

The closing number of the program was a piano solo by Miss Leslie Sutherland, who played very sympathetically.

Owing to the proximity of the examinations, the President of the Literary Society put the matter of arranging and presenting the next program of the Society into the hands of Short Course students. Needless to say, they rose to the occasion and on Saturday evening, December 12th, presented one of the most interesting programs of the year.

Miss Greist acted as President, pro tem, and Miss Helena Mackenzie occupied the Secretary's chair. The meeting was opened by the reading of the supposed minutes of a very imaginative past meeting. After this Miss

Josephine Kilpatrick played, in her usual capable style. "The Lady of Shalott," was the reading given by Miss Elizabeth Robinson, and it was followed by a much enjoyed vocal solo by Mrs. Fairbairn.

Several cleverly acted charades were acted by Misses Casey, Vallier, Aird, Sutherland, Campbell and Mackenzie. The words matriculate, manifold and scintillate, being among the words acted. Misses Kilpatrick, Jarvis and Robinson were then called upon to give stump speeches, but only the former complied with the request. A well rendered solo by Miss Jessie Auld closed the evening. Much thanks is due to the Short Course girls for their interest in, and their endeavor to help on the work of the Literary Society.

Much Ado About Nothing

War Is Declared!

The strange peace between the inhabitants of the aerial regions of the Hall and the dwellers upon terra firma which had existed in defiance of all natural laws, since September 19th, was at last, on November 23rd, disturbed by the bold action of those in the heights.

During the morning, rumors of a most unsettling nature had been circulating throughout the community, and when at noontide these were verified, open war was finally declared.

The night drew on, the dusky war riors above sped to their appointed posts, each an integral part of the great scheme of defence, and well satisfied that with every accessible point so fully guarded, the citadel was secure.

Little knew they what plans were developing below.

Under the cloak of darkness, the assembled forces gathered silently. The first cannon rent the quivering air (the ten-o'clock gong sounded!). A mad rush across the farthest draw-bridge—the complete surprise of the defenders—thus was the breach effected. Once in actual conflict, a desperate struggle ensued. Outwitted and outnumbered, the valiant defenders strove with might and main to repair the mishap, but all efforts were of no avail.

At last a truce was signed and the bravely opposed legions though mutilated and exhausted, repaired to the lofty torture chamber and joined hands in a stately minuet.

N. B.—This is an account of a pillow fight.