

The great benefits of a Residential system seem to be acknowledged by all who are acquainted with the subject. VARSITY, therefore, suggests that the friends of Residence start a fund for the immediate improvement of the present wing and, ultimately, for the building of a north residence wing. Needless to say, a Residence for seventy-five could be conducted much more cheaply than one for thirty-five, proportionately speaking.

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Even Napoleon was not invincible. He met his Waterloo.

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A report of the "hustle" in one of the University's sister colleges will be found in another column.

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Owing to lack of space this issue, Jas. A. Tucker's second article on Student Life at Stanford will not appear till next week.

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MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.

While VARSITY is strongly opposed to the proposed scheme of abolishing Residence and fitting up the west wing for Mineralogy and Geology, it fully recognises the importance of providing some ample and immediate accommodation for the new department.

That Canada is on the eve of a great mining boom seems evident, and if the mineral wealth of Canada is to be developed by Canadians rather than by Yankees and other foreigners, the Universities of Canada must give practical instruction in such subjects as Mineralogy and Geology.

Although the real educational value of these studies is no doubt very low, their practical worth is great, and the least that the University can do to repay the people for their support is to devote some of its energies to the giving of such instruction as will result in the development of the country's material resources.

But important as these subjects are thus acknowledged to be, there are other subjects of a much greater, deeper, truer importance. All effort should be made to provide suitable accommodation for the department of Mineralogy and Geology without interfering with any of the existing college institutions.

"EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE."

Let me introduce you to my friend "Scottie"; now, of course, "Scottie" is not his real name, but it is one by which he is universally known at "College." He is a strapping, big fellow who hailed from "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" some six years ago, and who, by his slight accent, but more by his open and pleasant manner, at once tells where he was born.

"Scottie" had been studying science for a year or more and was of a very practical turn of mind; that is to say, before believing, he always wanted to have everything proven finally and uncontrovertibly to his mind, by any means possible, but preferably by that of experiment. This will serve as my introduction.

I was in the habit of calling on him quite often during our college course to discuss and decide finally various abstruse scientific questions. I remember, however, one call I made one night last winter above all others. I rapped on the door of his room this evening, and opened it; but imagine my surprise to be met with a flood of smoke that almost smothered me. I knew that my friend did not smoke; and yet he was alone.

There he was sitting by the table, his lamp lit, a watch before him, the fingers of his right hand placed on the wrist of his left, one foot going tramp, tramp, and last, but not least, a long pipe in his mouth from which he was pouring volumes of smoke.

"Well, I'll be—," but just here, as I was about to relieve my mind by a little swear, "Scottie" half-turned and looked what I had failed to utter with such a serious face that I stopped and waited for developments.

In about a half a minute up he jumped, held his pipe in his hand and said in a half angry tone, "Those confounded people don't know what they are talking about;" and then he began to puff away again.

At that I began to laugh vociferously; the whole affair struck me as being so comical.

"Well," I said at last, "you simple idiot what the mischief is all this about?"

"Confound them," he said—and continued between his puffs, "Here those scientific asses—said—that smoking—had a depressing effect—upon the heart. —It's all—simple rot; and I have just proved it." By this time he had quieted down a bit, and he continued: "I took my pulse; then smoked for ten minutes and was just taking my pulse again when you came in, and, confound it, there was not a bit of difference; and here I have not smoked for two years just because I thought those scientific fellows knew what they were talking about." Here he began to puff away harder than ever.

I did not say a word either *pro* or *con*, but contented myself watching for developments; and I had not long to wait. I thought I noticed him getting pale; he still puffed grimly away, however; then he became paler and paler, until finally he stood up with a most woe-begone look on his face; laid the pipe on the table, felt to see if his watch was safe (I suppose,) and then steered a very uncertain course to the bed, having reached which he threw himself down, began to moan, embrace his vest and roll around on the bed in evident agony.

I went over to the bed, and in as solemn a voice as I could command under the circumstances, I said, "Smoking does not seem to affect the heart, 'Scottie,' but it does seem to have a very depressing effect upon the stomach." At that "Scottie" smiled a beautifully sickly smile and pleaded for me to stay with him till he died, which I promised faithfully to do.

He was, however, well enough again in half an hour to swear that he would never experiment in that direction again.

"GAWIN."

E. W. Ross. 99

DR. TRACY'S BIBLE CLASS FOR GIRLS.

For the last couple of years, Dr. Tracy has held a Bible class for the girls of the college every Sunday afternoon. While those who have attended it have always enjoyed it and derived much good therefrom, the class has, unfortunately, never been a large one. This year, however, there is every promise of the regular attendance being double of what it has been in the past. When it organized last Sunday afternoon, well on to fifty were present, and it is hoped that more will join. Miss F. E. Kirkwood, '98, will be glad to receive the names of any who wish to attend these interesting classes.