

## WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Of happy memory for many a day, will be the night of Feb. 19th, to the boys of Woodstock College, the night of the skating party on the College grounds. Long and laborious was the work of fitting the ice for the occasion, but when the night came it was all that could be desired. A large number of the ladies of the town were invited, and graciously accepted the invitation. After an hour's skating all repaired to the dining hall, where the sharpened appetites were fully satisfied by the bounteous spread for which our College is noted on these festive occasions. Then the strangers to our College corridors were conducted by those who knew them better, to the chapel room, where the Philomathic Society gave an open meeting. We cannot in this note give an account of the very full programme of recitations, music, speeches and debates, suffice it to say that the visitors appeared to heartily enjoy themselves. As pair by pair left the College halls, those who remained behind generously wished their more favored fellows a pleasant walk, and happy dreams on their return, by a musical salute of "Good night, ladies."

Mr. Clark read a very amusing and instructive paper in the Philomathic Society on "What's in a Name?" He accounted for the origin of many proper names in a way that was entirely original. Though the theory was in many respects stranger than fiction, yet we are fully assured it is built on a solid foundation and is not likely to be exploded by any future speculator. Those who are conversant with the Gaelic will understand the significance of the fact that, after the meeting was over, the Camerons and Campbells of the school took the first opportunity of examining, the former their noses, the latter their mouths.

OUR new teachers impress us as men of no mean powers. Mr. Stillwell from McMaster Hall, who is temporarily supplying Mr. Robertson's place, has completely won the good-will of the students by his spirit and manner both in and out of the class-room. We regret that his stay among us is to be so short. *Still* wherever he goes we wish him *well*. Mr. McCrimmon has just come amongst us as a permanent teacher; we think we shall like him. More will be said when we know him better. Mr. McFadyen was born in "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," but before he was old enough to express his opinion, *pro* or *con*, as to the wisdom of coming to America, he found himself comfortably settled with his parents near Montreal. Ill-health soon compelled his father to move to Western Ontario, where he filled the pastorate of several Baptist churches. Our teacher, after pursuing his studies at Elora and Walkerton High Schools, passed the required examinations and was duly raised to the rank of "Knight of the Birch." By six years' experience, three of which he was Principal of Londesborough Public School, he has proved himself a successful teacher. In the summer of 1891, he took a trip to his native land and spent a most delightful time in visiting places of historical interest, not the least pleasing of which was the home and neighborhood in which Burns lived. We wish him all the happiness he can possibly get out of hard work and "college fare."