

could we skate up the harbor of hockey and happiness. Yet with all this bad weather we enjoyed ourselves with our daily games, our weekly debates and monthly concerts.

Our St. John Baptist Literary Union and Debating Club (what an absurdly long name!) is in full swing and the order and regularity observed in the meeting, might be copied by others. I cannot say the same of the many subjects chosen for discussion, but the committees seem to have a great faculty for choosing the ridiculous. The first subject for January, "Is the Liar more harmful to society than the Thief?" was ably discussed. The opener took a somewhat curious and rather discouraging way of opening the debate. After addressing the chair, he declared himself to be the opener and that the liar was the worse *and* he sat down. The respondent must have seen something decidedly ridiculous in this procedure, because he got up and repeated almost word for word the opener's speech. This was a poor start, but it was a start and one which later caused the mighty river of Minim oratory to gush forth. Bud wished to quote Scripture in his oration and he repeatedly informed the chair of his intention to do so. But he got no further than expressing his intention—we waited in vain for the quotations. Nullius had a strong party but Didy could also command not a few. I. T. fought strongly for his side of the question and Fitz. proved his right to be called a debater. A tie was the result. Two other subjects were debated on the following Saturdays but very little of either oratory, eloquence or wit was to be noted. The Club seemed to be taking a rest for that final event, the monthly entertainment.

The club had its concert on the 9th inst., and it was a success. To begin with, the members bought a new organ or rather a *mouth* organ for our friend Crisp. A Com. was appointed to accompany Master C. in town and the result was a new organ. He gave it plenty of work on Saturday night. Nullius sang some of his old songs and the Minim Quartette was a concert in itself. Johnny T. has a knack of kicking, but when he kicked to the music of that new mouth organ it was very good. Fitz can whistle and Didy dance, but the