

Around the Halls

Superintending Editor, A. N. McEvoy.

Results of '08 Elections

President—J. A. Carlyle.
1st Vice-President—Miss Knight.
2nd Vice-President—H. C. Hindmarsh.
Treasurer—C. E. Silcox.
Ath. Director—A. J. Mackenzie.
Musical Director—Miss A. Parker.
Critic—Miss M. A. MacLachlan.
Prophetess—Miss A. Dixon.
Judge—R. R. Kersey.
Orator—J. M. Blodget.
1st Historian—Miss Lena Thompson.
2nd Historian—G. Urquhart.
Councillors—Miss S. W. Nichol, Miss F. Hamilton, Mr. H. B. Northwood, Mr. H. P. Mills.

It was a case of "tired eyelids on tired eyes" with H. D. Robertson in Prof. Mayor's lecture on Economics the other day. And Economics is such a thrilling subject! Oh, how could he! But N. D. McLean, acting on the suggestion of the professor, soon succeeded in wrestling him from the arms of Morpheus.

Mac Cameron (at grocery store): "Ten pounds of sugar, please." Grocer: "What kind?" Mac (confusedly): "Er—er—ah—that is, I don't know!" Grocer (with a sly smile): "Who's it for?" Mac (blushing deeply, and trying to hide his confusion by violently blowing his nose): "For the ladies of University College."

Joe Gray has long been regarded as the oracle of University College. That he is sustaining his reputation is proved by the following recent conversation between Joe and a certain Grit:

Grit: "I say, Mr. Gray, I've gone and taken the oath wrongly. Will that prevent my voting?"

Joe (cheerfully): "Oh, no; they'll just arrest you for perjury."

Grit (must relieved): "Oh, I thought I would lose my vote."

Dr. A—: "When a dog wags its tail, I have no way of knowing what it means except by imagining myself to be a dog."

The sight presented by the attempt of the Second Year students to wag their tails must have been truly canine. We venture to express the hope that some time in the distant future the Second Year will qualify as Exhibition A in some respectable dog show.

There was a bellicose belle
Euphoniously cognomened Nell
When questioned perchance
On the worth of one V—nce
She straightway made answer,
"Oh, heavens!"

Heard at the rifle ranges:—Harton
(with a beautiful last look at the distant moon just rising out of the lake):

"Oh! the moon went down and the stars came out,
Far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight—"

Craig (drawing a pull-through up

the barrel of his rifle): "Of D—v—d K—s and his rifle sight."

(Loud plaudits from the assembled rustics.)

J. R. K. (A stout female has just "buted in" to him at the Grand Opera House, and has deposited him in a mangled state against the nearest post. He speaks weakly): "That old lady evidently wishes to conduct a post-mortem."

Cowan (reminiscently, as he watches E. C. Cole and Ed. Fidler engaged in a game of marbles on the College steps): "Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he, don't you know; and he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he called for his Fidler, E., don't you know!"

Who says '07 are not fast runners? Mr. C— made a record half-mile last Sunday from the vicinity of an orchard.

Mr. N. Graham, '08, (speaking at Literary Elections Thursday evening): "I know nothing about an Arts dinner, but give me the affiliation of a good dinner pail." (Great applause.)

Prof. Wrong, at Fourth Year history lecture: "There were two Alexander Henrys. The first was the uncle of the second, who was the nephew of the first."

A. J. Connor, '06, (speaking to Rotunda Editor): "I am so much engrossed by the thrilling lectures I hear that I can think of no jokes for Varsity."

A Summer Evening's Tragedy

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was blinking at the sun.

Too late he saw behind him come
His billy-goat Diabolum;
He came in haste to try a biff
At that which looked so quaint and stiff.

'Tis said it was a shocking sight
To see the old man run,
And that his yells were sad to hear
When followed hard upon.

They say there was a dreadful noise,
As of a bursting gun,
Wherefore I think it safe to bet
Old Kaspar's work was done.

A.C.C., '05.

Book review: Like the proverbial "bolt from the blue," Mr. Bacchus Apollonius Upshall has burst upon the astonished gaze of the literary world with a series of the most harrowing tales, descriptive of life and death in the outskirts and rhubarbs of Ontario. The book will well repay perusal, as the following extract attests. Mr. Upshall had just made an heroic escape from a Maxharodian Megatheroglyptodon, whose name in scientific terminology is "Mud." The tale proceeds as follows: "When I could run no farther from sheer exhaustion, I stopped under a spreading oak. Glanc-

ing cautiously about to make sure that I was unobserved, I took from my breast pocket a small phial, my constant companion in all my peregrinations. Wedging open my teeth with one hand, while with the other I grasped the phial just mentioned, I forced a few drops down my throat. Once more I was indebted for my life to that panacea for all the ills to which the flesh is heir, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Sold by all druggists, or obtainable from any Freshman in quantities sufficient for nursing bottles. When ordering, please mention The Varsity."

J. S. Thompson is home at Picton. His father is very ill.

H. U. Thompson is home electioneering for his father, who is running for the Dominion Parliament in North Grey.

A pathetic incident occurred at the game on Saturday. Queen's had just scored and two Queen's supporters, in their enthusiasm, kissed one another. There were tears in Walter Hutton's eyes. "Will! waste makes woeful want," he said brokenly.

Medicine

Hallowe'en and its elections proved a decided success in more ways than one. At the start off, nominations brought out an excellent list of men and no evidence of hard feeling anywhere. The speeches on speechday were more interesting than usual, owing largely to the excellent cross-fire of witticisms from the back seats. And lastly Hallowe'en night itself brought no end of fun and a good time both during and after voting hours. "Rough house" hardly expresses what voters had to face on setting foot inside the door of the Gym. that night. "Pushers" were even more anxious to get their fingers into the unfortunate voter's hair than to solicit his vote for their candidates. It is at least a strong way of impressing a candidate's name on one, though not necessarily a method likely to influence one's vote very favorably.

When the polls had closed, an excellent programme was rendered, which included a first-rate address from the chair, that is to say, from Mr. E. G. Hodgson, '06, a fine speech from the Dean, a very beautifully-illustrated lecture on Egypt and the Soudan, by Dr. J. F. W. Ross, a talk on Hallowe'ens of old by Dr. Bingham, and songs by W. J. Sheppard, F. J. Munn and F. W. Routley. At last results were announced and then everybody was invited to celebrate their joy or swallow down their disappointment in hot coffee and other "indispensable adjuncts" provided by the generosity of our Faculty.

The complete list of successful candidates is as follows:

President of At Home Committee—D. A. I. Graham.

First Vice-President—A. D. McConnell.

Rep. to McGill—C. C. Schlichter.
Rep. to Bishop's—C. W. Field.
Rep. to Queen's—S. J. Staples.
Rep. to London—W. J. Cameron.
Rep. to Dental Coll.—W. J. O'Hara.
Rep. to Trinity—G. S. Strathy.
Rep. to Univ. Coll.—W. H. F. Addison.