

yell. The printed programmes, which, by the way, were neatly gotten up, called for songs between the acts, and it is said that there was a piano in the balcony, but beyond a few old favorites, such as "Litoria," "Solomon Levi," and "A Hot Time," the musical part of the proceedings did not take place. The play was "Peaceful Valley," one of Sol. Smith Russell's successes. It is a matter of no consequence whether it was well put on or not, as the play was only a minor part of the evening's amusement, and served but as an excuse for the other festivities at the theatre. One thing, however, must be said. The management of the "Princess" were uncommonly kind and courteous, and that, too, under somewhat trying circumstances. It is needless to say that Miss Marshall, in particular, and indeed all the ladies in the cast, received an enthusiastic reception, while Mr. Stuart and Mr. Cummings got along equally as well with their somewhat noisy audience.

The indoor part of the night's fun was over about half-past ten, and the students proceeded along King to Yonge in a disorderly mob, pulling street-car poles off the wires, and otherwise showing a supreme contempt for law and order. The London street-railway strikers may be adepts at wrecking cars, but for downright disorderliness, they aren't in it for a moment with the students on Hallowe'en. The happy throng then marched, or rather strayed, up Yonge street, and when someone rang the fire-alarm, and the reels appeared on the scene, the confusion increased.

Near College street there occurred a little trouble with the police. One of the "bobbies" arrested a student for assaulting a street-car, and began to hustle him off to a box. Of course the other students began to hustle the "peelers," probably imagining from the innocent look on their faces that they were Freshmen, and in the melee the policemen used their batons to some advantage, one of the "Dents" being knocked senseless. However, at the earnest solicitation of the crowd, the "cops" let their prisoner go, and the students proceeded by College street to Queen's Park. Here a battering-ram was improvised and manned, and a couple of unsightly outhouses were knocked into splinters, and then burned. They made glorious bonfires, and a merry crowd of students danced the May-pole (or "couchie-couchie," perhaps), around them. Meanwhile, someone had turned in an alarm, and the reels came dashing up once more to find only smoking ruins, where once in all their grandeur had stood the two most recent additions to the great public buildings of Toronto.

After this exciting incident, the students separated into different parties, and contrived to keep the guardians of the law guessing all night. But it is impossible to follow the doings of a score of small marauding bands, and this account must come to a close.

LINDSAY OLD STUDENTS.

The re-union of the old students of the Lindsay Grammar School, High School and Collegiate Institute, will be held in Lindsay on Thursday, December 29th. Old students who notice this item are requested to send their own names and addresses, and also those of as many others as they know of, to Miss Lees Taylor or Mr. I. E. Weldon, of Lindsay. All those who have ever attended these schools are invited to be present at the re-union.

The College Girl

In ye Olden Time, it was:
 "Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our evening, merrie still."

All that was lacking on Monday evening was the grand old open fire-place. We had plenty of wood, plenty of "whistling wind," plenty of merriment, and, best of all, plenty of good, old-fashioned taffy, which pulled into all fantastic shapes. The only thing that marred the evening was, that the time slipped away too quickly; but as we were rather timid about Hallowe'en ghosts and hobble-goblins, and as we have always heard that after eating too much of anything you are liable to "see things," we dispersed all in good time. Every person who was present wished that there were more such social evenings to follow.

A most interesting programme has been arranged for the meeting of the Woman's Literary Society on Saturday, November 5th. The debate between the Third and Fourth years, "Resolved, that Macaulay's style is superior to Carlyle's," promises to be very interesting and closely contested. Many questions are being asked as to what the coming chorus will consist of. Surely the strains of music to be heard issuing from Room 9—not on afternoons when the Glee Club hold their practice—are persuasive enough to draw every girl out to the meeting on Saturday evening.

The Ladies' Glee Club is now fully organized, and we are pleased to hear, is making rapid progress. Though the club is not quite as numerous as desirable, every member is putting forth her every effort to insure the success of the annual concert, to which we are all eagerly looking forward.

The attention of the girls is called to the Editorial Box of *Sesame*, on the table in the Ladies' Reading Room. Any person desirous of contributing a poem or a story will kindly drop the same in the box, when it will be read by the Editor. If approved of, you do not know what the result might be.

It has been rumored that a Golf Club is to be organized among the women students. We hope that the project will be discussed, and that some time in the near future it will materialize into something definite.

Y.W.C.A.

As announced last week, the Y.M.C.A. meeting for October 25th, assumed the form of a reception to the girls of '02. The meeting was well attended; the President, Miss Little, occupied the chair. After a well-appreciated duet, by Misses Wegg, '98, and Robertson, '01, rendered in their usual pleasing manner, Miss Prentiss, the Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke to those assembled. Then Miss Alexander welcomed the class of '02, and announced tea. The fragrant odor of coffee had penetrated to the room long before, so when it was brought in, it was thoroughly enjoyed. After refreshments were served, Miss Evans