

In the first half there were two goals scored, one by each side. The Collegiates won the first goal, McDougal scoring by a nice shot from the side. From a scuffle in front of the Collegiates' goal a Varsity player sent the puck through the flags and made the score one to one. In the second half Rigney carried the puck from his position at cover point to the opponents' goal and scored.—Varsity 2; Collegiates 1.

On March 19th a third match was played with the Collegiate Institute and resulted in Varsity's favor again, and this time the score was larger than in any of the previous matches. The teams were the same as in the two preceding matches, except that K. Bradley was prevented through illness, from taking place on the Collegiates' defence. He was replaced, however, by Jenkins, of the Ottawas. The change should not have weakened the Collegiates, but they failed to make matters as lively for Varsity as in the two previous matches, for at the call of time the score stood: Varsity 5; Collegiates 1.

SUBRIDENDO.

A Fowl Bawl—The rooster's crow.—*Smiles.*

Undertaker (to dying editor)—What epitaph shall we place on your tombstone?

Editor (feebly)—We are here to stay.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mail and Express-IONS.

Book-keepers—Librarians.

Trouble at sea—A screw loose.

Reigns every day—Victoria.

An absorbing article—The blotter.

For a change of air—Ventilators.

Extracts from the pen—Pork chops.

Needed a Bracer.—Young Author :—But don't you think my humor is delicate?

Old Critic—Oh, very! Why don't you take a tonic for it?—*Puck.*

First Boy.—Your folk ain't as rich as ours. My father and mother go driving every day,

Second Boy.—My father drives every day, too.

First Boy.—I don't believe it? What does he drive?

Second Boy.—Nails.

"I see you are advertising again for a runaway dog. This is the third time in a single month!"

"Yes, bother it! Since my daughter has begun taking music lessons I can't keep a dog in the house.—*London Tid-Bits.*

Why is B——r's knife like the saying: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." (Answer.) It is an old saw —*Phikhonian.*

HE FINISHES HIS WORK.—"Doctor," says Mrs. Worritt, "is it really true that many people are buried alive?"

"None of my patients ever are," replied Dr. Graves.—*Puck*

Ye hummers, do you remember the serenade?

Music, gentle music,

Wafted in the air,

Making hearts grow lighter,

Making light the weight of care.

Stealing through the moonlight,

gently as a dove,

Telling tales of fondness,

Telling tales of ardent love.

Music in the night time,

Stars are twinkling bright,

Wafted on the zephyrs

Come "the voice of the night":

Me-o-o-ow-wow-wow!!!

—*Ex.*