

J. Johnston, '94, will not return this session.

The students who remained in the city during the holidays enjoyed some very fine skating on the lake.

W. F. Nickle, A. B. Cunningham and F. G. Kirkpatrick, of Osgoode Hall, spent their holidays in the city.

'94 held a special meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 22nd, at which a more than usually interesting and popular programme was presented. All the lady students were invited and many attended. The Glee Club gave the class poet's new song, and J. W. Mitchell brought down the house by his rendition of a selection from "Romeo and Juliet?" The other numbers on the programme were also good. Misses Fraser and E. C. Murray were received as members of the class.

R. Taggart of '94 is attending Belfast University.

G. W. Rose, '94, and McDougall (Yale), '95, have returned to College.

We are sorry to hear from Professor MacNaughton that his eyes, though better than before the holidays, are still far from well. We hope that he will soon be restored to complete health.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"How infinitely superior that second chapter of Chronicles was to the first! No comparison whatever!"—C. D. C.

"How very poor that second chapter of chronicles was compared to the first! A very feeble imitation indeed!"—R. C. McN.

The subscription list to the new school of mines is now, we believe, in the neighborhood of \$25,000. This school will be of the greatest benefit to many of our boys, and we hope that work on it will soon begin.

Scene: (a restaurant)—Sills, '95, observing a gentleman helping himself to celery, whispers loudly to his friend: "Say, look at that loon eating the bouquet of flowers,"—(a fact).

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon.

—Tennyson.

I'm afraid, Mr. Herbison, your admiration for the thought of Tennyson has detracted from the value of your essay.—Prof. Cappon.

Prof.—"Would you explain this passage in Marshall, Mr. McN-b?"

C. McN-b.—"Well, really, Professor, I don't see how I can make it any simpler for you."

Our business manager is ready to make out receipts at any time. Subscribers will please remember that their subscriptions are due this month. Special arrangements have been made for the occasion.

SOMETHING ELSE.

Scene—Room No. 000, Hotel Frontenac.

Time—Saturday morning, December 17th, at sunrise.

Occasion—Meeting of the Reception Committee (a "small and early.")

The Chairman (standing on the bed)—Our platform, my beloved friends, is broad enough for all creeds and classes.

S—Happy thought; letsh test it.

They do so and the bed collapses.

N—(who has been leaning for some time with his "face against the pane" blinking at old Sol)—I never knew before the glory of a sunrise.

R—, rising from the ruins of the "platform," insists on addressing his constituents, and being offered a glass of extra dry, spills half of it over his necktie as an "evidence of inebriety," and immediately proceeds to take the remainder into his "earnest and serious consideration."

"The clachan yill had made them canty.
They were na fou, but just had plenty."

A BOARDING-HOUSE ODE.

Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight;
Feed me on gruel again, just for to-night!
I am so weary of boarding-house steaks,
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cakes;
Oysters that sleep in a watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath;
Weary of paying for what I can't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, for weary I am,
Give me a whack at my grandmother's jam;
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed;

Let me but once have an old-fashioned pie,
Then I'd be willing to curl up and die.
I have been eating iron-filings for years,
Is it a wonder I'm melting in tears?—OTTAWA.