

room 1250, Mermaid's Inn, mystic flats. If you are on vengeance bound, remember that we possess two pure bred bull dogs, a whip, a 75 shooting revolver and a peach of a fighting editor—our 8-year old Lapointe, weight 650.

Our symphony club of last year suffered a severe reversal through the defection of our drum-major, who has accepted a lucrative position in Lowell. A rival harmonic society has been organized under the leadership of Herr Stringiose Brousseau to whom the Junior Editor owes a debt of gratitude since he has put to flight a band of Thomas cats that made the wee hours howl with their hurdy-gurdy sonatas in high "G." Is the cure as bad as the disease?

The decalogue has done its work, war's trumpet has blown, Jean Baptiste has shot the fatal bolt. If we were the star player in a comic opera, we would have been carried off the stage, stiff and stark—a victim to dread fate's stern decree. We pinch ourself and that the paper darts of the self-styled "King of the Juniors" have frightened us to death but spared our life, for we have been down South where we dodged bullets flying thick as Calgary mosquitos, daggers more blinding than Lethbridge's pet sand wave and razors rivalling Winnipeg crows.

The Hand Ball Printing Co. has issued a book entitled "The Baneful Effects of Sliding to First Base," from the fly-crawling pen of Bert Murphy.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

The seniors and juniors run a mighty race. The seniors shot a neck ahead whipping up a walking *Du(b)lin*. The juniors won by a length spurring on a carving *Bouideau(x)*.

The Canadian Society has decided to devote its next at home to lectures delivered by the following alumni:

"Mistakes I have heard in English reading."—Thos. Costello.

"The haunt of the prairie dog, rattlesnake and owl."—Todd Barclay.

"Bulls in the Winnipeg wheat market."—Wm. Bawlf.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I hereby challenge all comers. Must be half my size. Those smaller than Bert preferred, for good reasons.

JOHN L. BOURDEAU.

A TRAGEDY IN MINIATURE.

A friendly wrestling exhibition—The big fellow challenges winner—Bargain closed—Scene changes to the dormitory—Ten-foot ring—Ready—Big fellow's head in a pulp—We do not speak as we pass by.

Shakspeare was wise in his generation when he wrote, "What's in a name?" Our nineteenth century Davie showed that the divine William was a little musty, by calling A. Chalifou, A *Jolly-fou*.

The following held first places in their classes for the month of October:

First Grade (A.) 1. P. Benoit, 2. R. Lapointe, 3. O. Vezina.

First Grade (B.) 1. H. St. Jacques, 2. E. Tessard, 3. J. Lamarche.

Second Grade. 1. G. Campbell, 2. Wm. Watt, 3. L. Poupore.

Third Grade. 1. J. Dore, 2. J. Graham, 3. P. Aussant.

Fourth Grade. 1. E. Belliveau, 2. H. Chouinard, 3. H. LaRocque.

ULULATUS.

Here is a well-known English proverb:

Pas de lieu Rhône que nous.
Exercise your ingenuity on it.

Hurrah for Lucy Lillipop and Tommy Ryanabob!

Prof.—What is a Cylinder?

Pitre.—It is a round vessel of which the two ends are square.

Only fotograf of de boys. -- I think so.

When coming home from Montreal, Elias developed a strong taste for *melons*.

Billy's skillful manipulation of the Q foretells that his perfection in this line will surpass his lingual accomplishments.