

C. J. Wood, twenty-five pounds; Mrs. Culling Hanburg, two pounds; Mrs. Ashton Oxenden, seventy-three pounds.

At a recent meeting of the governors a discussion arose as to whether it was desirable to continue the preparatory class in the college beyond the current year. The meeting inclined to the view that it was no longer necessary.

The Rev. W. H. Garth's Farewell sermon at St. Martin's has been regarded as a most able one. An influential parishioner said to the Rector, after the preaching of the sermon: "Mr. Troop, I am an old lawyer, and I always said there was something in that young man."

In February, 1892, the Students were photographed by the Messrs. Notman. This year they have engaged the services of an American photographer, and the result is unparalleled. This group contains the fatherly figure of Principal Henderson, and the brotherly one of the Rev. Mr. Waller.

Many are the sighs of one or two of our brother students, who, after a two weeks' effort, have to resort once more to the ancient art. In spite of attempts to change the usual order of things, we are still, every one of us, beardless.

The Rev. F. A. Allen, M. A., rector of Phillipsburgh, has sailed for England. During his absence Mr. H. A. Naylor will discharge the duties of vicar.

These are days of momentous events, interesting to an observer of the times and seasons. How rapidly have remarkable events succeeded each other of late, such as, the death of the Czar, the elections in the United States, whispers of a close friendship and alliance between England and Russia, Archbishop Fabre's triumph, and the institution of a lacteal diet for the students.

Probably the jolliest time that any number of our students ever had together was enjoyed by several of the men, on the 9th Nov. It was the occasion of a paper chase, in which thirteen participated. The starting point was the upper reservoir at the head of Peel street, and the route chosen was westward through the mountain park to Mount Royal Vale, thence to Cote St. Paul, to an appointed rendezvous. It was a cool afternoon, and lightly-falling snow rendered fantastic the aspect of earth, and trees, and sky. The run of eight or ten miles was immensely enjoyed. By half past four o'clock all assembled tired, but well and happy at the hospitable dwelling of Mrs. Meyer, Cote St. Paul. Here refreshments were partaken of, college