

ning the cup" as do the seniors. The final game will take place on Cartier square Wednesday afternoon, June 10th, against Collegiate, and as far as we can see it should be a victory.

NOTES

Tread gently, dear reader, and speak in a whisper—the examinations are on.

It was some game at Rockland, but Dennie Breen's Savages scalped every one of Tim Holly's braves, somewhere near East Templeton, between one and three o'clock in the morning. And the ship was high and dry on land. Tim managed to reach it just as we had about despaired of ever seeing him again.

"Lage" Derochie taught a "habitant" the fine points of baseball. Lage is the boy who can do it, too.

We had a short visit from "Bay" Richards last month. Bay's business pursuits keep him so occupied that we see very little of him any more.

Teddy Behan's only regret was that he lost a good night's sleep, but Teddy made up for it. Ask Eddie Nagle—he'll tell you.

We miss Jim O'Brien this year. Yes, he is still with us, but Jim is so engaged with philosophy—and *otherwise*—that there is no time for sport left.

"Silver" Quilty is making a rep. for himself as an oarsman. Good luck, "Silver." Keep up the good work; you have our best wishes.

Two new leagues are working now. The Senior League, composed of three teams, is furnishing first class baseball, while the Junior League is developing some great batting averages.

The year is over, and a banner year it has been, as a glance over the issues of *The Review* will testify. The task of the Sporting Editor was most pleasant, for he was constantly occupied in chronicling victories. It is our sincere wish that next year's occupant of the office may be as agreeably employed. In future our time will be taken up in other fields, but although we may be leagues away, Alma Mater may ever be assured that she has a staunch friend and supporter in the person of the Sporting Editor of 1913-14.

Successful examinations and a pleasant vacation is our sincere wish to all.