

ters and a jug of milk and told to make "soup of the evening, beautiful soup." Contrary to "Well-Wisher's" statement, this proved a great success, owing to the timely application of crackers, pepper and salt. The chocolate was as marked a success, and our menu was as follows:

Bread.	Butter.	Olives
Oyster Soup.	Cream Puffs.	
Fruit Salad.	Chocolate.	
Cakes.	Candy.	

Doesn't your mouth water to think of it?

A delightful informal dance and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" put an end to our gayety about 11 p.m.

I've a lecture now, but will write again next week.

Yours affectionately,

IMPRANSA.

P. S.—I have just overheard this conversation:

Miss G.—"Who is the most popular boy in Arts '11."

Miss H.—"Why Forster of course. All the R. V. C. history students want him." (I don't take history, so don't worry).



CLASS REPORTS

NOTICE TO CLASS REPORTERS.

Class Reporters will please take notice of the following regulations:

1. No report must exceed 300 words.
2. Write in ink on one side of paper only.
3. Date and sign all contributions.
4. Leave a reasonable margin.
5. Leave all contributions at the Union not later than 10 a.m. Monday.

These regulations are imposed through limitation of time and space at the disposal of the Editors. This notice will not be repeated, and all reports must conform to the rules or the report will be omitted.

THE CLASS OF TEN.

By JAMES AUGUSTUS.

ARTS '10. In ancient days, at least
so we are told,
Aspiring poets did not
write for gold.

Inflamed with passion for some lovely
maid,

Her worth in verse to sing they quick es-
say'd;

Or, proud of some great hero's martial
fame,

In ringing stanzas his exploits would
name.