

man class our meetings were many and protracted, the programs being one continual feast of reason and flow of soul. As an example of the variety of talent then existing in the class, before old age cracked the voices and time deprived us of some of our brightest luminaries, we append the following which was carried out with a consistent degree of solemnity on Oct. 12, 1894.

1. Oration, Materialization of the motives of man, J. A. McLeod
2. Address, Use and abuses of the dollar, A. H. Whitman
3. Vocal Solo, The Mocking Bird, L. A. Fenwick
4. Recitation, Waterloo, (with pick axe and shovel gestures)
A. F. Newcomb
5. Quartette, Old Grimes, Misses Burgess, Hayes, Eaton and
Churchill
6. Address, Mysteries of cheese-making N. B. Rogers
7. Recitation, Mary had a little lamb, Miss Blair
8. Oration, Cramps, C. L. Vaughn
9. Address, Woman's Suffrage, Miss Keirstead
10. Oration, Advantages of a Seminary Education, S. C. Dukeshire
11. Doxology, Geo. Durkee

God Save the Queen by us all.

We cannot however claim that our meetings were always unanimous, we had the ordinary struggle over the yell, and the matter of class colors is still a sore point (black and blue) with many. It was in the latter respect that the taste of the ladies was triumphant. Long and animated discussions occupied quite a number of hours upon the question as to whether "Studemus Servire" or "Dux Femina Facta" should be the motto of the class. As the male members were slightly in the majority the first was ultimately chosen.

In class work many of us were initiated into the mysteries of elocution for the first time, the mysteries being according to the code of the Curry School of Expression. If the instructor enjoyed the class as much as we did, he must have had a very interesting and entertaining year. Our progress was such that Binney was enabled in the short space of a couple of months to deliver the Psalm of Life in a manner that brought tears to every eye. The fall term passed rapidly away, brightened by football and the great victory of Dalhousie. Wickwire of our class was the man to make the first touch-down, but it was Acadia that day and not class.

The night of November 18th is one that will be always remembered by the members of the class, especially by those who were denizens of the Hall. It was our first class-party, our manly bosoms had swollen with our own importance, but according to every law of nature such a state of affairs would necessitate a hollow feeling somewhere else, and the astonished spectators who viewed our gastronomic efforts, would not gainsay the applicability of the law. At midnight we sallied home, happy in the blissful unconsciousness of what a day or even an hour might bring forth. The stars, in their crystalline