

R. C. Matthews, of class of '95 back again, and in such good cheer, as his after-dinner speech bespoke. We were glad to know that he had so entirely recovered from the illness that rendered necessary his return to his home at Lindsay.

Last month we learned from these News and Notes that the lady students had organized a Modern Language Club. Afterward we learned that the organization of this society was attended by circumstances strange and mysterious. What the mystery was we never heard; but if the veil that shrouded it were lifted we should see some such scene as this:—The ladies' parlor, two lady students, big arm chair by table empty. A grave and sedate member arises and nominates Miss M. as president. Other nominations. Mighty contest. Miss M. victorious. Gravely and presidentlike she looks on the remaining four. Once again the battle wages fierce; but from out its heat Miss S. appears with victory in her grasp. The three officerless ones sit mute. Again come nominations; this time for the important and onerous office of treasurer. The ballots fly quickly. The president counts them with puzzled brow. Has she marched triumphantly through the Binomial Theorem to be vanquished by the mathematical tangle of the voting done by four members? Ah, no; she has it; Miss T. is elected. (Applause from three). Now who shall be secretary? Who shall be the scribe to record the first doings of this young society—this society harkening even now to the steps of the future throngs of ladies who will fill its offices and vote its decrees? Ah, they will choose one who can write them in good, simple Saxon—Miss W. And then in the finally final Miss H. is elected by acclamation to the post of librarian. Is our picture true?

The twenty-third day of December, 1891, brought with it a drizzling rain and a thick fog. The sun had made several angry attempts to burst through the misty clouds that fettered him; but the only results of those attempts was a dampening of his ardent spirit, and a darkening of his brilliancy. The clouds were impregnable, and so the rain and fog held high carnival and gloried in the misery they brought to all. To all? Nay. Within the sacred pile of McMaster University all was hilarity. Rain and fog might conquer the sun but not the students. There were packing of trunks and strapping of valises; hand shakings and *bon-mots* were exchanged, for this day was the commencement of the holidays. At 8.30 a.m. a large number of the boys fell into line and marched to the station en route for the east. The train being about an hour late, the time was enlivened by college songs, yells and other gentlemanly conduct peculiar to the Knights of the Classics. J. B. W. was in his element, and gave "John McGaw" in his characteristic style to a large and appreciative audience of station loiterers, passengers and students. The Doctor was beaming, for visions of that "sleigh ride" were rising before him. Murduck made a speech and was bounced for it. Dominic's face was as red as a beet, trying to do two men's work "coming in on the chorus." The High Kakiac wore a perpetual grin of satisfaction gotten up for this state occasion. Merrill played the organ (horn). Norman thought of Christmas turkey, and was grave. Therrien was heard to remark:—