

UTOPIA, UP THE CREEK,  
January the 4th, 1900.

Dear Mister Junior Editor,—

You asked all of your young friends to forward you a few lines during the Xmas holidays. I assure you that you did not ask in vain. I was just waiting for an opportunity to write you, long before you sent out the invitation in your last issue. Now I begin to write.

During the past three months of the Junior Editor's existence, I have kept very quiet and have not shown the least propensities of a detective. I have taken part in all the sports of the small yard, and have played in the gymnasium; I have talked with all suspicious literary buds, but I have failed to get any inkling of the hidden gem. I notify you that on my return I shall be on the watch for you at all times and on all occasions.

Dear Editor, I am having a very pleasant time at home. At Xmas, Santa Claus came (at least I was told so when I enquired why the stove funnel was removed) and brought me many presents. Among the most necessary and valuable, were a pair of hockey skates and shin-pads, a kockey, a new overcoat and a few novels; (they were not dime novels). The ice has been so good since I left College that I have spent but a few hours at my books. *Au revoir*, I'll see you later, but take care.

Yours very lovingly,

THE GAME ROOSTER.

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In our last number we proposed that the small boys should imitate their older neighbors, and form a league of hockey clubs. Our young friends have effectively responded to our suggestion and have drawn up a schedule of three clubs, which will play hockey on *congé* afternoons during the winter months. The captains are Smith, N. Bawlf and Cloutier. The schedule is as follows:

Bawlf vs. Cloutier,	January 13th.
Smith vs. Bawlf,	" 17th.
Cloutier vs. Bawlf,	" 20th.
Smith vs Cloutier,	" 24th.
Bawlf vs. Smith,	" 27th.