

once and rescued from oblivion, the dark night of forgetfulness will eventually descend upon them. It is, indeed, a pleasure to recount the events of such a successful season, to narrate episodes which, like fragrant flowers and flowery banks, invite the over-worked midget to turn for a while from the dusty road of knowledge to refresh himself. The hockey season has been in every way successful, the glassy surface of the small rink having been the scene of more than forty battles. Every midget had an opportunity of demonstrating how nicely he could wield a hockey stick and how dexterous he was in guiding the restless rubber. Some tested their strength with telling effect on the other fellow's shins, while others measured the hardness of the ice by the number of bumps on the head.

The senior series afforded some very interesting games. The fact that not till the bitter end were the legitimate holders of the trophy emblematic of the championship decided, indicates how evenly matched were the four teams composing the league. However, to Captain *Ed. Byrnes* and his sturdy followers fall the spoils of war, and rightly do they deserve the honor of having their names engraved on the outer surface of the "*perster*" mug and of drinking its contents made sweeter still by the measured sounds of "*Hurrah! We're Champions again.*"

The junior league also provided some very good sport, and an authentic account of all the troubles, perplexities and confusion to which it gave rise, would make interesting reading. However, as space is limited suffice it to note that although Captain *Mc-Hugh* was often heard instructing his men to "shinny on their own side," his team came through the season with an immaculate record. When the team's work in the final game became the sole topic of conversation the victors were lead off to the dressing-room and treated to a dish of hot cabbage and a pinch of snuff. To show that the members forgave and forgot the misunderstandings of the past, the pipe of peace was passed around, each one feeling quite happy and contented in the company of his "*old chum.*"

Willie (at the telephone).—Excuse me. Central, it's the door bell that is ringing.