

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The *Mills* of the Junior Department grind slowly and they grind exceedingly small.

There is a public nuisance in the small yard. A clique of boys who can scarcely catch a ball and would not be guilty of kicking it two feet are laboring under the impression that the J. A. A. purchases foot-balls for their special benefit and appropriate one corner of the campus from which they exclude paid-up members of the Association. Gentlemen, a word to the wise is sufficient, if not we shall publish your names in the next issue.

Nightly exhibitions in sparring are given by John L. *Sullivan*, of Gatineau Point, and *Davie Corbett*, of Victoria, B.C. After their last encounter Sullivan sported a black eye and a mangled face, but in a confidential conversation with one of his friends he remarked that their batter-puddings came off and he blackened Corbett's two eyes and broke his nose.

We have heard of men jumping from bridges and walking across Niagara Falls on a barbed wire fence to gain notoriety, but it remained for the dawn of the 20th century to disclose a youth of auburn locks and *Dowd(y)* mien, who claims distinction on the plea that he lives across the street from our champion center scrimmager.

Prof.—One can cross the unfathomable abyss that separates the Day-Book from the Ledger only by means of the bridge—the Journal.

Jos. A. Goodone — Why not swim across ?

Friend Gus, we are going to read you a lecture which we hope you will ponder ere we are compelled to use physical force to gain our end. We all know that you are twice as old and twice as big as any boy in the Junior Department, consequently we are not so slow of comprehension or dull in wit as not to feel convinced that you have sufficient brute strength to throw small boys around like nine pins. You are in the Senior De-

partment, remain there, and show your courage by approaching nearer than one-half mile to a foot-ball scrimmage.

The P. P. A. held its first meeting Oct. 8th, and owing to the great influx of new members has been forced to rent the Junior Campus. Mr. Kading was appointed chairman for the present month; Mr. McGuire, Usher of the Black Rod; Mr. Charbonneau, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Paul Valentine, Manager of the Society's goat.

Our Fish of last year has developed into a Whale.

Last month's issue announced that Mr. Jos. Larose was elected President of the Junior Athletic Association through his consummate audacity and the bribery of ex-alderman Maloney. Our conscience would upbraid us for double-dealing did we not insert the following extract from the notes of our newly-appointed reporter: "Tom arose with blood in his eye and thundered forth: My opponent can't jump, he would break the back-bone of his calf if he did; he can't climb a greased pole on account of his blooming nose; he can't crack stones with his teeth because they are not his own; he can't go home without stealing apples; he can't play marbles with little Paul; he can't swing clubs like Stapy; but he can pull the wires and roll forth buttered words, sugar-coated sentences, and plum-pudding paragraphs. This is all well and good for the baton swinger in a banjo club but it never will set the Rideau Canal on fire. I don't think I have a genuine hatred for anybody, be he Darkey or Chinee, but I don't deny that I hate some people. I have built hospitals for the hump-backed and club-footed, but, friends, the lying, sneaking ward-healers that have besmirched the fair name of Costello are more to be pitied than these poor crippled brothers of ours. Gentlemen, though I know I could beat my opponent blind, I refuse to degrade myself by allowing my name to appear on a ballot with that of my antagonist. Timbers claims that because my opponent sports a wig, he is blessed with double intelligence, to wit, that of its first owner and that of its pre-