

"That spectators would not be such enthusiastic admirers of plays that I do not make in hockey."—Joe Clarke.

"A sit between the flag poles."—Lamarche.

"Guy's speedy recovery."—Tout le monde.

"That I had not lost my Saturday privilege."—The Rideau St. Actor.

Clothes do not make the man; neither does a moustache make a grammarian. The Fourth Grade sport—he of the powdered locks and waxed hair-shirt on the upper lip—was asked to give the feminine form of "monk." Without wishing to be either jocose or profane, he promptly replied, "monkey."

Hull is a grand city. It prides in two wonders, Eddy's match factory and physicist St. Jean who defines molecules, "those little flies you see sporting through the air."

The Junior Editor is sick and weary of the sphinx-like Jean Baptist. We absolutely refuse to overload our space with another item concerning that august personage. Baptist, please take notice and do not overflow our coal shed and ash house with notices about yourself. We have number sufficient to light our engines during the remaining winter months.

The King is dead, long live the Queen!

King Jean is dead, that good old sport
Is gone home forever more;
He used to wear a long green smile,
That ran in joy from ear to ear.

He vowed he'd break our sanctumdoor,
And leave us dead upon the floor;
But pshaw! His pantaloons were blue,
And round his legs they lightly flew.

Our Junior Reporter, who by the way is a veritable Pinkerton in his line, has handed us for publication, the following joint partnership set kept by Albert Tell and the Baby.

Ottawa, Dec. 1st 1896.

We, Albert Tell and the Baby, have this day formed a partnership. All expenses to be borne in equal shares.

N. B. Private trademark, x (means all paid)
Dec. 1st. One and a half pies—8cts, (x)

Dec. 2nd. Candy.—8cts.

Dec. 3rd. Doll and Tea Set for Ida.—
15 cts (x)

Dec. 5th. One stick of liquorice,—(x)

Dec. 7th. Bottle of Ginger Ale (One half to each)—5cts. (x)

Since the above went to press we have received the following communication.

Notice of dissolution of partnership.

What a difference in the morning!

A true picture drawn from life,
One side, painted Dec. 22nd 1896. Scene,
Junior Campus, Solemn silence reigns
supreme. Actors: Albert Tell and
the Baby.

"Comrades, Comrades, ever since we were
boys

Cheering each other's sorrows, sharing
each other's joys."

"P.S. And each other's candy too."

This side is now turned towards the wall.

The other side, painted Dec. 29th.,
1896, is now exposed to view. Scene,
laid on Maria St., in front of the
Rideau Rink. One hundred and fifty
small boys form a ring for the two
bantams. Albert Tell won the first
round and his faction shouted:—

"Isn't he a beauty."

Isn't he a peach?

Albert, your a lulu.

Hear the Baby screech."

The Baby raised his fat, chubby,
hard in fearful rage, got in one of his
treacherous under-cuts and Albert
Tell bit the dust, of course we mean
the snow. The supporters of the
Baby took their turn with a vengeance
and caused the town clock to raise its
hands in holy horror at the malicious
rendition of the soul-stirring song;—
"What is home without the Baby?"

William Nye, Jr., *alias*, M. D-v-s,
sprang the following upon an innocent,
unsuspicious Prof. "Prof., there is
something in my eye" "Let me
take it out," was the Prof's. charitable
remark. "No! I won't, it's the
pupil." And Mike laughed

Ritchards, at a window in dormitory
No. 4, suddenly grows deathly white
in a dead faint. Upon coming to, he
explains "I saw a ghost with ghastly
pale face. Its long, wiry, thin hands
were raised in mortal terror. It