

We have heard such rot as "*punk, punk*" from the bills of mocking-birds and parrots, and we have heard of dogs barking at the moon. But then, neither the mocking-birds nor the parrots are supposed to be *educated*; and dogs that bark at the moon are probably moon-struck; so we may excuse these animals. But—!!!

* * *

Not even an extraordinary feast day can justify a boy in breaking the rule or in disobeying his parents. We hope, therefore, that our young friends will *smoke no more of those unhealthy cigarettes*. We noticed that the hand-ball alley gang were in tribulation a short time ago.

* * *

During a hockey practice, Tommy Sloan got a *puck* in the eye.

* * *

Duchêne—" *O'âcêfe* off the floor."

* * *

A remark passed on one of our gems:—"Say do you think Albert *groulx* much?"

* * *

During the present month there was but one attack made on Gulliver's strongholds. No damage, however, was done.

* * *

During the past week Leon's elegant notebook has been under examination by the Junior Anthological Society.

* * *

The other day, a long-faced wag of the small yard suggested that the Junior Editor should exchange his *Nick*-erbockers for long pants. People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

* * *

The Junior Editor and his holiday assistant, offer their sincerest thanks to all those that presented them with boxes of nuts, candies, cakes, etc., during the merry-making season.