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—FOR THE YEAR 1911—

DECEMBER:

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. (On or before 1st December.)
Township Clerk to furnish to the School Inspector information of average assessment, etc., of each School Section. (On or before 1st December.)
Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second Instalment. (On or before 1st December.)
11. Model School Final Examination begins. (Subject to appointment.)
12. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. (Before second Wednesday in December.)
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. (Before second Wednesday in December.)
Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. (Not later than 14th December.)
15. County Council to pay \$500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (On or before 15th December.)
Municipal Councils to pay Municipal Grants to High School Boards. (On or before 15th December.) Model Schools close.
22. High Schools, first term, and Normal, Public and Separate Schools close. (End 22nd December.)
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Monday).
New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. (Not to take effect before 25th December.)
27. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. (Last Wednesday in December, or day following if a holiday.)
31. High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements. (On or before 31st December.)
Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspector names and attendance during the last preceding six months. (On or before 31st December.)
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees. (At end of year.)

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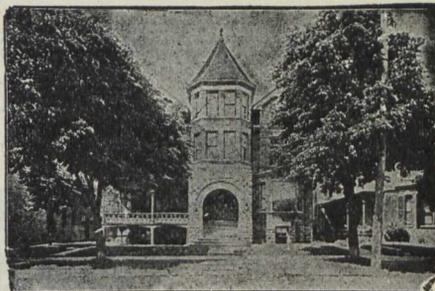
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ACTA VICTORIANA



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Thanksgiving Meditation

M. E. CONRON

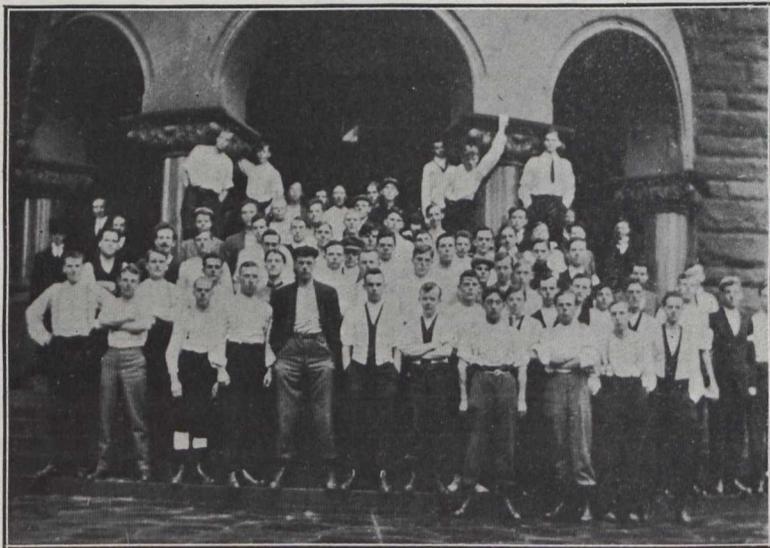
For all the long way we have come, we pause on our Thanksgiving day, lest we forget. For the million, million years behind, which push us forward with the irresistible surge of a tidal crest behind which is all an ocean's roll. We know not why God swung through so dark and low a circle to find Himself in man. But now in the fulness of time slowly swings the world to light. As slow as on Norwegian heights the rose of midnight changes softly to the rose of dawn, and yet as swiftly and as surely too. The western world lay once a flickering speck of light before a pale and worn man's eyes, peering through darkness.

But within us each are continents unknown and milky ways and astral glories and sudden splendors ineffable. Happy he who becomes the Columbus of his own soul. And for such high quest in this year of grace, 1911, how gleams the master light of all our seeing, how lures us on the Light of the world, through all our college days. Therefore, we join in thanks this day, not loud but deep. And back from the breadth of our Canada and those other nations of our speech and kin there swells a plangent note of praise that all the world has swung a whole year nearer to the time when all men's good shall be each man's rule and 'universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land and like a lane of beams athwart the sea.'





"WHAT WE HAVE, WE HOLD!"



THE VOLUNTEERS.

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXV. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1911. No. 2.

THE PHYSICS OF FOUNTAINS

W. B. WIEGAND

ONE can readily imagine what thrills of uncanny uneasiness must have traversed the spine of Thales of Miletus when, over twenty-five centuries ago, he first observed the wonderful property of a briskly rubbed piece of amber—the power, namely, of attracting to itself from a distance small and light bodies such as bits of straw, leaves, etc.

But, striking as was this experiment—the first direct evidence of that most wonderful of the forces of nature, electricity—one cannot help speculating what the illustrious geometer would have thought had he gone one step further. Suppose that as he eagerly approached every small object in sight with his now wonderfully endowed piece of amber he had held it near to the bottom of one of the slender fountains that no doubt adorned the inner garden of his Milesian home. He would have noticed a wonderful effect. The widely spreading fountain would suddenly have gathered itself together into a narrow stream; the falling spray with its myriads of minute drops would have been replaced by comparatively large globules of water, falling heavily to earth; in fine, the merry fountain

would have changed before his eyes from a sparkling veil of mist into a dismally heavy stream—all because of the little piece of rubbed amber in his hands.

To the casual observer a stream of water rising nearly vertically from a small nozzle, say one-twentieth of an inch in diameter, presents a graceful but hopelessly commonplace spectacle. His interest is perhaps somewhat heightened when he is told that the rising spray is composed of spherical drops (Fig.

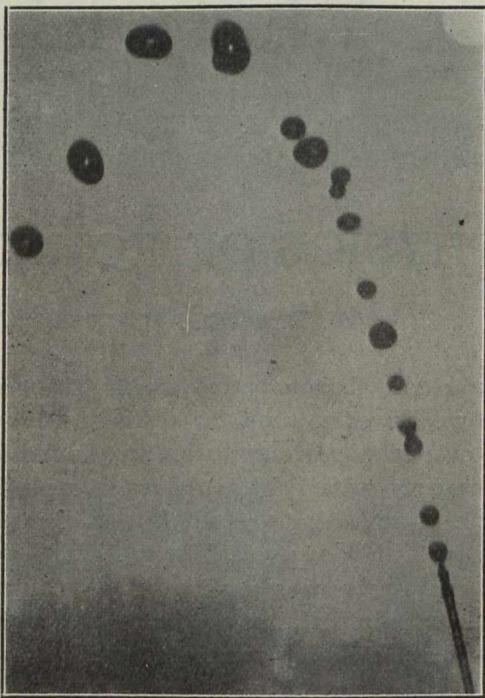


FIG 1.

1), each of which describes an almost perfect parabola; and he might also be interested to notice the peculiar undulating appearance of the unresolved stream just before it breaks into drops. This is rather well shown in figure 1.

It is important to understand just why a stream should break into drops at all instead of continuing its course as an uninterrupted cylinder of liquid.

The reason lies in the fact that all liquid *surfaces* behave like a stretched elastic skin, which is constantly squeezing everything within it, so as to reduce its own area to a minimum. This is why water tends to form drops instead of spreading itself all over a surface, and is also the reason that, when molten lead is poured through a sieve and allowed to fall from a considerable height, it reaches the ground as perfectly spherical bullets. The sphere is the solid having the smallest surface for a given

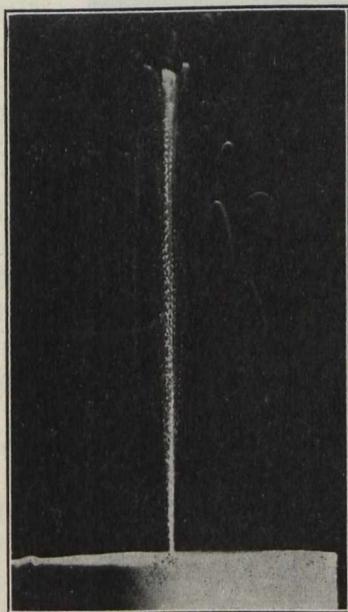


FIG II.

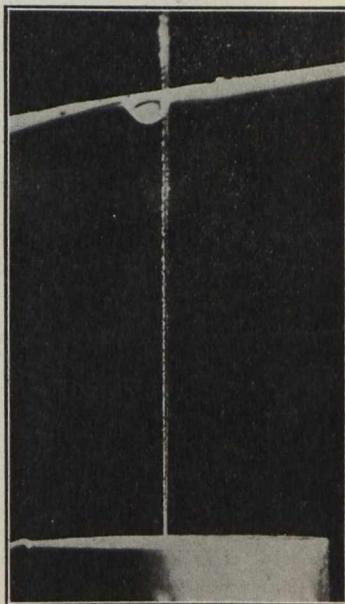


FIG III.

amount of material and so, *ceteris paribus*, all liquids tend to assume the spherical shape.

The stream of water issuing from the nozzle can then be regarded as being pinched in on all sides by this elastic skin—and it has been discovered that so soon as this cylindrical jet of water reaches a length greater than its own circumference the pinching tendency becomes so marked that the slightest unevenness or dent in the cylinder immediately begins to grow, and a *drop* of water is pinched off the stream.

Fig. 1 shows a drop just being pinched off and behind it several others well on the way to forming.

As might be expected the undulations in the cylinder of water, caused as they are by jars or vibrations or even noises in the room, are not at all regular, and in consequence the resulting drops are not of uniform size. Also the absence of regularity in

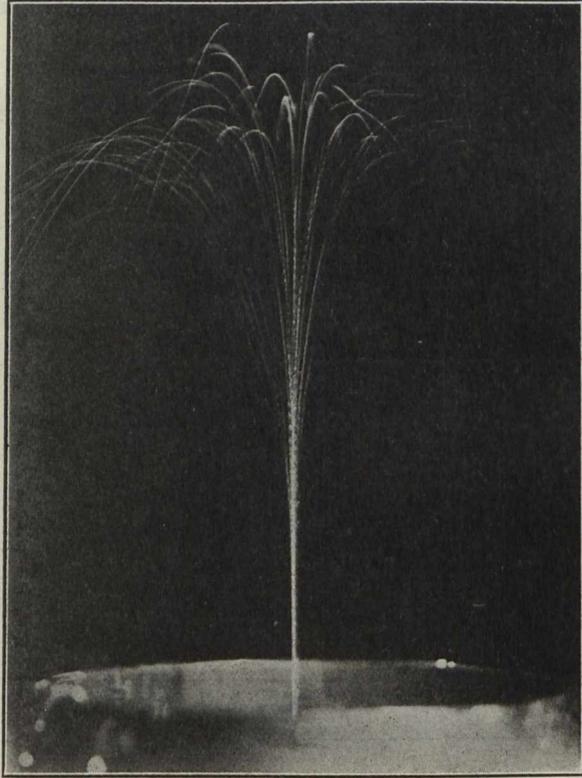


FIG IV.

the formation of the drops allows their being sent off in directions which are not exactly identical, so that the familiar spreading of a nearly vertical jet is readily accounted for. (See Fig. II.)

