

Dear young friends, please read baseball with the accent on the word *base*. After listening to the loquacity of the participants we have upon second consideration decided to write the word ball, *barol*, and you will now re-read it *base-barol*. The game was very interesting especially for those who had a few grains of common sense and took a nap in their rooms. The referee is popularly known as "Powerful Tom"; he certainly never won his laurels as umpire on the diamond. He allowed three men to take two bases on a pass ball. Probably this rule is enforced in sleepy Syracuse where they play with a soft stone and a chunk of a board. Bouchard was Capt. Davie's catcher, at least he was supposed to be. His catches were safe but were usually picked up on the rebound from the neighboring College wall. He was removed to second base which he held down in such grand style that he forgot to hold the ball. Poor Bouchard next figured at centre field and caught a half-dozen magnificent flies; they were these creeping, crawling things that are commonly ensnared in a sticky mass of tangle-foot. Richard would be a grand first-base man if he could be persuaded to invest in a barrel of mucilage and a poster's map to daub his hands. Ritchards at third-base was a sleeping beauty; he evidently thought he was playing goal for the hockey team. Capt. Groulx claimed that Clarke was put out on first because he had turned to the left; as far as we could see he turned neither to the right nor the left. He simply stood on his head and landed cat-like on his feet. Capt. Davie blocked a man on a run from first to second and would have put him out only the ball had in the meantime gone for a stroll. Pitcher O'Brien came to us with a recommendation a mile and a half long; his curve was as fast as a snail and as sinuous as the edge of a perfectly straight ruler. He pitched wonderful drops that invariably fell to the ground about 4 feet in front of the plate. The Groulx brothers

were a revelation; they *grew* in their own estimation, if not in that of ball enthusiasts. Capt. Davie caught a stunner of a high fly—in his cap; Jos. Clarke made the take-your-eye catch of the afternoon, when he stood on his head and captured the ball with his feet.

CHIT-CHAT CLUB.

A select few of our young wits have put their fair, curly heads together and formed a society, unique in the history of the happy hunting grounds of the junior department. Of course we know that strait-laced old gentlemen, with whitened or shining heads and a run resembling the shuffling of an ancient rooster, will sit in judgment upon them and pronounce their efforts "the folly" of the very young. If these quack grumblers could clear a seven-barred gate, they would not shout "sour grapes," but would rattle off nonsense with the best of our friends and think it glorious fun.

The end-man, Bert Murphy, had recently paid his first visit to Parliament Hill and was full of reveries of other days. We quote his own words: "As I sat upon the banks of Father, Ottawa and gazed far beyond the raging waters, methought, that I beheld the vanished Redman smoke the pipe of peace by the still waters of the quiet lake. Then again, the hatchet flashed in awful strife. I was brought to Mother Earth with an awful thud as Richard and Charlebois passed before me. My thoughts became vulgar and I saw the vast difference between these two young boys and the Chaudiere Falls." The rapt expression on Lebel's face was chased away by a look of despair by this sudden fall from the skies to mud and he angrily burst forth: "How the mischief can you draw a comparison between these children and the Falls?" Bert replied, "The swiftly-gliding waters take a *tumble* over the rock, but Richard, Charlebois & Co. never take a *tumble* that others want to kick the football."