

Mr. Willams, who will be remembered as Valedictorian of his class, has lately moved from Carnduff to Neepawa.

G. H. Ladwen, '90, is also farming at Duncan's, B. C., and figures prominently as Secretary of their Provincial Dairymen's Association.

H. B. Bealey, '91, best known as "Granny o' Lancashire," has gone to the old land to enter into possession of estates which he lately inherited. He visited us recently and renewed old acquaintances.

A. S. Leavitt, '96, is farming near Venkloek Hill, Ont. We are surprised to learn that he has become quite a ladies' man. He took an active part in the Institutes in his locality during the past season.

W. A. Carpenter, '88, is the owner of a model farm near Simcoe, and is doing splendidly. Some years ago, his farm, which is managed in conjunction with that of his brother, E. C. Carpenter, M. P. P., was awarded the gold medal of the Agriculture and Arts Association.

W. Robertson, '92, is foreman of a ranch at Belle Fourche, South Dakota. We nearly lost sight of him, but were not at all surprised to hear that he was enjoying life.

D. Buchanan, B. S. A., '91, visited us a short time ago. He has completed his studies and is now leaving for Buenos Ayres, Argentina, as a missionary. May success crown his labors.

John Atkinson, '94, will be remembered by the class of that time, as having suffered almost complete loss of his eyesight. Everything that medical skill could suggest was done, but for nearly three years he could scarcely distinguish light from darkness. In August last, he entered a Surgical Institute in Chicago, and we are gratified to announce that he is now almost well. During these years of enforced confinement, the musical qualities must have been stirred within him, for he is now thinking of pursuing studies along that line.

A. C. Wells, '90, is dairying at Chilliwack, B. C., and, in partnership with his father, possesses one of the best farms, and finest herds in that Province.

D. W. Roblin and D. H. Allison, '95, are farming in Lennox Co. "Dave" is much missed by our baseball enthusiasts.

D. H. Leavens, '87, is following general farming near Belleville, and belongs to the type who "say little but saw wood." His specialty is fruit, and he is meeting with a marked degree of success.

Chas. King, '95, is working with W. J. Thompson on Mr. F. W. Hedson's farm at Brooklyn.

The men of '97 will learn with sorrow that another of their companions has been removed by death. Arthur Ratcliffe, one of the most popular students in the freshman class of '94-'95, died at his home, near St. Marys, on Monday, March 15th. While at the College, Arthur was an earnest student and an active Christian worker in connection with the Y. M. C. A., having been a member of the Missionary Committee for the year. In the spring of 1896 he left to take a position on the new Government farm in the Wabigoon District, where he remained until called home by the serious illness of a younger brother. He arrived only in time for the funeral, and soon after succumbed himself to a severe attack of la grippe and pneumonia. Another brother is now in a low condition from the same disease. As representing the class of '97, we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family in their sad affliction.

Locals.

Johnstone -

A winter's night,
A slippery street,
A shock - and oh!
What struck my feet?

Bunny's motto: "Never do anything that you can get done for you."

Balfour—"What are you doing, 'old woman?'"

Morley—"Writing for a living."

Balfour—"How is that?"

Morley—"Writing to the Pater for more money."

Although Mr. Wagg is not head of his class yet he is the best red man of the year.

J. M. Reade—"What are you going to do with that lamp?"

E. Beam—"I don't know what to do with it; it smokes, drinks, and goes out nights."

We notice that the dim foggy appearance has left the side of Hume's face. He says he does not care for midnight barbers.

We were in error last month in stating that A. C. Wilson aspired to the position of choir leader in the First Baptist Church. It should have read Knox Church.

Some trifles which amuse us in the dining room:

Fitzzy's wanderings.

McLaurin's military gait.

The dignity with which Pompey presides at No. 2.

The agility with which Robertson slips out of sight under the table.

The close watch which Snider keeps on the kitchen doorway.

The look of anxious suspense on Whigham's face as the mail is read on Friday.

The fatherly way in which Parker reproves any boisterous conduct at No. 4.

The reckless manner in which some of the First Year continue to tempt Providence by drinking the so-called tea and coffee.

We are much beholden to certain generous young men who reside in Panton Street. We have to thank them sincerely for the noble way in which they responded to the call on their pockets. The call was one cent each. We may say that we hope that when next our hair requires pruning that they will not be called upon in such a manner, but that by that time we may by our labors with our pen earn enough to get our hirsuteness obliterated.—W. L. S.

West (to Westgate who has just received a letter)—"I don't know