

Disgrace himself and others by contemptible actions;
 Make friends with unworthy companions;
 Allow his temper to appear in the course of a game;
 Call others insulting names;
 Tell shocking stories or use profane words;
 Cheat at games and monopolize them;
 Sport around a pair of dirty hands and a soiled collar;
 Spit on the floor;
 Wear his hat and whistle in the study hall, the corridors,
 the stairways;
 - Yawn, shout, stretch out his arms, tilt his chair at the dinner table;
 Put his fingers to every piece of bread on the tray before he takes one;
 Choose the biggest orange or apple on the table.

“Absence of occupation is not rest,
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distress’d.”

The Junior Editor remarks with some misgiving the covetous looks of Manager Kennedy towards our only Dick, and the mysterious tête-à-tête that Captain Muzanti holds, too often to our liking, with that some important personage. Although Alexis' loss would be a severe one to our ball team, we would—and not without sense—take pride in the honour of having a member of our department holding a place on the 1st College “nine.” Play the game, Dick, old boy, as you know how, and the whole S. Y. will be with you.

The members of the Junior Department will learn with pleasure that Messrs. J. D. O'Neill and G. Mayrand, our two typhoid-stricken boys, are rapidly recuperating, the former at his aunt's in the city, the other at his home, St. Leon, Que.

Again soft ice has deprived our plucky little hockey team of the championship of the “Triangle League.” In fact, this is second or third time that we succeeded in tying up for first honor, and for the second or third time we had to play the deciding game in a puddle of water. As our players, much smaller as a rule, than their opponents, depend largely on fast combination plays to score, they are necessarily much handicapped on a slushy surface. Although we lost, that last game was worth while, and to the credit of our men it must be said that every one played to the best of his abilities. Briscois, Renaud, Sullivan and the “Kid” never played better hockey, and that is saying a good deal. Morel and Dunn seemed a little nervous, whilst