

muddy rink, rusty skates, broken sticks and pucks grown into foot-balls, we cannot lay aside our quill of ice without congratulating the hockey players one and all upon their well merited success during the season which is now dying a hard death. We are sorry that our first team had not more matches; we are glad that their opponents dared not meet them and do battle for the Junior Championship.

Official report of the second team matches

Games won . . .	15	Lost	0
Goals scored . . .	65	Lost	10

To speak of his successor makes the Junior Editor feel that he is not as young as he used to be, yet the worst luck that we wish that estimable young man is that at the close of the hockey season of '96 '97 he may be able to repeat with us "It was a gallant fight and we cheered them on to victory."

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Snow Fort—Month of March.

Sentry's Challenge: Who goes there?

Countersign: Arthur Dowd with his flowing hair.

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What was the matter with Barney Barnato on the night of Feb. 20th.? Angers had him *on a string*.

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Prof.:—Mr. B-ke, what is a schism?

Mr. B-ke:—A schism is a division in the church.

Prof.:—Give an example please.

Mr. B-ke:—The division between the church and the vestry.

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Mr. C-p-bell (a newcomer) Oh! those blood-curdling yells. The Apachee Indians are in the recreation hall. *Tim* what are you giving us? That's only Barney, Cassidy, Bawlf and Clarke having a quiet game of cards.

Prof. Mr. Slat-ry why can you not perform your electric-light experiments in the dark?

Willie the hopeful:—Because they are out of sight.

Prof. of Arith:—Mr. St. Jean, what is the meaning of the words "tare 2745" on a box car?

Mr. St. Jean: It is a hole, to close up which would require 2745 boards.

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Bis. Joker:—What is the difference between a neuter noun in Greek and Jno. Ab-tt?

Bis. Fatti:—Don't know give it up.

Bis. Joker:—Abb-tt has no *to(es)*.

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Mike O'Leary has discovered a valuable coal mine left in his back yard by the delivery man. More power to your left elbow Mike.

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One evening as we sat in quiet ease in our editorial chair; our pen in graceful repose upon our other ear; our mind fancy free; our heart deeply grieved by the stern dictatorial decree of our unrelenting chief that our department must close its doors ere the speech-making of our clever young friends could be duly recorded in the St. Patrick's number of the Wise Bird, deep, balmy sleep kissed our tear stained eye-lids, fear came upon us causing a clammy sweat to ooze from our pores and our bones to rattle. The cathode rays of thought penetrated the securely locked desks of our silver-tongued orators and we read their carefully prepared impromptu addresses. We give the result of our extraordinary experience because we believe that this is the first occasion upon which such an experiment has proved successful. We publish this also because it proves that no living man can rob the juniors of their rights since the hidden powers come to their rescue in their hour of need. Let maledictions loud and deep descend upon our venerable grey hairs, let Tom's swift-footed vengeance overtake us if our report does not tally with the living words actually breathed forth by the speakers of the day.

TOAST LIST.

I. The Day. Wm. Burke.

II. The Wild and Woolly West, was responded to by Wm. Phonograph Bawlf, Winnipeg's fastest short-hand orator, who