

from which problems might be presented, to bring the world's scholars together in mutual sympathy and practical participation, that the nations might be unified, that thought might be fully and harmoniously organized, and that human life might receive more definite expression. This meeting was followed the next morning by the assembling of the seven great divisions, utilitarian sciences, social regulation, historical science, physical science, social culture, normative science and mental science. These were subdivided again into twenty-four departments, which in turn gave place to one hundred and twenty-eight sections. At each of these meetings two principal papers were read covering the history and problem of the subject, together with its relation to the sister sciences. These papers were followed by ten-minute addresses, after which discussion was invited.

Toronto and McGill were largely represented, since they contributed between them six of the principal speakers. The Toronto men were Professors McFadyen, McCurdy, Milner, Miller, Young and Stupart. Principal Hutton was to be chairman of one of the sections, but was unable to be present. Mr. B. E. Walker was chairman of the section of Money and Credit. Of the Canadians Rutherford was the most talked of, for every scientist that mentioned radium spoke of his investigations and experiments. Among the old Toronto men who were present were McMurrich, Barker, Shipley, Bensley, Baldwin and Osler.

J. T. McCurdy, '08.



Dining Hall

One of our reporters called on Mr. Ruthven, the manager of the Dining Hall, and asked him what definite promise he would make in regard to the bill-of-fare for the future. The following was the result:

There will always be fruit for breakfast, shredded wheat biscuit for those who do not wish porridge; choice of at least two meats (including eggs and fish).

For lunch there will always be soup; at least one hot meat, besides cold meats; at least three sweets.

For dinner there will always be choice of at least three hot meats; at least three sweets; always celery or apples on dinner table.

The charge of two cents a glass for milk is removed. All the milk wanted may be had merely for the asking.

At present there will always be an entree for Sunday's dinner. When cold weather sets in, so that fowl may be safely kept in storage, there will always be fowl for the Sunday dinner.

Mr. Ruthven has a farm in the country and all vegetables and fruits used in the Dining Hall are sent to him from it. Mr. Ruthven was for thirty years Webb's head cook, and says his object is to serve the best possible meal, having particularly in mind the students' need—wholesome, tasty food, thoroughly cooked. We would urge that as many as conveniently can, will give the Dining Hall a fair trial.

All that the gods used to get was nectar and ambrosia.

The Poet's Prayer

Oh little fish and gods divine,
Oh Muses, Graces nude and nine,
Remember I alone am thine,
And tae be blest,
But mete out punishment condign,
Tae a' the rest.

Jist saften editorial hearts,
(Ye'll hae great need o' all yer airts.)
I dinna care hoo much it smairts,
Sae ye subdue 'em,
And if yer pooer nae grace impairs,
Then gie it to 'em.

And if ye hae a place in hell,
'Mid seething brunstane smoke and smell,
That's hotter than anither—well
For sic a billet—
There is a mon, I ken mysel'
Wad brawly fill it.

The coof pollutes this vera toun,
A bald-pate sacreleegious loon,
Aye waiting MS. frae the moon,
Or stars, or suns,
And bears his head and ears aboun
Us mundane ones.

This son o' Belial when I sent,
A guidly verse tae him tae prent,
Jist sent it back and wad na tent,
The Sassanach!
Sae if tae tak him sune yer're bent,
Ye maun jist tak.

And there be certain ither men,
Wha like mysel' employ the pen,
But a' unworthily I ken,
Sae kindly muse,
If they beseech thy touch again,
You'd best refuse.

But dinna ye neglect yer ain,
And leave him tae the world's disdain,
For lack o' wut and clever sayin'
Or happy rhyme,
But pour thy blessings doon like rain,
At ilka time.

And gie us friens tae read our lays,
And kind reviews well spread wi' praise,
And p'raps a stipendary raise,
Just noo and then,
Wi' calm poetic prosperous days,
Amen, Amen.

—L. Owen, '06.