

Junior Department.

The game that everyone longs for, namely, baseball, has come again. Each one is out trying his new glove or bat. No one seems to think too much of study when it is here. We hope that the boys will become great stars at the game and enjoy themselves thoroughly, but it will not do for them to forget their studies, especially when examinations are drawing near.

Three teams have been chosen from among the seniors. The Midgets formed a league, consisting of three teams, but owing to the arguments which often arose between the umpire and the players it was broken up. The seniors have played nearly half their schedule. They play every night, and on congé afternoons. At present the standing is as follows:—

Games.	Won.	Lost.
Chatham (captain) Robert	6	2
Cornwall (captain) MacIntosh	5	3
Ottawa (captain) Provost	1	1

Fr. Turcotte has ordered gold watch fobs, which are to be given to each player on the winning team. Go to it, fellows.

Many new stars have been discovered in our midst, such as Kelly, Callahan, Hanaway, Horan, Dañl and a few others.

We are all glad to hear that Jack is better of his rheumatism.

Small Yard seems to be a training place for all the heavy-weights. Many interesting bouts should take place with such boxers as Grunting Murphy, Pee Wee MacTavish, Squeezer Boucher and Battling Callahan.

An interesting wrestling match took place between Perrier and Sabourin. They were on the floor thirty minutes, when the bell for study broke it up.

Our first team began to train a few days ago. We hope to put it over a few of the bigger heads around this joint.

A few notes from among the "Braves":—

Hammersley lost a banana.

Callahan did not get any butter.

Hanaway did not receive any potatoes or dessert.

Ernie, have you any "beans" left?

Pass 'em over, says Ray.