

the spacious yard and the handball alley are swarmed with lovers of handball. During the evening recreations, sports do not cease. Under the glimmer of the neighboring electric light, thirty or forty enthusiasts use their skill in divining the secrets of Association football. It is not surprising, therefore, that these youths enter the study-hall flushed with health-glowing countenances and prepared to spend an hour at serious work.

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The generally good conduct of the small boys this year has been a subject of very agreeable comment on all sides. That's right boys ; " keep straight." The Junior editor has his eye on you constantly, and, by the way, he is more dangerous than any prefect. He's got to tell the *truth*, you know.

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One evening the Junior Editor chanced to pass by the small study-hall. On the Athletic Bulletin was posted the following .

Lost ! The Great Bicyclist—a small boy about the size of a man, barefooted with his father's shoes on ; was cross-eyed in the back of his neck, wore a mutton-chop hat with hair-soup lining."

If the author of the above lines be caught, he will be *Lynched*.

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Prof. Well Tommy, give us the preterit of the verb "slay."
Tommy—"Sloan."

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Every morning at 10.30 there will take place exhibitions of wrestling between the two heavyweights of the small yard.

