

the Y.M.C.A. hall, when a varied programme was satisfactorily rendered. The President, in his opening speech, gave a great deal of sound, practical advice, which we hope will be followed. Mr. Biscarlet's songs were loudly applauded, and Mr. Soule's rousing sea song seemed to give life and movement to the proceedings. Mr. Harris' comic recital received much laughter in great part owing to that gentleman's amusing accidents. Messrs. Sharman and Palmer's speeches teemed with good advice, in fact the first year men had a grand opportunity to lay in an inexhaustible supply of that useful article. Mr. Harrison read "The Chariot Race from Ben Hur." How refreshing those dramatic commands used by Ben Hur, in encouraging his Arab steeds, sounded after the monotonous "gee and haw" of our students. A worthy successor to our chief performer on stringed instruments of last year was found in the same gentleman. 'Jack's' criticisms which were witty, pointed, and well worthy of attention, closed the meeting.

FOOTBALL is booming. Every other day enthusiastic crowds throng the lawn. Unfortunately little is left of last year's team, and the second fifteen, which, during last season, made such good progress, and to which we looked for recruits for the first fifteen of this year, has practically disappeared. There is plenty of promise amongst the new men, muscle, weight and speed are not wanting, but at present the crudest ideas of the game exist in some of the beginners' heads. Soule should make a first-rate half back, whilst Alywin, Beckett, Adams and Markham will make a heavy lot of forwards. Buchanan should be equal to any quarter back he is likely to meet, but to supply good wings and a full back will be extremely hard, and anyone developing a taste for these positions is likely to get a place in the team. On Saturday, 15th October, the team went to Stratford to play the town fifteen. The game was very pleasant and friendly, but ended disastrously for the O. A. C., the score being 35 to 4. The heaviness of the Stratford score may be partially accounted for by the short time which our men have had to practice since the term began, and the want of practice prevented our backs from playing a good combined game. For the College, Buchanan, Webster, Alywin and Bealey played a fine game, but our backs got few opportunities. P. C. Bayne, our captain of last year, who was playing for our opponents, obtained two tries.

The team was most hospitably entertained by the men of Stratford, and desire to thank them for their many kindnesses.

THE first year students seem so popular with Professors Shaw and Hunt that both of these gentlemen started to lecture to them at the same time, though in adjoining classrooms; both were equally convinced that it was their duty to train the young and, it must be confessed, rather foolish minds of the first year men. They each lectured with great eloquence to about half the class. Meantime the second year men wandered about "as sheep having no shepherd." At last Professor Hunt went to the President to consult him. Thereupon a member of the second year took his place on the platform and anxious that the first year men should not lose by this interruption began to lecture to them on Hygiene. To his sorrow he found that these young and foolish people thought they knew more about the subject than he, and surprised him by throwing books, slippers, and now and then an ink pot, at their would-be benefactor. But his sense of duty was strong; he felt all the enthusiasm of a martyr, and when a first year man rushed up to turn him from the platform, he repelled him with a shove which sent him staggering over a chair. This was the signal for a united rush of first year students, and the dignity of the second year being laid aside they joined in the melee, which lasted until a cry of "Jimmy" sent the first year to their seats with guilty looks. Bold in the strength of a good cause and aware that it was a false alarm the 2nd year held the platform and shouted vainly "First year out!" To signalize their great victory they hoisted the lecturer on the President's desk and he began his lecture anew. The first year rallied and the battle waxed hot; down went many a sturdy champion, and barked shins and enormous bruises attest to the fury of the combatants. A first year man had passed, unheeded, behind the President's desk and with one vigorous shove hurled the lecturer from his lofty perch. He fell! Ye god's, how did he fall! covering full two fathoms of Canadian soil. But what meant that sudden hush, that scurrying of the students to their places? It was the President.

At the Y.M.C.A. meeting on the 16th inst., Prof. Hunt gave a deeply interesting account of his experiences at the famous