

Mike: What does your secretary make a month?

Bill: About five thousand errors.

Gu-c-on Bros. give their flat a reproduction of the late Burns-Johnson fight every second evening.

D-w-y: Where is my wandering Prince to-night?

Sam: Under the bedclothes as usual.

L-m-rc-e: I am going to have my photo taken. I hope they will do me justice.

Jo-s-n: I hope so, but mixed with a little mercy.

Young lady to friend (on seeing St. A-o-r): My! I wonder what kind of "rouge" that young fellow uses.

Have a towel, Bill?

What's the score, Mac?

Do not get sore on the Local Editor. If there is anybody you *like*, consult him.

Junior Department

Contrary to expectations, we had another loss tallied against us in the Junior Interprovincial League. Our seven went down to defeat before the Victorias. Naturally one would ask, What is the matter with Small Yard's hockey team this year? While admitting they have weight against them, can the excuse of their unsuccess be laid wholly to this one disadvantage? We think not. Our team lacks combination. They do not play together, and individual efforts, however brilliant, are generally futile against a well-organized defence. Then the team lacks condition. They are fast skaters and excellent stick-handlers, but they cannot stand the pace. They do not check back, but leave their defence to the mercy of the four opposing forwards, and when these are ready and willing to glide the puck to the uncovered man, nine times out of ten the result is a score. Doubtless we have the material for a good team, but let them listen to the coach's advice and practise.

Two or three of the small boys have discolored optics, owing to having succeeded too well "in keeping their eye on the puck."

The Inter-Mural League is progressing favorably. The only drawback is that several of the day scholars always fail to be on hand. Luckily, an ample supply of substitutes from the boarders