

The supper is to be held very shortly, and we trust that it will be a success from start to finish. Both these events are old, well-established celebrations. It is to be hoped that every man, resident and non-resident, will be on hand on both occasions.

Trinity Medical College.

WHEN patriotic funds are the order of the day it was not to be expected that Trinity Medical College should be behind in taking a hand in forwarding the good work. It was therefore a most enthusiastic gathering of the whole body of students that greeted Professor Temple in response to a request he had made asking for a mass meeting of the students. In a few terse words he made a strong appeal for the support of the students, in such a noble enterprise as the founding of a fund for the relief of mothers and children left lonely and in straits by sons or fathers, who have gone to the front to fight for Queen and country. It took but a few minutes for the enthusiasm to show itself in a very tangible way; and soon collectors from each year were busy receiving the voluntary offerings of their fellows. When their work is completed, we feel sure the collectors will have a substantial sum to hand over to Dr. Temple.

TRINITY men will be interested to note the promotion of gunner W. J. Macdonald to hospital-sergeant in C battery. He holds also the confirmed rank of bombardier.

"AND still his whiskers grew"—These words might be very appropriately applied to many an individual now in attendance at lectures here. It was feared that perhaps the "whiskers" club of last year would fail to be resuscitated this winter. But all our fears have been dispelled and the clouds of doubt have been wafted away; and shining through the rifts are seen smiling faces, bearing unmistakable marks of a whisker that is yet to be. Adams, '00, takes the lead in this luxury, and as a result of this, is president of the club. His namesake of '01 follows hard on his heels, contenting himself however with a less extensive field of operations, yet giving it the utmost care. Of him it might be said in the words of Shakspeare:

"His chin, ne'er reap'd
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home."

For a time it appeared that Bro. Softley would be able to keep the faith, but whether the sudden changes in the weather proved too trying or the care of it called for too much time we know not; the fact remains that he became a backslider and parted with one of the most promising growths to be seen anywhere.

We do not know the password into this society, nor do we know the extent of growth necessary to admit one into its *sanctum sanctorum*, still we are confident that Ranney, '01, must be a member, for on his

"Chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man."

We could not consider any account of this worthy society complete, nor would we be giving every man his due, without mentioning, perhaps, in many respects the most striking beard of any—Mr. Stirrett's. His must be a beard with a history, for such cannot be any mere mushroom growth. Perhaps someone in the near future will rise to tell its story and to show if by any means its luxuriance has anything to do with the absence of hair on his crown. Whatever may be the explanation, we may safely address him in the words of the dramatist:

"What a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail."

There are many others we could speak of in this connection, but their's is a sad story of decline and falling away from grace. It would be a great mistake to mar the prospects of so worthy a society by recounting the backslidings of some who were at one time members in good standing. We look forward to the time when they will be restored, and would remind them of the old story of Bruce and the spider—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Gentlemen! That applies quite as much to the growing of whiskers as to the fighting of a battle.

TRINITY'S TOAST.

(DEDICATED TO OUR GOOD DEAN.)

HERE's a glass to the lads in red and brown,

To the "Soldiers of the Queen,"

To the boys who have answered duty's call

By so cheerfully shouting "Here;"

Who have left their bright homes and native land,

Who have sailed o'er the foaming sea,

And unfurled to the breeze on foreign strand

The flag that makes all men free.

Here's a cheer for the men who faltered not

At the touch of the rifle's breath;

Who defied the keen steel and cannon shot

And the bullets that whispered "death;"

Who rushed on to the charge with shot and thrust,

Put the force of the Boers to flight;

Or who shared the fatigue, the heat and dust

Or the lonely outpost at night.

Here's a tear for a mound in shifting sands,

Under the shadow of the Heights of Ingago,

Where the soft summer breeze of ocean fans

The green grass on a soldier's grave,

Not a bugle's shrill blast nor cannon's roar:

Our hero from duty is free.

He will slumber and dream—his battles o'er,

Till the angels sound "Reveille."

Here's a prayer for a heart that's crushed with woe,

For a mother that's bent and gray,

With her eyes now so dim and steps so slow,

Since the cablegram came that day;

For a veteran father who strives in vain

To repeat "His will be done;"

But who stops in the midst of his prayer to mourn

For the loss of the absent one.

Here's a song to this beautiful flag of ours,

The emblem of liberty,

For where'er we unfurl the "Union Jack"

Imposters and tyrants must flee.

It tramples out ignorance, vice and crime,

Lifts manhood from darkness to light.

Oh long may the sweet smile of victory shine

On the folds of our banner so bright!

A. L. M.

S. Hilda's Notes.

At Mrs. Rigby's invitation a jolly party of young people gathered in S. Hilda's to celebrate S. Valentine's Day. The fact that it was the first time that S. Hilda's was thrown open to anything more frivolous than a dignified tea, gave a zest to the pleasure of the