In fact the correctness of this explanation is confirmed by the extraordinary effect of causing a tuning-fork to vibrate in close proximity to such an ascending spray of water. The re-

sult of this *regular* vibration near the unstable cylinder of water is to enforce upon it undulations which occur regularly just as the fork vibrates regularly, and in consequence the resulting drops are pinched off in an orderly succession; their paths will be nearly identical, and as a result the stream will not spread out fan-like, but will be coherent as in Fig. III.

So much then for the undisturbed ascending stream of water-drops. Suppose now we bring near to the nozzle of this stream a piece of amber rubbed on one's coat sleeve; or a glass rod which has been rubbed with silk, or a piece of ebonite rubbed with a catskin—any substance in fact which is charged with electricity—and what do we observe? Immediately the fountain assumes the appearance shown in Fig. III, which is a photograph of the same stream as in Fig. II, except that it is electrified. The effect is manifestly quite similar to that due to the presence of a vibrating fork, the drops being aligned and the stream coherent. The suggestion at once offers itself that the presence of the electric charge must induce a regularity in the pinching off of the drops—but careful observation has shown that there is absolutely *no appreciable effect on the cylinder of water itself*. The action of the electricity must be upon the drops *after* they have been formed.

The explanation of this puzzling behaviour is rendered additionally difficult by the paradoxical effect shown in Fig. IV.

This photograph is of the same stream shown in Figures II and III, except that this time a much greater charge of electricity has been placed near it (720 volts in fact). The effect is obviously quite opposite to that caused by the proximity of a small charge of electricity. (See Fig. III.) The stream spreads out umbrella-fashion and is now much wider than it was in its natural uncharged state.

In fact it has been found that after increasing the exciting charge beyond a certain point the stream begins to spread out more and more as in Fig. IV, while for charges less than this critical one, the effect is to narrow the stream, as in Fig. III.

The theory which has been most widely accepted as the explanation of these striking phenomena is due to Lord Rayleigh, who considers that the spreading of the uncharged stream results from the collisions and reboundings of the drops as they become closely bunched together toward the top of their flight.

The effect of electrification is, according to this theory, to replace the tendency to rebound by a tendency to unite or coalesce, thus producing larger drops and a coherent stream.

Dr. E. F. Burton, of the University of Toronto, has recently carried on some work on this subject, and the facts found by him seem to leave no room for doubt as to what actually takes place. Instantaneous photographs of the streams before and after electrification indicate that the narrowing of the stream takes place immediately after the resolution into drops, *long before the drops have become closely enough bunched to collide at all*. This fact finds no explanation in Rayleigh's theory, and some other hypothesis seemed necessary to harmonize these new facts.

Such an hypothesis has recently been advanced by Dr. Burton. He observed that the drops are by no means of uniform size, and that in consequence they must receive different charges as they break away from the jet. A mathematical investigation of the mutual forces induced by these differences of charge and of size, discloses the fact that for moderate charges there would be considerable attractions among the drops in the ascending stream, and these would, of course, tend to keep the drops in the same line of travel, thus bringing about the observed narrowing of an electrified stream.

The fact that with very large charges the stream spreads out may be ascribed to the bursting apart of the large drops in consequence of the instability resulting from their being so highly charged with electricity and from the momentum due to their diverging velocities at the time of impact.

The whole phenomenon of water jets presents a most fascinating problem for investigation, and one whose charm is rendered the more exquisite in that its solution will assuredly not be the outcome of that greatest enemy of true science—the lust for gold—but will be accomplished only by the earnest and discerning searcher after truth.

McMasteritis

W. H. MALE, B.A.

McMasteritis is a disease acquired by enrolment in, developed by presence at, and never lost by absence from the University of McMaster.

The first symptoms appeared in 1887. The disease at once acquired a foothold, and now is to be found in all parts of the inhabited globe. Its stronghold is in Toronto, but it exists in almost like verbosity in darkest Africa, and upon the remotest hills of India.

What is McMasteritis?

It is (to quote the late Sir John Snooks, M.D.) a disease which first appears in the genus homo, at the ages seventeen to eighteen. In the following four years it takes firm grip upon its victim; and although, thereafter, it may abate in intensity, yet it never wholly leaves him.

The disease is characterized by the fact that it first affects the head, then the vocal organs, and then the whole system. The effects upon the victim are immediate. At once a certain bumptiousness is noticed, and the head appears to swell (in some cases to a remarkable extent); then the patient, owing to a loosening of the cartilage, increases in height. Later, these effects disappear, but the patient never fully recovers his former nonentity; he will always possess some superiority over his fellow men.

McMasteritis, though world-wide in character and disposition, differs from all other known diseases; in that, it has but one centre of inoculation. It behooves us, my fellow scientists, to pause for a moment in our diagnosis; that we may gain some knowledge of this centre, which is the base of the germ supply.

In April, 1887, a Bill was passed by the Ontario Legislature uniting Toronto Baptist College and Woodstock College under the corporate name of McMaster University. In September of the same year, through the decease of the Hon. William McMaster, the Corporation of McMaster University came into possession of about \$900,000 endowment for the purpose of Chris-

tian education, as set forth in Mr. McMaster's will and in the charter. In accordance with the charter, the Board of Governors and the Senate of the University entered upon the performance of their duties in November, 1887.

In the following year, it was decided that McMaster University should be organized and developed as a permanently independent institution at Toronto; and that Woodstock College should be maintained at Woodstock, to provide for boys and young men a thorough and practical general education. At the same time it was also decided that a Ladies' College (now known as Moulton College) should be established in Toronto, and opened for the reception of students in September, 1888.

In accordance with a resolution of the Senate, March 19, 1889, the Arts work of the university was inaugurated at the beginning of the academic year of 1890-91.

McMaster is not a large university. Its staff numbers but a score and three—its students form but four centuries in the undergraduate army of Canada—yet, withal—McMaster is great. She is great because of her splendid equipment, her sound teaching, and her matchless college spirit; and the greatest of these is her college spirit.

If there is any one thing that has contributed most, to make McMaster a force in the land, it has been the intense loyalty of her students to their Alma Mater. Loyalty may be of different kinds—but the loyalty of a McMasterite to his university is something which makes him willing to sacrifice his time and effort; something which makes him fear to fail; something that ever urges him on to renewed endeavors, that he and McMaster may know no shame. It is then this intense college spirit of the McMasterite which I have termed a disease and given thereto the name—McMasteritis.

To one who has belonged to a larger university, McMaster at first proves disappointing. There is absent that feeling of awe and pride which one feels when he stands on a campus and views around him the large and numerous buildings of his university. There is absent that feeling of enthusiasm which one feels as he stands with thousands of his fellows and cheers on the college line. Yet to the McMasterite there is this in compensation. In his smaller institution there is a homeliness, and among its students a comradeship which cannot exist in its

larger rival. And if, when the time for shouting come, they be not able to pierce the azure sphere, yet close behind the McMaster yell—stand the McMaster men, who weary not nor tarry (look thee, O Vic, to thy shield).

From all of this—part of which is wise, and part learned, you will perceive that the writer also has been inoculated with McMasteritis. But that he may convince you that he is now past the initial stages, let him acknowledge (and the truth will make him free)—that there is no college in all the land like Vic.; no colors farther in the van than the scarlet and gold. It is not that we (who are exiles) love McMaster more, but rather because we do not love Victoria less, that we would uphold to her the example of intense college spirit which has made McMaster great.

Victoria, with her new library and men's residence, now enters upon a new era of activity. The residence and dining hall will do much to bring the men of the college closer together, and to foster further that college spirit which is so marked a feature of her Bloor Street neighbor. It has been the college spirit among her sons that has made Victoria what she is to-day; it is upon the continuance and development of that spirit that her future greatness depends. Vivat Victoria! Vivat McMaster!

EN PASSANT

The first essay required of the first year is an autobiographical sketch. We suggest the following as a quite workable scheme:

Youth, Manhood and Age.

In Youth we looked forward to the wicked things we would do when we grew up. This was our state of innocence.

In Manhood we did the wicked things of which we thought in our youth. This was the prime of our life.

In Old Age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in our manhood. This is the time of our dotage.

The Woods in November

I wandered in the woods one dull November day.
 The sky seemed overcast with clouds all lifeless, chill and gray.
 Like soiled and blackened skeletons upon a grimy pall
 The leafless trees, against the sky, stood still and gaunt and tall.
 And 'neath my feet, like mouldering dust of long forgotten
 forms,
 Lay layers of leaves—the flesh of trees, sad aftermath of storms.

“ 'Tis thus with life,” I pondered, in introspection grim,
 “The best we have, the best we are is soon with deadly film
 Of ineffectiveness o'erlaid. We flourish while we may,
 But fall at last—blind, helpless victims of inscrutable decay.”

I looked above. From behind a thinner cloud, not brightly but
 insistent, came a light
 That silvered all the gray of sky, and tinged the white
 Of misty pungent glades with mellow gold,
 That glinted on the fallen leaves, with glory never told
 By pen or brush or voice. And then I heard
 The fearless, sweet, unfaltering note of some mysterious bird
 Singing its answer to the sun. And as it thrilled
 With throaty ecstasy of song, my aching heart was filled
 With peaceful confidence. “God,” cried I then aloud
 “Is behind it all, e'en as the sun behind yon cloud.”

'12.

The Conservation of Citizenship

A CRITIQUE ON SETTLEMENT SERVICE

BY ARTHUR H. BURNETT

Among the many remarkable movements which to-day are making towards the amelioration of social conditions probably none has been more impressive than the rapid growth of Social Settlements. The first one was opened in America as recently as 1886, when Stanton Coit began work at the Neighborhood Guild, in the Lower East Side, New York. During the following decade seventy-four had sprung into existence, and to-day there are about four hundred and fifteen. At present Canada has only six of these, three being in Toronto.

Though some few Settlements are located in country places, the vast majority are situated in the most densely populated neighborhoods of our big cities, where they seem to be able, in a peculiar way, to meet the special problems there presented. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the chief characteristic of all settlement work, for, however much they may vary in detail, adaptability is a factor always present. A new settlement begins in a district without prejudice or precedents, and is, like Melchisedec, without history or beginning or end, and, above all else, is not encumbered nor restricted by any rules or "Discipline" made for totally different circumstances. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that during the last twenty years eighty-seven churches or missions have been abandoned or have died below Fourteenth Street, New York, while about twenty-five Settlements have been started in that same area.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the acute conditions already existing in our larger Canadian cities, for surely we are all now well aware of the deplorable overcrowding and insanitation which have been tolerated too long. We all read of the thousand

immigrants arriving every day, and have heard of Little Italys, Wards, Ghettoes, and so on, which are growing up among us. It is to aid in the solution of these and similar problems that the Settlement has sprung into existence.

