

Around the Halls

A. J. Connor, Superintending Editor.

University College

W. W. Hutton, B.A., was returning from the game on Saturday looking magnificent in his colors and carrying a much be-ribboned cane. A crowd of small boys stood fascinated at his approach and shouted:

"Who won the game, Mister?"

"We did," replied the '05 man.

The crowd sent up a hearty cheer, how W. W. loves children.

"He," he said to his companion, "I like that, I like that. If there is anything I love it is to see boys taking an interest in the events of the day and showing enthusiasm. I have no doubt every one of them has been reading the newspaper discussions of the match and the game has been their chief topic of conversation for days. It shows a love for the home town—"

Then one of the lads rushed up.

"Mister, who was playin'?"

For the rest of the trip the silence was agonizing.

W. D. Cruickshank, '07, entered the east Hall on Saturday clean-faced and breathless, but deeply injured over the success of '08. "Gee," he said, "I feel so sorry I had to run."

One of the most pleasing incidents of the game last Saturday was the manner in which all the colleges and all the faculties united together. University College men, Meds, Victoria, School, Trinity, theologs of all patterns, Osgoode, Dents, Pharmacy, all these divisions of our great university sunk college distinctions beneath the university spirit and turned out almost to a man. All the rooting was for the University as a whole and must have given the many visitors at the game a new impression of the University of Toronto. It was a great step towards the much desired University unity and we hope it continues.

After the glorious victory it seems hard to make any kicks, but there is a very general feeling that the students were not treated quite squarely by someone. We refer to the reservation of the bleachers. Twelve hundred tickets were sold at the different colleges, each ticket entitling the bearer to a reserved seat on the bleachers. About a thousand holders of such tickets followed the band in the great parade, and showed their enthusiasm en route, but the barometer went down suddenly when after the long march it was discovered that the seats in the bleachers, the seats they had paid for, were already filled and that they would be compelled to stand during the game. Under the circumstances they did quite right in storming the grand stand. Even then many hundred were forced to seek vantage points as comfortable as those held by urchins who were "seein' the game for nothin'". Somebody had blundered or worse. The bleachers

were sold twice over and to many who were absolute outsiders.

For the acquisition of the Highlanders' Band, for the success of the procession, and for the printing of the song leaflets our thanks should be due to Andy Ingram, '06, and to Jim Sutherland, '06, Medicine.

The special lyrics improvised for the occasion are from the pen of Mitchell, the journalist.

Perseverance does it, said Dix, '07, who twice caught and painted in vain attempt to reach the '07 reception on foot, finally hired a cab and entered as a thief and a robber by the rear entrance.

R. W. Hendry was supposed to be receiving the guests of '07 at the reception, but instead was hiding from the paint boxes of '08 within the sheltering walls of Wycliffe.

McAlpine when entering the building thrust his hand into his pocket and handed Robert an envelope supposed to contain his reception card. But when he got home and prepared to read once more his beloved's weekly epistle he found nought, but his reception ticket. Poor Robert doesn't remember what he did with the letter, but we believe it is in good hands.

Things were lively in the biological laboratory last week when pieces of a deceased rabbit began to be bandied about, but the climax was reached when one man elamed an other across Queen's Park and rubbed his face with a part of the said animal's dorsal tract. Such things, said Prof. Wright, should be done only in the back yard.

It has been suggested that a photograph of the score board of the Rough Rider match, which now reposes in the Union, should be inserted in *Torontonensis*.

Knox College

Mr. Kirkpatrick, Ph. B., of the elocution department of the conservatory of music began a course of lectures last week in elocution to a number of Knox students.

Rev. A. B. Winchester, M.A., of Knox Church gave an address on his work among the Chinese in British Columbia, to the students, last week.

Last Thursday evening, McMaster and Knox joined arms in the inter-collegiate series of debates. The subject for Thursday evening was "that the Chinese Immigration Act is detrimental to the best interests of Canada." The judges were Judge McLaren, M. W. Hoyles, K.C., and F. H. Kirkpatrick. Judge McLaren in announcing the decision of the judges, said that the affirmative had won, at which announcement Knox proceeded to look sad and McMaster's sturdy lungs to burst the midnight air of our convocation hall.

We are pleased to notice Mr. J. A. Sharrard, M.A., of the 2nd year in theology, again in our midst after an absence of some time. He is looking well.

Our genial and popular steward Mr. Thos. Richardson, is the piper for the Sons of Scotland concert at Massey Hall. We know that the skirling will be well done.

Mr. H. N. Konkle, Mr. McEachern and J. A. Miller, B.A., all recent graduates visited the old halls last week.

Mr. Ruthven McDonald has been secured for the "At Home".

Medical

Taylor, '08, on Saturday last diagnosed a case of small-pox at his home 66 Brunswick Ave. The Medical Health Officer confirmed the young doctor's diagnosis. As a result Taylor and Marshall, '08, Jamieson, '09, and Irwin, '07, B. and P., are under quarantine for fourteen days. The Meds. all sympathize with the boys in their close confinement and assure them that everything that they can do towards making the next fourteen days as pleasant as possible, will be done. A committee has been appointed by '08 who will look after the boys' wants and who will furnish notes of lectures and demonstrations.

We know we have a swell bicycle rack. We've been told that several times. Everybody knows we have a swell bicycle rack. Those Indians of the S.P.S. know it and they are jealous because the Powers that Be didn't furnish them with one as good. What's more they show their jealousy for on Thursday last they actually STOLE our bicycle rack. Then to add insult to injury they stood on the brow of the hill and gave their blood-curdling yell.

Indians to the right of us; Indians to the left of us; Indians all round us and they thundered and roared! What could we do but fight! We hadn't the mighty Junior nor the dignified Senior to help us but we (Sophs. and Freshies) drew in our belts and went at 'em.

Ye gods and little fishes, what a battle! Certainly we were outnumbered but our strategy more than made up for the lack of men. A Togo couldn't do more than we. Our arguments were convincing. Like lambs to the slaughter those poor Indians were driven to our basement and were done for. We stripped them; we washed them; we painted them and then shampooed their hair with balsam. Even Indians know when they have had enough and they gradually withdrew to that place of safety—the hill, where they were met by their chief who informed them that they had been very, very naughty; that their fighting ability was a disgrace to the school and their forefathers. In