

teams, so that all lovers of the most popular of games, may be favored with several good matches before the holidays. We have very good baseball material in our midst at present and with the possible exception of the pitcher, this year's team may compare favorably with any of the preceding years.

Mr. P. F. Ruane has been selected Captain of the team.



Junior Department.

During a very exciting game of baseball, in which Choc Ette took part, our Poet Laureate sat on the neighboring picket fence, and wrote the following verses.

CHOC ETTE AT THE BAT.

Through Lilliput I stole one day, where things to seniors strange occur ;
But this the subject of my lay, is fit all sporting blood to stir.
You've surely heard of young Choc Ette, the Lilliputians' pride and joy,
For he's the small yard's dashing pet, and he's a very sporty boy.
'Tis at the bat that he does shine, though baseball's not his only game,
But batting's his peculiar line, for field and bat are not the same.

With sleeves rolled up and nostrils wide, with bat in hand, he takes his place,
To hit that ball and then to slide to first with scanty show of grace.
The ball it whistles through the air, but Choc Ette doesn't strike at all,
The referee who's never square, in deep bass voice sings out "one ball."
With knowing wink and cute grimace, Choc calls the pitcher "one big fou"
And Satan's sneer plays o'er his face, when referee calls out "ball two."

But now his yell more loud and shrill than e'er was laugh of "Killaloe,"
Proclaims a dead ball didn't kill our hero ; nothing that could do.
But limping off from out his place, he asks some Lilliputian friend
Instead of him to take first base, and Choc retires until the end.
Then when the game is lost and won, his team he doth congratulate
On their getting "fifteen big run" against the other fellows eight.

"Ma frens, you is de much best team ; you pi y well good de odder mans ;
"You no was beat ; to me it seem, dat game she come right to your hans.
"Me do much work, me make some run, den me get hit avec de ball ;
"But still me help dat game to won, for on de base me coach you all."
Choc Ette unto his team thus spake, while, lying hid behind a post,
We note of all the fun did take, though risking much a small yard roast.