

Merry Christmas! here is "Chips," who, with busy tongue and lips, chatters while the reader sips cordials to stop frosty nips, which heats him to his fingertips, and causes serious slides and slips, and the reader gaily skips, and a smile his mouth equips, as he digests our funny tips and pointed mirthful quirks and quips.

"Chips."

A journal published quarterly in connection with the London Collegiate Institute.

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EDITORIALS.

"Now, of all wild beasts to train, the boy is the worst."
Plato.

We wish to impress upon the minds of our readers the fact that this production is not the spirit of the deceased "Rattler," whose short and stormy life was brought to a close by an ignominious death, but original effusions, born of inspiration.

When Mr. Libby severed his connection with our Staff, and accepted a situation in Toronto, the Institute lost one of its most popular and efficient teachers. In some people the art of teaching naturally exists, and our late English master may be said to possess this art in its highest degree.

One of the teachers of our staff handed the editor a joke to be published. It was placed in the hands of our expert, who, after a minute examination, pronounced it counterfeit. We regret that we could not publish it.

It is strange that a telephone has never been placed in the Institute. Why could the students not do it, and enjoy the privileges thereof, when ten cents from each scholar would get one?

The Chairman of the Board of Education informed the editor that the *Echo*, in calling the Council the "Never-bounce Society," made a great mistake in not calling the Board the "Ever-bounce Society."

The following quotation was handed in to the editor for translation: "Wegotogwen ga-yimelabogwen; gouima tamatchi inakamigad." We decided that it was an idiom and had no equivalent in the English language; but any prodigy of learning, who can prove the identity of the sentence and give its literal translation, will have the lifelong gratitude of the editors.

The *Stratford Times* remarks:—"If there is an institution in the city more than another that requires to be pruned out, it is the Collegiate Institute. Take the students they are turning out throughout the whole country, and how many of them are successful business men? What percentage of them make a success in life? From your own personal observation, why is it that so many—in fact nearly all young men nowadays desire to go through the world easy; to wear kid gloves and not to have their hands soiled, to have them as soft, in many cases, as their heads." We firmly believe that such sentiments show their own absurdity and exhibit the contemptible ignorance of their writer.

The report that the editors had accepted the Royal Cross of Honor, offered by Her Majesty, who was so delighted with our volume, is without any foundation. We also wish it to be understood that we gracefully declined to accept the title of nobility offered at the same time, and the crowned heads of Europe must not be offended if we likewise refuse all future honors.

A social club has been formed by the young society people of the city, consisting of some of London's "fairest flowers," and it is called the "Bread and Butter Club." This suggests to us the Sighing Club formed at Oxford, the members of which Steele describes as inamoratas, who came together to exchange sympathies and tell one another of their tender passions. In this club, the man that declared the violence of his flame in the most pathetic terms was made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

The editors have two great causes of annoyance. One is the request for photographs, and the other is the question, whether we will take trade in vegetables, and so forth, for copies of our paper. We are not married men, and have no little sub-editors whose wan faces would lighten up at the sight of a peck of carrots, neither are we poor orphans laboring for means to buy a bag of potatoes for our starving father, but we are philanthropists, and have decided to devote the rest of our lives to the advancement and benefit of mankind.

The editor received a copy of the *Hellmuth Phonograph*, a journal published by the graduates and seniors of the "Hellmuth Ladies' College." It is a credit to its fair editors, and, as a sister journal, has the well wishes of CHIPS.