

useless. They accumulated on us too rapidly. In the first flush of our search we took the precaution of noting surroundings—we both like cheerful streets. Our present neighborhood is cheerful enough and quiet, only that it abounds in cats, most dreadful ear-splitting night-fighting cats. When we had arrived at our sixty-seventh address we still had strength enough left to note across the way a dingy meat shop with a lively display of circular sausages. I encouragingly pointed out to Arabella the gracefulness of the festooning and the probability of the scarcity of cats in that immediate neighborhood, while she shudderingly wondered how often sausages figured on their bill of fare. But I have promised not to particularize. Sixteen streets in all we traversed. Division from end to end, Gordon and Alfred likewise, Upper Union, Lower Union, Brock, Barrie, King, Queen, Earl and Princess. We stopped naming them; we got reckless; we rang every bell we came to; we got off the beaten track; we wandered round in a circle, and unknowingly came back to the same house two or three times, till I feared Arabella was getting delirious, for at length she offered to sit down on every doorstep we came to, and only laughed hysterically when questioned. For *we* asked no questions beyond the first low-voiced meek one, "Had they any room for boarders?" How they gloried in crushing us with the news they were "full," or else *didn't take females*. Some gave board and not lodging, others lodging and not board. Some asked if we were single or double, others if we were medicals—this last class suspiciously. Some enquired if we sat up late, if we were students, if we wanted board for ourselves, how long we would stay, why we were leaving our present place, if we were strangers, and numerous other harrowing queries. But they one and all agreed they had no room too small to do duty for two, while a private study was a thing unheard of. As a last resort we doubtfully inspected some vacant houses adorned with the legend "To Let." We paused on the roomy steps of the Court House to marvel at their waste of space, and wonder how many idle rooms there were within. We inspected the dry dock; we lingered on the would-be-site of the Summer

Hotel, and finally I led Arabella, foot-sore and weary, to the last number on our list, and as we came within the shadow of the building I addressed her thus: "Behold! At length, my friend, we are at the length of our journey, here or nowhere is our refuge. What sayest thou, shall we enter?" And when she, with a gentleness born of despair, asked, "What haven is this?" I softly answered, "The only haven left us here—the Orphans' Home."

CONVERSAZIONE.

The annual social event of our College life came off pleasantly and joyously on Friday evening last, Dec. 16th. After a busy fortnight for the various committees, and a still busier day on Friday for the decoration committee, our guests began to arrive about 8 p.m., and found the building more tastefully decorated than ever. Everything seemed to be in perfect order. The skeleton still holds the place of honour, and reminded us strongly of Halbein's representations of Death, given by Dr. Watson on the preceding evening. We might suggest that, at next year's conversat., it be placed on the platform of Convocation Hall to guard against undue levity, and be wheeled upstairs, later on, to temper the spirits of the dancers.

The alcove, facing the stairway, was beautifully fitted up as a reception room, and here Messrs. Kirkpatrick and Richardson presented the guests to Mesdames Goodwin and Herald, after which they passed on to Convocation Hall.

Before 9 o'clock every available seat in Convocation Hall was taken up, and many, unable to get seats, amused themselves by promenading in the various parts of the College. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. T. L. Walker, M.A., President of A. M. S., it became the pleasing duty of Mr. J. M. Mowat, '93, first Vice-President, to welcome the guests, which he performed in a very happy and graceful manner.

Then followed the concert, which was of the highest quality. The singing of Miss Doane, of Toronto, in a solo, "Unto Thy Heart," was enthusiastically received and encored. She possesses a rich and well cultivated mezzo-soprano voice, and has a bright future as a soloist. She and Mr. C. Harvey received