These are the days of the Conservation of Natural Resources, yet what are pines and pulpwood compared with people? We hear of the rich deposits hidden in the rocks of our lands to the north; may there not be wealth hidden from superficial seeing, lying concealed in many a city wilderness?

We are continually publishing bulletins about the best way to care for chickens and cattle, horses and hogs. We have agricultural colleges, where experiments are constantly being made to increase the fertility of the soil and the efficiency of the farm, and this information is scientifically arranged and is always available for those who need it, yet no information of an analagous kind is quite so readily available for those interested in the problems of the city.

Again, no thoughtful person to-day can consider our conditions of industry and the relation of Capital and Labor without wishing for greater mutual understanding, that each side might have higher aims, and that organized labor might have greater support for its just demands and be successful in raising the general standard of living.

All this may seem very discursive, but this is almost inevitable in considering modern settlements, for they can only be defined in terms of their activities or only in the very broadest way. Some have declared them to be experimental efforts to aid in the solution of the social and industrial problems which are engendered by the modern conditions of life in a great city. This, it will be seen, is sufficiently comprehensive to include all the questions that have been raised above. Are there newly-arrived immigrants in the neighbourhood who know little about our customs and laws? Then the Settlement will have lectures on civics. Are some unable to speak our language? Then classes will be started to teach them English. Are the homes so overcrowded that the only place where the children can play is upon the streets? Then a campaign will be started for supervised playgrounds. Is there little salutary home influence? Then boys and girls' clubs will be organized with some competent person to act as big brother or sister and thus exercise wholesome influence.

Is there no social or civic centre where the people of the neighbourhood may gather and where the general welfare might be discussed? Then the Settlement will be open for that purpose. Prominent men and women will be invited to express their views and debates will be arranged where public questions can be discussed, for Settlement workers well know that men do not blunder into good citizenship by accident, and that the whole duty of man is not completed when we have bludgeoned with a by-law some unwary offender. Most social workers soon discover how pathetic are the lives of many of our immigrants of mature years. They have been rooted up from their old environment among many picturesque customs and interesting folklore, and here find it difficult to readily accommodate themselves to the entirely different set of conditions into which they have come. Often is the question asked, "Why not encourage such people to continue to find self-expression in some of the arts and crafts or folk-songs or dances with which they are already so well acquainted. Yes, why not? But where could this be done? Why, at the Settlement, of course.

Once more, is the sanitation dangerous to the public health? Are the city authorities lax in performing their duty? Then the Settlement will enter protest, and, if necessary, will take more aggressive action. Are there sweated industries? Are young children employed in workshops or stores? Or does there exist in the neighborhood any other of the large number of possible industrial evils? Then the Settlement will see in every human need a call to action, and no wrong that can be righted is outside its sphere of influence. Would some sort of Clearing-house be useful, where various kinds of social information could be accumulated and kept always available? Then the ideal Settlement will first conduct investigations and scientifically arrange the results, so that all plans for social progress may be based on solid facts.

It will now be seen that the two great watchwords of the Settlement is neighborliness for itself and opportunity for those around. It will try to act the part of Good Neighbor to everyone, without distinction of race or creed. Roman Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, will all be equally welcome, for in few settlements is any effort made to proselytize, for at last some people are beginning to learn that humanity counts for more

than orthodoxy, a truth we have taken so long to learn from the story of the Neighbor who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho so many years ago. In this it will be seen that settlements fundamentally differ from "missions," whose inadequate and frequently vicious charities and whose preaching services are rapidly becoming obsolete: as though the poor were especially anxious to be sermonized! Perhaps if we had fewer organized preaching services and more organized practising services even settlements might be unnecessary. On the other hand, settlements seek to give to all the fullest possible *opportunity* to become the best of which they may be capable, and the emphasis will be laid upon self-expression rather than self-repression; upon self-development rather than self-denial. And through all its activities there will constantly run an insistence upon democracy. If a small group be formed into a club, the club must elect from among its members a president or chairman, secretary, treasurer, and whatever other officers may be necessary, for self-government must be encouraged in every way. No patronizing or superior air can for one minute be tolerated.

If time permitted it would be interesting to outline the activities of a Settlement in operation, but space does not now allow more than an invitation to any who may be interested to call and see for themselves the work now being done in Toronto. Special arrangements are made to receive visitors from 4 to 6 p.m. at the Central Neighborhood House, 84 Gerrard Street West.

It must not be overlooked that an essential part of all true settlement work is the residence of a number of the workers right on the settlement premises, where they can be neighbors indeed, and don't let anyone suppose that this is done with any martyr air, for all good settlement workers not only have a social conscience and intense human sympathies, but also a keen sense of humour, and many like the present writer are doing the work—"Just for the fun of it."

Idlers All—A Sketch

Ordinarily the mail is the greatest excitement Bala can produce, for, coming as it does at noon and at night, it offers all summer residents a legitimate opportunity to idle away a couple hours in company with other idlers. And then, when they get tired of talking, there is always the ice cream parlor where they can get fifteen big, fat, sweet cherries in one sundae. Who wouldn't go for the mail? Once in a blue moon, however, something really happens in Bala, that is, of course, something besides the arrivals and departures of trains and boats. I count myself favored of the gods to have been there when *it* occurred. Anticipatory delight was plainly discernible on the face of each one who stopped before the giant poster, which read somewhat like this:

“BIGGEST BONFIRE IN BALA at the Garden Party, which will be held on the lawn of Mr. Miller, River Road, on the evening of August 16. Come and enjoy yourself! Event of the season! Admission *free!*” Plainly to be seen, everyone was interested. Everybody told everybody else that everybody would go because everybody always did go. And I don't think a single soul forgot to express the wish that the weather would be fine.

The night did her best to make the party a success, and since a man can but do his best, how can anyone expect anything more from a night? To grace the occasion and to keep our steps from straying, she hung out a full harvest moon. Now I call that kind of the night, because, for one thing, she didn't have to do it. In fact, she might have taken it into her head to rain on us. But instead of rain she sent tiny little breezes to rustle the leaves and ruffle the water as we walked down the winding river road.

Turning a bend, we paused in silent admiration of the lovely scene before us. In the immediate foreground lay the lawn, a veritable fairyland with its strings of gay Japanese lanterns swung between the trees, beyond flowed the river, and back of it loomed up the pines on the opposite shore. Beneath this tree in front of us was a fern-decorated canoe which contained some sort

of grab-bag collection; over yonder was a fishing tank; there was a candy booth. All over the grounds could be heard the strident tones of one announcing: "The greatest wonder of the season! See the cherry colored cat! Don't miss it! Only five cents!" Here a lady displayed a cake which was to belong to the one guessing nearest its correct weight. Incidentally people had to pay five cents for the privilege of guessing. As we drew near two women were having an argument over the fate of the cake in the event of there being two winners. Would it be divided, or would the lucky ones have to cast lots for it? Neither the lady nor I felt it our duty, in the interests of peace, to settle this dispute, and we passed on, enjoying the sights and the home-made candy. Presently Dextra and the Professor joined us. When we left them at the post-office, they had insulted us by saying that they preferred a paddle on the bay to the garden party—and us. They apparently had changed their minds, and had canoed down the river. Near us sounded the announcer of the 'cherry colored cat.' "Oh, come on," said the Professor to me, "I want to see that cat. I suppose they'll gull us, but I can't rest contented till I see it." In a woman, this speech would have betokened an inquisitive spirit, but, as the Professor was a man, it showed an investigating nature. We strolled off, past the fortune teller's booth, where the red clad teller was boiling some water to make tea. She was much interested in confiding to two listeners the story of the fortunes of a young gallant out West. The cat had a tent all to itself. The three sides of the cage visible from the flap in the tent were closed, so that by the time we got where we could really see the wonderful creature, my curiosity was actually morbid. Yes, there it sat, snarling at all spectators, a great BLACK cat. "Oh, I see!" I exclaimed, "C-h-a-r-y." "No," said the Professor, "they're too stupid for that." The lady in attendance gazed smilingly at us, and in reply to our questioning glances, asked, "Did you never see a *black* cherry?"

We were out on the river, and the concert was in progress, yet at times the garden party seemed very far away. Merely to turn one's head was to travel from an Arabian Night's scene to one of the northland, lonely and mysterious. How the moon silvered the water, and how sombrely the pines on the other shore lifted their dark heads! Out upon the air floated the strains of

“Absent.” A magnificent tenor voice sang the simple, tender words:

“Sometimes between long shadows on the grass
The little truant waves of sunlight pass,
My eyes grow dim with tenderness the while,
Thinking I see thee, thinking I see thee smile.
And when, with the quivering cry,
Thinking I hear thee, thinking I hear thee call.”

The song ceased, the air seemed full of mystic voices, calling. They died away, for someone else started to sing:

If I had the world to give you,
You as its queen should reign,
And though you'd sigh for the sea or sky
You should not sigh in vain.

“Humph!” snorted the Professor, “That’s the kind of man who’d refuse his wife an allowance when he once found a girl silly enough to marry him.”

There was a silence. We could no longer hear the concert. “Julius,” I said slowly, we sometimes called him Julius from his resemblance to that best of Third Formers, “Did you ever see a water spirit?” “Why, no,” he said with deliberation, “I can’t say that I did. Did you?” “Oh, yes, plenty of times. I know one very well. Of course she’s beautiful; she is so fascinatingly beautiful that when you have seen her once you keep wanting and wanting to see her again. Do you remember the boy we called Douglas? And do you remember how he was always gazing at the falls over by the west bridge? It wasn’t the water, it was the spirit he was watching. Under the falls lived a giant who lay with outstretched hand, always ready for prey. One day he caught her, and yet, though he was very strong, so furiously did she strive against him that he could do nothing but merely hold her. I have seen her as the waters dashed around her and tossed their foam to cover the agony of her face. It was terrible. Douglas saw her too, and he killed that giant. People say the boy is dead, but he isn’t, though he can never come back here any more. They live under the falls

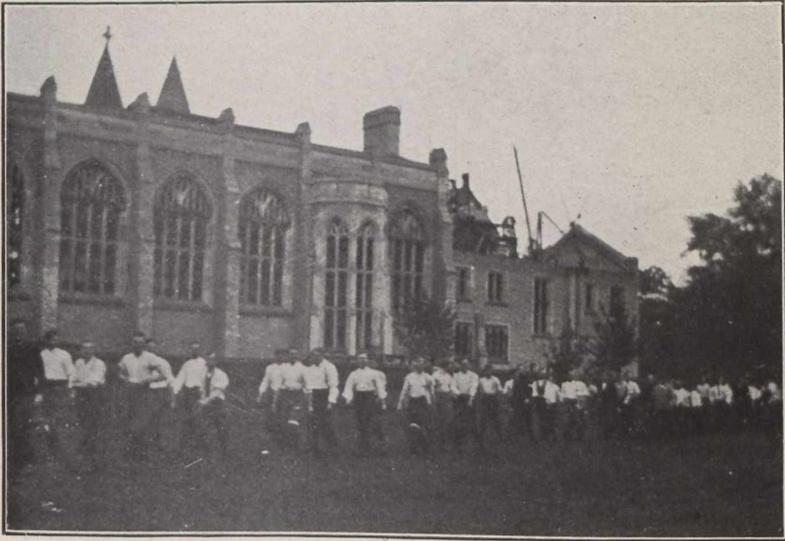
over behind the church. They say they like to hear the people singing. Throughout the summer they make the water glint and glisten, and dash it into spray, and as they work they sing. The song you think you hear the water singing is theirs. In the winter they live in an ice-palace. It must be very beautiful. They have tried——." A wail, weird, yet somehow familiar, told us that someone was rendering a hymn in the Indian tongue. The Professor followed up a chuckle with the explanation that he was thinking of Indian war-whoops.

