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FOR 1908 (in part)**

*October:*

1. Night Schools open (Session 1908-9).
- Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due.
31. Inspectors' application for Legislative aid for free Text Books to Rural Schools.

*November:*

9. KING'S BIRTHDAY (Monday).

*December:*

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees.  
Municipal Clerks to transmit to County Inspectors statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter.
8. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board.  
Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second instalment.  
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.
9. County Model Schools Examination begins.
14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.
15. County Model Schools close.  
Municipal Councils to pay Secretary-Treasurers of Public School Boards all sums

- levied and collected in township.  
County Councils to pay Treasurers of High Schools.
18. Provincial Normal Schools close. (First Term.)
22. High Schools (First Term), and Public and Separate Schools close.
24. Last day for notice of formation of new School Sections to be posted by Township Clerks.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Friday).  
High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.  
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect.  
By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
30. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools.  
Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due.  
Reports of Boards of Examiners on third Class Professional Examination, to Department, due.
31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.  
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer, due.  
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

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For 1908

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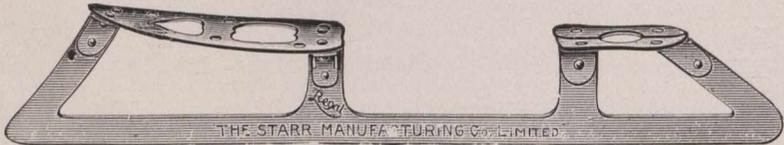
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*Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee  
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,  
The cricket chirps upon the russet lee  
And men delight to linger in thy ray.*

*Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear  
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.*

—W. C. BRYANT.

# ACTA VICTORIANA



Published monthly during the College year by the Union  
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto

VOL. XXXII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1908.

No. 2

## *Beyond the Sunset*

A. L. BURT, '10.

“O MOTHER, dear mother, what lies beyond  
The sunset's great golden sea?  
O mother, dear mother, the skies beyond  
Are smiling so pure at me.

“O mother, dear mother, the golden gates  
Are opening wide for me;  
O mother, dear mother, an angel waits  
Up there with a flaming key.

“O mother, dear mother, what music sweet  
Pours out from that mansion fair?  
O mother, dear mother—the golden street!  
O where does it lead, O where?

“O mother, dear mother, why weep you so,  
The place is so passing fair?  
The glory is calling and I must go;  
You'll follow me, won't you, there?”

The dear little maiden has flown away;  
But when all the work is done,  
The mother, she sees at the close of day  
A smile in the setting sun.

*The Moral Problem of the Theatre*

REV. E. R. CRUMMY, B.A., D.D.

THE problem of theatre-going is one which cannot but challenge the earnest consideration of everyone who takes life at all seriously. On the one hand, it is not so simple a matter as it may seem to take a negative attitude toward any practice. One might somewhat naturally think, "Why, theatre-going has been objected to as unworthy of Christians; I can find plenty of ways of being entertained without it; and so I shall not go, and there's an end of it." But it is doubtful whether one can morally dismiss moral questions so lightly. Our negative attitude toward life and conduct should have a rational basis, as well as our positive attitude. And when we come to really give this phase of the subject our thought, the difficulty is enhanced by the fact that a great many good men in the past and present, the genuineness of whose Christianity we have no right to question, have patronized, or do now patronize, the theatre. One might mention here the names of Queen Victoria and Browning and Tennyson, besides many distinguished clergymen of undoubted piety.

On the other hand, we have to face such facts as the rules of the Methodist Church. And here we may wholly omit any discussion of the relative merit of the footnote as compared with the older portion of the Rules. It is well known that the older rule referring to amusements or "diversions" was, and from the very beginning, universally and consistently interpreted as condemning the theatre. Nor need we discuss whether the Rules are, in the nature of the case, mandatory or recommendatory. In either case they must be assigned the highest significance, not only by the members of the Methodist Church, but by all persons whose purpose is to live the best life possible to them; just as no one, of whatever church, seeking to practice the highest ethical conduct, can ignore the judgment of the Roman Catholic bishops on the subject of dancing. It is perhaps a misfortune that the Rules are not so stated that these discussions might be eliminated, as they serve too frequently, it is to be feared, to divert the attention from the real question at issue. It is well known, more-

over, that the pulpit of the other Protestant churches—or most of them—is just about as pronounced as the Methodist pulpit in its attitude toward the theatre. The reasons for this attitude, when any are assigned, are various, and many of them of small validity, but the attitude itself is simply a matter of fact.

