

No big yard man of any sense, who doesn't want both bruise and maim,
Will stay beyond the picket fence, 'cept when the kids do watch a game.
So we dug out whene'er that game was done and Choc Ette's speech was o'er
Our swift departure do not blame, else had we seen a game no more.
While backward to our yard we hied, Choc Ette we saw born high in air;
His team triumphant did in pride, their hero on their shoulders bear.

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We hope that the Juniors that intend to present themselves for the examinations, will employ to the best possible purpose, all their spare moments in order to receive at the end of the term, the proffered diploma. Let it not be said that some of the Lilliputians were "plucked" for lack of energy.

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On Wednesday, May 16th, the Knickerbocker Nine crossed bats with the Third Team of the big yard. By heavy batting and clever team work in the field, the small boys piled up 24 runs, while their opponents could only score 5 runs. The features of the game were the mesmeric twirling of Thibault, the Lilliputian pitcher, and the steam rolling coaching of Mr. Rouleau, the big yard talker.

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On May 20th, the first team of the small yard battled with the second contingent of Gulliver land. The former excelled their older opponents in every position on the field. After a very exciting game, our young Knickerbockers carried off honors by defeating the Gulliver team in a score of only 35 to 13. Bravo, boys! Nothing like the small yard!

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The Junior Editor extends his words of sympathy to Messrs. J. French and J. Campbell. He hopes that they will soon recover from the effects of the recent accident they met with, while bicycling on Varsity Oval. To the consideration of all bicyclists do we offer the following proposition: No two wheels can occupy the same space at one and the same time; neither can they pass each other on the same line in opposite directions. Proof—the Infirmary during the past couple of weeks.