

I am not sure yet whether it will be a success. Last meeting nearly finished me as far as it was concerned, for there was a hockey match on that night, and what did my rascals do, but clear off and leave me to whistle to an empty room!

Everyone is glad to see Stuart Nicol back again after his serious illness.

Congratulations are in order for Frank Stidwell. The following announcement appears in the Cornwall Standard:—

STIDWELL—ARMSTRONG.

A quiet house wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. John Warwick, Airlie Cottage, corner of Amelia and Fourth streets, on Wednesday morning, when Miss Evelyn Margaret Armstrong, became the bride of Mr. Francis Stidwell, C.E., of the office of Messrs. Magwood & Walker, civil engineers. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. E. Reynolds, pastor of the Methodist church, in the presence of only the immediate friends. The young couple were unattended. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a brown travelling suit. The house was prettily decorated with ferns and chrysanthemums. After the ceremony the party drove to the Grand Trunk depot and Mr. and Mrs. Stidwell left on the International Limited express for a trip through Western Ontario. On their return they will take up their residence on Fifth street, east, near the corner of Amelia street.

Exchanges.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet:
'Twas then he first fell into debt
For Romeo'd what Juliet.—*Ex.*

One of our most welcome exchanges is *The Buff and Blue*. This little monthly from Gallandet College "makes its presence felt" in a way that elicits much admiration. It is impartial in its treatment of the leading topics of the day and of the various phases of college life. In its January issue is a detailed treatise of "The Evolution of the Novel," which in itself makes this particular number a valuable one. From it we would like to take a portion of its poetical column:—

DISCONTENTS.

Months have ripened into teeming years
Manhood comes despite a mother's tears;
We take our places in the world's affairs,
And one by one we face life's many cares.

We seek to snatch from 'midst the endless strife
An honored place in which to live our life;
At last 'tis ours, the world rings with our name,
A worthy deed is done and lasting is our fame.