

RACING ON THE SWEATING SYSTEM.



I.  
"JOCKEY—"Train down a bit, m'lord? Why, cert'nly."



II.  
"Take off a bit more, m'lord? With pleasure."



III.  
"Well, p'raps I *could* lose another half-pound, m'lord."



IV.  
"Couldn't lose another 'alf ounce to save my life, m'lord."

EXTRACT.

[FROM THE VALEDICTORY OF MR. J. T. THUCYDIDES THRUPSTON, AT THE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.]

. . . . And to you, our worthy and honored President and Professors, the Class of '91 renders profound and heartfelt thanks.

You have watched over us with zealous care, encouraging when encouragement was needed, restraining when, as sometimes happens, we were inclined to leave the path of safety.

Now we pass away from your immediate personal care, but your influence will ever be with us; and our success will be the success of our Alma Mater.

When we stand in the pitcher's box and by curved and tortuous delivery of balls propel the opposing team into the centre of the approaching hebdomad, the glory will by no means be ours alone. It will belong in no small measure to our worthy teachers and to the institution where we were taught so well.

When we corral the redhot grounder and freeze to it, the plaudits of the grand stand will not be for us merely, but also for the college on whose rolls our names will soon appear as alumni.

Some of us will handle the willow, and the skill with

which we pound three baggers will elicit enthusiasm of the spontaneous variety; yet even then we can never forget that the ability to call forth torrents of applause by our intelligent slugging was obtained at your college and under your guiding care.

When we plentifully smear with whitewash the aggregations of misguided ball tossers who may have the temerity to cross bats with us, the shut out and the goose egg will be so many marks of honor on the record of this College.

In all our heroic slides to third, and close scratches to reach home, through all the cheers of friends and the disappointed, hopeless yells of foes, we shall ever remember that we are bearing aloft not only the banner of our great national game, but the honor of our college also.

When on pay days we shall come forward to draw our large sized checks and corpulent rolls of greenbanks, we will think with gratitude of the institution where we learned so lucrative a profession, and be proud that we have helped to demonstrate that college education is not a failure.—*Munsey's*.

THE great Conservative party of Canada rejoices in a Baroness. This sentence is somewhat ambiguous when spoken, though it looks all right in print.