

President of the "Dark Room." Here is Captain Moonlight's description of what followed: "Come to the banquet hall," said Dennis, "we cannot begin the feast without you." "Now, as the President wore a serious mien, I replied that I would go instantly. Amidst the applause and music that greeted me as I entered the spacious dining hall so beautifully illuminated, my heart began to beat against my breast in joyous vibrations. I advanced arm in arm with Dennis to my place of honor at the banquet table. On all sides, I bowed in my loveliness, and wriggled a fascinating smile out of the corners of my mouth to each round-mouthed midget whom I met. As I sat down every guest and every waiter was on the *qui vive* to serve me to all the sweet things on the menu card.

Toast-master Dennis entertained me with his fund of Irish wit, and repeated again and again, remarks on the Anglo-Boer war that would have done credit to Mr. Dooley. His jokes were short-lived. After justice had been done to all the good things, Dennis rang the bell amidst uproarious cries of "more dinner." Having said a few ugly words relative to the feast, he dwelt at length upon the harmony and good will brought to all men at Xmas. Dennis proposed the toast to our "Absent Ones," and coupled with it the name of Tommy, the member from Winnipeg. A shower of apples, pies, potatoes and turkey bones met the honorable gentleman as he rose. Standing on a high-chair in the centre of the dining room, he thanked them for their generous manifestations of joy, and expressed the hope that he would treat the subject proposed, in a manner worthy of the occasion. In a few words he resumed the many advantages his absent chums were enjoying such as no prefects, no study, no dormitories etc., "They say," he continued, "that when a fellar leaves his comrades at college, he is a coward, afraid to stay within the college walls. Fellars, I'm not afraid nor am I a coward, and if I was asked to change places with the fellars who went home—No! I'd say; I belong to Winnipeg." "Hear! Hear!" shouted the guests and Tommy resumed his seat amidst a bounteous ovation of substantial applause.

Several other toasts were given about "clean collars" and "tooth powered shirts," about *poies* and *hams* and stolen butter.