

Some changes have become apparent in the staff of the commercial department. Rev. Fr. Legault who for two years discharged the duties of prefect with ability and devotedness is replaced by Father Boyer, who has already gained the affections of his young clients. His assistants are Fr. Boyon and Bros. Binet and Verronneau. Fr. Latulip looks after the comfort of the midgets during their sleeping hours.

In the course of his rambles the Junior Editor, accompanied by the affable Prefect, visited the quarters occupied by the Juniors. The first stop on the way was at the Dark Room. The usual three knocks admitted us to its palatial precincts. For a moment we fancied we were in the *Lyons* den, but *Mistai* calmed our fears by pointing to a bucket of *coal-water* held in Case(y) of emergency. Having wrung from *Fatty* a promise that things would be in a *Rosy* condition for our next visit, we passed on from the photo gallery to the recreation hall. Here a peep at a Ke(y)ho(l)e revealed that something was going on. The scene before us as we entered shall not be quickly forgotten. The boys were all on tiptoe watching an exciting exhibition of the manly art given by two of their heroes. As soon as we could recover our breath we learned that the contestants were none other than *Le Gris* and champion (?) *Mull Aghain*. The face of the latter was a curious study, its contortions portraying every mood, joyous and tearful. After the exercise had continued awhile, *Grey* was declared victor and the ex-champion was borne off on the shoulders to the nearest tap to cool off. Utter confusion following, the Editor, seeing his life in danger, fled to the new sanctum for safety.

The annual retreat began on Sept. 16th in the Chapel, Rev. Fathers Gill, O.P., and Portelance, O.M.I., being the preachers. The Juniors conducted themselves throughout with an earnestness that one could not help admiring.

*Mull Aghain* can't understand why the *Powers* should be allowed to dig ditches through the small yard. He fears it may be a grave prepared for his foot-ball reputation.

On Tuesday, 15th, at 5 p.m. took place the annual election of officers for the executive of the J. A. A., amid a storm of excitement. The candidates were numerous and energetic in their canvas. Amid rounds of applause and ringing of bells on the