

Sharkey and his dark-faced friend are not unacquainted with the advantages offered by the handball alley. After breakfast these two hinckerbockers are the first to rush to this not entirely *matchless* place of shelter and security. Now and then two little heads, encircled with a fumously scented atmosphere, pop out at the corner of the alley, in search of an approaching Prefect. Assured of no danger, the heads disappear and another volume of fume is blown out, until both have satisfied their craving appetites. At the word *Prefect* both indulge in a serious game of handball or begin to make congealed bullets which they hold in reserve for a passing Gulliver guardsman.

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Choquette intends to buy a pair of knee-pads.

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Time : 6:45 a.m.—*Place* : The Little Study Hall.

A certain "bright boy" has not his book-keeping exercise ready for the morning class.

Ding, dong ; cling, clang ! goes the bell for Mass.

Down pops "his nibs" behind a desk, so as not to be seen. All out, the study-hall is locked.

SEQUEL : The youth's exercise was ready for class, but the industrious youth himself went without Mass and breakfast. At dinner time there was *double entry* into his stomach.

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Campeau came back, for he couldn't stay away. Campeau came back.

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Who is that fellow who is always running about the corridors ?

Oh he's *French* ; don't mind him.

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Denn-is always taking the best looking snow-shoes for himself. When distributing the shin-pads and hockeys, he reserves the best *pro se*.

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We congratulate our industrious young companion, Master