



The meeting of the Engineering Society last Wednesday, January 26, was made very interesting by two good addresses. A. W. Campbell, C.E., Provincial Road Instructor, spoke on the subject of good roads and streets.

There is perhaps no man in Canada better acquainted with the roads, or who can put forth so plainly how it is entirely due to the neglect or ignorance of the authorities that we have not got better highways, or who can better state what we need. R. W. Angus, B.A.Sc., next read a paper on "Shaft Governors." What we heard of this was very interesting, but he only stated it generally, because the time was limited. We could read it all in the pamphlet, he said.

Seeing that the invitations for the lantern slide exhibit, given three Fridays ago, included ladies two of the boys decided to take advantage of it, and accordingly brought a young lady, and finding a good seat, sat down, one on each side of her. All through the evening they apparently seemed anxious that she should not get cold or fall off the seat, for they sat close, and by turns held her slender waist. This behaviour incited many witticisms from all those who observed it. A good many wished they could have exchanged places for such a snap. Just the other day they found out that this young lady was one of the boys dressed up in the feminine garb.

At one of their lectures last week the second year were suddenly startled by a dull rumbling sound, that seemed from its increasing volume to be gradually drawing nearer and nearer. They were beginning to exchange questioning glances with one another, when on looking over in the corner they espied the innocent cause of this outburst having a little snooze all by himself.

A new kind of precipitate fell down in one of the chemical laboratories, namely, the ceiling. For the moment this caused great alarm, especially to those around whom it fell.

The fourth year are seriously talking of quitting work if that dynamite cartridge is not soon removed from its threatening position on the shelf in their laboratory.

Willie Boyd and Roy Stovel are practising hard in the gym., and devising more funny scenes for the amusement of their audience at the coming tournament.

Frank King, ex Pres. Engineering Society, in a letter to one of the boys, wished to be remembered to the rest of them.

J. Stewart and A. N. Macmillan were elected by acclamation last Wednesday by the Engineering Society, to represent the School in the "S.P.S.-Varsity" debate. With two such good men as these we feel assured of coming out ahead.

The first year is avenged! On the principle that one freshman is as good as two from any other year, two second year men have been put under the tap. They are requested to take warning, and not meddle with the pet men of the first year. It was evident, however, from the noise that the first year has not had as much practice as the others.

Treason is here! Some of the members of the first year, on coming into the draughting-room in the morning, were shocked to find an American flag, in colored chalk, flaunting itself from the blackboard. It would be hard to prophesy the results had not the janitor erased it before many saw it.

We hope that the man who makes so much noise in first year chemistry, will remember that his desk is very conveniently situated, with reference to the tap, and will govern himself accordingly.

THE MCGILL DEBATE.

On Friday evening last the hall at the Conservatory of Music on College street was crowded to the doors by the aristocracy of Toronto (I mean the students and friends of Toronto University) who came to hear the merits and defects of their British kinsmen discussed by representatives of McGill University and our own Alma Mater. The gallery of the hall was filled with undergraduates, who enlivened the proceedings with timely witticism and applause. And just here it may be said that the students on this instance showed that the originality in college jokes and banterings so sadly mourned by wiser and graver heads is as much in evidence as in the days "when we were young"; and the boys so seemed to respond to the appeal made in last week's VARSITY that not once did they allow their fun to interfere with the speakers or the comfort of the audience in general.

A few minutes after eight o'clock Messrs. Archibald and Heney, of McGill, took their places on the platform amid great applause. Then came our own debaters, Jock Inkster and Hugh Monroe, along with Messrs. Shotwell and Hinch. On opening the meeting Prof. G. M. Wrong, who acted as chairman, extended in the name of the University College Literary Society and the whole of Toronto University, a hearty welcome to the McGill representatives, and expressed his own pleasure at these inter-collegiate debates which drew the two student bodies into such close friendship.

The evening's programme was opened with an instrumental solo by Varsity's accomplished pianist, Mr. W. A. Sadler. Then the chairman introduced the essayist of the occasion, Mr. J. T. Shotwell, who in a masterly production on "The Signs of the Times" kept his audience interested and spellbound—interested in the volume of matter and thoughts which the essay contained, and spellbound at the skilful manner in which he wove these facts together, showing how well under his control the essayist had all the rhetorical devices known to literary men; and we make no mistake in declaring this the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Shotwell's many literary productions. The writer predicted from the signs of the times that Canada was to become the classical Greece of modern ages, which prediction was received with great applause.

The next number was a vocal solo, "The Demon King," by Mr. Priser, in a rich voice of remarkable compass and power. In response to a hearty encore Mr. Priser favored us with an excellent rendering of the Armourer's Song from Robin Hood. Then followed Mr. Hinch's recital of a Spanish love story entitled "Magdalena: the Maiden of the Villa." The reciter proved himself an excellent actor as well as an elocutionist, for the dexterous way in which he changed his voice—now rapturous (!) in describing the many charms of the Senorita, now soft (!!) and entreating (!!!) to woo his lady love—(indeed so entreating that the spirit of Magdalena in the guise of a Varsity girl suddenly appeared at the stage door). This, combined with the true spirit with which he played the rôle of the insulted gentleman made everyone fancy that they saw before them the very Peter Brown before whose sword the man of many names went down—that is, every-