

their success decided to continue the work. The town boys, who expected a *snap*, soon discovered their mistake, and found they had foemen worthy of their steel. After a hard fight they scored a goal.

Ten minutes extra were played with no advantage to either side, except that our boys kept the puck dangerously close to the town goal. There was very little combination playing on either side. We strongly recommend our boys to practice carefully and thoroughly, then they will be in a position not only to even up scores but to defeat any and all opponents. A little incident arose during the progress of the game which would necessitate the defining of the duties of referee to avoid trouble in future games. It would be well for the referee to become more familiar with the duties incumbent upon him, and thereby avoid the inconvenience of interfering in the affairs of other officials.

ON THE HOP.

Heigh-ho! glad those exams. are over.

Have you heard of the *strike* in fuma? The price of Picton twist has gone up lately. Dr. Mac says, "it was nasty stuff." Al-n declares his avoidupois is increasing by leaps and bounds. Fitz tells us he can sleep much better. G. advises the disciples of nicotine to follow his example, while the result on J. is more evident three times a day in the refectory.

Attend S. P. U. A. A semi-visible discolouration of the upper lip is painfully evident in many of the more ambitious at the present moment.

Caution.—Don't overlook the mere possibility of side-boards also.

"I glory in you," exclaims boy in the shadow of the firs. Get up out of that! crack of whip! whirr of wheels.

TRAGEDY.

Act I.

Scene—grove near cemetery.

1 o'clock two boys enter grove; observe the track of a rabbit, follow the trail and soon locate the sleepy hare as he is taking his after-dinner nap. A-l-f quickly retires to procure a gun while J. F., in the meantime, entertains his hareship.

Act II.

Boom! the echo reverberated again and again in the grove. Did e'er so true an eye direct a muzzle! A tragedy was enacted.

Act III.

9.45 p. m., an "At Home" in room No. 1, East row—a grand time—everything was *done up neat*—a *rare-bit* of game was served—the host was at his best—all the guests well pleased.