

Missionary Enterprise." A good attendance of students was present, and all were delighted with the clear, earnest and vigorous style of the speaker. In fact they seemed to forget he was the Travelling Secretary and to regard him as a fellow-student.

Last Saturday afternoon the Student Volunteer Union of Toronto met at Yonge Street Y. M. C. A. Dr. A. B. Leonard addressed the Volunteers, and Mr. Lewis spoke for a few minutes. Mr. Lewis also met with the Varsity Mission Band in the evening.

The third in the series of concerts being conducted by this Association, took place in Association Hall last night. Mr. J. W. Bengough, the *Globe's* cartoonist, gave his annual entertainment "Sketches From Life."

One of the most successful receptions that have been held in the Association building was the joint re-union of the members of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., last Tuesday evening. In previous years the ladies were not present at the Y. M. C. A.'s New Year receptions. But the departure this year in the way of a joint re-union of members proved to be a happy one, and no doubt, similar occasions in the future will always find the ladies present. The programme was brief but excellent. Prof. Hume spoke on the place of the Young Men's Christian Association in a University. Piano solos were given by Messrs. Sandwell and Martin, and vocal solos by Messrs. Urquhart and Merritt. The Pre-ident, Mr. Dodds, filled the chair well in every sense of the term. At the conclusion of the programme Mr. Rowley, of Spadina Ave., entertained the audience for about half an hour with his phonograph, which excellent machine, by the way, was made entirely by Mr. Rowley. The well-deserved thanks of the audience was tendered this gentleman for his kindness. After this feature was concluded, came refreshments, which were kindly provided for the occasion by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. As only members of the two Associations were invited, the discomfort of crowding felt on previous occasions was not noticeable.

Sunday, 17th inst., was the Day of Prayer for colleges. At the early hour of 7 o'clock some thirty men gathered in the parlor for prayer. At 3.30 a mass meeting was held, the Bible classes having met earlier to make way for it. Mr. R. E. Lewis spoke very earnestly and searchingly on "Fellowship with Christ." He pointed out that this involved fellowship with Him in His passion for Bible study, in His passion for prayer and in His sufferings.

On Sunday evening a special service for students was held in Central Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lewis spoke of the aims and successes of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Mr. C. E. Race, of the fourth year, had, some time before the holidays, an experience of such a nature, that he will not be likely to soon forget it. While passing over the Gerrard Street bridge one evening, after paying a visit to some friends to the east of the Don, he was startled by a sudden splash in the water. On his running to the railing, a man was to be seen struggling in a spasmodic manner below. Taking off only his boots he pluckily plunged into the icy bath, seized the man, and after great efforts succeeded in bring him to shore. On examining him, he found that the person whose life he had undoubtedly saved was in a beastly state of intoxication, being quite helpless. Assistance was summoned and the man taken care of, Mr. Race taking the shortest road to his home, in order to relieve himself of his now icy garments. Our fellow-undergraduate certainly deserves all the credit which can be bestowed upon him, and we can congratulate ourselves upon having so gallant a young gentleman in our midst. A life-saving medal has often been bestowed in much less worthy cases.

"WANTED—A WIFE."

Mrs. Walton was about to take a trip south for her health. She was in a quandary what to do about getting her dresses in order for the journey. Looking over the list of advertisements in the paper her eye was attracted by the following: "Seamstress wants employment, apply box 458." Well, she thought, Mr. Walton is away, "I will just employ this woman for a day or two and have everything attended to." So she sat down and wrote the following reply: "Will advertiser call at 23 Pembroke street as soon as possible." Then she addressed it and had it mailed. She expected the seamstress would call the next day, and so, to lose no time, she laid out her dresses in the library.

Mrs. Walton's maid came upstairs the following morning and announced that a gentleman wished to see her in the library.

"Did you ask his name," she enquired of her maid.

"Yes, m'am, but he said he had come in connection with an advertisement, and gave no name."

"Oh, it is someone replying in place of the seamstress," thought Mrs. Walton.

She arranged herself a little and descended.

A tall, handsome young man awaited her. He was scanning the dresses, carefully laid out on chairs, with air of evident satisfaction.

"Good morning, sir! You have come in respect to your advertisement, I believe. Just take a seat."

The gentleman rubbed his hands together, fidgeted a little and sat down, saying, "Yes, madam. I received your answer this morning and came over immediately. I presume by this display of finery that you intend to waste no time over the matter." "Just so," said Mrs. Walton, "I am hoping to take a trip south, and wish to have my dresses in order, before starting."

The gentleman looked a little perplexed, but replied: "Yes, yes, madam; I quite understand. I had not expected anything so sudden as this; but as this is purely a matter of business, I suppose we had each better state our terms and come to an agreement."

Mrs. Walton was rather surprised at such a proposition, and said, "But I thought it was a woman who advertised; you surely are not going to undertake this yourself?"

The gentleman was still more perplexed. "I don't understand you, madam," he said. "I think I am quite capable of doing everything properly."

Mrs. Walton was becoming perplexed herself. "But was it not a seamstress who advertised?" she asked. "I presumed you had replied on her behalf."

The gentleman finally concluded to put an end to the embarrassment, and said, "I am afraid, madam, there must be some mistake. Did you not answer an advertisement for a wife?"

"Why, no sir! What do you mean?"

"Well, I am very sorry, madam, but I received this note this morning." He took a note from his pocket and handed it to her. She recognized her own hand-writing: "Will advertiser call at 23 Pembroke Street as soon as possible."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am afraid there is a mistake somewhere; I answered a seamstress' advertisement for employment."

By this time the handsome young man had begun to feel rather "de trop," and was edging towards the door.

"Yes, madam, I believe there is a mistake, I must bid you good morning," and he made a hasty exit.

Mrs. Walton hunted up a copy of the previous night's paper, and after a long search came upon the following advertisement: "Widower of means wishes to meet young lady, must be handsome, object matrimony. Apply, box 453."

H. BOULTBEE, '97.