

emitted a groan, as though vainly endeavoring to speak." The dormitory was in a state of commotion. Even the master forgot his official dignity, and shuddered. After many stealthy peeps, Richards admitted that he was a first-class actor, and confessed that it was the Parliament clock about to announce the eleventh watch of the night.

FIRST HOCKEY MATCH.

"A bad beginning makes a good end."

"Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

The above quotation from *Hamlet* is respectfully dedicated to Capt. Bawlf's professional hockey player the small boy. Through the kindness of the Junior Editor, who is an old man, firmly believing that it is disastrous to have more courage than sense, and not wishing to entrust his precious life to the wiles of John Frost for forty minutes to watch a hockey match, we have reached the summit of our ambition which was as great as that of the young urchin who dons his first long pants. We appear in print for the first, and we fear for the last time. The poor old editor dropped a tear of sorrow when we reported his favorites defeated with a duck egg in their basket. Then and there he invested in a warm fur coat and a pair of moccasins, that he might cheer his team to success the next time, for he says our name spells misfortune. The bulletin board of the University must be a notorious prevaricator, for it announced "the small boys of the senior department vs. the junior hockeyists." At least one of those "small boys—" a representative of an Up-Creek town—sporting a moustache many years ago, and figured as goal-keeper on the champion team of the senior city league. May the shades of "small boys" save us from any more of that tribe, for by actual count he saved those "small boys'" goal at least six times.

Wasn't he a peach of a *small boy*, for ours tumbled round like nine-pins when they came his way? We once read a charming little story about a huge elephant that painted his town a flaring red and got on a roaring spree when he wiped a little rabbit off the face of the earth. That "small boy" who is about to bud into a full-fledged philosopher can crack this junior, philosophical nut and draw his own conclusion. The sign board which announced "to the victors belong the laurel wreath" stood on its head and read "the defeated won the crown." At two sharp, Captain Bawlf marched his men upon the ice, the whistle blew and friend William was marched to the grand stand for a beautiful trip. When he returned he appeared to have the Lick telescope in hand, for he landed on his head and took a mid-day observation of the stars. During this half, Captain O'Leary, Dupuis and Belanger played a winning game, made grand runs upon the opponents' goal, but that "small boy" put his hand to the oar and settled the *bis*. First half ended 0 to 0.

Two minutes after the last half started, the opponents' goal-tender made a beautiful lift, Captain Bawlf, who was taking a rest at our end of the ice received it and scored. Of course *he* wasn't *off side*, but as the referee had already made him a spectator, he probably thought he would be struck with a cyclone from the Windy City did he say nay to Wm's score. Our boys played grand hockey throughout, and had the puck at least half of the time at the opponents' end, but the *obstacle* remained insurmountable. The game closed 4 to 0 against the junior team, with the puck in such dangerous territory that the canny opposing goal-minder accused the time-keeper of allowing over-time as the result of our oratorical powers. We thank him for the implied compliment, but must save the fair name of the official by declaring that we met the first judge that did not fall a victim to our Irish blarney.