

Callaghan has improved wonderfully in his pitching.

The teams of the Interprovincial are now blessing their stars that College was refused admission into the league.

Accommodation at the little farm is much better this year than last—But alas! it is far, very far from being perfect.

The members of Capt. O'Grady's scrub team are now ready to fill any vacancy on the senior nine.

Holy Angels' College were to be here June 6th. Unfortunately all negotiations failed.

We had made up our minds to give the tabulated score of the games played up to date, but the score book was beyond our reach at the time of writing.

The team's photograph is a good one. Harry Sproule is enhancing his reputation as a photographer of students.

The Juveniles of the big yard recently defeated Rev. Fr. Legault's pets. The Juveniles improved have improved during the last month under Spud's watchful eye.

SPUD'S LAMENT ON BASE-BALL.

"Play ball! Umpire Cox cries out
As he on the diamond stands,
The forward comes a smart professor
A white ash in his hands.
Bill twirls the horse hide through the air
Like a missile from a gun,
The professor swings and looks amazed,
And Coxy says "Strike one".

Again the professor takes his pose,
Bill throws another ball,
The batter makes a swipe at it
And hits it not at all.
The rooters yell till they are hoarse
The looks upon his feature now
And ask him if he's blind,
Bespeak a troubled mind.