

Junior Department.

The Smail yard played two interesting games during the past month. On one occasion they defeated the Red Stars 35 to 13.

On May 4th our youngsters crossed bats a second time with the Red Stars, and were victorious by a score of 15 to 9.

We hope that the first team will keep up the good work and close the season with their colors floating high.

The Junior Editor accompanied his young companions from Hull after a game between that city's team and the Senior first. He gives the following of some of the remarks made by the witty boys from the Small Yard :

If you want any more trouble, go to *Hull-again*.

A cow chased *Bill*, but he grabbed a club and came near *Doon her*. He didn't have time, however, so he called on Joe, and you should have seen King score ('er).

A voice cried : " Good bye, Bill ! *Call-again*."

We tried to keep the thing quiet, but Frankie, *Blew it*.

Everyone had new clothes on, even *Gill his*.

Next day the papers left out a letter of his name —*ox*.

Most everyone knew the big *black-smuth*.

We clung together because we were a *Clan*, see ?

AN INCIDENT.

There was a congé at the University of—— and the students looked forward to a day of real pleasure. Rain, however, blasted their bright hopes and forced them to seek amusement indoors. The morning passed away quietly and the afternoon came to increase the unpleasantness of the forenoon.

About three o'clock, however, the first Prefect, excited, pale and breathless hastened into the hall and directed his steps to a group of Seniors who were earnestly discussing the base-ball career of little Johnny Cox. All turned in astonishment and surprise on noticing the troubled look of their otherwise jovial and smiling-faced Master.

Addressing himself in trembling accents to the leader, Tom Hee by name, he said : " I must absolutely see Mr. D. before four o'clock. Look for him, conduct him to me before three o'clock