

hopper, leaped upon the leaf of a water-lily, made a wry face at Lebel and croaked in the hoarse whisper peculiar to froggies, "The top of the bank to you, Master Lebel, or my father will put you there in double-quick time, for he is a *bad man*." Lebel ground his budding teeth and bit his tongue in the act, for it was quite evident that even Baby Frog had heard of the fierce war he was waging upon the Junior Editor. Rideau Street Mike, enchanted by the sweet, distant music of the frogpond quartette, drew near and was scared out of a year's growth by the following refrain:

"High diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
When Mike was out in his bloomer balloons."

An enormous old croaker floundered upon the bank, placed his hind paw in Bourdeau's right hand, gave it a hearty shake of frog welcome, proposed that they play a game of leap-frog and afterwards take a drink of ginger-ale at the Tadpole Inn. Bourdeau smiled a smile of innocent delight and accepted the invitation. Things ran merry as a marriage bell for a time. At length, Mr. Frog thought that his hour had come; Bourdeau was preparing to make a furious jump, the frog drew up his shoulders and with every nerve strained to the utmost, threw him into the softest imaginable pool of mud. The other members of the society hurried to the rescue and with the aid of a crowbar and a rope extracted Bourdeau from an early and self-dug grave. Mr. Frog, who was enjoying a boisterous laugh, raised his foot to his hollow brow, gave the military salute and disappeared forever beneath the water, after giving Bourdeau the following parting advice: "Go home, my jolly fellow; beware of frog ginger ale and meditate upon the invitation which the spider extended to the fly, "Oh! Do walk into my parlor."

LACROSSE.

It is our sad duty to record the defeat of our lacrosse team; the pleas-

ing task of describing future victories, we bequeath as a last legacy to our successor. Their defeat, at the hands of the Junior Metropolitans, is due to two causes: their excusable lack of avoirdupois and their culpable lack of team practice. The Metropolitans are advertised as juniors. If they are the real, genuine, junior article, the seniors must be the lineal descendants of the men, who built the *Giants' Causeway*. Our team's style of play in a practice, always reminded us of a game of croquet—too gentle and slow for the ordinary mortal to swallow in large doses. If they knuckle down to swift scientific training, their score board will not have a swelled head during the remainder of the season. Why? Our hockey team had enlarged heads and were defeated in one match; by the careful application of ice in its proper form, their heads assumed their accustomed, natural size and they *won*. We came out 7 cents and 10 bottles of lemonade ahead on the hockey carnival; we wager the lot on the result of the season's lacrosse. Meindel made the shot of the evening when he drove the ball 52 feet (by actual measurement) over the goal posts and landed it in the center of frog alley.

Mike O'Leary gave a brilliant exhibition of juggling with a chunk of mud, whilst his cover was trotting down field with the ball. Lachance took no *chance* of poor play, neither in English nor in French.

Valin had a star trick of shooting over his head; he forgot the combination and did not turn his back towards the opponent's goal during the performance. Gentlemen of the committee, put Bert and a few of the frisky colts on your team and you will find that there will be good half-dozen lusty chickens in your next *duck egg*.

The "*Owl*" staff always prophesied that Jimmie Campbell would make an ideal angel; his diminutive stature, gentle, courtly manners and innocent, peaceful disposition marked him as a