

easy. "Gutsie" does not look robust, but I can safely say that whatever organ is affected it is not the stomach. After dinner "Gutsie" and myself took a short nap probably lulled to rest by the dulcet tones of "Paradise," who in a voice, a happy combination of mezzo-alto-contralto, of peculiar richness, and great volume, was striving desperately to re-murder poor "Annie Laurie." Despite some desperate "pom-poming" we were unable to procure any game—save a miserable looking porcupine which "Paradise" shot, and which he insisted on bringing along with him. At four o'clock we started on our homeward journey. It was now quite foggy, and it was with extreme difficulty that we could discern our way. After a toilsome tramp we finally reached the main road, and soon were cozily ensconced within the classic walls of St. F. X. Here we met with a warm reception by class-mates, who listened with breathless interest to our tale of adventure, and the number of bears, wild cats, etc., we did *not* shoot.

St. John the Baptist School (Grade IX).

A. F. McD.

ON THE HOP.

"Cum in."

"Georgie, have a cracker."

"The Ring," hu! hu!

"Who's the Heditor of the 'op?"

Nulty severely critized his friend Gorilla.

Reddy has accepted a position at Vooght's for the coming vacation.

"What's the most important thing to save at a fire?"

"Life," I suppose.

"No, dress suit case."

"Who said Judique wanted to "scrap" with the referee?"

"I heard that the Pictonians were defeated in Sydney last night."

Jack: No, sir, the Pictou boys.

Unlike the curling tongues the Valentine came back.

DeCoste is making some attempts at wrestling. They say he wasn't Beaton.

Jerry from Kerry struck town

We laughed at the jokes of the clown

But the funniest sight

That happened thit night

Was the "Crook'd man" setting way down.

O'er a path that was Beaton and Crooked,

The old moon so silently looked

And she smiled a bland smile

And said, "Be me sole

Those who lads will surely get hoekd."