

### Senior Literary Society.

The elections for office, held several weeks ago, resulted as follows :

<i>President,</i>	- -	S. PATTERSON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	- -	M. BURNS.
<i>Recording Sec.,</i>	- -	G. ROBINSON.
<i>Corresponding Sec.,</i>	- -	M. BOWES.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	- -	L. CLARK.

### Junior Literary Society.

The present officers of the Junior Society are :

<i>President,</i>	- -	M. POOL.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	- -	B. SHAVER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	- -	G. MCDUGALL.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	- -	E. BOND.

### The Fall Fair.

FRIDAY, the 26th of Sept., was a gala day in the college. It was our first holiday and we were to go to the exhibition. We called it alliteratively the Fall Fair. The weather was not all that could be desired, and we ate our breakfasts in fear and trembling lest the slow drizzle should become a steady downpour. But fate was propitious, the arrangements perfect, and with 9.30 came our special car. Half an hour later we were on the grounds, surrounded by scores of showmen, fakirs, pedlars and other "adroit pursuers of the small coins of our Canadian currency." On one side were booths and tents, and voluble showmen; on the other, flaring signs and pictures; Indians in war paint brandishing tomahawks; acrobats in pink tights, and Punch and Judy shows. The seductive smile of Morris, the Temple of Illusions' man, had its effect upon more than half of our numbers and we squandered our ten cents on an electric piano, a vision of "She" and another equally evanescent female.

The Crystal Palace is generally the centre of attraction and interest, the whole of the first floor being devoted to the art gallery

and ladies' fancy work. Here were portraits in oil; flower, fruit and landscape subjects; water-color sketches; pen and ink drawings; architectural designs; bas-reliefs; as well as paintings on cups and saucers, on vases and plaques, etc., etc. Most of the work had been done by amateurs. Some of it, technically, remarkably good; others showing but mediocre ability. Much of modern art work is valueless. Is it because nearly all of it is studio work, done at high pressure and in an artificial light instead of in the open air? Should an artist's light be tempered otherwise than by the clouds as they pass or the leaves as they move?

The east wing was wholly devoted to ladies' needle work. I remember a magnificent display of patchwork quilts—the patches of every material, size and color. I can't say I remember much else.

An instructive article on fairs should doubtless contain some reference to their chief feature—the agricultural exhibits. The show of cattle, I understand, was remarkably good. I heard flattering allusions to Durhams, Ayrshires, Jerseys and Holsteins. One son of the soil remarked in my hearing that he had seen some beautiful specimens of approaching pork and that farmers in the west were making great advances in that special branch of stock-raising. Among the sheep, I was informed, were Shropshires, Southdowns, Lincolns and Cotswolds. This may not be interesting to my readers but it must be educational—instructive.

Soon after 11 o'clock the rain ceased falling and the ring managers hastened to bring on their various attractions. The track was very soft, but the racing proved very interesting to an unexpectedly large crowd. The acrobatic, trapeze, dog performances and other shows were made to do service in furnishing entertainment during the afternoon.

I have said nothing of the grains and seeds, and roots; the show in the poultry building and the display of flowers and fruit extensive, most creditable, even magnificent are terms that have been used in describing them.

It was children's day at the fair and the