I have now briefly stated the problem as it presents itself to us, and it needs only to be stated thus to show that the weight of the evidence of those whose duty it is to give special attention to the question of public and private morals, condemns the moral and spiritual influence of the theatre; and this condemnation, if not altogether exclusive, is practically so. It embraces the theatre as it is generally known to the people at large, and that, too, not in its more obtrusively immoral aspects, but the theatre that solicits the patronage of people of decency and self-respect.

But that this condemnation has not always been merited will be clearly shown by the history of the theatre itself. On the contrary, it was, at least in its earlier years, a great power for good. This suggests two conclusions; first, that the evil is not inherent in the stage itself, and second, that we may discover that it is a loss greater than we are justified in suffering, to allow one of the historic agencies for good to be turned against the moral forces of the day. It may just be questioned whether we have any other that can exactly take its place.

To discover the germ of disease that preys upon the stage may point in the direction of an effective treatment of the disease. We may note in passing the marked tendency to deterioration on the part of that which caters only to amusement. This seems equally true, both in the case of persons and institutions, and would suggest the necessity of associating amusement with some other and more serious purpose, or that it be engaged in only with a distinct view to the end to be served, and with a due sense of proportion. Otherwise, it is likely at once to degrade the entertainer, and to develop in those who are entertained a tendency to an unserious and trifling conception of life.

But when the entertaining function of the stage is kept strictly subservient to its educative function, the difficulty under which it has struggled, and beneath which it has sunken, begins to be apparent. Certainly there can be no evil tendency in the

acting itself. If reading to a company of listeners is good, surely acting, which is simply better reading, is better. The evil must be sought for in the play or players, or both. And it is obvious that, in the player, you have both included. Given a worthy actor or set of actors, and it goes without the saying that they will present no play unworthy of them. Given, on the other hand, a set of actors morally or intellectually unfit to enter with sympathy into the serious problems of life, and even a Shakespeare, or the Bible itself, must be morally despoiled at their hands. This, it seems to me, is the seat of the disease. Even if the common actor did not see fit to parade his vulgarity in public places and public conveyances, as he so frequently prefers to do, still we should demand some prior assurance of the fitness—not of one of the company, but of all—to interpret life to us before we risked having our own lives poisoned at the source. We require warrant of fitness on the part of a teacher before we entrust our children to his tuition and influence.

And now I think the evil and the cure are increasingly obvious. When the stage takes itself seriously as an educational agency, it stands in precisely the same position as other agencies that cater to the higher education of the people. And the mass of the people do not regard ideals of sufficient worth to pay for them. This is the case alike with the pulpit, the press and the school. Just so far as they rise above the conception of common utilities, they must depend upon endowment in some form or other. The few of higher vision must make the sacrifice, and extend the privileges they provide to those who would not seek them for themselves. For reasons that are obvious, the state, as a whole, while it cannot keep pace with the more intelligent and aggressive of its citizens, can, and often does rise above what the average would dictate. To state endowments, therefore, to some degree, but to private endowments to a greater degree, must we look for the maintenance of all those activities that cater to the nation's ideals, and the theatre which can, upon its merit, claim a right to be, will find its place among these. Until this, with exceptions so rare that the very rareness adds pathetic emphasis to the general situation, seeking good in the theatre must closely resemble the proverbial "seeking a needle in a haystack."

*The Silent Places*

MABEL E. CREWS, '10.

ABOVE, around and about, brooding over the earth like a guardian angel, hovered the great all-pervading Spirit of Silence. The vast stillness of the night was unbroken save by the intermittent crackling of the logs as they burned brightly before the wigwam door, and threw a rosy glow upon the two copper-colored faces beside it. The night wind came whirling past, sending up tongues of flame from the ruddy fire, then, sweeping on to the forest, sighed away among the bare brown branches. All about lay a crisp carpet of autumn leaves, brought at last in all their splendor to the earth to perish. Above, in the high vault of heaven, twinkled myriads of tiny stars, which seemed to the Indian brave, as he looked up from the gun in his hand, like countless bright eyes through which the Great Spirit looked down upon the world and saw them both as they sat there alone.

