

College Items.

MISS JESSIE B. LORD, of Bay City, Mich., a former student, spent a few days with us at the close of last month.

MISS M. R. DICKSON, class of '77, when in the city the other week, did not forget to call on old friends in the College.

THERE is a clock, it keeps good time, and yet the owners are perfectly innocent when caught late for study hour. For the reason enquire at No.—

X MISS G. BUCK, class of '79, is at present resident in the College for the purpose of continuing her study of the Fine Arts under the instruction of Prof. Martin.

CLUBS are flying, some halls are impassable, health at the expense of everything, black eyes included. Some folks are in mortal terror of broken heads.

"I WONDER why my silver chain is getting to look so like brass," remarked one of our forward juveniles. A classmate kindly suggested the reason, "because it's so near your face."

THERE seems to be one ventilator in the house that nightly requires an extra push to close it; however that may be, the fact still remains that at that time a curly head invariably appears at the aperture, and a whispered good night follows.

WHAT magnetic influence draws the four sisters of the G. N. C. Club together as a certain bell peals forth?—They regard not the enticing songs of "Auld Lang Syne" floating up through the spacious halls, other than an æsthetic taste calls louder for satisfaction.

LAST WEEK the College was favored with a transient visit from Miss Paterson, on her way home to Chatham, having spent the last fortnight in Toronto. Some of the girls, in the exuberance of their joy, and destitute of suitable instruments, serenaded Miss Paterson by setting off several alarm clocks. Fortunately they chose the early part of the evening for the demonstration, otherwise their efforts might not have been properly appreciated.

It was in the Logic class, and the subject in hand was the contradictoryness of propositions in A. E. I. O. Said the Prof.—, "Miss — what follows, supposing I be true?" Said she,— "It must follow as the night, the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man."

THE last meeting of the Junior Literary Society, an open one, was well attended by our students. After the excellent programme was carried out, several of the visitors rose and congratulated the Society on the progress it had made during the short year of its existence.

ONE of the O'Neil family got a barrel of apples from home last Saturday, an unheard of thing in College annals, but strange to say a week had not elapsed, when the barrel was found to be empty. One way we would account for the mysteriously rapid disappearance of the fruit, is that the O'Neils believe in a "community of goods."

LAST Friday evening the O'Neil Family had it announced that they would give a concert that evening in the College drawing-room, to which they cordially invited the faculty and resident students. Remembering their former interesting entertainment the boarders with scarcely an exception were present at the stated hour. To the astonishment of all, the members of the Family appeared as colored jubilee singers. The change effected in their countenances by means of burnt cork was ludicrous in the extreme, and together with their gestures, and elaborate and appropriate costumes, created no small amusement. The leader of the singing, or *Professoress*, as she styled herself, opened the performance with a racy speech, containing short biographical sketches of the principal performers, after which the programme was proceeded with. The singing was most creditable, and the imitations of the colored people, in both speech and manners, throughout was admirably sustained. Miss Norah O'Neil presided at the piano and succeeded in bringing to the remembrance of the audience her model Blind Tom. At the close of the evening a collection was taken up in order to assist the Family in the payment of expenses. Report has it that at least eight cents of the proceeds went toward the purchase of the corks.

(Eric Elliott was Miss
Norah O'Neil)