

still think, they were in the wrong, and we preached in season and out of season the doctrine that "the Literary Society is the Students' Club." This being granted, there was only one place the Club talked of could be built, and that was on the College grounds. When and how we did not know clearly, but the Students' Union of to-day, though it has benefited none of us who fought for it, stands as a witness that we were right.

To be sure, there were other issues in the fight, and the parties, as then constituted (insiders and outsiders), would not divide on this question, which, after all, was the main one. A coalition was formed, based mainly upon personal friendships, and unity of sentiment, upon the Club question, the coalition being known as the Affirmative party; what was left of the two parties coming together under the name of the Negative.

Among the lesser issues was that of Zetes and Anti-Zetes—a purely residence question—but one which brought adherents to those insiders who were non-resident. The Zetes were the only secret society of our day, and they were misjudged accordingly, as anyone must admit, I think, who has become cooler in his judgments with growing years and increasing knowledge of Greek-letter societies in general. But, as politicians, we were on the lookout for allies, and we were glad to get so strong a body of friends as the Anti-Zetes, though I am sure we all regret whatever undue generation of heat may have ensued.

A caucus was held in my own home, a large caucus, representing, as we thought, every possible interest, but, as it turned out, we had one impossible interest, and one man too much. The next morning we found that our most secret deliberations were common property, and we had to set to work in all haste to save our plans from destruction before they were fully matured. And, alas for examinations! this made necessary a whole month's fighting, instead of ten days'.

Without telling of party caucuses, year caucuses, and palavers for the whole College, at which some of us were asked who we were that arrogated to ourselves the right to regulate the University, suffice it to say that our first trial of strength was on Constitution Night. By the required majority, we carried, in spite of adverse rulings, technicalities, and something a little like obstruction, a by-law, which, amid the many changes of the constitution, still stands unaltered. When I go down to vote for the Presidency and see here and there, among the candidates for undergraduate offices, names of men I know, though I regret that I cannot vote for my friends of to-day, I still remember, with satisfaction, that I am debarred through my own action of almost twelve years ago.

It never seemed fair that graduates and "nevergrads." should swamp the undergraduate electorate and defeat their wishes; while "corruption fund," "payment of fees," and "bars," savored overmuch of that kind of corruption which our judges have very recently been condemning in giving judgment in election trials. All these evils, though they may crop up now and again, are, so far as I know, much less than they were when I was a Freshman, and that they are so, is due, in no small measure, I think, to the restriction of the right of voting.

When the elections were over and we gathered in the afternoon to hear the results, we found that neither

party had won a sweeping victory, though the Affirmatives were slightly in the majority. Considering the heat of the contest, this was well, and I hope that even the scars of battle have long since disappeared.

Mr. (now the Reverend) T. C. Des Barres, was the 1st Vice-President, and he set to work to carry out the programme of the party which, with the help of the "conscience vote," had elected him. A large committee was formed, with the Vice-Chancellor at its head, and graduates, such as Mr. Walter Barwick, to co-operate, but, though some two or three thousand dollars came in as a result of the canvas, it was several years before the Union was built. The Government had to let some of the University's capital be used, after all, to supplement the subscription list, for Ontario people have not been educated, as the people of Montreal have been, to lavish their wealth upon their University.

It was a bitter fight, but, considering what came of it, I think it was worth while to fight for College spirit, and for a purer corporate life.

A. H. YOUNG, '87.

### THE HAND OF NEMESIS.

"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

#### I.

It was a wild, dark night on a bleak sea-coast. Huge, swelling billows dashed themselves in unrelenting fury against the jagged wall of rock, which dared to impede their path. The winds howled on in wild career, and chilling rain poured down in slants from the clouds which overcast the sky.

Two men made their way slowly along the brink of the precipice.

"Then you will not give me what I ask?" demanded the taller of the two.

"I've helped you too many times already," replied the other. "Since father and mother have died, you've done nothing but squander your own inheritance and mine."

"But this time it's worse than ever. I'll be arrested on a charge of forgery if I so much as show my face in the city. You must help me this time."

"I can't do it. You know that I'm going to marry and settle down myself."

"I swear to you that I'll turn over a new leaf if you help me just this once. To whom can I turn for aid, if not to you? You are the only relative I have on earth."

"You've promised to reform before. Why didn't you do so? Once and for all I tell you I'll give you no more assistance." And the noise of the storm helped to emphasize his words.

"By heaven, I must have it! Do you hear me? You still refuse me?" And he seized his brother by the wrist.

"Not a penny!" was the answer given by the other, with set lips, as he attempted to wrench his wrist free.

But the taller man would not loosen his hold. "You've got to promise me that money!" he said.

The other again tried to free himself; but both fell to the ground, and there began the struggle. They rolled over and over, but presently they neared the brink of the precipice. The shorter man saw the danger