

"THE L. AND T. SOCIETY.—The Literary and Theological Society held an exciting session on the evening of Friday, Oct. 14th. 'Twas all over the demand for graded auxiliary societies. Mr. B. W. N. Grigg occupied the chair. After a few preliminary word-scuttlings, some semblance of organized opposition to the innovation began to be discernible. Messrs. Tarr, Clarke, Eby, Russell, Schutt, Cresswell, Wallace and others earnestly deprecated any interference with the constitution or by-laws of the present society. But in a louder and ever-swelling chorus the solid body of freshmen and sophomores demanded the *concession* of *secession* every alternate night of meeting, to attend their own society that-is-to-be. Humility in the presence of juniors and seniors was their plea; vigorously they insisted on their exceeding timidity; and, finally, by dint of their grievance-bewailing and reckless assailing, they obtained their hearts' desire. *They*, at least, are to have a Literary Society. What others may develop will be duly reported.¹ O Ireland, Ireland, one drop of thy blood is as yeast and leaven!"—Extract from *The Globe*.

A week later the election of officers took place. Much enthusiasm was evoked as the results became apparent. The new officers are as follows: President, C. J. Cameron, whose head is great, whose hands are clean, clean as the Swiss Laundry can make them; Vice-President, C. W. King, *zûve le roi!* Secretary-Treasurer, C. E. Scott, an able scribe indeed; Councillors, Messrs. W. S. McAlpine and Fred. Eby, jolly juniors both; one tall, t'other small; one a star-smiting Santley, t'other a Ciceronian Paderewski. So we all rest tranquilly, assured of a successful Society this term.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MUSICAL recitals are still held in the chapel every fortnight, under the supervision of Miss Smart. At these recitals we have both vocal and instrumental music, with occasional recitations by pupils in elocution. As well as being very entertaining, they are beneficial to those who take part, as all are expected to do in the course of the year.

MOULTON is greatly changed this year as regards its inmates. Not only have we a new principal and several new teachers, but also new scholars in abundance. New girls are very good things to have, but we like to keep a few old ones too. 'This fall the old girls are "like angels" visits, few and far between.' We miss some old comrade at almost every step, we miss our evening gossips with particular cronies, above all we miss—*Major*.

MOULTON girls have abandoned their old pew in Bloor St. church, and have ascended into the gallery, where they now spend the sacred hours in momentary expectation of an involuntary descent to the ground floor. It is a rise in the world, and we are glad of that, and glad to note the absence of draughts, and when we recover from the impulse to make a rapid descent to the church proper, no doubt we shall enjoy our exalted position.