

After all the matches had been played, it was found that two teams, viz., Sipprell and Spear and Stevenson and Vernon, had an equal number of wins. This necessitated the playing off of a final match, which proved to be the most exciting one of the tournament, and was witnessed by a large crowd of interested spectators.

The result showed the smaller boys, Sipprell and Spear, to be the most active in scoring. In the first half of the game the number of points was fairly evenly divided. But as the game grew warmer, Messrs. Sipprell and Spear forged rapidly ahead, and finished by the score of 21 to 16.

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## LOCAL NEWS

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Windsor had a little lamb,  
Its name was Mathematics.  
And regularly every day  
He fed it on quadratics.

Shortly before Xmas Mr. Chas. St. John, tutor in Junior Prelim. Mathematics, was made the happy recipient of a handsome copy of Tennyson's poems. The presentation was made on behalf of the class by Mr. White, and it was accompanied by an address read by Miss Harrison.

He was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skilled in analytic;  
He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.  
Time, 11.15. Scene, a front gate.  
Freshie (lingeringly) — "Er — Miss —  
See this key?"

Miss — "Yes. What does it belong to?"  
Freshie (suggestively) — "It's a key to  
the College. Can get in at any hour  
y'know."

Miss — "Um — Better use it soon, hadn't  
you?"

Tableau. Precipitate departure of  
Freshie.

Surely experience might have taught  
Thy firmest promises are naught,  
But placed in all thy charms before me,  
All I forget but to adore thee.

A Science student, who is apparently deeply interested in the anatomy of the Crustacea, procured a big red lobster and in the early morning hours proceeded to dissect it with a jack-knife. Now, lob-

sters have no doubt a legitimate sphere of usefulness, but there was something about this particular specimen that did not commend it to the aesthetic sensibilities of the other residents in Hogan's alley. Future purchasers will please patronize dealers who advertise in Vox, and get fresh goods.

"Tell me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roll.  
Do ye not know some spot,  
Some holler in the ground,  
Where freshettes do not grow,  
And Freshies are not found?  
The cold wind blew the snow into my  
face,  
As it quickly answered, 'There is no  
such place.'"

My heart leaps up when I behold a  
Freshie in the hall: so it was when my  
course began, so is it now I am a Senior.  
so let it be when I graduate — Just  
then the conductor called "All aboard,"  
and the whole trainload of Muses pulled  
out and left me sitting in the cold, cold  
snow.

However, I got a start, and that's the  
main thing in tobogganing.

More Freshmen are here, not, of  
course, a wholesale deluge of them like  
last October, but just a nice sprinkle.  
Unlike some other batches, we have tried  
to digest and failed, they are a quiet,  
modest lot of boys, and do not walk  
around with a 10,000-dollar air and a  
Now-I'll-Vanquish you smile.

They are taking very kindly to the  
Seniors and the Professors, and have not