

Mr. E. P. Gleeson has gone to Quebec to represent the O. U. Athletic Association in the international hand-ball tournament that takes place in that city during the Carnival. There are thirty teams entered from Canada and the United States. We hope to be able to chronicle the success of our representative.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On or about December 23rd, a special delegation from the most influential members of the Junior Department waited upon us and requested the honor of entertaining us for a few days during the Xmas vacation. We were inclined to decline this invitation for two reasons: We had serious doubts as to the sincerity of those who extended that invitation, owing to the fact that among them were a few upon whom we had poured out the vials of our editorial wrath during the past term. Again, we always had the most strenuous objections to being locked up in a cage, with a placard attached, publishing far and wide to the Gentiles that we were the chief attraction in the Greatest Show on Earth, and a herald going before crying with a loud voice "Wait for us, we are coming." The first objection was scattered to the four winds by conclusive proofs that we were the most popular man in the small yard; the second was ruled out of order as we would travel incognito. First of all, dear friends, we must lay it down as a cardinal principle, that we are not subject to delirium tremens, the disease known in common *parlance* as the horrors. Consequently December 23rd we put on our seven-league boots, started on a snow-shoe tramp and reached Montreal in ten minutes. We were met at the Windsor Station by *Fatti*, the world's greatest living boy. By special request we visited our old friend Todd Barclay at the French Academy. After taking in the lowland sights of Montreal, we wended our way to the mountain, and were soon descending that most wonderful tramway at a pace that would knock Bellamy's electric machine higher than a kite. We had just asked Todd if he had succeeded in

obliterating the stains of midnight revelry from his hitherto immaculate Scotch tweed overcoat, when a strange feeling came over us. The sixth sense so ably advocated by such brilliant men as Stead & Co. surely fell to our lot. Remember once more, dear reader, that we had taken nothing stronger than a chew of friend Todd's notorious 6 for-5 chewing gum. The sensation was that of flying, we looked at our shoulders but no angel-wings were there to quiet our terror. All at once the scene was changed, we found ourselves transported to Lowe, and sure enough there was J. Fitz, squeaking like a cracked soprano: "Have an OWL sir? All about the capture of the two runaway boys by Detective Philipps." We were perfectly aware that our friend was still by our side, yet we could move neither hand, nor foot, nor head. All we could do was pay the strictest attention which as everyone knows, turns sight into a telescope, hearing into a telephone and memory into a phonograph. The echo of a distant voice struck upon our ear; no man ever heard such sounds as we did. In imagination, the countless duck ponds of Osceola unrolled themselves before us. We saw the woodshed and post-office combined—the axes that littered it—the Push, Pull and Jerk Railroad disclosed its sinuous, tortuous windings to our view. The genial features of Tom Costello were cast upon the curtain and his well-known voice reverberated "Never mind de kid, have some of my patent cheese and bee-honey, cheap as dirt." "Dear me" cried little Paul as he piped all the way from Three Rivers, "What is Osceola? What are the Osceolites who do not know what a doll is?"

Better buy a doll sir, nothing like it for a Xmas present" But, alas! Paul, you and your dolls were doomed to a brief existence in this world of care and sorrow for Barney Barnato rang up "central" with his accustomed war-hoop "Don't listen to the conceits of Paul and his dolls which are stuffed with sawdust, rags, tags, and old tin kettles. Better buy my candies which are the sweetest of all presents. Eat my peanuts, plant the seeds and you will have a free-for-all melon patch in your back yard next August. Even the avenger of Tammany