

## THE CHRISTMAS OWL, 1890.



MY connection with THE OWL as active member of its board of editors began at the opening of the scholastic year of '90-91. The task that then confronted us was one which whilst it enhanced our importance, at least in our own eyes, in that microcosm, the college community, was at the same time calculated to evoke grave questionings in our innermost selves as to our ability to successfully preform it.

In the first place, the founder and managing editor of our college journal, under whose guidance it had risen in the short space of three years to an unquestioned place in the foremost rank of college publications, was no longer a member of the faculty, and his mantle must perforce fall on other shoulders.

Then, the relentless tide of time had borne out from the calm waters of college life forth upon the stormy ocean of existence beyond its walls the last members of the original board of editors, men who had proved themselves possessed of marked ability, some of whom wielded pens that would be no discredit to the editors of the great popular periodicals. They had left as a legacy, a reputation for our college journal of which any university might be proud, and which it was incumbent upon us, the incoming board, to maintain, and, if possible, enhance.

Our new managing editor was, however, a man of energy and courage, and scarcely had the college mill begun its annual grind, (I mean no disrespect to my Alma Mater but I knew if she didn't grind she made us do it, so it's all the same) when he selected his raw recruits and commenced to put them through their facings.

I was appointed ex-man, and if all critics perform their duties as I did mine, I

would attach little importance to their verdicts, had I any pretensions to literature. My *modus operandi* was to judiciously intersperse praise and blame never going to extremes in either, on the principle *in medio stat virtus*. My plan worked admirably, for throughout my whole tenure of office I was drawn into but one controversy, and in that, unprovoked as it was on my part, I had the satisfaction of being assured by the managing editor that I had given my opponent a Roland for his Oliver.

Well we got out our first issue and it was favourably received by that most critical of all reading worlds, the student body. Our success naturally stimulated us to greater efforts and thereupon, albeit October was but commencing we determined our Christmas number should be on a scale of unsurpassed magnificence. The whole board began forthwith to rack its editorial brains for new ideas with which to startle our contemporaries in the field of college journalism. The result of this mental strain on some of the board had rather unexpected results. I was myself led thereby into perpetrating poetry, and that to no small extent, but as it has been my solitary offence; I hope the Muse has before this forgiven my unbidden intrusion into her sacred domain. Our worthy managing editor also evidenced the tension of his nerves in a somewhat more startling manner.

One evening I was floundering in the labyrinths of Aristotle's logic when I received a hasty summons from our chief to attend him at once. I found him at a window on the fifth floor of the college building in a state of great excitement. He announced to me that he had discovered a new heavenly body of remarkable brilliancy, and, drawing me to his side, pointed out the luminary. The night was quite dark, and sure enough, there it was right over Parliament Hill and a most brilliant orb at that. I viewed it for some