

as they seem. If they comply at all, it is with such a very bad grace that we never ask them again. We find that their own ease is of more importance to them than others' comfort, their own enjoyment than others' pleasure. Such always reminds one of Scrooge, of whom Dickens says: "No children asked him what o'clock it was, no man or woman once in all his life inquired the way to such a place of him." It was the cold within that froze his features.

It is the lack of kindness within that makes the unhappy appearance without. When there is sunshine in the heart it will stream out, there is no keeping it in. It is worth something to us to know that people are glad to have us come, sorry to have us go, and remember us in love and gratitude when we are away. It is unselfishness—thinking of, and helping, others—that makes the world worth living in; the heroes of the world were those that thought of others.

There must be a kind of a hoodoo around, whenever we play the Juniors a game of ball. Twice, during the last month, have we been defeated by the small margin of a couple of tallies at their hands, after having the game well within our grasp.

We suffered defeat also on Ascension Thursday, when the Hull 2nds journeyed the whole way from the Province of Quebec to Varsity Oval, and beat our team 8-6. It was an off day for most of our players who, with the exception of Captain Milot, kept on piling error upon error with a distressing regularity. The teams batted in the following order: Hull 2nds—Boucher, A. Villeneuve, Dubé, Michaud, Eustache (1st base for Mascots in the City League), Carron (also a City League player), M. Villeneuve, Reginbal, Charron; S. Y.—Braithwaite, Doran, Brisebois, Brady, Chartrand, Renaud, Richardson (replaced by Sullivan), Milot, Lamonde.

We more than revenged ourselves on the Hull bunch for the above mentioned defeat on Sunday, June the 4th, and in the enemy's own stronghold—the Little Farm Baseball Park. We drove across the bridge, thirty strong, in a bus, determined to do or die. On arriving on the field of action, we thought it better policy to do rather than die, so we did, and we did a la *veni, vidi, vici* manner. The Hull sluggers were held by pitcher Lamonde to two nearly hits and a solitary run scored on a passed ball, while our swatters gathered out of the two Hull boxmen 12 hits good for 10 runs. The splendid work of the S. Y. battery, Lamonde and Cornellier, and the stellar fielding of Doran on third base were the features of the game. The only changes in the batting order from the preceding game were Cornellier