

Third Grade B { 1. J. Coté.
2. M. O'Brien.
3. J. Murphy.

Third Grade A { 1. B. Girard.
2. J. Cassidy.
3. G. Giusta.

Fourth Grade { 1. H. Desrosiers.
2. P. Turcotte.
3. L. Pigeon.

ULULATUS.

The two Jimmies are now happy.

Keep your eye on the undertaker.

What do you think of the twins—J. O'B and the other B?

Some of our exchanges may be found in the Sanctum and *Moi* (e) in *Arden's* pocket.

Guist a few weeks more and he'll sing "Home, Sweet Home." The statistician from Baldwinsville will play the accompaniment on a Jews-harp.

1st Denis.—Nous sommes quittes.

2nd Dennis—We are kittens. (Free Translation.)

After consultation and consideration with his colleagues, Hardy and Murf, the member from Up-the-Creek has decided not to appear this season in his straw hat.

It is not Annie Rooney, but some other, Annie, eh?

What a deplorable example of filial ingratitude and family strife—Eagle on one side and Eagleson on the other!

The Montreal *Gas-jette* reports the following from the produce market: Beans, père H-y-s. Potatoes, Jimmie. Pickles, frère C-w-n. We might *More tell* if we wished.

"Hello, Bunty, did you see Sap or Pesky?" said Muck as he followed Splints and Shorty in their chase of Caesar, Sport, Spud and Hardy—Evidently there is need of a by-law.

The great duo will make their first appearance shortly, on the piazza of the building formerly known as Fagan's Hotel. Saul is billed for the elocutionary part of the programme, and Charlie K— will play the cornet—aw!

The Alderman's soliloquy:—"She promised me an Easter cake and I did build upon her word. So when it came I bade my friends make merry. But alas! her inhumanity made countless eyes shed tears." She had peppered the cake.

Bis has addressed a memorial to the Athletic Committee setting forth the reasons why he should be trained to fill the vacancy at quarter-back on next year's fifteen. The document covers sixteen closely written pages. From an eloquent peroration we cull the following noble sentiments:

"But I perceive, my dear committee men, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer in summing up my own multifarious merits. I shall say nothing of the great weight I carry in the community. Far be it from me to hint, my respectable friends, at my reputation as a kicker, nor shall I remind you of the fact that I am considered a remarkably fast young man. But there is one point to which I must draw your most careful attention. A few enemies of mine, by their fiery pugnacity, threaten to ruin my character. They assert that I have no pluck. Gentlemen, it is a base calumny. Consult the college records and you will find that in pluck I am one of the foremost students on the rolls—and I expect to have much more after the June examinations. Weight and strength, speed and pluck! Such is the glorious combination that shall tear down all opposing forwards, uproot the wings, shatter the backs, and finally monopolize the whole business of scoring points in this wide Dominion. Blessed consummation! Bis at quarter-back!"