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The Literary and Scientific Society.

THE Scientific and Literary Society met on the afternoon of March 10th with a most contorted expression of countenance. The spirits of the evil genii seemed to rend the air. For acoustic purposes half the space in the Assembly Hall had been shut off. The chairs resentful at the treatment which they had received in being crowded into one half their usual space made some of the late comers bear the brunt of their wrath, for in seeking to slip in quietly and grasp unto themselves a chair they at once found themselves at the mercy of a hopeless entanglement of five or six. But "we are digressin',"—to proceed. The writer had just had time to glance round and note that the ladies were conspicuous by their absence, when the President clutching nervously at a piece of manuscript which contained the items of a most excellent programme, called upon the Secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting. The spirit of restlessness still reigned supreme. The Secretary's voice rising and falling in accentuated cadence met response in the undercurrent of audible feeling which permeated the room. The President called for corrections; Mr. Martin looked round apprehensively but seeing that the Tiger was absent, he held his peace, and the President declared the Secretary's work immortal. Motions of which notice had been given were called for. Just as the President rose to pass onto the next order of business, an unwonted hush fell upon the assembly; the words froze upon the President's lips; the air cleared itself; an indefin-

able apprehension spread from face to face. A catastrophe was averted.

A man greater than all here assembled was seen to press forward from the rear entrance. Without pausing to take breath, and with short gasps which intimated that mayhap he had just hastened from the scene of greater triumphs, "ille suspirans, imoque trahens a pectore vocem," took up the thread of the story where he had left off a week previous, the "abolishment" of the office of critic. Impressively and in a voice in which modesty tried to gain the mastery over exultation and triumph, the speaker informed the Society that although the last turning down which his motion had received had well nigh strangled his courage, yet he came forward to-day confident of success, since his most violent opponent, Horace's disciple, had promised to second the motion. Uncertain as to whether the murmur in the room was one of applause or no, the speaker invited the assembly to draw a little nearer while he was speaking. The reasons for the "abolishment" of so important an office were so shrouded in vague generalities that they escaped the writer. The President prevented discussion on the motion by ruling it out of order. Overwhelmed, the mover sat transfixed. For some inexplicable reason Mr. Hinch failed to appear to move his motion re Mock Parliament. A sickening feeling of disappointment had begun to take possession of the Society when Mr. Hansford came to the rescue by moving the motion for him. Then followed an animated discussion. Prominent among the opponents were Messrs. Sifton, Tamblin and Carson, who urged among other things that the shortness of