fulfill the onerous task now thrown upon my feeble young shoulders, I shall however essay to walk in the footsteps of my worthy predecessors, ever beholding in the true light of justice the time-honored motto: "Say the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth,"

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Come boys and get a pull with the Junior Editor.

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Tigers, 6; Juniors, o.

On November 15th, Jack Frost, while sailing through the morning skies, spread, in different sections of the small yard, large sheets of his water-formed glass. The thermometer, in its humility, sank very low and remained bowed down until the blazen orb of day was forced to pour forth flames of ignited love in order to keep things endurably warm. The big red-faced visitor from the East eventually seized our frosty friend in his weakest principle, and sent him rolling back into the unfathomable depths of his aquatic liquidness. "No you don't, you congealed piece of cold-heartedness," said the fiery orb, as a crimson-colored smile lighted up his gore-flushed countenance. "In my diurnal peregrinations through the celestial vault I intend, in future, to delight my old eyes with sportive enjoyments."

During one of his brazen oglings that same day, Mr. Orb espied some thirty formidable midgets contending for rugbaic honors, and, in their herculean efforts, utilizing all the brawn and muscle that they could displode. Behold! that was the day when Greek lined up against Greek; the second team of the small yard against the St. Joseph's "Tigers."

Early in the afternoon the whistle was sounded and play began, but the ball had been going scarcely three minutes when the Tigers scored a touch-down, as the result of a pretty hand-out from centre scrimmage. Soon afterwards, Burns, of the Tigers, with screw-driving force, seized the quarter-back of the College team and compelled him to rouge. At the end of the first half the score stood five to zero in favor of the Tigers, but, as the Juniors had been playing against a slight wind, they were over jubilant