

He laugh behind the post all day,
And watch the boy in yard at play.

Dear Editeur,—I see you receive the letter of my friends. I like much that what is said to you. You no like to show you ugly visage on the college field for I do tell to you something. Your life is in our danger. What you talk about me on the Junior Department? My friends carry me to the hall of the recreation for to ask me my sentiment. I give all I had in little words. And you make the speech of one hour. You talk in your hat. You no good! If I see you in the yard I will throw you the stone.

Good bye,

C. H. JUETTE.

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Some of the small boys show a great carelessness in keeping in proper condition, the articles that they receive from their parents. No later than last week, a small boy was riding on his bicycle over the spiked walk in the yard. Having been warned by one of his more sensible companions, that he would puncture the wheel, the careless bicyclist remarked: "Oh I can only puncture it, and then get another." Yes young friend you *can* puncture it, but you *may* not. At least this is what your father would most likely say.

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During the coming month the deacon of the small yard will hold special evening services under the glimmer of the electric lights.

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They say that the rain has *ruane-d* our football field and our former *pitcher*.

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The Scientific Society was notified last week that there would be a lecture in the third form class-room, April 18th. The subject of the lecture was—"Camidae." On reading the above title, Tommy remarked: Dat guy don't know how to spell *Canada* yet.

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SYMPOSIUM FROM MOORE.

"O Blame not the Bard," that Joe rose "Oft in the Stilly