

cess. When our defence was drawn out from goal, the St. Matthews' right secured the ball and with a rush on goal evened up matters. Both teams worked hard to win, but the game ended in a tie, 1-1.

The same evening a meeting of the league was called to consider the drafting a new schedule, on account of the Business College defaulting from the league. There being only three teams left the following schedule was adopted, the first named team having the home game :

Oct. 21st O. N. C. vs Waterdown, referee, R. Shaw.

Nov. 4th St. Matthews vs O. N. C. referee, J Crawford.

Nov. 11th Waterdown vs St. Matthews, referee, J. Wren.

Nov. 18th Waterdown vs O. N. C. referee, R. Shaw.

Nov. 25th O. N. C. vs St. Matthews, referee, J. Stewart.

Dec. 2nd. St. Matthews vs Waterdown, referee, J. Wren.

On Saturday, Nov. 11, St. Matthews were defeated at Waterdown by 2-0. The standing of the clubs is: O. N. C., 3 points, Waterdown, 2, St. Matthews, 1.

NOTES.

Waterdown next!

"I wish I were a boy to go out and help Mr. D— against that big Tiger" one of the ladies was heard to remark.

Jermyn evidently thought his check needed a bath.

Carter (sadly) I've forgotten my blue bonnet, and all these girls here.

The printing of an additional copy of *The Globe* and *The Mail and Empire* is a step duly appreciated by the ladies of the class. As the period between lectures is the only time that most of the students have for using the reading room it is desirable that as many as possible should be accommodated at one time.

The Need for Meditation.

With Thought and Love companions of
our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her
dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

One of the most necessary and, at the same time, most difficult things to acquire is the sense of proportion, the right idea of the relative values of aims in life. When we see men giving supreme importance to such different objects and exhausting all their powers in pursuit of them, we are driven to ask if there is not something wrong in them and in ourselves. It is the easiest thing imaginable for one to come to think that which happens to be his chief business in life, whether by circumstance or by choice, to be the "greatest thing in the world," and to refuse even to consider anything else at all. The trouble simply is that we have no reserve power of mind, no intellectual force unused in our over-driven lives with which to take a wider contemplation of things; we see the one thing continually before us, like an object in a photograph which is too near the camera, or like a man viewed by a fly on the floor—the feet are gigantic, the head almost invisible: everything else is warped and diminished in perspective. We are too near to the one thing and we will not let ourselves be even dragged away. We hate to be separated from the all-engrossing work of life; we hate to be alone with ourselves when the question *what is the use of it all?* will compel an answer. It is wonderful what we do when we are alone. We read or we dream; we never meditate. We bury ourselves in a newspaper where the variety of topics is a sure preventive of such awkward questions, or in a book, no matter what kind, but often enough a novel of incident merely; or we fairly take to our heels to seek the society of