All at once the silence was broken by a piercing cry of pain. The Indian looked across to where his squaw sat with a troubled expression on her face, and he saw that some illness had suddenly come over the child which she held in her arms. Instead of abating, the little one's distress momentarily increased, until it became apparent that something must be done at once. The pale face Medicine-Man must be sent for, as he alone, they believed, could bring relief; so, thinking not of the terrors of the night, nor the dangers of the long journey, the Indian brave threw a few logs upon the fire, then passed silently beyond its ruddy glow—out into the night.

Left alone, the squaw lifted her bronze face toward the starry heavens, reaching out dumbly for aid from that higher power, known only to her as the "Great Spirit." Then, folding the babe closer to her breast, she sat there far into the night moaning and crooning sadly.

The scudding winds bore the canoe lightly along the crests of the waves as they splashed over its bow. The chill night air fanned his swarthy cheek. His keen eye pierced the almost unfathomable blackness ahead, as, skillfully guiding his canoe

with the swift powerful stroke peculiar to the red-man, he safely passed one dangerous spot after another. On, on, ever on, with always that great Spirit of Silence about him.

As the Indian looked above into the vast infinitude of space, the stars had disappeared and there, with a magnificence such as only those who have been in the great northland can conceive, the Northern Lights spread their curtain of splendor over the heavens. Great creamy folds flashed and trembled across the sky, shifting and dissolving into fantastic shapes of ethereal beauty.

On, on the canoe glided, till at length, trembling on the edge of the rapid which alone lay between the brave and his goal, it shot through the turbulent water under the careful guidance of an expert's hand.

But alas for the fallibility of human skill! A sudden crash upon a hidden rock below the surface, a leap into the air, an ominous splash,—then the empty canoe dashes on over the rocks, borne away and beyond by the same chill dark flood which, with a gurgle and a murmur, triumphantly bears off its burden into the Happy Hunting-Ground.

The fire still burns faintly before the wigwam. Its light still falls upon the bowed head of the Indian woman, who crouches there yet in the chill hours of the early dawn, awaiting the return of her husband. The tongues of flame leap up again, and now as they quiver and disappear, the little life, too, in that ragged bundle is burning low. Still the mother clutches to her breast the warm but almost lifeless form of her babe, and, swaying to and fro, croons a plaintive melody, which is wafted on by the sighing wind and dies away in the forest beyond.

---

SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

“Autumn winds once more returning,  
 Chant the summer's solemn knell;  
 Youthful hearts forever yearning,  
 Throb a silent, sad farewell.”

*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

*Pages from a Summer Sketch Book*

F. H. LANGFORD, '08.

## I.—SEEN FROM THE WINDOW OF A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

THE country where my trip began is something like my life has been of late—monotonously level. (I had just finished the annual “grind” of May.) Ups and downs, both in a landscape and in life, give more than mere variety; they lend value. Flat lands produce little but willow shrubs and a coarse grass that must be sadly lacking in nutrition, and so, I fancy, is it with the life that never varies from the dead level.

The monotony in the landscape didn't last long, however, for soon the ground became hilly enough to suit the most jaded taste. One freshly-plowed knoll carried to my mind an irresistible impression of a huge fist, whose brown knuckles were seamed by constant toil, and another slope, wood-crowned, brought to me sweet, half-lonely memories of the dear old home I was leaving behind.

As the train tore past gently sloping, wooded fields, suddenly I caught a refreshing glimpse of a ravine, which broke the level ground. A brook rippled along its bed, and a long, broad ribbon of marsh marigolds gladdened the eye, disappearing with their brook under an old red bridge, just before the ravine lost itself in a tangle of evergreens.

I was immensely interested in a coquettish brook that appeared shortly after, and that I suspected to be the same stream that had parted company from the noisy train some time previously. When I first saw it, it was bounding gaily, joyously along, paying no attention whatever to the course of the rushing engine, but yet never wandering far away. Now it would hide itself in the dark cedars, and again it would come racing back, scattering its spray in the bright sunlight. At one time it would half-conceal its charms behind a leafy screen, dimpling demurely in placid self-approval; at another, it would scold petulantly at the obduracy of some boulder that refused to make way. But slowly the train swerved to the left, and the brook was all but lost, when, with one final and supreme effort to display all

her charms in one moment, she turned and came fairly toward us, gleaming, sparkling, full of life and buoyancy. In the next instant she had rushed past and was losing herself in the recesses of the forest.

