

say nothing, the class not being confined to politicians, but I am, intellectually, like the heathen philosopher's dog and when I have but little to tell, I cannot speak at great length or to any definite purpose. You will also notice that the weather is gloomy and that always has an effect upon me. I would respectfully call your attention too to the undoubted fact that Dr Samuel Johnson, a leading light of letters, was constitutionally prone to indolence, and I would suggest that other leading lights may possibly be similarly afflicted.

Yours to order,

CHIEL

The reign of Hockey is over. It ceased when the other rain began. The effects of the dominion of the Ice King (he shared authority in some way with Hockey) have not yet disappeared. When they do, the gentle monarch, Cricket, will don pads and gloves and smilingly welcome the genial sunshine. The reign of Hockey has been distinctly glorious and triumphs many have been achieved. Let the chief here make brief record of what the world know.

On the Sherbrooke Rink the school met the local heroes on March 9th to play off that (*ille*) protested game. Both sides strained their supple sinews for success. Both factions of spectators strenuously supported their sturdy representatives. Upon the Rothera-McGreevy-Willett's rock the opposing wave oft dashed itself in vain, and oft did the adroit forwards flash down upon the Sherbrooke goal. The final signal saw the victory undecided. Why should the chiel speak of that last game? "Tis not in mortals to command success" and we at least deserved it. Could we not console ourselves too that at home they had fallen before us, though nature fought with them? We thirsted for the next encounter.

March 30th saw the gloriously vanquished of the 9th in Montreal awaiting their adversaries. Like General Gordon's at Khartoum their waiting was in vain. Sherbrooke came not. Yet THE CUP was ours and Old Boys generously came forward to supply the defaulters' place.

Minor servants of Rex Hockeius went to Bury on the same day and were garlanded with the laurel (or parsley or grass) of victory. They were Carter I, Pope, Winder, Holloway, Gilmour II, Porteous I, and Hayward. They each and all request the chiel to say that each and all played a very good game. Good-bye Rex Hockeius! You are a very pleasant old monarch, but a trifle persistent. We all like you very well in your place and hope for your happy return. Now we turn to the green fields and the sunshine and the birds. You and your colleague Rex Frigus have disported yourselves long enough. Make way!

There are several curious reports prevalent just now. One is that some of the boys during the present 'silly season' (as far as outdoor efforts are concerned) are satisfied with mere work. The fifth form have a great belief in their capabilities to excel and have voiced that belief in a representative manner. The chiel rejoices at the mere thought of it. May those fair spirits who attend the persevering,—whisper formulae, declensions, conjugations, facts and vocabularies into their willing ears! Another strange rumour has been bruited. It is to the effect that the Third form boy who distinguished himself on All Fools' Day came up in the innocence of his heart. Still another—that an additional proposition has been discovered, to be called "The Forty-ninth Proposition of the First Book of Euclid"—that this is the sportancous discovery of those who dine at table 3.

If you are asked "if you want to be shot," don't run away with the idea that there are muderous intentions against you, or even that you are considered rather to cumber the earth, than to produce "two blades of grass, where only one grew before;" no, it is merely the photography boom. One seeks to perpetuate your image, to leave some permanent record of your appearance to posterity. You do not wish to form a sort of practice-area for some enterprising operator? Think not of base uses. Remember Alexander and the bung-hole.

The Chiel must say a word of Cricket. Rothera is Captain, the members of last year's eleven together with Mr. Auden are members of the Committee; Mr. Brockington is Secretary. For various weighty reasons, the being that the last was in some degree a failure, no professional will be engaged this year. The Secretary has been instructed to send for a first rate supply of materials. With the enthusiastic support of lovers of the game we shall make the season as successful as any in the history of B. C. S. At least we hope so. Come, rouse ye!

It is wispered to the Chiel that the School outlook for 1895 if good— that thirteen new boys are already promised, in addition to probabilities.

PERSONALS.

The Governor-General and Suite are expected for Convocation.

The Bishop of New York has promised to be present on that occasion.

The first Old Boy to come forward with a very generous subscription to the Jubilee Fund is Mr. A. C. H. Boyle. Who will follow his example?

McLEA took a First in Science at Christmas. Atkinson a Second.