Someone came to the wigwam by the shore and touched it with a kindled torch. The flames let loose, ran here and there, delighting in their freedom. I think there was an evil spirit abroad that night, who grew angry at their play, and in his maliciousness came and toppled over the central pole of the wigwam, knowing full well that that would spoil the whole bonfire. When the logs came crashing down on it in such a rude fashion, the fire grew angry and hissed and sputtered and fumed away, and finally went out in a blue funk, utterly refusing to be a party to the production of the "biggest bonfire in Bala."

N. '12.

Sad, sad is his state who receives the "mitten" from any "faire ladye:" sad, sadder, saddest is his who receives a slipper. Yet such was the fate of a valiant wily Sophomore, Mr. G. D. L. R., who endeavored to eavesdrop upon a Freshman class meeting. Seized and bound was he. Laid prostrate over the back of a chair—till needed—was he. Then having been relieved of one of his lovely Oxfords—and having been put in a position giving him a good view of the floor—he was publicly and profoundly "spanked" by a courageous Freshette.

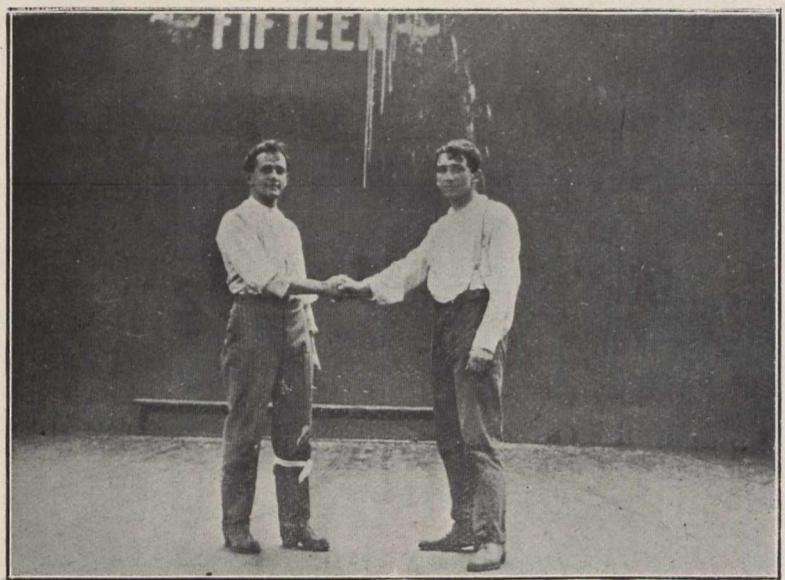
Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria spanki.



LEAD ME TO IT !



"THEY TOSSED ME ALL ABOUT."



THE RECONCILIATION.



THE "RECONCILED."

Words from the Westerner

We have not fashioned a creed out yet,
 We of the wider West.
Perhaps when we learn what our hearts believe,
Perhaps our creed will be sweetest,
 Perhaps our creed will be best.

Peoples of many a race and tongue,
 We scarce are brothers yet;
While we toil and do for the need at hand
There is so much to remember,
 There is so much to forget.

We have not seen what the end will be,
 We who are pioneers.
This thing we do, *this* thing; we may not know
What the worth of toil united,
 What the guerdon of the years.

For death comes sudden to Western life,
 We sink 'neath Western sod;
Yet sometimes a hope will rise to our lips,
That, hasting on, we built our part
 Toward the ultimate of God.

A.

The University Man in the Christian Ministry

C. A. SYKES, B.D.

Most cheerfully do I take advantage of this opportunity to put in an appeal to the university man to consider the claims and the opening that the Christian ministry has to offer him in this country to-day. The experiences we are passing through, in these wonderful years of national growth and development, serve to establish a stronger conviction of the magnitude and gravity of the problems presented. These problems loom so largely in the prospect of our country that it may be said without giving just cause to charge exaggeration, that all other questions of political economy relating to things rather than to human beings, sink into comparative insignificance. However loud and insistent may be the calls to the university man from other quarters, I am sure that the call to the Christian ministry, coming as it does out of the very spirit of our times, is loudest and most imperative of all.

Passing over the well-recognized scarcity of men, let us deal with another fact, not as familiar, but just as immediate and pressing, namely, that the cry is for *trained* men, as well as for more men. The mere office in itself avails nothing to-day. The *man* is everything.

To be a Christian minister a man needs to be something in personality, character and conduct. For that reason, the appeal is to the heroic in every young man. The ministry has no great temporal rewards to offer. It is probably the poorest remunerated service in the country. Nevertheless the State knows well that it depends upon the Church for the moral and religious education of the people, and in that light the Christian minister is certainly the truest patriot amongst us. Is it because the requirements are so many and so great that there is a tendency on the part of so many to seek some other occupation or profession that demands less of them? In any case, it is very natural that the eyes of all true citizens and patriots are upon our colleges and universities to see what the university man will do in the

face of our present national problem, viz., the Christianization of our Canadian civilization.

If his education is worth what it costs, it is to him the country will look

I.—*For Guidance in Religious Thought.*

It is scarcely too much to say that there is a positive hunger for such leadership, on the part of those outside as well as inside the churches. The man who can think straight, and then report his thought with power, will not fail of an audience. But that is a far more serious work than it used to be. The schoolmaster has been abroad—the schoolmistress, rather—and has done her work well. The general spread of intelligence has made the work of the untrained man impossible. It was an easy task to be a minister in this country fifty or seventy-five years ago compared to what it is now. Whether we care to acknowledge it or not, we are all under the stress and strain of a transitional time in religious thinking. The old-time struggle between the astrologer and the astronomer, the alchemist and the chemist, is upon us in new forms and in every line of investigation. Something is brewing. It is a great time for him who is prepared for it. “Deep calleth unto deep.” The great prophets have always been those who so understood the forces of their times as to be able to interpret them to kings and statesmen and people. They were the people’s pathfinders. Are any more needed in Canada to-day than these?

II.—And then, to whom else shall we look for the laying of good foundations *for national well-being in the newer parts of our great Dominion?* That is not a boy’s work. It is a man’s business. The boys are doing marvellously well at it, and let no one despise the day of small things. Look at the problem. To-day it is a patch of prairie; to-morrow a post-office; next week a hamlet; in a month a thriving village; in a year a town or city; soon a railroad centre, radiating modern civilization in all directions. The clay is plastic on the wheel. It only needs the skilful potter’s hand to mould it as he will. The impress of the educated Puritan minister is on New England to this day. There are whole areas of this country that have been completely evangelized by the early itinerant preachers of Methodism and other denominations. Canon Tucker, then Missionary Secretary of the Anglican Church, told us at the great Missionary Congress

in Toronto in 1909, that the Methodist pioneer preachers had done their work so well in some parts that "you could not find anyone there who was not a Methodist." These men laid the foundations of our colleges and Christian institutions, which are the glory of the land, and the commendation and emulation of other nations. With the superior advantages of our times, we are certainly not worthy sons of our fathers if we fail to do at least similar service for succeeding generations. And where shall we go for men of sufficient personal force for such work if not to the colleges? There, surely, shall we find men of mental culture and proper habits of study; men who have a message and the consciousness of a mission; men whose hearts are aflame with the passion of the Cross, and men who have ability for the expression of sympathy and friendship.

III.—*The university man will more and more be the one to whom Church and State will look for the great work of assimilating the alien immigrant population pouring in upon us in such vast numbers.* During the past few years, an exodus without parallel in human history, has been proceeding from the old lands of Europe to the new lands of America—millions of men and women selling all and setting out for this trans-Atlantic continent, and Canada is now the magnet to draw ever-increasing numbers of them. It is one of the appealing sights of the world, that ceaseless procession of unkempt figures, grizzled faces and strange baggage, of alien ideas and outfits! A singular spectacle, as you see them, bundled out of the ocean liners at Halifax, St. John, Quebec or Montreal, but more than a merely curious sight surely to every true Canadian, for these are the raw materials out of which our future race in Western Canada and in our larger cities, especially, is to be composed. We may safely trust the powers that be with the duty of the regulation of immigration, but for those of us who are members of the Christian churches and colleges, heirs of a world-wide Christendom, and the glorious triumphs of Christianity among all peoples, it is too late in the day to admit the task too great, or to quail before it. Canada cannot help but become great; that is no guarantee that it shall become good. Certainly, legislation, education, medicine, commerce and industry will not do it. Freedom and the climate will not do it.

Canada is in the presence of an ethnic, ethical, and religious

problem such as no country ever faced before. The United States received foreign population by degrees and was always able to keep well ahead of it. The incoming wave there rarely exceeds a million a year, or less than one to eighty of the population. Canada will have one immigrant to twenty-five of her population this year, and one to twenty next year. In other words, a fourth will be added to the present population of Canada at the present rate by the immigration of the next five years. Now every one should know that the time to influence these polyglot peoples is immediately on their arrival. They have broken with former associations, journeyed great distances, endured separations and hardships, their feelings lie on the surface, and what wonder if they take on at once the impress of the conditions into which they come. Are those conditions sordid, greedy, impure, unrighteous? Or are they kind, generous, pure, honest, neighborly, Christian? Everything morally for generations to come depends thereon. And it must be remembered that many of these strangers come to us either utterly indifferent to religious claims, or entirely antagonistic to them. And how could it be otherwise, when all they have seen or known of religion as a life or an institution in the lands whence they come, has been to crush them into baser servitude? To understand them, their history, customs, and ideas, and to assimilate them to our Christian ideals of life, is a task for which, other things being equal, only the well-trained and thoroughly educated religious leader is competent.

IV.—Again, *the problem of our cities, religiously*, demands the earnest attention of the university man.

