

He has always taken an active interest in all movements of moral reform. His breadth of view has been that of the Christian statesman and patriot. He took a most active part in bringing about university confederation, and also the church unions of '61 and '75, and he even hopes for a larger church union in the near future, "When Ephraim shall no longer envy Judah, and Judah shall no longer vex Ephraim, and they shall be one in the Lord."

No one can have listened to Dr. Caven speak without being struck with his wonderful clearness of thought and almost unrivalled precision of language. A recent interviewer says: "He is matched by only one man with whom I have had to do—Sir Oliver Mowat—in his penetrating insight and steadiness of judgment." His unflinching courtesy, his kindness of heart and his gentleness of manner are patent to all. Could the strongest imagination conceive of Dr. Caven ever taking part in a Varsity hustle? But his extreme modesty under all his honors and all his greatness is perhaps his most conspicuous characteristic. Well and fittingly did Premier Ross apply to him the words of Kipling's tribute to Lord Roberts:—

He is little, he is wise,
And he's mighty for his size
And he doesn't advertise.
Does yer, Bobs?

And this is undoubtedly one of the secrets of his power to bind together in the strong chords of love everyone with whom he has come intimately in contact. No truer word nor higher appraisal could be spoken than that pronounced upon him by the late lamented Professor Halliday Douglas when he said that, "To know him was to regard him with the greatest reverence and the strongest possible affection."

ALEX. H. MCLEOD.

To commemorate Principal Caven's jubilee, the students, Graduates and friends of Knox have undertaken to build a Caven Memorial Library. Already over \$15,000 has been subscribed, and next October will doubtless see a building worthy the quiet dignity of revered old Knox.

THE HARMONIC CLUB.

ANY fellows who were around the Campus last winter don't need to have the Harmonic Club introduced to them. It may be as well to tell the Freshmen, however, that it includes the old Glee Club and the instrumental aggregation made up of mandolins, guitars and banjos. In its history of 25 years, it has grown steadily, and when at the height of its popularity, five years ago, the club included Detroit in its tour, and visited Montreal. A threatened collapse of interest in college music in Toronto was averted by the formation of the united Harmonic Club in 1899. Last year, after making an extended tour to Ottawa, the club donated \$50 to the organ fund for the new Convocation Hall and secured the cancellation of several long-standing debts.

The policy of the Executive for the coming year is simple and definite. The visit to Ottawa will probably be repeated, and may include Montreal and Quebec. The success of last year insures a large turnout and severe competition for places in the club. But unless the Executive is satisfied that the clubs are in proper condition to go before the public, no tour will be undertaken; and any fellow who intends to compete may as well understand that each rehearsal will mean an hour and a half of serious, concentrated work. The Mandolin Club will practice on Thursday night, the Glee Club on Tuesday night, and, after the middle of November, the latter will be cut down to a team of 25 or 30.

Rehearsals commence this week; notice is given on all bulletin boards. The Glee Club will be required to assist in various College functions at short notice, and city engagements have also to be filled. Any fellow with musical tastes and ability should be out at the first rehearsal.

H. MAURICE DARLING.

REVENOUS A NOS MOUTONS.

ONCE more we are back in the harness, and vacation-time already seems like "such stuff as dreams are made on."

I had hoped to do myself the honor of meeting my friend, the Freshman, at the train; and my loss in being unable to do so was certainly not that gentleman's gain. For I had been seeking an opportunity to negotiate a small loan for a few days, and, undoubtedly, the incoming stranger would have welcomed no less joyously than myself the proud occasion for enabling me to effect the same. However, Gentlemen of the First Year, the time is still propitious, and your names may yet be handed down to fame if you care to send a couple of V's through the editor to me. Two or three will be amply sufficient to tide me over the present little financial crisis, and I shall be consumed with the most eager desire to make full return as soon as convenient.

There is much that is interesting and instructive in the opening day of the session; indeed, there is that which is amusing, even to one who possesses a heart tenderly sympathetic for the difficulties and trials of the Freshman and—let me strongly add—of the Freshette.

Year after year there is the same inevitable stumbling into wrong rooms, the same hopeless questing after the mythical personage who appears in the Calendar as W. Hall, the same (not unnatural) mistaking of the Gentlemen of the Fourth Year for Professors, or even for members of the Senate.

Never mind, my young friends, your turn will come in the fullness of time when you shall smile in the same knowing and superior fashion at your own young friends, and promise them that they in turn shall smile at theirs.

Comments upon the Ladies of the First Year were rife in the corridors on opening day. The consensus of opinion was expressed in the words of a critical Sophomore, who laconically remarked: "Well, if the consignment is up to the sample, we had better have a carload right off."

As, year by year, the Freshmen in a great army come

Hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,

they meet with an extraordinary deal of excellent, of copious advice, handed out to them from all quarters. For a small sum manuals may be purchased containing directions for getting on and off a street car, for performing the handkerchief flirtation, for smoking a cutty-pipe, and for the acquirement of many other necessary accomplishments.

It was my intention to issue something of this kind myself, but, like Pope, as a child I "lisped in numbers," and even with the possession of silver locks I have not been able to shake off the habit. Therefore, I take pleasure in offering to the Gentlemen of the First Year, as their "guide, philosopher and friend," this

ALPHABET OF COLLEGE LIFE.

A is the Ambition which (of course) sends us to college,
B, the Books procured with care that we may gain vast knowledge.
C is Convocation where the wondering Freshmen stare,
D, the native Dignity unsmiling Seniors wear.
E recalls Exams quite rudely to our straying minds,
F, the Fair Freshette, who oft sweet bonds unconscious winds.
G is the Gymnasium; a well attended course,
H brings good old Hallow-e'en; our play is then termed "horse."
I for Freshmen's Ideals which the kind Sophs try to mould,
J, the Jilted Junior, sad and prematurely old.
K, the naughty Key we shun with most conspicuous care.
L is for the Library where we study (ladies fair).
M, the Midnight oil we burn (at least, so poets state).
N for Noble resolutions (broken "while you wait").
O is for the Ossified, the "orrid, 'opeless plug."
P, for our Professors, deep in Learning's mine they've dug.
Q is for the Quantity of lectures that we shirk,
R commences Rugby; there we do our hardest work.
S suggests the Sophomore and (strangely, too,) the Star.
T, the Theatre where we go when work doth on us jar.
U for our Unbiased minds, replete with thoughts that burn,
V is for that Fiver; will it evermore return?
W stands for Whiskers; in the Fourth Year they are found,
X is "Walker's Special" (you can't buy it by the pound).
Y is for that Yearning for some bygone jolly time,
Z is for the Zest with which I haste to close this rhyme.

—E. H.

Hardy AT 64