I was interrupted in my moralizing on this incident, by the sight of a piece of woodland almost literally covered with stones, ranging from those the size of a turkey's egg to great boulders that might have been the missiles of the gods in their warfare. Brown stones, grey stones, blue stones, white stones, stones of all colors and all combinations of color that could be imagined—here they were, just as they have been for immemorial ages. But the next field presented a marked contrast. It had no fewer stones than its neighbor, but they were arranged in neat piles here and there over the field, and meadow grass was showing dark and rich over the cleared places. Faithful the toil, faithful the toilers, that had accomplished such work. But not yet was I through with stones, for on a near-by hill I saw another cluster, shining white marble or polished red granite, which marked the last resting-places of the pioneers whose work I had been observing. But why call such the monuments of the dead? Are not those great heaps of stone, gathered from the once cumbered ground, and those smooth, smiling fields, far truer monuments of those who worked and suffered and died? Noble men, these! Men who did not grudge their lives to the welfare of their children, but so lived as to make a happier, richer, deeper life possible to those who should come after. Oh, to be a pioneer! To remove the rocks and boulders from the way of one's brother man! To make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose! This is a monument more enduring than marble slab or granite tomb.

## II.—AMONG “THE TALL TIMBERS.”

We launched our canoe amidst the thousands of logs that were awaiting their fate at the mill, found the lowest log of the boom and slipped away from the world of activity. Rounding a point, we faced the “long glance,” a straight stretch of a mile or more of \*brown water silently but strongly opposing our progress.

---

\* It is a fact that the water in the rivers of this region is of a clear brown color.

On either side lay the hills, silent, changeless, majestic, but their stern, rugged outlines were softened by the fresh verdure of the poplars which veiled their sides. In the midst of the poplars rose here and there a lordly pine, lifting his haughty head above his lowly neighbors, and thoroughly conscious of his sovereignty. Now and then the river encircled with protecting arm an island, beautiful enough with its myriad shades of green to merit the favor of the wandering waters, though in their course from the hills of Algoma they had passed by some of the noblest scenes on earth.

After half an hour's steady paddling, there fell on our ears the sound of swiftly rushing waters, and as we swung around a bend in the river, we beheld a maze of white, seething rapids, where our river plunged between and over the relentless rocks that opposed its advance. So furious did the stream become at this check to its progress, that even after it had reached a level place below the fall, it took a long time to recover its equanimity. It would break out in a vicious eddy, or would curl itself into dark, sullen rings, or snarl spitefully as it tossed up a fleck of foam from the midst of a peaceful pond.

From a rock above the fall we saw it in all its glory. The smooth, oily surface above the rapid showed how every drop of water was reserving its force for the plunge against the rock whose brown shoulder rose defiantly from the very midst of the narrow channel. Then all in a moment the dark, placid current changed into that white mass of roaring, plunging, bounding waters, that made one's blood tingle with the joy of swift, fierce action.

After a portage we launched our canoe once more, and paddled swiftly over a stretch of water so beautiful that we did not dare to make a sound. Even the tinkling of the water that dripped from the blades of our paddles sounded distinct in that silent wilderness. Through a narrow channel, between mighty overhanging masses of grey rock, we glided, and then out into a wider stretch of placid water. Here the banks abounded in a wealth of color, and from above the clear blue sky laughed through the white bars of fleecy cloud that half-revealed and half-concealed the glory beyond. In the water all this rare beauty lay revealed in clear yet softened outline, while the

ripple that stole shoreward from our canoe touched, as with a fairy's wand, all this slumbering loveliness, and made it move and live. Our spirits were soaring far on the wings of fancy, when suddenly we were recalled to earth with a thud by a low, tense ejaculation from the lad with the trolling line, "I've got a bite!"

And now we came in sight of a rocky cliff known as Skull Point, where, my companion informed me, a battle had been fought in the far-off days when the red man frequented these rocky shores. Nowadays the cliff had received its name from the grim memorials of that encounter that were to be dug up along the shore. Who can tell what tragedies were enacted there, where the life or death of a nation hung in the balance? And yet now the passing traveller merely turns his inquisitive glance upon the spot with a momentary interest, and then dismisses it from his thoughts. Somewhere, though, on the eternal record, these tragedies are chronicled, and there the glory is given, not to the man who conquered, but to the man who did his duty, "as a man is bound to do." And though our lives, with their battle-grounds, should not be remembered by our successors even for a day, there is a record under the eye of God, and we may rest assured that He will never forget or overlook the hard-fought field where we did our duty, even though our hearts bled, and the marks of conflict were left upon our brow.