It is very startling to note the rapid growth and development of our cities—often at the expense of the country and of morality. That great pioneer evangelist and ecclesiastical statesman, the Apostle Paul, discerned the value and strategic importance of the city as a centre of influence. How different the advance of early Christian conquest, had he not led the host of God in Antioch, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Philippi, and Rome? “The cause that cannot carry the cities cannot carry the country.” But what a pace for the whole country the city is able to set! As example, when the religious and moral reform forces in Montreal unite to overthrow an effete and corrupt civic government; or when they unite in Toronto to cut off forty licenses for

the sale of strong drink; or, again, when these forces gather to initiate some great evangelistic, missionary or philanthropic enterprise, how a moral and religious thrill vibrates throughout the whole land, and stimulates it to similar endeavor! And what leadership is necessary here! It is enough to fill the heart and brain of our best and bravest men. The growing complexity of our modern city life demands the best-trained intellects and most consecrated hearts.

Small, narrow, one-sided men, no matter how earnest, cannot supply leadership for the moral and religious forces which alone can redeem our great cities. They can do good in their own way, but in addition to them, and especially for this particular work, the strongest are needed—"men of marked personality, who to tenderness add force and grasp, who show capacity for friendship, and, who, to a fine character, unite an intense moral and spiritual enthusiasm."

V.—And once more, the call to the university man to take up the work of the ministry, comes *from the rural parts of our country*, where a better trained service is demanded.

These places are the feeders of the great centres of our population. Eighty per cent. of all the pastors and Christian workers in the city of Boston, it was found by a recent census, came from the country. In Maine's "Hall of Fame," enrolling 450 names, it was found the great majority came from the rural communities. In all branches of industry, commerce, and the professions, the recruits, both in leadership and in the ranks, continue to come from the country. So President Woolsey used to say, "We must save the country parts or we are lost as a nation."

And those who have been close observers of the situation bear witness to a marked change coming over our older Canadian communities. The type has changed. The older settlers have died, or removed to the towns or cities. The newer generations are not of the same stamp. They are not so regardful of our schools, our churches, or our Christian institutions. They need to be re-evangelized. But that is a far more difficult task now than it was in a previous age. A new and better type of minister is required, a far better trained man than his predecessor required to be. Such a man as was Kingsley, for instance, who, as he said, went to "Eversley, a little patch of moorland, containing about 700 souls, not one of whom could read or

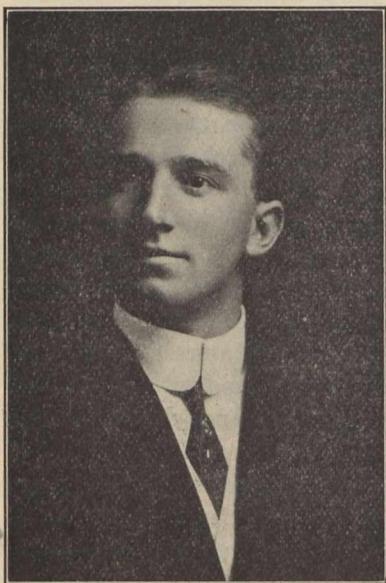
write." And what a garden of all good fruitage he made of it! Northampton is famous to-day because of the Christian ministry of Jonathan Edwards. I know it is sometimes felt, especially amongst college men, that greater service for the Christian cause can be exerted by layman than by ministers. But the fact remains that the very spirit animating the laymen of our churches is dependent upon the activities of the Christian ministry. And our insistence upon quality rather than quantity is by no means intended to reflect unfavorably upon the ministry of the past or of the present, nor upon the character of those already offering. (The standard has been raised because they have done their work so well.) It is rather intended to suggest the increasing greatness and difficulty of the minister's task, especially in Canada to-day. And it is because of serious and peculiar demands that men of exceptional ability and training are required. Grave responsibilities rest upon them. Danger and work challenge them to action. Let the challenge be accepted. The work to be done is not easy. It is fraught with infinite hardship and risk, with the certainty of wearisome labor and discouragement. It is because of this very fact, that the best, the most resolute, and the most daring spirits, should listen to the summons which calls them to this life of effort and conflict. It calls for the sacrifice of self-interest, for the spurning of ease, self-indulgence and timidity. It urges forth to the field where men must dare and do and die, if need be. Heroic deeds are to be done, and we ask for heroic men to come forward and do them. Who will hearken to the call of duty to undertake this great spiritual adventure? The call comes from patriotism as well as from religion; from country as from God. It should ring in the ears of young men who are high of heart and gallant of soul, just because it is a call to a hard life of labor and of love.

It was at the beginning of the College year, and the Chancellor had just given out the third Psalm in chapel. Then, looking up, and encountering a sea of faces, many of them unknown, he welcomed the freshmen, and said that the incoming freshman year was the largest on record. Without further comment, he turned to the Psalms and began: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me."

The Bob

“ O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oorsels as ithers see us!”

Once more ye ancient and venerable institution has demonstrated its immortality. It will not die, and it has shown this year its undeniable right to existence and recognition.



W. M. SMITH, President.

Already the chastened Freshmen are beginning to cautiously lift up their heads and look about them to see if the storm has quite blown over. Was it a grim reality, or one of those hideous phantoms of the night which often follow the demolition of the remains of the Thanksgiving turkey and three-quarters of a pumpkin pie at half-past midnight? Already some of these same Freshmen are even exhibiting again faint traces of those little weaknesses of which their friends, the Bob Committee, reminded them so gently, but which can never again become so prominent. There is a noticeable and regrettable diminution of that deep

interest in, and tender solicitude for the Freshmen, exhibited by the Sophettes and Sophomores in the early weeks of the term.

The “ Bob ” of this year was a very successful one, indeed, and well deserved the praise expressed in the remark of a member of the faculty to the writer, to the effect that if all previous ones had attained the same standard of excellence there would never have been any talk of discontinuing the function.

It has been restored to its old-time status, and it will be incumbent on future committees to maintain and increase the efficiency of this distinctively Victorian institution which provides a thoroughly satisfactory solution of the "Freshmen initiation" problem. The "Bob" may temporarily harrow the feelings of



R. S. RODD, Secretary.

the victims, but it spares their limbs and clothes, both rather important considerations, and painstaking observation has shown that the permanent results are very salutary. It is a literal fulfilment of Burns' famous wish, which, by the way, he might never have expressed, had he been privileged previously to enter Vic as a Freshman.

But, what of the "Bob" itself? Well, you were nearly all there, so why should I remind you that the first scene was laid in a court-room—(oh, the pity of it!); the second in a Freshman's sanctum; that the third was the hoary and somewhat brazen faculty scene;

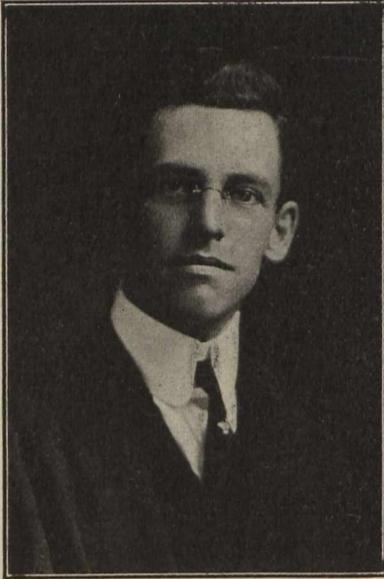
that the two following were representations (?), respectively, of a First Year Reception, and of those world-renowned pals who have become as well known as the Gold Dust Twins and will go down to history as the famous Mutt and Jeff; and, finally, what is the use of mentioning that the last scene was an adaptation of the funeral oration of Mark Antony in Julius Caesar?

The task of criticism is a peculiarly grateful one, for there is a most encouraging lack of opportunity for adverse comment.

It is difficult to select any special feature for praise where all was good, and still more difficult to mention any clever utterance when so much was said that was really witty. The most popular "stunt," however, was that ravishing trombone selection which wasn't played by the poor professor.

The faculty scene was somewhat long, and showed some traces of hasty preparation. It is a difficult matter to teach the staff the error of its ways, since it is composed of more hardened sinners. If we might venture a suggestion here, it would be that the impersonators of the faculty be chosen during the previous college year. This might necessitate the election of the

“ Bob ” Committee somewhat earlier than is customary, but would undoubtedly give a far better representation of the Faculty. Three or four days is not enough time to learn how to present a Professor as he is, unless the impersonator is a natural mimic, as was the inimitable Dr. Bell of this year’s “ Bob.” Are we not right? H’m?



H. N. DURAND, Treasurer.

The only unpardonable speech of the evening was in this scene. Also, may we ask if the smoking is absolutely necessary? Even if some members of the staff do indulge, reflect on the dangerous effects of the exhibition and revelation on the impressionable minds of

the innocent Freshmen.

Unqualified praise is due the funeral oration scene, which was a work of genius. It was a splendid example of what the “ Bob ” should be, thoroughly effective, yet with a minimum of burlesque.

Congratulations are especially to be tendered to the First Year for their excellent class singing, in which they surpassed even the redoubtable Sophomores.

Altogether, the exceptionally large attendance was justified by the presentation of an entertainment of which Victoria may well be proud.

Staff Contribution.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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Contributions and Exchanges should be sent to F. G. McALISTER, Editor-in-Chief, "Acta Victoriana"; business communications to H. W. MANNING, Business Manager, "Acta Victoriana," Victoria University, Toronto.

EDITORIAL

Wanted—Your Manuscript

This paragraph is a suggestion—a general and yet a personal suggestion. It is a suggestion which we venture to say has often occurred to you but which, whether through the press of circumstances or through the lighter but more subtle touch of procrastination, has heretofore failed to call forth any literary self-assertion on your part. We are referring to you as a contributor, and remembering that the essence of college journalism should be the variety and originality that characterize the intellectual activity of the undergraduate, we beg leave to suggest that a single contribution from each of you, be it a thought elaborated, the expression of a new view point, a verse, an essay, a short story, a sketch, a bit of fine paragraph writing, an idea in short whether fanciful or serious done after your own manner, would create a representative and resourceful fund of reading matter which would inevitably influence the tone of the literary department and would go far toward fostering an atmosphere in which more significant literary endeavor would be possible.

Palpably you are interested in this suggestion, else you would not have read thus far. Do not shatter its efficacy then without converting your interest into action. Is the aim worth while? Then make it a personal matter.

