

I had lost the game for Celia. However, I recovered myself and announced the result.

It was a blessing for me that my action was not seen by Tom, for his sulky nature now completely mastered him, and finding no one else on whom he could vent his anger, he began to scold Celia, not immoderately, but sufficiently to show that he was not satisfied with her playing.

"Oh, I think I played as well as you did," she retorted, in real anger, and her attitude while leaving him reminded me of a certain evening.

I went over to Celia and congratulated her on her excellent playing, and pointed out to her that luck had been against them when the ball struck the top of the net and rolled over. (I should have said the umpire had been against them—not luck). These were the first words I had spoken to her since we had separated in foolish anger, and my sympathy was so genuine that it touched and consoled her. I saw that she appreciated it, and offered my company, which she accepted, for I knew she wished someone with whom she could talk over the match. I knew also that I had recovered my position and that my mistake had turned to unexpected advantage.

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We now play "singles" only, and I must say in conclusion that Celia does not blame me for pulling the net, for she says she would have lost the game anyway.

GERRY, '00.

THE LIT.

Oh! the age of strife shall cease,
And the age of peace will come,
And men no more will march to war,
At the sound of the martial drum.

Why? Because W. H. Alexander and F. W. Anderson have said so, and back their affirmation with so strong an array of proofs that the three learned and dignified "dikastes," appointed by the Supreme High Court of the Inter-Collegiate Debating Union, said: "Thus it shall be."

It was a glorious night, one of those sparkling star-lit nights, with just enough frost in the air to send a thrill through the blood and make you feel glad to be alive. When I reached the Gym., sharp at 7 o'clock, a shouting, singing throng of undergraduates was not there, but a solitary Senior sat in the reading-room, meditating over some of the sad scenes in "Life." As we mournfully discoursed on the decay of College spirit, and the departure from our midst of that much-lamented divinity, "Esprit de Corps," a few lone stragglers strolled in and listlessly wandered around, surveying the periodicals.

When about a baker's dozen had gathered, we went upstairs, and Vice-President McKay called the meeting to order, and we proceeded to elect representatives to various functions. The fortunate ones were: John Monds, Dental "At Home;" A. McDougall, Medical Dinner, and S. A. Dickson, S.P.S. Dinner. While the ballots were being counted, Mr. G. W. Ross reported splendid prospects for the Dinner, and urged all to help it along. At 7.40 the meeting adjourned.

When we got downstairs, a mighty transformations had taken place. The Reading-room was well filled with an enthusiastic throng, and out in front were as

many more lined up, anxious to start for Trinity. When the command, "Fall in," was given, fully one hundred and fifty men lined up, and started for the scene of action.

The people on the route traversed soon found out that something was up, for the usual bursts of song and yells filled the air, punctuated here and there by the stirring blasts of a horn. "Solomon Levi," "Litoria," "Soldiers of the Queen," "A Hot Time," and everything else, new and old, was attacked and executed with varying degrees of barbarity. Before we reached Trinity, we were followed by an admiring mob of newsboys and street-urchins, who testified their admiration for us by presenting us with a miscellaneous assortment of snow-balls, brick-bats, antiquated eggs, and other suitable bouquets.

At last, when one of the rear guard got hit on the ear with a snow-ball, and another had his Sunday hat spoiled with a rock, our feelings of gratitude—and of other kinds—constrained us to turn round and thank the boys, but they suspected our motives, and disappeared.

Trinity reached, we found the cosy little Convocation Hall already well filled, and were compelled to content ourselves with seats in the rear of the hall.

At about 8.30, Provost Welch took the chair, and called upon Mr. Kirkpatrick, of the Conservatory of Music, for a reading, after which the debaters were called on. The subject was announced as "Resolved, That War is a Necessary Means to the Advancement of Civilization." Messrs. D. T. Owen, and K. O. McEwen of Trinity, took the affirmative. They were heartily cheered by the Trinity men, and ably upheld the honor of their Alma Mater. Varsity was well represented by Messrs. W. H. Alexander and F. W. Anderson, who received an ovation from the nearly two hundred Varsity men present, who heartily applauded every point scored by the champions.

While the referees were coming to a decision, Messrs. McCausland and Mockridge gave a very fine piano duet, Mr. Kirkpatrick read again, and nine young men sang a chorus in nine different keys, which was loudly applauded.

The momentous moment then arrived, and amid a silence in which the beating of the debaters' hearts could be heard at the back of the hall, Provost Welch announced, "The referees, by separate marking, have arrived at the same conclusion, and find in favor of the negative." Then every Varsity man, with what little voice he had left, gave such a rousing shout for his Alma Mater, that old "Esprit de Corps" decided that Varsity was good enough for him, and henceforth will do business at the old stand at the sign of the blue and white. Then three cheers rang out for Trinity, and three more for Varsity, and Trinity sang a couple of rousing glees, and everybody whispered out loud that there was nothing the matter with Trinity. Then out into the night we went, and Trinity's hospitable doors closed on a night which will go down to history as the first round in the first series of the first year of the Inter-Collegiate Debating Union.

To the tune of "We won't go home till morning," we started down Queen street, and smiling maidens and growling men and howling boys had to run the gauntlet between the two long lines of shouting students, who owned the sidewalk. The staid old town wondered if Father Time had made a mistake and sent another Hallowe'en, so soon after the last. For twenty