mistakes?"

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

We had to go down town and invest in a new pen to write this—our last junior column ; our old quill went on strike, its sharp, little feathers stood on end and refused to allow us to scratch a single word. When we dipped it into the ink bottle and attempted to scrawl our farewell, the flow of ink was turned into tear drops ; it had served us well and faithfully during the year, but drew the line at inserting its own death-warrant. The old adage says, "that the end crowns the work ;" the man who penned that line, never was the Junior Editor of the "*Owl*," or he would have been aware that the *good-bye* word without an *au revoir*, gave his heart strings a sharp twist and threw them sadly out of tune. Before we drive home the last screw in the coffin that makes the year '96-'97 a thing of the past, we must write a few words about the staff of the dying year. Father Henault, the commander-in-chief, is a strategist of more than ordinary ability ; his assistant officers, Fathers Campeau and Rouzeau are the right men in the right place. No wonder then, that metaphorically speaking, prefects and students buried the war hatchet, smoked the pipe of peace and marched and countermarched as one man. May they be found once more at the head of the junior army next year. We thank the junior students for their uniform kindness and good-will

towards the editorial us. Even though they were entertaining "an angel unawares," we have spent many pleasant moments in their midst, and can say that they are as good young men as can be found in many a day's travel. We are writing our own funeral notice ; though dead as the defender of junior rights, we shall keep one eye upon their future career. Our chief will easily engage a more capable Junior Editor, for they are as plentiful as fairies in a sweet, old Irish tale ; he can never find one, whose heart will be more in his work than that of him who now passes over to the "vast silent majority."

"Unclasp the lock—like elves set free,
Flit out old memories ;
A strange glow gathers round my heart,
Strange moisture dims mine eyes."

The following held first places in their classes during the month of May :

I. Grade (A).—(1) P. Benoit, (2) O. Vallée, (3) A. Boulanger.

I. Grade (B).—(1) D. O'Brien, (2) H. St Jacques, (3) E. Benoit, and J. Lamarche.

II. Grade.—(1) G. Garand, (2) L. Poupore, (3) J. Raymond.

III. Grade.—(1) A. Lapointe, (2) O. Lemay, (3) R. Desrochers.

IV. Grade.—(1) E. Belliveau, (2) P. Pitre, (3) E. Foley.

ULULATUS.

One of our half-backs remarked in defence of his poor punting that he was kicking against the wind. W. Phonograph B-l-f. was in front of him.

Prof.—What are the inhabitants of Chicago?

Jules B.—Living beings, sir?

Prof.—And of Boston?

Jules B.—Boston beans, sir.

And now Jules has an offer from the London "*Punch*".

In the lay-profs. corridor :—

Mr. T. C.—Why, how does it come, Mr. P. that you have lost your hair so young?