

at any point on the earth's surface—whisht! Our fellow-student, Whidden, has not escaped. Having gone to Kingston to preach for the holidays, he was there waylaid by the insidious monster, and has been confined to the Hospital. Regrets are expressed on every side. The greeting is—"How is Whidden?" We are all glad to learn that he is now much better, and have no doubt that with his indomitable pluck he will soon conquer his enemy and be back in our midst. (Is here now.—ED.)

THE boys whose homes are west of Toronto are loyal to the University. Without an exception they remained for the Christmas dinner and Founder's Day. They are also a jolly crowd. About 7.45 on the morning of Dec. 23rd, a goodly number of them, armed with valises and umbrellas, made their exit from the halls of McMaster, not to return for the long period of ten days. They were happy, for they had done faithful work during the term they had just passed through, and were looking forward to the pleasure of seeing home again and to the festivities, entertainments and general good cheer of the Christmastide. At 8.30 the 8.20 train pulled out of the Union Station. The journey was a pleasant one, songs were sung, jokes were cracked, peals of laughter rang through the car and the news-agent kept a respectful distance. At Guelph six of the boys changed cars for the county of Bruce. All the boys took their stand on the station platform, gave the College "yell" and sang College songs with much expression and beautiful intonation. Business was not suspended in the city, but many hundreds gathered about, and the train did not pull out until the boys ceased to sing. In due time the boys reached home and spent as jolly a time as they ever did. Now they have returned, recuperated and prepared for a hard pull during the coming term.

ON Friday evening, the 22nd ult., the welcome, eagerly-anticipated Christmas dinner took place. This dinner is an old institution; it has been tried and tested; and now it becomes a tradition, jealously guarded, earnestly fostered. About 130 guests sat down at the richly-bedecked tables. Dr. J. P. McIntyre, students' president, was chairman, and near him sat Chancellor Rand and the members of the Faculty; Rev. David Hutchinson, of Brantford; Mr. Ernest Langley, '94, Toronto University; Mr. George Scott, '96, Toronto University; Mr. W. J. Goble, and other invited guests. And now—

"They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy."

Wit and good humour were the order of the evening. It is safe to assert that there were many firm links wrought that night in the bonds of sympathy and loyalty between students and Faculty; student and student; undergrads and *Alma Mater*. After the collation had received its due and worthy share of attention and interest, Chairman McIntyre rang his bell right manfully, arose, and delivered a happy and humorous introduction to the speeches of the evening. Then he called upon H. C. Priest, '94, as a proposer of the toast: "To McMaster University and Chancellor Rand." Mr. Priest's speech was characterized