The Hand of the Builder

Throughout the park the hand of the builder is at work. The evidences of industry array themselves in formidable and permanent structures. But here a question—Is the natural pride we take in them significant of a deeper underlying interest in the work they stand for? The hand of the builder is at work, and under its guidance, in the various stages of construction, we rejoice in the materialization of the new Museum, the new Men's Union buildings, the Stadium, the Household Science building, the new Knox College, the additions to Wycliffe, and our own Men's Residences. We rejoice at the expansion of opportunity accreditable to these material improvements. But again a question—Do we sufficiently acknowledge that opportunity means obligation? Buildings do not make a university, nor does pride in buildings make a man. Both the former are mere accessories and meaningless without their principals. In the ultimate analysis the man only is truly significant. This then is the true answer to the deeper and underlying interest we take in the work of the builder! For we are all builders—builders whose workmanship is more permanent than that wrought in stone—and the hand we build with is our own.

Notes

Members and friends of the Young Women's Christian Associations throughout our Canadian colleges will be glad to learn that Miss Ruth Rouse, Travelling Secretary of the World's Student Federation, will spend three months at the beginning of the year visiting Canadian colleges. Miss Rouse was for a number of years in India, and as Travelling Secretary has visited Student Associations all over the world.

Canada is extremely fortunate in being able to secure Miss Rouse for so long a period, for her intimate knowledge of conditions throughout the whole student world will make her exceedingly interesting, and will be invaluable in working out the problems peculiar to her own Institution.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, Toronto, Canada,
October 13th, 1911.

*Editor of ACTA VICTORIANA,
Victoria College.*

DEAR SIR,—

Will you kindly allow me space in your columns to correct an unfortunate mistake that occurred on the Charter Day programme? The Fisher Scholarship in Moderns of the First Year should have been credited to Mr. N. S. Chisholm, who was the victim of a similar mistake on the University programme of last June. I regret very much that this error was again made.

Yours truly,

A. L. LANGFORD, *Registrar.*

The Probationers' Association

The newest, though doubtless not the least important, society around Victoria is the Probationers' Association. It is fitting that in a college such as Victoria with nearly two hundred candidates for the ministry, men who represent almost every district of Methodism in Canada, and many who will represent her in the great missionary enterprise abroad, it is quite fitting that we should have a society of probationers for the purpose of uniting in closer bonds of interest, and promoting the mutual welfare of all the men concerned.

Thanks to the keen insight of some of the older probationers and the kind assistance of Professor McLaughlin, such a society was organized in the spring term last year, with Professor McLaughlin as honorary president. The officers consist of a president, four vice-presidents, a secretary and treasurer, and all candidates for the ministry in Victoria are members.

The work of the Association is carried on under four departments:—

(1) The Department of Summer Supply, which aims at giving every probationer who desires it good supply work for the summer, along missionary, evangelistic, or educational lines. Under an energetic vice-president, this department has already begun its work well by placing fifty men in needy fields this past summer.

(2) The Department of City Churches, which aims at a fair distribution of the students among the churches and a closer

co-operation of the students with the work of the city churches and missions.

(3) The Department of Pulpit Supply, which has a splendid field in opening up for the probationers every possibility of pulpit supply during the college year.

(4) The Curriculum Committee, which has charge of the work of recommendation of any changes desirable to the students in the theology curriculum. This committee is already aiming at the establishment of a chair in Sociology in Victoria.

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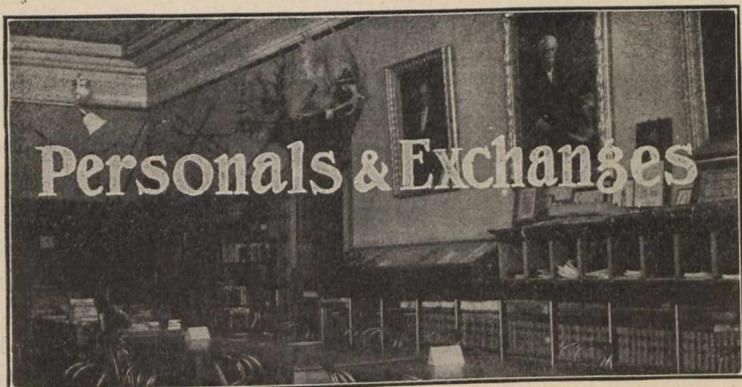
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Personals

The Personal Editor desires to express his deep appreciation of the generous assistance of Victoria graduates in forwarding items of interest to Victoria students. He cannot thank you individually, but wishes to evince his gratitude here.

J. Vernon McKenzie, B.A., '09, who has been out West for about two years, returned to Toronto the last day of August. Since graduation "Mac" has worked on the staffs of the *Seattle Times*, *Tacoma Tribune*, *Spokane Press*, *Lethbridge News*, *Calgary News-Telegram* and *Toronto Star*. This year he is working for his M.A. from Harvard University. His address is: Care Harvard Canadian Club, 12 Oxford Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Gordon Rutledge, for the first two and a half years with '09, recently resigned from the *London Free Press*, and is now Montreal representative of Colonel Maclean's publication, *The Hardware and Metal Magazine*.

Miss Lulu Collver is at her home, 12 Howland Avenue, busy resting after four years of college.

Misses Lily and Laura Denton are abroad for the year and are spending the winter months in Germany.

Miss Clara Pennington is teaching in Havergal College, city.

Miss Grace Freeman and Miss Laura Ockley are instructing in the Lillian Massey Household Science building.

Miss Horning is teaching in Borden, Sask. After Christmas she intends taking a six months' course at Normal in Calgary.

Miss Lawrence is teaching in Balmy Beach Ladies' College in the city.

Clint Ford, '07, has finished his law course in Calgary, and was visiting his old friends in Ontario during August before returning to the West to practise.

Arthur Ford, B.A., '03, is now News Editor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*.

Victor Odium, '03, is Western Manager of Burnett, Ormsby and Clapp, insurance specialists.

Miss Jessie Drew, '09, has just returned from Europe, where she spent the summer months.

There are probably more graduates of Victoria College in Calgary than in any other city in the world outside of Toronto, and forty-two ex-students, running from the year 1860 to 1910, met at a banquet held in the Alberta metropolis during the annual provincial Methodist Conference last May.

Officers of the Vic. Old Boys' Association of Alberta for the following year were elected as follows: Hon. President, Dr. Langford; President, Joseph Woodsworth; Vice-President, R. E. Finlay; Secretary-Treasurer, J. E. Brownlee.

The following toasts were proposed and responded to: C. Montrose Wright, The King; Methodist Church, Dr. Langford and Rev. Mr. Westman; Alberta Conference, Dr. Scott, Rev. T. P. Perry; Victoria College, Rev. J. W. Graham; Ladies, J. V. McKenzie. The following were present: J. V. McKenzie, '09; M. H. Staples, '09; F. C. Moyer, '09; W. S. Bradley, '09; A. T. Flynn, '07; H. G. Smith, C. J. Ford, '07; N. McDonald, '08; J. Brownlee, '08; F. S. Albright, '08; C. Montrose Wright, '08; F. Bushfield, '09; Proctor Burwash, W. J. Conoly, '95; S. Nicholson, '95; R. E. Finlay, '01; M. Lindsay Wright, '01; R. H. Brett, '02; F. J. Johnson, '07; Joseph Coulter, '02; W. K. Allen, '00; J. W. Coone, '01; J. E. Howson, R. W. Dalglish, '02; J. B. Francis, J. E. Hughson, W. Bertram Mitford; Geo. A. Cropp, '01; Dr. A. M. Scott, '96; Dr. A. Langford, '60; Dr. J. W. Graham, '96; T. P. Perry, '98; W. E. Galloway, '06; H. H. Cragg, '05; W. R. Seely, '92; E. Michener, '93; C. E. Manning; Ed. Bishop, '03; G. J. A. Reany, '08; J. H. Riddell, '90; J. C. Moyer, '09; R. K. Swanston, '09; J. F. Wordsworth, '08.

Clarke E. Locke, '11, has entered journalism, having obtained a position on the staff of the *Toronto News*.

Messrs. C. Y. Connor, W. M. Morrison, and O. Jewett have acted on Mr. Sissons' appeal for more male teachers, and have registered at Faculty.

Marriage

A very pretty wedding took place in June at the home of Rev. J. R. Isaac, St. Catharines, when his youngest daughter, Miss V. A., was married to Rev. J. A. Leece. Rev. J. R. Isaac performed the ceremony. ACTA extends best wishes, even if they are somewhat belated.

Exchanges

The *Harvard Monthly* for October has an article which incidentally raises some interesting questions, although the main problem discussed does not vitally concern Victoria.

Our readers will probably have read the sensational charges of Mr. Crane, a wealthy Chicago man, who has been investigating the moral conditions prevailing in American colleges, and has reached some startling conclusions, the gist of which is contained in the appended statement: "Apparently a young man cannot get any standing in college unless he is a degenerate."

A writer in the *Monthly* has undertaken to refute this sweeping charge in an article entitled, "Harvard and the Moral Problem." One of the most surprising facts of the case is found in the admission that from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the students in American colleges "drink precisely as the great majority of self-respecting men everywhere drink—a bottle of beer at a bachelor party or a cocktail before an occasional dinner." We had been harbouring the fond delusion that the percentage of total abstainers was somewhat higher than this.

The paragraph on College Tradition is well worth perusal, and the remarks on Personal Responsibility are very pertinent indeed.

There can be no doubt that when the youth enters college his responsibility for his own welfare, physical, mental and moral, increases tremendously. In many cases it practically begins then. There is a freedom from restraint and a shaking-up of old ideas which test character as perhaps nothing else will. For the purposeless human invertebrate, college life is veritably a snare. Such a specimen will probably degenerate during his

college course, and his place, if he has any, is at home or in some fold where he may be carefully watched and tended.

Opinions may differ as to the thoroughness of the refutation of Mr. Crane's charges, but the article is very strong, and should be read by every live college man.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* of October 7th has the first instalment of a good article on "The Trilogy of Sienkiewicz." A few of us who are older may remember Sienkiewicz as the Polish author of *Quo Vadis*.

Though the place and importance of the trilogy, so popular with some modern European writers, presents a tempting theme for discussion, we have no intention of displaying our ignorance of the subject.

This article of our contemporary, however, shows that in Notre Dame some attempt is being made by the students to study modern European authors, and we believe that it is time that we in Victoria College began to realize that all the present wisdom of the world is not flowing through English channels.

If Canadians hope to ever impress themselves on the world, to assert their national existence in the world of thought, they must seek to understand the mighty currents of intellectual Europe. Great moral and social issues are being discussed by forceful and fearless writers, and even if we cannot all accept their conclusions, it is certainly incumbent on us to become at least familiar with the broad outlines of their ideas.

Just now our knowledge of present-day European literature is restricted, in most cases, to a few text-books in science, philosophy, and biblical criticism, which happen to be prescribed in the curriculum.

Let us emerge from the shell of our provincial self-sufficiency and investigate the thoughts of others besides the Anglo-Saxons. In addition to the light thrown on life and customs, it is just possible that we may discover that others have been doing thinking which may interest, if it cannot instruct us.

