

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

In last Friday's Y. W.
Y. W. C. A. C. A. meeting Miss Anderson, our student secretary, who is now visiting the R. V. C., was introduced to those present by Miss Schafheitlin. After prayer Miss Anderson delivered an interesting and instructive address on "King Uzziah." Her helpful words were much appreciated by all those present.

R. V. C. '10.

Some one a class report defined
 Fellow reporter, please don't mind),
 As a "heap of incongruous trash
 At which the writers hack and slash."

Forthwith we vowed (I won't say ~~sore~~)
 That such should be the case no more;
 But we should make a daily note
 Of happenings, by rhyme or rote.

Monday.—Woful is this my tale!
 A lecture by Professor D—,
 A Junior scolded with scathing speech;
 "Now tell us why," you all beseech.
 Forsooth, she from a neighbor would
 Notes borrow—now will you be good?

Tuesday.—Our S— at 5 p.m.
 Had read one hour's Quintilian.
 Two maidens '10 the front did hold;
 And at the back some Sophies bold.
 A voice did hear, "You boys may go,
 This book I'll finish for these"—Oh!?!

Wednesday.—A day that all should rue,
 Nothing happened; I tell you true.

Thursday dawned, the morn was clear;
 By evening, though, the scene was drear;
 Umbrella lacking, dress wet through;
 Refuge in "Arts"—were you there, too?

Friday folks call unlucky day;
 We shall leave that for you to say.
 Alas! again shall we ne'er see
 The lecture lost by Dr. E.?

I' the library 'twas Junior's fate
 To drop the andirons on the grate;
 But never fear, we won't betray
 Just what that Junior fair did say.

Our privilege 'twas, last but not least,
 On Stratheona's steps to view a feast.
 Four men consumed, with good appetite,
 Candy or cake, we couldn't tell quite.
 This is the end of the week's affairs
 (We sincerely hope it won't be theirs).—

X. B.—"According to fate and destinies,
 and such odd sayings, the sisters
 three, and such branches of learning,"
 poetic license licenses license in the
 use of anachronisms and bad gram-
 mar.

—

Dear Amelia. — You

R. V. C. '11. asked me to tell you
 about one of our parties.

A short time ago I was asked to assist
 at an evening spread. I consented, of
 course, and about 8 o'clock arrived at
 the scene of action. Here I found a
 frenzied hostess striving vainly to ap-
 pease many famished guests by giving
 them something to do. Some helped pre-
 pare the fruit salad, others began to cut
 and butter the bread. One girl in the
 guise of a trim maid, d'après Lucy in
 "The Rivals," announced further guests.
 Soon two chafing dishes were brought
 forward. And now for the mock-heroic
 event of the evening! I was given oys-