

be impossible to devote the time necessary to the preparation of an athletic programme as extensive as those that have been furnished in former years. Instead thereof, however, there will be put on the boards two farces, one in English, the other in French, and several songs will be rendered by our best vocalists.

* *

Everybody seems to have forgotten the snow-shoe club. What is the matter with it? Has hockey become so popular as to monopolize our attention. There surely has been enough snow for a tramp. Let some take the initiative and organize one of the old tramps to Aylmer or the Gatineau and we feel sure a goodly number will fall into line.

* *

The Hockey game, played by the Juniors and Seniors, was decided a *draw* in favor of the latter. Another game between the same teams is scheduled for the last Thursday of January.

EXCHANGE HUMOR.

A correspondent notices that the majority of literary ladies seem to affect certain colors for their gowns. It is also thought that they mostly work in brown studies, and prefer their books to be read. A superstition likewise exists that they affect blue stockings.

—*St. Joseph's News.*

Put two doors side by side and the small boy will go through the one that squeaks.

—*Ex.*

No Need of Haste.—Weary Reporter: Any assignment for me to-day?

City Editor (briskly).—Yes, go to Delaware and get a job in a powder mill, and when an explosion occurs write it up.

Reporter.—Write it up?

City Editor.—Well, you can wait till you come down.

—*Brooklyn Life.*

A military reverse.

A distinguished old one-legged Colonel,
Once started to edit a jolonel,

But soon in disgust,

He gave up—he was “bust”—

“For,” he said, “the expense is “infonel.”

—*New York Sun.*

“Which side do you lie on?” asked the physician in attendance on an editor who was very ill.

“Neither,” replied the editor, rallying at once, “my paper is published on strict upright principles.”

—*Washington Post.*

“Anti-Poverty.—“I tell you the poor have no chance.” “That’s particularly true in regard to poetry. I know some editors who reject poems for no other reason than that they are poor.”

—*Albany Chips.*

THE BELLES OF BOSTON.

With deep vexation and reprobation,
I often think of those Boston Belles,
Whose speech, so high-toned—’tis far and wide
owned—

O’er lesser mortals throws mystic spells.
On this I ponder where’er I wander,
And grow no fonder, I ween, of these,
The belles of Boston, whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the “ologies.”

I’ve heard belles prating, full many a State in,
And loud debating at social club;
Though at a live rate their tongues did vibrate,
They lacked the “cultuah” that adorns the
“Hub.”

For the words terrific, names scientific,
And terms specific thrown out with ease,
Make the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the “ologies.”
I’ve heard belles chat on the isle, Manhattan,
And seen youths sat on with assurance cool,
By the tones half-mocking of some young blue-
stocking

On æsthetics talking, when let out of school.
Their strain pedantic and words gigantic
Would drive one frantic by slow degrees
But the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the “ologies.”

There’s a belle in ’Frisco that runs a risk o’
Dislocating some facial bone:
Her discourse, though drastic, is in style fantastic,
Her words bombastic and overgrown;
But this maiden vicious, of tone factitious,
Howe’er ambitious, can never sneeze
At the belles of Boston, whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the “ologies.”

N. D. SCHOLASTIC.