

Eight days ago we advertised on the University bulletin for a junior reporter. As this is the highest office within our gift, the contest waxes hot and furious, and we have been obliged to engage another suite of rooms to stow away the stock of applications that now confront us. The most prominent rivals for this honored position are: Todd Barclay, late of the Lethbridge Roller Mills, now High Ranger of the Hand Ball Alley; John Bawlf, President of the Winnipeg Board of Trade—his was a personal application, and as we cannot write more than 400 words per minute, we decided to exclude him from the contest; W. Davie, prospector for the Victoria Mining Co., captain of the celebrated B.C. lacrosse team, and sporting editor of the Lindsay Warder; Tom Costello, travelling agent for the Northwest Colonization Co., in Osceola. Tom maintains that his name spells success, and backs his claims by the astonishing statement that he has already been appointed by the editor-in-chief. Friend Tom, remember that we are an independent body, and, moreover, our chief repudiates your assertion. Tom's closing words are: "Give me the reporter's chair or give me death." Owing to our tender heart, we have decided to allow Tom ten days for serious consideration ere he commits suicide. Phaneuf, who intends to follow a special course in *hirsutics*.

If our department this month, resembles a funeral procession, minus the band, we implore our readers not to be too severe on us. We have lost our friend George Washington Fletcher, who is no more in the pitcher's box. We would die happy did we but know that G. W. was in Heaven, but alas, he is in the United States Senate! Oh George! so modest, so unassuming, why didst thou leave us?

The result of the election of officers for the Junior Athletic Association is recorded in another column. We sincerely hope that every officer of the incoming committees, and every member of the J.A.A., will put his shoulder to the wheel and make the old victory-grinding machine ring as it never did before. As we

attempted to be a prophet in the days of our early youth, and were proved to be a spurious article, we are extremely cautious in making any predictions about the things that are to be, yet we see in this month's display of muscular electricity, champion teams in baseball, football and lacrosse.

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### ULULATUS.

Arder, will you name three quadrupeds of that species?

Yes, Sir. Two dogs and a lion.

One who should know better, persists in talking about the *Superfluous* degree.

What is a point, Mr. N.?

A point is a-an-eh—

Come, come, Mr. N. did you ever see a point?

Yes, sir, Gatineau Point.

It is rumoured that the Ottawas have secured Wiggins' storm for their rush line.

In the recent game Troy was only twelve ounces to the pound. But his forwards were all avoirdupois and went 2240 pounds to the ton.

This is poetry from the Antigonish Casket:—

Slan gun dith dhuit, a Mharcais,  
Direach, maiseach, gun chromadh;  
Da shuil ghorm fo d'chaol mhala,  
Nach d'fhas balachail, bronnach.  
Cheart cho cinnteach sam bas,  
Ged tha thur'n drast as an t-sealladh,  
Gu pheil mulad fo'd chliabh ort  
Mu bhas triath Ghhinne-Garadh.

If any one should happen to interrogate, what we did to the Ottawas, simply answer not a thing.

Since the new dials have been placed in the third and fourth forms, the students have no longer any need to carry watches.

A student of history on being asked which quarter of a certain army received the most punishment, promptly answered. "The quarter back."

A letter was found in the corridor bearing the following amorous conclusion "Your Lovely Son, Joe."