

hence if good judgment is employed the best fitted for the various positions will be appointed. In conclusion, we hope that all who are interested in the welfare of the Athletic

Association, and who desire to keep untarnished the splendor of its past record, will make it their duty to elect those truly competent to manage its affairs.



Of Local Interest.

A BANQUET.

St. Thomas' Day, March 7th, is one that will not soon be forgotten by the philosophers and lay-professors. It was the occasion of their aristocratic hockey banquet. Some days beforehand, not in banquet attire, nor with silk gloves, the representatives of both these aggregations had played a hockey match for a stake of an oyster supper to be furnished by the losing team. Happily for both teams the philosophers lost—happily I say because the professors have put up so many oyster suppers in the past that the novelty of the privilege has long since departed. The force of this assertion was exemplified, when at 7.30 p.m., March 7th, the guests, mostly professors, were ushered into the banquet hall, where to their agreeable surprise, they beheld a sumptuous dinner of turkey and sweets.

All ranged themselves in hockey style about the board, that is Philosopher against Professor, Manager Warnock of the Philosophers acting as "mine host." As the invitations had been issued previous to the banquet, no one waited for a second one. All rules were conveniently forgotten and the onslaught was remarkable for brilliant individual play. The young forgot their tender years and the old seemed young again, such at least was the impression of manly vigor of despatch gleaned by one who went to look on. And what seemed better still was the cheerfulness that animated all. No one thought it any trouble to take a dish from a comrade's hand, hold it till he was tired and pass it on. And contrary to all hockey procedure, no one would hear of "half-time" until the "game" was finished. As for generosity it was unbounded. Lest the affair might take on a