

resonant, determined reverberations of a deep bass voice indicative of revived courage and newly-awakened hope. You believe it is a cat? By the dog, Athenians, that barks a responsive chorus below, perhaps you're right! *Measure for Measure*.—Aha! Dost see yon curtain softly pulled aside? No, of course, you don't, nor do the performing orchestra now warranted twenty-three members in sound health and with lusty lungs. But again—the mysterious curtain—up flies the window, but no traditional bootjack is hurled forth, not at all. That would be *Love's Labours Lost*, as well as the bootjack. Our student artists know better than that, for they organize a rival company on the spot, and before long the inspiring notes of the tin horn and the persistent adjurations to Mac to Boom On, convince the *Comedy of Errors* outside that their ta'ent is wasted and unappreciated, that all their *Ado* is *About Nothing*, and that they had better swallow their voices and their jealousy, to depart in disgust for Mr. Pritchard's premises. And now, "meseemes," the heroes unlight their lamp, shake hands tearfully and sympathetically, and re seek their hard-earned couches, the one muttering:—"Praise be to Therrier's yell and the tin horn!" the other, softly:—"Veni, Vidi, Vici!"

GLADLY we chronicle the return of our friend J. H. Mullholland to McMaster. A worthy accession provokes exultation, so we welcome him heartily back.

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#### MOULTON COLLEGE.

THOSE of our number who were not on their homeward way before the evening of Dec. 22nd, had an opportunity of enjoying the exercises of Founder's Day at McMaster University, and none of those present regretted the somewhat unpleasant journey when they were once in the midst of the pleasures of the evening.

ON Dec. 15th, our faculty was at home to the students and friends of Moulton. Outside the College walls an ice-storm was raging; but, in spite of the unfavourable weather, the parlours were well filled with guests. Enjoyable musical selections were given, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all.

A GLANCE into the rooms of many of the girls reveals the fact that Santa Claus has not forgotten them during his annual visit. Many of the dainty and pretty knick-knacks which ornament the rooms have evidently never undergone the wear and tear of school life. Quaint calendars for the new year adorn the walls, and nearly everybody greets you with the cordial invitation, "Come in, and see my Christmas presents."

MOULTON students are widely renowned for cheerfulness and contentment. Who ever heard them complain even of their time-worn