

Mr. Carpenter, our popular master, was suddenly taken ill in the prayer hall the other morning, but we are glad to say that he is quite himself again.

The hockey club wishes us to acknowledge gratefully Mr. Macdonald's kind donation to them and sincerely thank him for helping them in their adversity.

If Cap't MacLennan doesn't take care the second hockey team will be sent out to represent the first in their matches, as they easily defeated them the other afternoon.

Hobby evidently outdid himself at the "taffy" the other afternoon as he dropped something on coming over the stile and then seemed to find the path rather hard walking.

We can't help noticing the marvellous staying powers (in the dining room) of two infants who arrived at Christmas, without their nurses. They seem to be rather at sea without them.

Mr. Neilson was unfortunately taken ill last week with the "Quinsy," and was laid up in bed for a week. He is quite well again, however, and is doing work at his old stand in room F.

We are sorry to announce that Alfie Kingdon, our much esteemed steward, is going to leave us, and sincerely hope that his successor will fill the position as efficiently and generously as he has done.

We think that it is rather childish not to allow the boys to use the telephone row, and would like to know what the telephone is here for? We're sure it's not to look at and don't see what can induce anyone to play dog in the manger with it.

All the boys are eagerly looking forward to the "At Home," which annual event is coming off on Feb. 10th; and if our fair friends are practising as hard as the boys up here, there is no reason why everything should not pass off smoothly.

VI Form Boy,—"See my *touch down*."

Other VI Form Boy,—"*Your rouge* you mean. (The touch-downs and the rouges win the fame.)

VI Form Boy,—"*Yes, it is very beruhm*," (stroking his apology for a mustache.)

Other VI F. B.—"*What, do you lay rum* that thing?"

F.G.L.

FUN AND FROLIC.

A LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.—"Ask papa."

A WEDDING-RING.—Match-making mamas.

A SWEAR-OFF.—"I thought you were very fond of conundrums." "Oh, no; I gave them up long ago."

"Who is the greatest man alive?" asks an inquisitive subscriber. We really can't answer definitely. There are several of us.

The editor wrote "An Evening With Saturn," and it came out "An Evening With Satan." It was mighty rough, but the foreman explained it was the work of the "devil."

Judge: Prisoner, how many reams of paper did you say you stole? Prisoner: Seven, your honour; three yesterday and two to-day. Judge: Well, but that's only five. Prisoner: Och, shure, I'm going for the other two when I get out of this.

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(To be Continued.)

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