

After finishing the third cup of coffee, he remarked: "That coffee's no good." He admits, however, that he likes soup.

It's a clever teacher who can manage to put *Faure* in one bench and still maintain order in the class.

On October 25th, our first team lost to the fifteen from Juniorate Hall. Our boys on this occasion were evidently out of form. Slattery, however, was conspicuous by his excellent work at half-back. Plaisance, Boileau and Kennedy, showed up admirably for the victors.

A student from Brockville referring to the "cut" in our last issue, declared that it surely was the "unkindest cut of all."

The small boys wish to take occasion to again extend their grateful thanks to Messrs. Cox, Nolan, Halligan, Harrington, Brennan, Senecal and Filitreault, who so kindly acted as officials for the junior teams, during the recent foot-ball season.

Said Lachaine—"Gee, I gas dey buy McSwiggan."

Grandpa L . . . rd ÷ — "fittle boys should be heard and not seen."

The foot-ball togs have been put away and a hearty welcome awaits the coming hockey season. The small yard expects to have a first-class representative team. But before looking forward to the material of the team, would it not be well to consider that it requires no little labor to make two suitable rinks. Be generous boys, externs as well as boarders, and lend a helping hand in a good cause.

Behold the result of a competition in verse-making, held between two budding-poets. The first spontaneous outburst of genius *runneth* thus:—

There was a bloomin' sparrow  
Went up a bloomin' spout  
A bloomin' rain came down  
An washed the bloomin' sparrow out.