

balls smiled in the Junior Campus ere the advent of Sultan John Baptiste and his shadow, Li-Ching-the-man-who-sits-on-the-football Bourdeau wishing to make the impress of his budding genius felt upon the progress of football, paid a visit to Tommy Lauzier, whom Dame Rumor credited with being versed in the occult arts. Bourdeau hied him to friend Tom's modest mansion, and entered. "The top of the morning to ye, Tom, me man." "The tip-top of the blessed morning to yourself, Bourdeau-of-the-gliding-foot" says Tom who whisked a black crow's foot three times in the air. In glided an old Thomas cat bearing Tom's smoking cap and infirmary slippers. "Tom, me crony" says Bourdeau "I would like to have that crow's foot to bewitch my opponent and have him pass me the ball." "Five dollars, me boy" says Tom who had an eye to business. "It's a go," says Bourdeau who pocketed his treasure, smiled from ear to ear and warbled, "Now, I'll make a rep." The following day, Bourdeau played on Burke-of-the-flowing-jersey, who captured the ball and started at a ten second pace for the College goal line. Bourdeau jerked out his crow's foot, flourished it thrice in the air and Burke brought the ball back—after he had scored a touchdown. "By my iron arm," wailed Bourdeau "I'll make that rascal, Tom, pay the piper for his humbug." So he ran to Tom's doorstep, "Tom you're a fraud," he cried, "your charm is not worth three yards of sour buttermilk." "Did you follow directions? Did you repeat three times the magic words, *I'm green*?" "No! you're a blundering idiot, my friend." Tom picked up a pen, pointed it at his servant, who fell in a heap on the floor. "What a grand tackling machine," says Bourdeau, "How much she cost?" "Five dollars we paid." "I'm your man," says Bourdeau, "Now, I'll tackle hard and low." Next game Slattery made one of his famous screw-driver runs. Bourdeau smiled a knowing innocent

smile, pointed his pen at him and Slattery fell over the College line. "I'll make you a boneless, powdered heap, you base cheat," roared Bourdeau when he met Tom. "Your pen is a miserable Gatineau Point goose quill." "Did you cross one foot over the other" says Tom who knew full well that such a performance would crack Bourdeau's neck. "No! Oh! you had better don your short dresses and push your youthful chair once more, me honey." Tom carelessly collared a ball that lay on the table, threw it upon the floor and it immediately flew up the stairway. (B. did not see the small boy and string.) "How much for that obstacle-running ball?" "Twenty dollars, old man." "Too much" says Bourdeau, "I'll give ye fifteen." "No! can't do it." "Tom," says B. "will you shy a copper?" "Done," says Tom. They flipped, "Skull," says Tom. "You've won," says B. "Now, I'll kick goals from every point of the grassy sward." Next game Bourdeau made a brilliant catch five yards from the College line, he threw the ball on the ground expecting to see it fly 95 yards through the air and soar over the cross-bar of the opponents' goal. Murphy hugged it and kicked a goal. "Five points against the College," said the referee. Bourdeau brought a rifle and is still on the hunt for the fool-killer of the Point. Dear reader and esteemed prefect, this is Tom's explanation of his protracted absence from our midst.

The member for Mattawa is drawing a large salary as match model in Eddy's factory.

The Vegetarian Society is in a precarious condition, the secretary Joe Clarke informs us, as the result of the portly, grandipose proportions of President Fattie Lamarche.

The Junior Editor appears to be an unknown quantity or in algebraic parlance he is  $x$ . We print the following solution of the difficulty. Leaving Madison Square, mount the golden stair to the venerable clock that ticks you into class, follow your nose into