

IN THOSE DAYS THERE WERE NO PASSES.

Thou shalt not pass.

—Numbers.

Suffer not a man to pass.

—Judges.

The wicked shall not pass.

—Mark.

Tho' they roar, they shall not pass.

—Jeremiah.

So he paid the fare and went.

—Jonah.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

When I reached my weekly rendezvous punctually at eighteen minutes past eight, I found the air full of noise and Patrons, the latter predominating. As I stumbled over feet innumerable to my reserved seat, Mr. Scarfe was reading the minutes of the special meeting held on Thursday; the orderly bearing of the meeting in which I found myself seemed to indicate that there was a spice of novelty in these minutes, and perhaps there was to the majority present.

Mr. Sandwell desired to hear the records of the Society's doings on the previous Friday. Mr. Scarfe acceded to the request, but seemed to find difficulty in deciphering the hieroglyphics of Love.

Mr. Hancock gracefully abdicated at this point to Mr. MacLennan, who had just arrived; and soon availed himself of his new-found liberty to move that the ladies be admitted to the next session of the Mock Parliament. Mr. "Jimmie" McCrae gallantly seconded the proposal. Considerable discussion followed, the chief point in which was, as far as I could learn, that Mr. H. M. Little's "source of private information had now left the college." I wonder what that means. Calls for Mr. Sandwell were now very much in evidence, and that gentleman in a few select phrases championed the cause of the ladies. The motion was lost; reward offered for its return at this office.

Two notices of motion were presented, one referring to stools for weary mortals in the reading room, the other to life members.

The President reported on behalf of the Conversat Committee that the Council and the Glee Club had been good boys, and had done just what was to be expected of them.

Messrs. Clegg and Don Ross were appointed debaters against the S. P. S. Loud and prolonged calls for Charlie Carson failed to bring him to his feet; I learned from the gentleman who sat next me, that had he risen to the afore-

said feet, he would have had to sing a song entitled "Susanna." Dear me! I wonder if that's her name!

The society now dissolved itself—in other words, resolved itself into a Mock Parliament.

The new ministry entered the house amidst dissonant cries, chiefly, I fear, signifying disapproval. The ministers, headed by the immortal "Mun," presented a very fine appearance, Mr. Bray's negligé outfit especially attracting attention.

Mr. Scarfe was elected Speaker, the President having left the hall, and the Vice-President's manly form having been called away to adorn the front benches of the opposition.

Mr. J. T. Shotwell introduced a bill to provide for commodious quarters for the fencing club. Then, according to custom, two freshmen, Messrs. Armstrong and Hill, moved and seconded the address in speeches no less remarkable for their eloquence than for their brevity.

The usual debate followed, Messrs. Boulton, Macnab (of Spodunkville East), Munroe, Sinclair (Jones's Corners), and Sandwell taking part. During several of these speeches the Patrons were detected in attempts to imitate the voices of the barnyard, while the interruptions of Bourinot were frequent, owing to the fact that so many of the new members did not understand parliamentary procedure, as laid down by that gentleman.

Caius Decimus Creighton, Annonae Præfectus, then began an address in his native tongue. Many were so overcome that they were heard to babble at intervals, "Hic, h-i-c," while some of the Patrons as often as possible practised the concluding scene in the "Tower of Babel."

Messrs. Boulton and Wallbridge moved the adjournment of the debate. Questions were now in order, but unfortunately I was so far from the scene of action that I heard but little thereof. A kind friend of mine told me afterwards that the jokes reminded him of an old barrel of apples he once had to pick over; they were very—ahem! —decayed.

The house rose at 10.30, after agreeing to meet again in one week.

There was a rapid rush from the hall since it was not yet 11 o'clock, and it had been so *very warm* in the hall all evening.

Phos, '66.

"Did you ever," said the fair young thing

As they gazed on the star-lit heavens,

"Did you ever stand at night

On a rocky bluff—" "You're right,"

Said he, "I've stood on a pair of sevens." —Ex.



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