

On May 23rd, the College team were scheduled to meet the Nationals, but owing to rainy weather the game had to be postponed. The students had better be well prepared for this game whenever it is to come off, as the Nationals are securing the best men they can find in Ottawa and in Hull.

COLLEGE 13, HULL 12:

On May 27th, the College Base Ball Club journeyed to Hull to play the team representing that city in the Ottawa Valley League. As was expected, a hard and interesting game was played. The Hulls expected to win, and managed to retain the lead until the eighth inning, when the College, by a magnificent rally, managed to win in the ninth. Several beautiful plays were made. The fielding of Linton, Trainor and McGuckin was of the gilt-edged order, and the batting of O'Meara, Morin and McGuckin was both timely and hard. The clever base-running of Lawless was a revelation to the Hulls. Morin and Gobeil added new laurels to their record.

Score by innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
COLLEGE - - -	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	5	3--13
HULL - - -	0	0	0	3	2	3	1	0	3--12

The teams were:

College, Morin, c; Gobeil, p; O'Meara, 1st b; Trainor, 2nd b; McGuckin, 3rd b; O'Connell, s.s.; Linton, l.f.; Shanahan, c.f.; Lawless, r.f.

Hulls, Carriere, c; McEwen, p; Champagne, 1st b; Leblanc, 2nd b; Drepeau, 3rd b; Dupont, s.s.; Potvin, l.f.; W. Tessier, c.f.; Choquette, r.f. Umpire, Potvin.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Wanted—for this department—before next September—A NEW Man.

Geo. Sylvain recently received a very useful, little article—a comb—with the following suggestive inscription:

"If you always use this comb,
Both at College and at home;
No one will ever dare
To make remarks about your hair."

AU REVOIR, LEBEL!

Young Lebel's got his back up and makes a sour face,
And isn't disposed now to swallow with grace
The sauce known as "chaff"—the question
is; will he?

And take satisfaction in wind and grimace
I rather think so, for we all know he's ever
been

Laid down by the records as that kind of a
hairpin.

He does not like war, for it isn't his way
And will stand a great deal to keep out of a
fray.

Geo. Sylvain, the Rip Van Winkle, of Gatineau Point—the second edition of Sleepy Hollow—has invented a new system of telegraphy. Owing to the Lebel libel suit, we have been forced to dismiss several of our type slingers and cannot publish it in this issue.

CHIT CHAT CLUB.

Signori Godfrioso Lebelioso proposed that the society change the scene of its operations. "No man," he said, "would be so foolish as to buy a new pump and place it in an old well that had gone dry. The reading public will no more expect to find anything worth the reading in our old programme, than Groulx, our delegate to the White Bear exhibition at the North Pole, would expect to pluck pears on an iceberg." The motion was rushed through, the mover hoisted on the shoulders of the standard-bearers and the procession wended its serpent-like way to Frog Valley. George Campbell was the first to wade into the pond. One big frog popped his head out of the water and said, "Ha! Ha! George, you want my hind legs, do you? Well! Here they go!" The old gent let his heels fly, kicked friend George square on the bridge of the nose, about as hard as a Kentucky mule delivers his iron-clad hoofs. George reeled and staggered and afterwards confessed that he felt so broken up that he thought the earth had gone on a prolonged spree. A small chap of a frog, about knee-height to a grass-