

ECHOES OF COLLEGE LIFE

"Back home again!"; yes, that was the feeling we all had on the occasion of the March social which was held in the hall. Though the Hall accommodation is somewhat inconveniently over-taxed at socials nowadays and led to an experiment elsewhere for a previous social, "there's no place like home" for a party!

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"Ay, and more," agrees many a man, "there's no way like the longest way round for the shortest way home AFTERWARDS!"

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At the last Literary Debate meeting the staid Literary President said: "We ought not to be ashamed to bring someone to the social, we ought rather to be ashamed if we do not"; and there were only a few escorts without charges at the end of the evening.

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It was too bad that the Principal had to play truant from the chair—through a church engagement in the interior; but Dr. Pidgeon makes a good substitute.

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Everything in connection with the First Field Day passed off well; but, without reflection on others, it was a pity that Dr. Davidson of McGill University college, was not cornered to come to give us a speech on sport at the evening banquet. Better fortune in finding him in good time on next occasion!

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Popular President "Tommy" struck

the right note in his banquet speech in referring to coming "back home" from the field; and the speech of Mrs. McNaughton, the honoree president of the Ladies' Auxiliary was a model of its kind; for point, pertinence and brevity, it was second to none.

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"G. A. W." the "six-foot-two" superintendent, was dauntlessly daring in challenging, and, of course his object of encouraging friendly rivalry in the attainment of a reputation for distinctive worth, was evident, but may be it was a pity that his speech did not happen to be made in proposing a toast, rather than in replying to one. Then some son of the soil, or of Erin England, Wales or Scotland, might have more than muttered in effect "Come on, MacDuff!"

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Say, Boys, should you have occasion to differ with the new General H. M. Superintendent (Dr. Grant), do not forget that fact which he fortunately revealed—that he is a champion boxer; his fore time facility might come in "handy," you know!

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"Nay, rather"—says some "gym" advocate—"let every man of us train to meet him"—or another! ("Hear, hear!")

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The social is now but a pleasant memory (writes another contributor) and that we are able to look back on such a happy evening speaks volumes for our many friends. From first to