

his shoulders. William, smiling in his freedom, sped upon the pinions of desire to Almonte, to regale himself with his friends. He cut the figure 8 and wrote his name upon the icy-fleece of the Bay, though it was scarcely a quarter of an inch thick. He clambered up the sky-scraping flag-pole; a feat, which no one dared attempt since his namesake, William, joined the shades of his forefathers, as the result of such a foolhardy undertaking. All these be wonders he performed by his blessed wings. The people intended to nominate him for mayor. His election was a dead sure thing. Alas! In a moment of weakness, he opened Pandora's box, off flew his wings. This is how the story runs. He became a hero by recounting the marvels of Wolfe Island; by the same act he became a poor dumb boy. Aunt Mary, of sleeping car renown, eclipsed him and he was declared ex-champion. There was no longer any difference between him and a telescope for he was *shut up*. Repentance entered his soul, the fairy queen sent him a Xmas box in the shape of a portion of his lost powers. Still he wanders, an old man in his teens, and has become a pool shark that he may forget the dire disaster that overtook him on his fatal trip to Kingston.

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CHIPS FROM OUR JUNIOR REPORTER'S LOG.

I'm very small,
Yet I wish to all,
On this sweet Christmas night,
Much happiness,
Much joy and bliss
And a New Year merry and bright."

POUPORE: What part of a train is the safest?

DAVIE: Don't know. Give it up.

POUPORE: The part that is in the round house at the time of the accident.

RICHARDS, a son of Auld Scotia, "You Irish are superstitious, you think that it is unlucky to sit at a table of thirteen.

BERT, a true scion of the old sod. "Yes, in a Scotchman's house for you put on enough for only eight."

C. F. Davie is special Xmas. Editor for the Lindsay Post.

La-chance goes a long way towards winning a foot-ball match.

Is annexation possible? Consult Greater New-York and Victoria.

Extract from Davie's Arithmetic, authorized by educational department, B. C. "Five times two make seven."

Hon. Gilligan, meditating on his history lesson "Rome is built on seven hills," Pshaw! I never thought that Mattawa was such a grand, old place. It is built on one hundred and seventy hills; on every hill there is a castle; and every man is lord of all he surveys.

JUNIORS' SPECIALITY AT THE ENTERTAINMENT.

Mike O'Leary's lob-sided, falstaffian, black-shorn, tragic, stage bow with which he endeavored to break the fairy queen's heart at the late banquet but only succeeded in splitting her sides with laughter.

Albert Tell's golden curls and smiling countenance were conspicuous by their absence. He says he doesn't care.

"Gabriel's Trumpet has blown" was the very audible remark, when Campbell's piping tones announced the arrival of the Earl.

Campbell's bow resembled the figure "5" turned upside down and pushed over to one side.

The King made a rush on the Junior Editor's apartments. The fighting editor, who can set a ten second pace, followed him through the corridors, punctuating every turn with a generous *whole-soled* kick. The King exclaimed in his agony, "Misfortune makes us wondrous sympathetic. Now, oh Brother Richard! I feel the full import of thy words "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" for this fellow is kicking as hard as a mule."