

icans, at any times. They can do it to-day; they can do it to-morrow; they can do it yesterday. They can do it at 8 o'clock in the morning, 8 o'clock at noon, or 8 o'clock at night. (A howl of derision from the back seats followed by the prompt ejection of Marra, with an advice to Call Aghain.) Frens: I never know many Americans but one who was a brave man. His name was Joe Clarke. You know there were two Joe Clarke; this man what I mean, his name was Pete. I contemplate to make you a good sermon to-night, but Joe Clarke, who make promise to accompany me with a brass band, is not here, so you excuse me, if I have made some fault, but I know I use the best language you all speak."

At this juncture, our reporter was carried out, suffering from an attack of lock-jaw, and this column was deprived of what promised to be the most brilliant oratorical effort since the days of Demosthenes. The persuasion of Baptiste's eloquence may best be estimated by the fact that the meeting broke up three hours after midnight, with all voices singing the praises of the "Star Spangled Banner."

At the last meeting of the "Society for the Preservation of Slang and Impertinence," Marra and Sammonds were received with open arms. Their manifold qualifications were so apparent that the President did not deem it necessary to "trot out" the goat.

On May 4th the football campus was the scene of the only match game, that has been played this spring. The teams were known as the Externs and Father Campeau's Pets. After a battle-royal of two hours, the Externs were declared victors. In the second half, while

attempting a rush down the field, M. Lapointe was telescoped into the score board and we are consequently unable to give the official score. O'Leary's work at centre-scriim was of the apple-pie order; the pie was for the opposing scrimmage. A charge of clerical intimidation has been entered against the Pets' full-back.

"I challenge you to mortal combat." Godfroi hissed the words through his clenched teeth. Bah: snorted Shock Ette through his nose, a duel is it? Yes; by the Great Horn Spoon, cried Godfroi with a fierce grimace. Har, Har, Har, pealed forth the demoniacal laugh of Shock Ette. Pistols or swords? No; a mortal combat, shrieked Godfroi, brandishing his feet in the face of his enemy; go, join the Externs and meet me in the ranks of Father Campeau's Pets. With a heartrending moan of awful terror, Shock Ette fell to the ground and never afterwards was seen to smile.

The case of "Queen vs. Fineone" came up before the Supreme Court of the small yard. His Honor Justice Daly presided. Counsel for the prosecution: Dupuis, Carriere, Simard: for the defence: McGirr, Sammons and Mara. The court was called to order and the clerk Call Aghain proceeded to read the charge, which was to the effect that during the progress of a baseball game in Hull, the accused had wilfully abducted one of the residents of that town, in the person of a venerable goat. The evidence adduced went to prove, that during his forlorn rambles Fineone had fallen in with the Billy, and his goatship, actuated by generous motives, insisted on escorting Jimmie home.