

Ontario Normal College Monthly

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The Literary Society.

THE Literary and Scientific Society, as it is now styled, assembled for its fifth lawful meeting on November 11th. After some rumblings and mutterings the society accepted the constitution as recommended by the committee of the whole. Neither the three natural science specialists nor anybody else raised any objection to the proposed obliteration of the term scientific from the title of the society. Thenceforward we abjured scientific or intellectual researches of all kinds. In its haste to prevent a repetition of last meeting's scene of "raging rocks and shivering shocks," the society hastily passed everything that the committee of the whole chose to foist upon it. The ladies showed themselves especially eager to start business and cut short a profitable discussion. As soon as the constitution had been laid to rest, Mr. Bradley read a very interesting essay which ought to be summarized for the *Monthly*. How the boys cheered Miss Briggs to and from the piano. Mr. Murray then kept the crowd quiet for a time with a selection on the mandolin. Before the last echoes of applause had died away the heathens in the rear and some of the ladies began to cry for Mr. Hinch. The cry soon swelled to a roar, which became a tumult as the Tiger arose and proceeded to the platform. After some expostulation and deprecatory gestures he yielded so far to the general demand for a recitation as to tell us a funny story from his own experience. I could not hear it very well for the senseless chatter of some girls near by, but he seemed to be telling with much feeling a tale of

love and disappointment. Smiles were mirrored in correlative tears as the elocutionist concluded and was almost wafted from the stage by a wave of spontaneous acclamation. The meeting was too deeply stirred to bother with a critic and adjourned.

At its sixth meeting the society had the pleasure of appointing that renowned epicure and general good fellow, Mr. J. W. Sifton, to represent it at the Victoria *Conversazione*. The *Mail and Empire* should take note of this. But the ladies, who are presumably out of politics, voted strong for the mathematician. The usual excitement attended the election of a critic for the next meeting. Langford was a hot favorite. Menger was also fancied, but owing to a disposition to balk is never reliable. Burnham, the dark horse, was retired by his owner at the last moment for some reason. Mr. McIntosh also ran. Langford was the man of destiny this time but the others may come on later.

The debate was won handily by Messrs. Charters and Overholt, who had the advantage of experience over their opponents, Walker and Marshall. Mr. Charters was particularly prominent. Mr. Burnham played the piano. A critic who announced himself as the envoy of some divine Voice or other, began to frighten the ladies with a long and sanctimonious face, and longer, more terrible words. He made the poor things cower before his scorching wit and then "in wrath his giant thought upreared" until folks expected to see so godly a man meet the fate of Elijah. But suddenly, instead of going up, down he fell upon a couple of luckless dancers and a few others drawn in by the suction, with an awful sound. Let us say no more of it. The meeting broke up in a panic.—OBSERVER.