Queen's Quarterly has a very able article on "Canada's Relation to the Empire," which is of especial interest to-day, in view of the fact that this is a topic of live interest, and will certainly be of vital importance in the near future, perhaps nearer than we are prepared to admit.

Athletics



Charter Day Meet

Victoria's third annual field day was held on Friday, Oct. 13. The double hoodoo, said to haunt such a date, was absent. The weather was perfect and every event was contested keenly before a large crowd. Everything was handled quickly and satisfactorily by the officers of the Athletic Union.

The 1910 winners in class and individual competitions repeated. Theology won with a fair margin, and A. C. Burley, C.T., took the all-round championship handily, getting seven firsts.

The tug-of-war and the inter-year relay proved most exciting. After losing their first pull, the Second Year settled down until they had dragged all the stalwarts around at one end of a bit of rope. That nerve-racking relay also went to '14, the First Year being second. While the 440 yard "dash," as it was announced, was on, the stop watch stopped or broke and record-breaking time resulted.

The results:—

Hundred-yard dash, Burley; 220 yards, Burley; pole vault, Patterson, B.D.; running broad jump, Burley; kicking football, McKenzie, '14; 440 yards, Burley; putting shot, Stillwell; hop, step and jump, Burley; one mile run, Burley; tug-of-war, Second Year; running high jump, Burley.

These contests provided a splendid outing for the college, but did not fulfil an important purpose, which the founders of this event had in mind. They hoped that this smaller meet would develop Vic. men for Varsity and inter-collegiate sports. They did not plan a preliminary work-out for the handball or soccer season.

Victoria, 13—Dents, 5

The coveted Mulock mug seemed to take a long shuffle towards Vic. when on October 25th the rugby boys downed the Hya Yakas. The dope called our group to furnish the cup winner, and the giant Dentals had recently humbled St. Miques. On form shown in this first real game, the team deserve to go far in the series.

Dental College presented a "star," Zimmerman, with husky but slow support. On this one player they relied for all their kicking, and running, too. His task was too great. Vic. had a trick play or buck for nearly every man, and team play with splendid running saved the day.

Vic. began with a rush, and had a touch before the rooters were ready to cheer. The successful plays were Slein's criss-cross with his left half Duggan, which netted a fine gain, and Patterson's dodging run through right middle wing. Fumbles transferred the play to our end, but Duggan's sweeping run relieved the tension. The quarter ended with score 5 to 0.

A rouge and a dead liner came to us soon after changing positions. Then a Dent run endangered our line, and Zimmerman went over on a fake buck. So far play was open, with plenty of runs, muffs and reckless passes. Half-time score was 7 to 5.

Zimmerman, always bothered by our outside man, fumbled when play resumed. Good runs by Patterson and Duggan put Vic. in good position, and then Duggan slipped through a broken field for a try. Our line plungers were going strong now. However, the period ended 12 to 5.

Poor ball handling by the Dent backs and some good following-up put the Dents on the defensive, and Jewitt, who changed places with Watson at three-quarter time, made another dead-liner. This ended the scoring, although play was spectacular, and Duggan "zig-zagged" through close fields in good style.

Judging from this and preceding games, the team is stronger than last year. The line tackles well, protects the kicker, and blocks bucks effectively. If the plungers will use more vim and expect to get clear for a run every time out, they'll be unbeatable in this series. The backs have shown nervousness and its after-effects, but with practice, are certain to gain more accu-

acy in catching and judgment in passing. They have speed and daring already. The team as a whole shows strength and speed. Skill in combined play is being developed to a degree unusual in inter-faculty rugby.

The players: Flying wing, Jewitt; halves, Patterson, Watson, Duggan; quarter and captain, Slemin; scrummage, Morrison, Graham, Allen; inside wings, Church and Batzold; middle, Burt and Newton; outside, Campbell and McDowell. Spares: Guthrie, Guthrie, Latimer, Armstrong, Griffith and Jeffs.

“ On the Side ” Lines

Beware of Batzold when he tackles low.

How comforting when the other fellows have to be exhorted to “ hold that line.”

Few men are reasonably sure of catching punts while on the dead run.

Sweet was revenge for the loss of the Jennings sterling ware in March last.

A play for every man, not one man in every play.

Captain Birks and his Seconds intend giving the winners some busier afternoons.

The scrim gave Slemin a fair chance and he worked the plays smoothly.

The rooters needed practice much more than the team. Perhaps they were just too happy to talk.

Our halves did not seem to realize how dangerous one muff can be.

Perhaps our outsides did not smother Zim.

Our good ball carriers are too numerous to mention.

So much was at stake that stage fright was to be expected.

It looks like a Vic. year in sports.

The Practice Season

To open the rugby season the team on Oct. 3rd gave T. A. A. C. a practice. What's more, they gave the Crimson a beating. The visiting halves ran into some nervy tackling and failed to outkick Watson. The Vic. line were commendably aggressive. On the offensive Harris Newton shone, for the visitors couldn't

stop his bucks. The team's showing so early in the season against a team in fast company was very encouraging.

In a useful practice on Oct. 18 the rugby boys beat Junior Meds 17 to 0. Vic.'s all round superiority and Newton's plunging were the features, while the backs aired some trick plays before a gleeful throng. On the twentieth the team took the big end of a 32 to 1 score from Knox in another exhibition or "show 'em up" game. The combination on our back line was a treat in this match.

Soccer and Handball

The building up of a new "soccer" team has gone on well under Capt. Burwash and Manager Jack McCamus. Training began early and a practice match was played with Wycliffe. Vic. lost, but it was good to see several freshmen on our line-up. This year's team is likely to be a "bantam weight" combination, but will not lack speed and skill.

Games are starting later than usual this year, and it might have been possible to get an inter-year series going. This would be a good policy for the future. It is time for Vic. to develop players from the junior years as well as employ skill which has been developed elsewhere.

Vic. has three teams in the handball competition with St. Michael's, the Dents having dropped out. Four games are scheduled for each series, A, B and C. Vic's "A" team has lost two games so far, and the "B's" one, while "C" has won a game. It has been necessary to bring on the matches at one o'clock, yet at this inconvenient hour the St. Mique's rooters have been out in force and with good results. A hint to the fans should be sufficient. Watch the notice board and help Vic. gain supremacy in this sport.

The tennis tournament is being put through promptly, but is not sufficiently advanced for results to be given.

Line-ups of alley teams:

"A" Team.—J. Brown, J. McCamus, Armstrong and Burwash.

"B"—H. Taylor, Chester, W. L. McKenzie and E. Manning.

"C"—Hornér, Griffith, Bishopp and McCutcheon.

Girls' Athletics

The annual inter-college tennis tournament took place on 18th, 19th and 20th of this month. University College won the championship from St. Hilda's, the winners of last year. Victoria College was represented by Miss Merritt, Miss Gilroy, Miss Henderson, Miss McIntosh, Miss Cuthbertson and Miss Kenny. Although the girls played an excellent game, Victoria was distinctly outclassed.

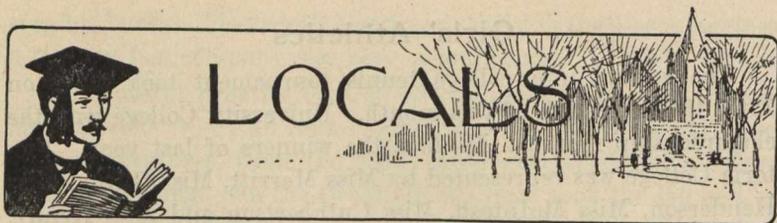
The Ladies' Open Singles of the Vic. fall tournament are being played off at present. Not enough progress has been made yet to report results. The tennis captain, Miss Lowrey, requests that the girls play off as quickly as possible, on account of the scarcity of courts.

Not as much interest as should be has been taken in field hockey lately. It is a splendid game, and when a coach and captain are provided, surely more ought to turn out to the practices. If you have never played field hockey come out and learn.

Inter-year hockey seems to have drawn out to the rink many girls, who, thinking they were not good enough for the first team, would otherwise never have attempted hockey. By getting lots of practice in these inter-year matches they learn to play, and when a member is laid off the regular team there is not so much difficulty in obtaining a supply.

Our results last year in the inter-college matches show that more attention ought to be paid to tennis, hockey and basketball. We have the material. Why not utilize it? Perhaps we are attempting too much, and by dipping into every game we do not become proficient in any of them. If any girl feels that this is her case, and thinks that by dropping basketball she will be able to play better hockey, or vice-versa, by all means let her drop one of them, and play the game for which she is more suitably adapted.

If each girl does her duty by athletics, surely our record for 1911-1912 will be much better than it was last year.



And so the first month has gone.

Perhaps there is no period of the year—except the first weeks of May—so eventful as the first month of the college term. It is a period of suppressed excitement among all the years, of which the various scraps and the Bob are the outbursts of the more exuberant. There is the excitement of meeting friends again—and strangers for the first time—and laughter rather nervous fills the hall. There is the excitement of getting registered and buying books—eternally—which sadly punctures the pocket books we spent all summer inflating. There is the excitement of getting settled and choosing a dining place whither our feet shall turn instinctively at all leisure moments. There is the excitement of opening our text books for the first time and the shocked groan with which we lay them aside. All this is crowded into the first four weeks.

But now we have been here a month. Excitement has simmered down. Scraps have relieved the tension. The “Bob” is off. Football and tennis are going. The whack of the handball sounds afar. The heating system is working. The weather is lovely. Exams. are far away. Let’s all get better acquainted.

“And forth were cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which like little flyes,
Fluttring each about his neighbour’s hedd,
Awaite whereto their service best applyes.”

In the light of Oct. 11th, 1911, who will dare deny the prophetic office of Spenser.

Prof. Bl—w—t (in Philosophy of Religion): “. . . and here that disturbing appendix comes in.” (Enter Harris N—w—n, ’11.)

Ever since the last ACTA come out we have been hearing demands everywhere for cook-books. We have no doubt an agency in the common rooms would be immensely patronized if properly (wo)manned.

Mr. St-t-sb-ry, C.T., is exceedingly anxious for a copy.

Miss Kern—y, '14 (to ticket collector at "Bob"): "Did Mr. Clipperton give ——?"

Ticket Collector: "Oh, yes, that's alright, pass right through."

Gentle reader, be thou not angry if we do remonstrate slightly with thee. Thou know'st full well the truth of the plaintive lines:

" Full many a joke is born to blush unseen,
And waste its humor on the desert air."

Is it not so? If then LOCALS cometh not up to thy expectation, the responsibility is thine. Our ear is open—whisper thou therein. Our address is public—hide it in thy heart—and, gentle reader, remember thou us when something good cometh thy way.

Miss Hubble (after the Bob): "Didn't Mr. Rice act naturally as Mutt, in 'Mutt and Jeff?'"

