

All through the reading of these reports the friends of the various candidates were canvassing vigorously for them in the lobbies and the down-stair entrance. There were two opposing elements in the elections, the Kingsford men and the anti-Kingsfordians; the result was, without exception, in favor of the former; the reason being the disorganized state of the anti-Kingsfordians and the systematic canvassing of their adversaries.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The presidency went by acclamation, all the other positions being contested. The following are the names: President, Mr. Kingsford, M.A., LL.B.; First Vice-President, Mr. Creelman; Second do., Mr. J. McKay; Third do., Mr. Wigle; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. McGillivray; Treasurer, Mr. Bristol; Curator, Mr. J. C. Elliott; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Blake; Secretary of Committees, Mr. Cane; Councillors, Messrs. Ames, Wishart, E. McKay, Young and May.

The new president, on being called to the front, thanked his supporters for the honor done him, spoke warmly of the growth of the Society since he had first known it, and said that they were giving him no slight task to perform. He also noticed the remarks made in a late number of the 'Varsity recommending that the presidency of the Society should be held by an undergraduate, and said in that connexion that if he thought it would be for the best interests of the Society that this should be the case, he would not hold that position. He deemed that justice could be better dealt by an outsider.

While the voting was going on for the office of first vice-president, some unruly spirits favored the meeting with 'Old Grimes'; they were promptly checked by the chairman, and subsided. Mr. Creelman was elected to fill the office. He was chaired, and made a neat, short, and appropriate speech expressive of his thanks.

Mr. McKay, who was elected Second Vice-President, rose to address the meeting, and here the interruptions recommenced and grew so marked that at length the President threatened to leave his chair. A most disgraceful scene then ensued. We will not particularize, believing it better to extend a friendly warning rather than expose the offenders, hoping that we may never again be compelled to call attention to like conduct.

The Third Vice-President, Mr. Wigle, the Recording Secretary, Mr. J. McGillivray, and the Treasurer, Mr. Bristol, thanked their supporters briefly.

Mr. J. C. Elliott was rushed to the platform by his friends with such hearty unceremoniousness that he did not seem to know how he got there. In thanking them for their support, he said that he was well aware of the responsibility of the position with which they had honored him, and of the time which must necessarily be devoted to fill it with credit and usefulness.

Mr. W. H. Blake, the Corresponding Secretary, on mounting the platform to speak, had to unbonnet to the popular prejudice. He said that he thanked those who had voted for him for the honorable and responsible position to which they had elected him; he would endeavor to perform the arduous duties of that position to their satisfaction to the close of his term of office.

Mr. Cane, the Secretary of Committees, thanked his friends for the honor done him; he hoped that he would, during his term of office, fill the post to which he was elected with credit to himself and satisfaction and usefulness to them.

The newly-elected councillors were received with much cheering. Mr. Ames in his speech mentioned the complete victory of the Kingsford party, and said that he hoped and believed that the claims of the defeated party would be treated with all justice and courtesy.

Mr. Peck proposed that a vote of thanks be tendered to the retiring officers and committee for the faithful manner in which they had discharged their duties. This was carried unanimously amid much applause.

Mr. Manley, the retiring President, said that it was with mingled feelings of sorrow and pleasure that he stood up to address them; pleasure at the evident feelings of kindness entertained for him by the members of the Society, and sorrow that he was leaving their ranks. Their meetings had been great sources of enjoyment to him, and they must not feel surprised if he reappeared amongst them whenever he had an evening to spare and made himself at home in their midst. He referred to those who had ably assisted and seconded his labors as president, and said that although it might be invidious to particularize, he could not help mentioning the services of Mr. T. C. Milligan as one who had done his duty and done it well, and also of Mr. Levan, to whom great praise was due for his unflagging zeal. He said in conclusion that the greatest good feeling and harmony had always been prevalent in the councils during his term, and hoped sincerely that it might never be disturbed.

Mr. Carveth, the retiring First Vice-President, said that the Society had been very kind to him on the occasions on which he had to serve in the place of the President; he did not intend to make a long speech, but

would presume to give a piece of advice for the benefit of first vice-presidents, which was a result of his experience: Attend the meetings of the Society regularly, study the old minutes, and they would not find their duties hard.

Mr. Davis, the retiring Second Vice-President, referred to some ill-natured stories which had been set afloat about the presidential candidacy. He mentioned the names of Messrs. Levan and Ruttan in this connexion. Mr. Ruttan had left the room, but Mr. Levan in his speech replied to the charges. As regards the conclusiveness either of the accusation or of the reply, we forbear expressing an opinion.

The speeches from others of the retiring officers closed proceedings, and the meeting, which was composed now of not more than half the number present in the earlier part of the evening, and they very tired and jaded looking, closed with the singing of 'Old Grimes' about 2.30 a.m.

THE communication of 'Sawbones,' in another column, is preambled by statements which eminently qualify the writer to assume the *nom de plume* so far as the sawing is concerned. Like the amateur carpenter who has been pictured as sawing through a projecting beam whilst straddling the outer end, he destroys his own support. The interest which the graduates have manifested in the enterprise of a university paper has about equalled the encouragement which in times past has been given to Convocation, the Debating Society, and other associations which should be dear to every graduate. They have shown themselves admirably posted on stock phrases about attachment to Alma Mater, and are effusive in expressing sweet recollections of academic life; but such words are not meant to be the heralds of action. The task of attending the meetings of Convocation two or three times in the year is too arduous; the founding of a scholarship is nearly out of the question; subscriptions towards portraits of those who have worked long and nobly for this same Alma Mater are obtained after efforts which, if carried out in other fields, would produce enough for monuments of the most spotless Parian; an association of alumni has not even been broached. Bearing in mind the glaring (and from our experience, disheartening) evidences of unwakable apathy and ungenerous indifference, the cry of 'Sawbones,' 'Why don't you talk about us more?' is almost musically appropriate. The 'Varsity is a university organ. If the assertion is better sustained in the intention than in the deed, the reason is most plain: the overwhelming majority of the graduates have practically ceased to be university men.

THE LAPLANDER'S LOVE SONG.

Haste, my reindeer, and let us nimbly go
Our amorous journey through this dreary waste;
Haste, my reindeer; still, still thou art too slow;
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread;
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tired we shall the marshes tread;
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The watery length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flowery meadows' pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confined;
My breast is tortured with impatient fires;
Fly, my reindeer, fly, swifter than the wind!
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

SIR R. STEELE.

I mea dama; viam celera; stat meta Cupido;
Lustremus celeres hæc loca senta situ;
I mea dama; nimis segnīs nimis esse videris;
Fulguribus citius currere vellet amor.

Æquor arundineum late patet undique circum,
Festinat Phœbus condere mite jubar,
Stagna per incertas fessi lustrabimus umbras,
Nec deerit cantus qui grave fallat iter.