

I watched the lights of Logic flash and wondered at the prism;  
I learned the Tree of Porphyry and *Polly's-syllogism*.  
I know the ode to *Barbara* which *Cæsar* wrote one day,  
But 'f all I say were true, they say 't would be a *fallacy*.

Oh! I'll never forget my Logic, I will never forget to note;  
But I'm sorry I took a first class stand and half ashamed I wrote.

I took the course in Classics—when there's *Zeny phun* I do.  
And I plugged the blooming *Livy* till I had a *lirzy'd* hue.  
For Socrates old Plato wrote a fine *Apology*,  
As likewise I for Plato—"Ah! you *play-too* much," said he.

Oh! I'll never forget my Latin, I will never forget my Greek,  
But I'm sorry I sloped the lectures more than once or twice a week.

I took the English lectures and attended right along,  
And from the cup of eloquence I quaffed the wines of song.  
The whole of *In Memoriam* I can repeat by rote,  
And from the *Idylls of the King* quite frequently I quote.

Oh! I'll never forget my Wordsworth, I will never forget my Scott,  
But I'm sorry there's no machine to read the notes a fellow's got.

CAP'N GOWN.

#### THE TORONTO—MCGILL DEBATE.

"Your Annual Debate was a success—a decided success," said our friends on Friday evening, 10th inst., as they filed out of the venerable old Molson's Hall. And truly everyone seemed pleased. The hall was packed with an appreciative and admiring audience, among whom we saw many of McGill's staunchest supporters. Donalds, whose presence is always appreciated, were there in good numbers; about two hundred boisterous students representing all the faculties were there to see that everyone was "all right;" William was there, and of course Mr. Hamilton, whose face, now sober, now smiling, showed that he did not forget the responsibility of his position although much amused by the proceedings at the other end of the hall. The tired reporters had made ready, and about eight o'clock President Donahue in his own happy way called the meeting to order.

Before the debate came on the audience was favored with a recitation by P. D. Muir, Arts '93, a solo by G. Read, both well rendered and much appreciated; and then *Alouette* was sung by the Students, F. H. Graham, Arts '94, taking the solo.

Then Prof. Moyse, who kindly acted as judge, got his pencils and foolscap ready as the chairman announced the subject of debate, "Resolved that Canada would be benefited by the bestowal on woman of the Franchise and Representation in Parliament," and called on Mr. Bull of Toronto University to open the affirmative. He is a public speaker of no mean ability, and made a capital speech. With eloquent words and well rounded periods he maintained that woman should share in the actual administration of the affairs of the country. Why compel her to obey laws she does not enact? Immigrants come to our country, who know little or nothing of the needs of their newly adopted land, and yet they are given a voice in the administration, while women who have spent long lives

of hardship perhaps, and usefulness, have no voice. In many cases the wife has to toil and support the family, but her indolent husband alone has the power of making the laws and electing our legislators. The assessor and tax collector both visit woman, but the electioneer does not; it is a mistake to suppose the proposed change would cause woman to lose her charms. Is she any less womanly because she enters commercial life to earn an honest livelihood? No she is more to be admired on that account. "Are they not showing their grasp of the political situation and their true knowledge of statesmanship?" See England's Queen, and, farther back in history, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Ann, whose reigns mark three of the most brilliant chapters of English History. "Then why should she not have a say in the education of her children and in the vaccination of her babies?"

It is nothing but the mere accident of sex that has kept her out of Parliament.

Mr. Bull sat down amid great applause and cheers for Varsity.

Mr. J. T. Brown, Arts '93, was next called on to support the negative, and after the boys assured him that he was "all right," he commenced what proved to be a most vigorous and successful speech. He thought woman, at least the woman of Canada, had no reason to complain about her present lot. Everywhere she meets with respect from the sterner sex. No matter how tired he gives up his seat in the street car, and however cold the blast he raises his hat. The question is not as to woman's fitness for political life, but is that life a fit one for her to enter? Intellectually she is qualified: but being more emotional by nature than man, she should resign political life to him and guard rather the interests of society—a work of the utmost importance. To send our mothers to parliament would be a reversal of the natural order of things; it would be disastrous to the highest interests of the family and of the State in general to have the mother absent for weeks at a time. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Were she to enter the public arena, attend boisterous political meetings, and publicly confront masculine opponents, she would lose her dignity, and the effect would certainly be a blunting of those finer sensibilities that are found only in woman. Man's morality is due largely to the refining influence of woman; but let her enter with him into public life, and his respect for her will be lessened and her own refinement—nay, even her chastity—will undoubtedly suffer. "We stand in defence of woman and our homes, and follow the lines that Nature has clearly marked out."

After the usual applause Mr. Hellems of Varsity was called to speak for the affirmative. Mr. Hellems has a very pleasing manner, and his speech had a classical ring. He is already a great favorite with McGill boys, and will receive a cordial welcome if he should return to Montreal at any future time. Unfortunately, however, he squandered a few precious minutes in extolling the beauties of Montreal and in speaking of the kindness shown them by the college men. Then he began