

pearance of an epidemic of "punning" on the part of several. That infallible panacea for all such ailment, however, the cold water cure, again proved its efficiency and the symptoms of trouble disappeared and affairs returned to the normal state of gaiety which usually prevails on such annual occasions.

—C. E. L., '11.

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The farewell reception of the graduating class was given in Alumni Hall on the evening of February 24th. A thoroughly enjoyable programme, rendered in the chapel, was the principal feature of the evening. The opening address, delivered by the Chancellor, was followed by the recital of the Class History, which proved to be a description of the most remarkable group of sages and prodigies ever gathered together since the "Fall." The Senior and Athletic Sticks were then presented, the former to Miss Cowan and W. Moorhouse, the latter to F. Livingstone, through A. E. McCulloch. Valedictory poems, a quartette, and the usual Prophecy followed, and met with great acceptance, after which promenades occupied the remainder of the evening.

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Dignity was left behind on Monday night, February 14th, when the Juniors went to Eglinton. Perhaps there wasn't room for that cold guest, after the fifty merry members of the class of '11 were packed into the two sleighs. At least, the happiest time imaginable was spent, thanks to the kindness of our hosts at Eglinton, the work of the President, the Vice-President, a willing Committee, and the good spirits of all

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The Sophomores, also taking advantage of the fine weather, sped one evening to the modest village of Islington. After locating the "Methody Meeting House," this famous company, seventy strong, presented a thrilling programme. "The occasion was particularly interesting and magnetic," said a sturdy, athletic junior who can speak with authority.

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The Freshettes resolved to be up-to-date, and as their attempt to rouse the sporting ambitions of the freshmen had come to naught, they resolved to have a sleigh-ride all to themselves. The yells were given in good soprano, and 'tis said they lunched on the "Milky Way"—Poor Freshies.