

not always true. There are many times we do things and you do not put them in *THE REVIEW*. If I could catch you I would throw you down a flight of stairs, and then go and mark the spot where you fell. I would just like to catch you after supper, in the dark, around the handball alley for instance, then I would give you two beautiful dark blue ornaments to adorn the upper portion of your facial protuberance. I am not going to let you insult the small yard any longer. We poor fellows are afraid to move. Please put something in *THE REVIEW* about the big yard. You won't, because you're afraid of the big lads. I think your actions are a real insult to us. If I could catch you I would *hck* you.

Your enemy,

A. L. S. HIMMEL.

In answer to the above note, I challenge the writer of these remarks to a friendly visit to the handball alley on March 28th. Please do not bring any stones with you.—J. E.

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During the past few Sundays, we noticed that a few of the externs arrived late for High Mass. Since they do not rise at an early hour on Sunday morning, we would advise them to come directly to the University chapel and not to remain on the streets to talk to whomsoever they happen to meet.

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Generally speaking, we are edified at the manner in which the boys perform all the external rites of the Church. From close observation, however, we remark that two or three boys genuflect on the left knee, and one honorable "gentleman" has summed up enough vanity to comb his hair in the chapel.

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We would like to know who gave a certain Seguin charge of attending to the electric switch at the chapel door? He really shocks us. More than once he has left us poor mortals in the dark.

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Tremblay has been asked to act as travelling agent of the "Wild West Novel Firm." His first trip will be to the Paris Exposition. On his return we expect that he will write up a very imaginative account of his experiences abroad.