Dr. W—ll—ce (taking the class roll). "What is your name?"

Mr. H—lly—rd, C.T.: "'Awfyawd."

Dr. W.: "Again, please."

Mr. H.: "'Awfyawd! 'AWFYAWD!!'"

A Voice: "Eighteen inches."

A very large proportion of the college girls attended the first meeting of the Woman's Literary Society, Thursday, October 12. After a piano solo by Miss Moyer, '15, addresses of welcome to the new girls were given by Mrs. Auger, in behalf of the wives of the faculty, by Mrs. Parker, for the Alumni Association and by representatives from Trinity, McMaster and University Colleges. An informal reception was then given and refreshments served.

Wise, '13 (back, late—as usual): “And here I’ve missed one reception. Isn’t that awful?”

W—b—r, 1T5 (in first year Hebrew, discussing the pronunciation): “Well, the Hebrews here in the city don’t pronounce it that way. The Jews always make a sound like a ‘V’ when they can.”

Is it any wonder this man was mistaken for Prof. Washington.

The first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in Alumni Hall on Tuesday, October 3. Mrs. Burwash addressed a few very appropriate words of welcome to the girls of '15, after which the President, Miss Trimble, '12, Miss Spence, '13, and Miss Morgan, '14, gave speeches of greeting to the incoming class on behalf of their respective years. Miss Granger, '15, replied for the girls of her year. After a musical programme, refreshments were served, and a social half hour spent. To facilitate acquaintance with the girls of '15 a novel idea was adopted. Each of those present was given a slip of paper on which was her name, and the freshettes were asked to guess in which year the other girls were, each correct guess being rewarded by a star. Not having learned the modern college significance of stars, the freshettes soon had a bright array of them. After a pleasant half hour thus spent, the meeting adjourned.

Freshie (appearing breathlessly in the Registrar’s office): “Say, Mr. Br—bn—r, can you tell me why my trunk hasn’t come up?”

Fair Freshette: “I’m afraid to go to the Y. W. C. A.”
“Why?”

Fair Freshette: “Why I heard they made you eat soap.”

B—yn—n, 1T3 (in Syriac class): “I suppose, Professor, we shall be reading this passage?”

Professor: “It may be.”

B—yn—n, 1T3: “Well, I have read it already.”

Miss Finch, '13: “I have been getting to church in good time this year. I always get there in time to hear the postlude.”

It was at a feed, and snoring was being discussed.

Miss Wilson, '13: "I stay awake every night to find out whether I snore or not."

Miss Finch, '13 (after the laughter had subsided): "My sakes, I don't see any point in that."

The sophomores in Annesley Hall gave the freshettes an enthusiastic reception this year. At half past nine one evening, masked figures, robed in black, appeared before the terrified freshettes, and conducted them to the gymnasium. Strictest secrecy was observed, Miss Flanders, '14, forming an able guard at the door to prohibit curious intruders. Arrived at the gym., the freshettes awaited their doom in trembling expectancy. They were brought out one by one, blindfolded, and led before the judge. The oath was administered, the offenders solemnly promising to love, respect, honor and obey the venerable class of '14, and they were then required to kiss the hand of their liege lord as a sign of complete homage and submission. Each bowed obediently and met the cold surface of a tubful of water. Then the ancient trial by ordeal was revived, the prisoners being allowed to choose between a tapping and walking across the floor barefooted. All chose the latter, and soon became entangled in sticky fly-paper, spread alluringly along their path. One lucky unfortunate walked the length of the room unscathed, but was sternly ordered to repeat, and this time proceeded on her journey with novel and clinging substitutes for snow-shoes. Altogether a happy evening was spent.

The freshettes at South Hall were not forgotten either by the charitable sophomores. They were allowed to display all their latent talent in stunt performances for the amusement of the class of '14. Peanuts and dry biscuits constituted the refreshments of the evening, the freshettes eating the former in a dish of flour, or nibbling them from the end of a string. There was then an original peanut race. Each freshie, on her hands and knees, rolled a peanut ahead of her with her nose, after which acrobatic feat, horses were provided in the shape of chairs, and the freshettes had a splendid gallop around the gymnasium. After spending thus a most enjoyable evening, the sophomores escorted the grateful freshettes home.

Fair Cynthia was retiring into a bed of daffodil sky when the silent hawk-eyed members of 1T4 scaled the precipitous side of the alley board and inscribed thereon in goodly letters,

VIC'S FRESHEST FRESHIES, FIFTEEN.

And only those who have been Freshmen and who perceive the vile insult flaunted to the sky can understand why it was the artists loved darkness rather than light. The morning broke damp. The ground too was tearful. Not so the vigilant Sophs who stood on guard and craned their necks to espy some signs of a verdant enemy.

At 10.30 the opposing forces appeared and were immediately cheered into battle by the recently escaped Ch-r-h. To tell of the onslaught one should require a pen set in the staff of Mercury. Each man seized his neighbor and held him to the ground either from above or below. The scaling ladder of the Freshmen was captured and dumped over the fence onto Charles St. Meanwhile the sober terra-firma boom-boomed with the fall of bodies. Hair and countenances were mingled with the dust and trousers sadly relinquished their crease. The recovered ladder became again the grounds of a wild argument, but once more 1T4 obtained possession, and this time they stowed it away in the wine cellar of Annesley Hall, thence to come out no more forever.

The man-to-man conflict went on unceasingly, and by the use of certain small cables many were rendered temporarily *hors de*. But when the whistle blew the strife ceased immediately. Half let up. Half got up. And with hearty cheers, each class for the other, the scrap came to a *grand finale*.

Where did victory perch? Well, we didn't see any around, but it fell to the lot of the janitor to paint out the sign.

Prof. De—w—tt (to the Sophomores, commenting on the *stealthy* exit of the Freshmen from the chapel): "Don't be alarmed, it's only the infants being let out for recess."

We warn the Professor of Mr. Owen's fate.

"What year are you in?"

Dent, '15: "Oh, I'm a freshette."

Miss Jones, '14 (at an executive meeting): "Do I have to write letters of invitation to all the wives of the faculty?"

Miss Austin, '12, at Convocation Hall, Charter night, listening to the yells (disgustedly): "Humph, I could yell louder than all those men put together."



MURDER WILL OUT!

A. L. P—1, Pres. of '13: "I wonder if there should be an executive meeting. I think there should. I want to get acquainted with the ladies."

Dr. de Beaumont (to Mr. Clipperton, registering in French): "What course?"

Mr. Clipperton: "Moderns."

Dr. de Beaumont (briskly): "Romance or Teutonic?"

Mr. C. (backing up): "Oh, j-just plain moderns."

Dr. Edgar (lecturing to fourth year English class): "And now we turn to the 19th century, in which most of you were born." (O, ye ancient seniors!)

Freshman (registering in Theology with Professor Bowles): "My name is C. Crack."

Prof. Bowles: "Any relation to Jim Crack?"

Freshman (eagerly): "Why, do you know him?"

Echoes from '14's class meeting:

"Somebody make a motion and let us get started."

"I move that ministers' children pay one-half the regular class fees."

"Will the gentlemen please keep quiet while the ladies are speaking?"

How many yells may we have?"

"Say! Twenty-five cents means six rides on the cars!"

"College life does not mean much to me without a gown."

The success of the first reception held under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. augurs well for the popularity of such functions this year. In spite of the "weepy" weather the attendance was most gratifying—about three hundred and fifty being present—and amongst these were few unhappy faces. Great credit for this cheerfulness and for the filled programmes which caused it, is due to the Reception Committee who were right on everybody's hand to comfort and direct and introduce. In the chapel under Dr. Blewett's direction an interesting and enjoyable programme was presented. All the numbers are worthy of particular mention, but everyone spoke so highly of them at the time that a repetition is unnecessary. We cannot, of course, omit our commendation of the luncheon. One of its best features was the skilful and orderly manner in which it was served. The plan is worth making a fixture. At an early hour the lights went out and so did all the guests, but though the abruptness with which the end came meant some disappointments, we have received word from the Recording Angel that there were many happy dreams that night.

Mr. W-ee-er, '13, being anxious to obtain transportation to a western city in as economical a fashion as possible—*i.e.*, for nihil—arranged with a news-agent friend of his to procure him a newsboy's suit and allow him to go along as assistant vendor of peanuts and chewing gum.

Somewhere off the north shore of Lake Superior Mr. W's. genius burst the bonds that disguised it, with the result that the conductor got on the game and the boys got off the train and headed for Toronto a la pedal extremities. Fuller particulars may be obtained from Mr. W. by all enquiring friends.

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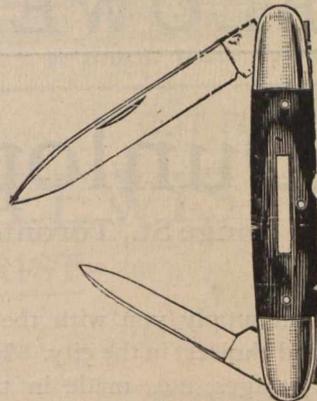
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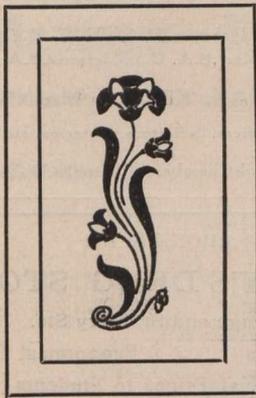
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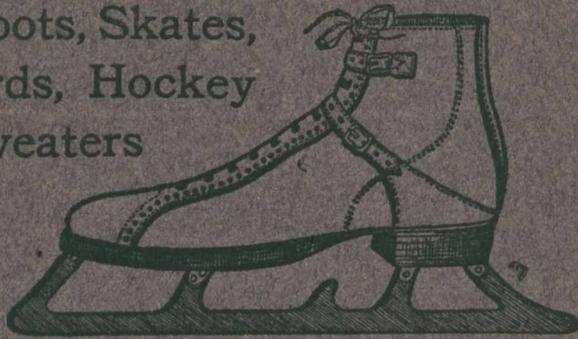
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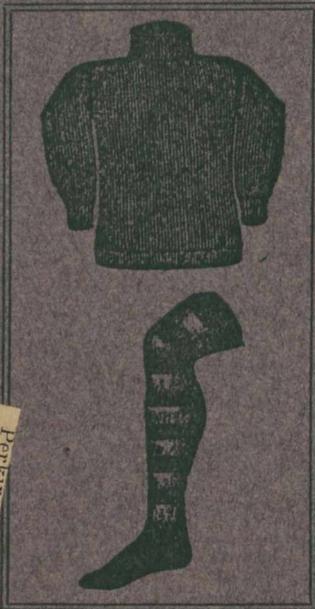
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