

He'll lead the blithest dance of all,
Spurning alike the chimney wall,
And seventy years of wear and tear.

Here's merry Christmas come again,
Cling heart to heart and hand to hand,
'Love one another' was the strain
Of Him who never taught in vain;
And let it sound o'er hill and plain,
And rule the feast in every land.

Eliza Cook.

• Personals.

Miss Chapelle, one of our former students paid a flying visit to the College during the Thanksgiving Holidays.

Mrs. Martin Murphy has been laid up with an attack of Influenza, but we are pleased to hear that she has recovered and is now able to resume her duties.

Miss Louise Hardistry, of Stonewall, Manitoba, gave us a pleasant surprise last Saturday, by arriving in our midst once more.

Miss Hord spent Sunday in the City, with one of her classmates, Miss McColl.

The Misses. Bessie Brown, McFarland, Higginson, Birge, Awrey and Taylor, spent Thanksgiving at their various homes.

Mr. Hord of Mitchell, paid a short visit to his daughter, Miss Gertrude Hord, recently.

A very pleasant social gathering was held Friday evening, through the kindness of Miss Hicks our Language Teacher, who did her utmost towards the enjoyment of the girls, and succeeded so well that they were reluctant to leave when the sound of the bell was heard, warning them to depart.

Miss McFarland was pleasantly surprised last week, by a call from her friend Miss Jaffie McKnight of Owen Sound.

Locals.

"Vanish!"

H. P. C. O.

"Cultivate repose."

"Snake Charmer."

Lolla—Wild-a-go.

"I'll tell you that."

"Excuse me, I must go."

"Come, go! Come, go!"

Graduated with the degree of Mrs.

"Come at four and tickle the piano."

"Mark you, I mean that for a point."

"I am but a shadow of my former self."

Query—Who sets the examination papers?

"Two funny for any use—as the boys say"

The latest fad—singing by the Solar system.

"I'm surprised—I'm more than surprised, I'm grieved."

"When was the Battle of Waterloo fought?" 1516.

Playing on combs, seems to be the latest musical invention.

"Ladies, always remember you are yourselves and nobody else."

Query number two—Who threw the stick of wood down the hall?

There are somethings yet to learn. "Why was M—late for the party?"

"Please may I go home now?" "Yes, after you have made your bow."

We have all heard the song of the "Three Crows," what about the three J's?

A person must be ready for the Refractory Ward, when she will sit up until twelve o'clock talking to herself."

Miss G. (sweetly) "Oh, Miss H—We did not think that you could hear us."

We wonder for whom the sweet notes were intended.