

posed by T. H. Alison, '92, in a neat speech. This was responded to by R. T. Wright and Mr. Chalmers. At this juncture a little unusual excitement occurred, occasioned by the odd antics of the "ancestral butler" of the hotel, making a capital run from the kitchen to the office, performing a very fair hornpipe on the dinner table on the way, but finally scoring. Several freshmen suggested the idea that perhaps the butler had run against a tack or had taken something hot, but they had no idea that there was something hotter in the next room, a fact which was corroborated by a very distinct odor of burning wood, a hurrying of feet, and afterward the clang of the fire reel gongs in the yard below. Cries of "Sit down, freshmen," "Order, gentlemen," "They're only kindling the fire for breakfast," were heard above the din, but fortunately order was maintained. When the excitement had subsided Mr. A. V. White, '92, proposed the toast to the Ladies, last but not least; this was responded to, as is the custom, by Mr. Taylor, '93, and an unassuming freshman, by which the regular toast list was completed.

During the evening music was furnished by the "band," the "orchestra," and a third year "quartette" (names unknown), whilst solos were sung by Messrs. Laing, Self, Mitchell, and Matthews. At about two o'clock the proceedings came to an end by singing "Auld Lang Syne." As usual the march home was enlivened with many a whoop and college yell, the different ladies' colleges and professors' residences being favored with serenades.

THE RECITAL.

On last Friday evening we took our umbrella, chained the dog, locked up the office (with the key on the inside), and went out into the dark night—through the puddle holes, under a leaky sky, down to the dingy city, down to Association Hall, down to hear Miss Knox.

As we entered, weak and weary, and shoved the streaming end of our La Tosca into the nearest boot-leg, we heard the elocutionist reciting the lines—

The world is full of folly and sin
And life must cling where it can, I say,
For beauty is easy enough to win,
And one isn't loved every day,

and a something started to steal down our cheek that looked like a loosened rain-drop—and may be it was, who knows? may be it was. A rain-drop, with a grain of salt in it. For we once had an Ideal, and she used to recite, too—and she used to recite Aux Italiens—and the last time we heard her she was standing between two banks of flowers, dressed in white, saying, "Beauty is easy enough to win," and apparently she was saying it to us. But we have learned since that she was looking at a man who sat three seats behind us. There! we were only shaking off the rain-drops. Beauty is easy enough to win, but our work was cut out for us that time. It was a long time ago—excuse the digression.

When we recovered from our emotion we turned our off-ear skyward and listened to the strumming of the guitars. "Sweet and low," "sweet and low"—we used to play the guitar once ourself. We had learned to play "The Students at Cadiz," and to play it well, but one night we laid our banjo down beside the kitchen range, and before morning the ligaments had tightened, and the poor thing's back was broken. Infinite are the possibilities of the guitar string—and we have never been rich enough since. Then came Saunders McGlashen's courtship, which, like Janet Henderson's salute, was "rale refreshin'."

To enumerate Miss Knox's selections would be to exhaust our supply of good superlatives. It is enough to say that "Arthur and Guinevere" alone was enough to make us glad that we were there, and very, very sorry for those that were absent.

AN ANTICIPATION.

He joined the Literary;
His attendance did not vary
At the meetings of the class of ninety-four;
At the College Y. M. C. A.
You might see him every day
Assisting at conventions by the score.

Oh! he could play base-ball;
And he didn't fail at all
In practising at cricket and lacrosse;
He considered it a shame
If he saw not every game;
In fact, in sporting matters he was boss.

He belonged to each variety
Of club, union and society
That is mentioned on our Varsity notice-board;
But he forgot to cram
For his second-year exam,
And by the dread examiner was flooded. Z.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Modern Language Club held its regular meeting on Monday last, and in the absence of the President, Mr. Brown, whom we are sorry to learn is somewhat indisposed, Mr. F. B. Hellems occupied the chair. It being German night Mr. Crosby, '93, sang a German song which so impressed the Chairman that he commenced quoting Carlyle. The subject of the evening was introduced by Mr. Bell, '91, in a general essay on "Contemporary Novelists." Miss Buchan followed with a carefully prepared essay on "Paul Héise (Die Novellen)," and after the reading of a German essay on "Killer as a Novelist," by W. E. Lingelbach, '94, the members engaged in German conversation.

The French meeting of Dec. 14th promises to be a very profitable one as Monsieur Coutellier will deliver a French lecture on "l'instruction en France et les différentes écoles du gouvernement."

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

The Engineering Society met on Tuesday, Dec. 1st, in No. 2 lecture room. There was an unusually large attendance, a number of down town engineers and architects as well as visitors being present. After the business had been disposed of, the programme was proceeded with and the members were favored with a paper by Mr. C. J. Marani, Lecturer in Sanitary Engineering, on "Sanitary House Plumbing." The paper was most interesting and was full of valuable information and advice. Mr. Marani dealt especially with the sanitary part of the subject, setting forth the proper systems of plumbing as now practised. The reading of the paper created considerable discussion, especially as there were so many professional gentlemen present. A number of questions were asked and answered, and on the whole the discussion was a most profitable one.

One of our professors had a peculiar experience a few days ago, in regard to the behavior of certain of "new" gentlemen, said to belong to arts. The professor was lecturing to a senior year, and, considering that the confusion in No. 2 lecture room was not accountable for by any ordinary demonstration, he proceeded to the said room to quietly remonstrate with the students, but upon entering, to his surprise, the only sight was that of a score or more ladies of the first year quietly awaiting the arrival of the lecturer. The professor has since been heard to declare himself on the perils of co-education.

The immense hundred-ton testing machine is at last into