

MARCH 17, 1891.

## THE NOMINATIONS.



NIGHT "of onslaught and despair," on one hand; a night of jubilation and wild exultation, on the other. The hall in the Yonge St. Arcade, procured especially for nomination night, was at an early hour filled with an excited mass of students, gathered together to participate in a meeting that, from all appearances, promised to be of an interest almost unprecedented in the history of the Society. The perennial election excitement has not been strikingly manifest this spring. "Wars and rumors of war" have been heard, and uninitiated partisans and independent voters have awaited in breathless suspense the first sounds of the conflict between the opposing parties, but all week their expectations have been disappointed, and their patience has been exhausted. Never has a quieter week preceded the great annual nomination night. Never before were the corridors so free from argumentative knots of excited politicians, or mysterious little caucuses of scheming partisans, and yet, in spite of the apparent calm, in spite of the unruffled surface of the political pond, the knowing ones shook their heads and muttered many wise saws and modern instances to the effect that they weren't to be caught with chaff—no, not they; that game had been tried before, and so forth, *ad nauseam*—and then they walked off, talking very wisely of "coup d'états" and "surprises," until the wondering freshman in their midst was filled with dreadful awe, and speculated with a foreboding spirit as to what the great-night would bring forth. No wonder, then, that the Yonge Street Arcade heard the tramp of many hurrying feet, and that the hall in the top storey echoed and re-echoed with the sounds of battle. Above the cheers of the enthusiastic could be heard the stirring tones of the fish-horns, and the thump, thump, thump of stamping feet, whilst a dense pall of dust hung over the whole assembly, rendering the private combats in the rear invisible to the keen eye of the President choking off many inexperienced orators and preventing many a maiden speech that, under more favorable circumstances, would undoubtedly have carried the meeting by storm.

The meeting was opened as usual by the reading of the minutes. Hostilities began immediately. Mr. C. A. Stuart objected to the phraseology of a part of the report relating to the medical complication of last week. After considerable argument and consultation, the required change was made and the minutes were adopted. Then the President arose and declared the whole action taken on the medical question at the last meeting to have been unconstitutional. The shouts of the Federals might have been heard for many miles. The Outsiders gazed at one another in consternation. Mr. C. A. Stuart got up and objected, but the President was inexorable and passed on to the next order of business. Mr. C. A. Stuart appealed from the Chairman's ruling. It was ruled that his appeal was out of order. Mr. A. M. Stewart rose to the point of order, that an appeal being in its nature a point of order must be in order at any time. It was ruled that Mr. A. M. Stewart was out of order. Mr. A. M. Stewart then rose to the point of order that he was in order in raising his point of order under that order of business (*i.e.*, the point that Mr. C. A. Stuart's appeal, being in its nature a point of order, was in order under any order of business). Mr. MacKinnon rose to the point of order that Mr. A. M. Stewart was out of order in raising his point of order under the order of business "Notices of Motion," (that is to say, the point that he was in order in raising under that order of business his point of order to the effect that Mr. C. A. Stuart's appeal, being in its nature a point of order, was in order under any order of business). The subsequent proceedings are obscure, but in the end Mr. C. A. Stuart's appeal was put and carried amidst great rejoicing.

The next order of business was the nomination of

officers for the ensuing year. The ball was set a-rolling by Mr. McKellar, who begged to submit the name of Mr. T. A. Gibson, B.A., to the Society for re-election to the office of President. The nomination was supported by Mr. G. H. Ferguson, who spoke in very warm terms of Mr. Gibson's services in the past year. Mr. Gibson thereupon arose, a modest blush still mantling his cheeks, and in a very neat little speech thanked the Society for this second honor they had conferred upon him, but declined to fill the chair again, notwithstanding the regret he felt at severing his official connection with the Society. Mr. Colin Fraser, B.A., then took the floor, and for the next few moments sang the praises of his nominee, Mr. H. E. Irwin, B.A., and was well supported in his vocal effort by the melodious orchestra of the Outside party. When he had finished a hush fell upon the meeting. Everyone held his breath, and the Outsiders fortified themselves heroically against any exhibition of surprise over the long expected "bomb" that they now felt the Federals were going to explode among them. But the silence continued unbroken. The President looked surprised, the Outsiders amazed; the Federals stood calm and collected. At last the voice of the President was heard in a troubled tone, "I declare the nominations for this office closed." A great sigh of satisfaction burst forth from the anxious breasts of the Outsiders. The Federals still stood gloomily and forebodingly silent. The suspense was now even greater than before. Outside leaders gathered in little knots and discussed the situation; whispers of "coup d'états" passed from mouth to mouth over the assembly. The excitement was becoming more and more intense, when the voice of the President was heard asking for nominations for the office of first Vice-President. There was a commotion in the ranks of the Federals, a long peep on their broke forth and Mr. G. H. Ferguson was hoisted up to the platform by his enthusiastic followers. Now the mine at last was to be sprung, and the meeting awaited in breathless suspense to hear the oracle of the Federal party. The voice of a too-hardy Outsider was heard to yell "Bring on your dark horse Fergie," and then the silence was greater than before. At last the oracle spoke "I wish to submit to the meeting the name of a gentleman of *sound judgment and calm deliberation*." And then what a howl went up to heaven through the skylights! For the next few moments your faithful scribe was stunned and completely incapacitated. When he had collected himself sufficiently he found himself in the midst of a howling Babel. The voice of the speaker re-iterating for the fifth time *sound judgment and calm deliberation* was almost drowned in a chorus of "name him Eergie," "who is it?" "go it again" and various other encouraging and sarcastic cries, and then we got the thread of the speech again. "I nominate this gentleman as the leader of no party, but as an Independent member of this society. The Federal Party, Mr. President and gentlemen, is not in this election. I have the honor to submit to you the name of Mr. F. C. Perrin." The scene that followed is beyond description. There was hurrying to and fro in the ranks of the Outsiders, and amazement written upon every feature. This then was the bomb of the Federals! They were out of the fight, but as a Parthian shot, their astute leader, Prometheus like, had stolen the fire of the Outside party, for he it known to all that the aforesaid Mr. Perrin was the ratified candidate of the Outsiders. The moment was critical, but calm returned to the ranks of the Outside party, when a wrathful Jupiter in the form of Mr. C. A. Stuart mounted the platform and nominated Mr. F. E. Perrin. He was followed by the aforesaid fiery element in the form of Mr. Perrin who declined the nomination of Mr. Ferguson and accepted that of the Outside party. The game was now up. Surprises were over, and the last mine had been sprung. Many of the speeches were almost tragic in their gloomy despair as member after member arose and bade a long and tender farewell to the quondam greatness of the Literary Society. Recrimination followed recrimination. One member was