

each team are the first that are naturally suggested to one's mind. The Board must not consist of ornamental members, but of men who thoroughly know their business and the special needs of each branch of athletics. Not only in the case of captains, but with the other members, merit should rule as far as possible. This Board will have much to do, many meetings to hold, and the fewer the members the better for working purposes. It must exercise a controlling voice in all questions which affect general athletic interests, sanction the distribution and expenditure of moneys, the adoption of colors by any team, and generally preserve an orderly and even system throughout all the organizations.

Above all else there should be the guiding hand of the Faculty, not in any vague and indefinite shape, but directly through a small committee, composed of men who, as far as possible, are conversant with athletic questions, and at any rate are deeply interested, and are willing to devote time and energy to their duties.

There must be some supreme power such as this in school or University, not objectionably in evidence and constantly showing its hand, yet always ready to help and advise, and a final voice in all questions of right and wrong. Athletic management is an art, and the men at the helm must be men of practical experience and ripe judgment, men like captains who have come up from the ranks, and by commanding others have absorbed much of the wisdom of life. And they are entitled to feel that in doing their duty, often unpleasant, they have the approval and staunch support of the Faculty through its special representatives. Thus athletics may become an integral part of University life, and their whole sphere of influence be widened and dignified.

Then, gentlemen, give your worship to the athletics, which will elevate the standard and tone of your University, which will teach men to

"Set the cause above renown.

To love the game beyond the prize."

And let your admiration go forth unchecked for the athlete who is master of his game and of himself, who wisely and modestly estimates his achievements at their true value, who, while training his body to combine iron strength with Hellenic grace and swiftness, never forgets to obey the higher impulses of honor and self-respect.

A. A. MACDONALD.

#### NATURAL SCIENCE.

A very successful meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday of last week, in the Biological Building, where a large audience assembled to hear papers by Mr. Cook, '00, and Mr. Walker, '00, on "Plants in Folk-lore," and "Forest Trees of Canada," respectively. Both papers were highly interesting, but from different standpoints. The former subject, dealing as it did with the traditions and superstitions of the people, regarding the origin and curative or destructive properties of many plants, gave Mr. Cook plenty of scope to exercise his humor. Mr. Walker, in the masterly way he handled his subject, showed that he has a wide knowledge of the forests of Canada, for whose protection he appealed strongly. His paper was well illustrated, and good descriptions of our Canadian trees were given.

#### THE THANKSGIVING OF '87.

The other evening, in the soothing light of my grate fire, an old graduate of '88 and myself got talking about the past and present of our Alma Mater, and finally his mind drifted to incidents of his College course. Suddenly he burst out laughing, and said: "Well, of all the funny things I ever saw, the best was the night we hazed, or, what is the same thing, reformed a Freshman by the name of Cunningham; I have to laugh every time I think of it." And he proceeded to relate the following incident:

"One evening, about this time of the year, in 1887, when I was a Junior, Mufti Mills, a couple of Seniors and myself were warming ourselves over old Mills' grate fire, in the first house, and enjoying a quiet smoke. Incidentally, we were discussing the poor quality of the 'grub' our steward had been inflicting upon us lately."

"He didn't even give us a decent dinner to-day, and this is Thanksgiving. By heavens! I am going to register a severe kick some place, if it is only to be on his poor head," said Roaf, determinedly.

"Never mind, 'Roackie,' old man," said Mills, soothingly, "young Baird will be down in a few minutes with the turkey his folks sent him from home. Then we will have some eatables, and what's better, a few drinkables. We all do need a little nourishment."

"Why didn't you tell me of —," but here the door burst open and Baird, the Freshman of our house, bounded into the room, and nearly capsized me.

"What on earth's the matter, Baird?" said Mills, half angrily, "you've got your nerve with you, if nothing else."

"Plenty the matter, turkey gone, grub gone, and bottles gone—the whole blame consignment vanished."

"What!" we all ejaculated, and presently our visions of turkey, cake and bottles were floating around in air that was far from having its usual color.

"Order! gentlemen, order!" said Mills, severely, "we must proceed at once to hold an inquest, and find the culprits."

Of course no evidence was forthcoming, so it was finally decided that our just anger should be vented on some victim, and a Freshman by the name of Cunningham was unanimously elected. This fellow was a young Englishman, of good family, and but lately come to Canada. He had proved a most irrepresible Freshman, in spite of our sincere and earnest efforts to make him tread the paths of righteousness and respect.

Baird was ordered to tell Cunningham that the Mufti wanted him. He, however, soon reappeared, to say that our victim had not yet come home.

"Not home by 11.30?" said Mills, "this won't do, where is he?"

"Billings says he is parading with the other tin-soldiers, and I guess Billings knows."

At this we all laughed.

"This is serious, gentlemen. You see that it is very suspicious for Cunningham to be out after the occurrence of that theft—very strong circumstantial evidence, this! Baird go and tell O'Neil and MacPherson to come here at once."

We all knew what that meant, for "Reddy" O'Neil, a Junior, and "Becky" MacPherson, a Sophomore, were chief and assistant police officers respectively, and acted as aides-de-camps to Mills.