

Sully: "Why is a chicken with a drooping head like the 1st of June, Dan?"

Dan: "I give it up."

Sully: "Because it's nex' week!"

There was a young mosquito,
And he brushed himself quite neat, oh,
Ere he went into the street, oh,
In search of prey.
He sought in vain to greet, oh,
Some one whose blood was sweet, oh,
Who suffered from the heat, oh,
This summer day.
By luck he chanced to meet, oh,
None other than our Pete, oh,
And him he just did eat, oh,
In a quiet way.

Junior Department.

In about a month from now the college boys will return to their "home sweet home" to gladden and enliven for the summer weeks the dear old place with their honest open smile and merry laughter. It will not be given to all to reach their beloved parents crowned with the laurels of success, but it is within every one's power to return to them with the seal of gentlemanly behaviour and good manners engraven on their whole countenance. Strive, boys, with might and main, to acquire this distinction which behooves young students; there is nothing in the way but your own slovenliness.

The way Lamonde has been acquitting himself in the box, so far, leaves no reason for us to pine any longer for our last year artist. Winning four games out of six, and it might be added to his credit that the two losses recorded were more the result of glaring errors in the field than of poor pitching on his part, for a boy who jumped from last year's third team to this year's first augurs well enough. Keep it up, old boy!

There are few ball players who can cover second base as well as Laurie, when he is awake, but as yet he does not seem to be thoroughly roused from the hibernating state; hence the few errors chalked up against his name.