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### *A Camp Fire*

E. H. L., '08.

ON a summer night in '05, a group of fellows lay upon the red sands which line the Bay of Fundy, two miles from the village of St. Martins. A huge fire, kindled earlier in the evening, was just settling down into the redness succeeding the roaring and crackling of its first stages. Long red gleams shot out across the gently heaving surface of the sea, breaking and shifting as the waves moved.

Three weeks previously, eighty boys, all from New Brunswick towns, had gathered there in a camp on the sea-shore. The

camp-fire of this evening signalized the last night prior to their separation—a separation rendered the more painful by memories of the twenty-one days of close and congenial companionship which had preceded it.

The tents of the camp were pitched on the red sandstone cliffs which overlooked the sea at this point. Pine and spruce woods lay behind, where material for fragrant and resilient couches was abundant. At the base of the cliffs, only thirty feet below, was a boulder-strewn beach, a few yards wide at high tide, but a quarter of a mile in width when the ebb was at its lowest. Here we had often disported ourselves in the salt water, or indulged in sun-baths, when sheer laziness deterred us from other pursuits.

But on the afternoon of this final day the boys had not felt inclined to swim, or even to play the usual games in the field beyond the trees. Instead, we had toiled manfully, dragging heavy pieces of driftwood along the beach, or foraging in the woods for suitable bits of brushwood, until we had piled up enough fuel to burn for hours. Now we were gathered around the fire, wrapped in blankets, some stretched out on the sand in the lee of boulders, others perched upon the ledges of the crumbling cliff, the soft sandstone particles of which still adhered to their clothing. We were equipped for a pleasant evening, for was not our camp phonograph there, ready to pour forth the latest march or operatic favorite, as we might desire? Was not George Whittaker, of St. John, there, inimitable in the relation of droll yarns? And Fred McNally, of Moncton, the greatest reader of Drummond's "Habitant" selections in the Province? Moreover, our camp quartette was grouped in a prominent position, ready to run the gamut of its hastily acquired repertoire.

As we sat around, waiting for the noise of the fire to subside sufficiently for our voices to be heard, I am sure that many of us were thinking of Longfellow's "Fire of Driftwood," wherein he describes the various successive moods of those seated around the blaze. Nor was such an association of ideas inapt:

" Oft died the words upon our lips  
As suddenly from out the fire,  
Built of the wrecks of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire."

But finally someone began to sing, and all joined in an old and familiar melody. Then we sang together many of the choruses which are wont to be sung by a group of healthy, care-free lads on such occasions, such as "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," and "My Old Kentucky Home." Then the phonograph was started, selections from which were interspersed with stories and readings, so that the rocks echoed with the unwonted sound of musical and literary classics. "The Stovepipe Hole," McNally's favorite recitation, never sounded more amusing than on this occasion, nor did we fail to appreciate some of the oft-repeated stories related by Whittaker. George had a pet yarn concerning a cave near the mouth of the St. John River, which he had explored thoroughly, discovering a second entrance, and finding various indications which led him to conclude that Captain Kidd had made use of it on at least one occasion. This, when told to the accompaniment of the beating surf, was quite realistic and thrilling.

But, to have closed our evening in this way would have been sacrilegious, in view of the solemnity of the surroundings. Accordingly, our leading spirit, L. B. Wilson, of St. John, read, by the waning light of the fire, from the 107th Psalm that beautiful reference to the sea, which seemed peculiarly appropriate on this occasion. As he read in his manly, sonorous voice, all of us were deeply stirred. I believe that the impression of that hour lives in the memory of all of us to this day:

"These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.  
 For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.  
 They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.  
 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end."

We recalled majestic scenes that we had witnessed on stormy days, when the sea was in a fury, and we remembered nights when we had remained awake to listen to the thundering of the sea upon the beach. On such a night one could not help believing in God, and looking to Him for protection. As the reading proceeded, we could understand the words of the Psalmist:—

“ . . . . . And he bringeth them out of their distresses.  
He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.  
Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so he bringeth them unto their  
desired haven.”

As Wilson closed his Bible amid an eloquent silence most of us were occupied with serious thoughts, and there was little more conversation that night. Soon we broke up, to retire to our balsam-scented beds, there to listen to the measured breaking of the waves on the shore, and to recognize, as never before, the majesty and the imminence of God.



***“The 136th Annual Bob”—A Pipe Dream***

“SOMNIATOR,” ’09.

FROM the capacious depths of an easy-chair, I speculatively watched the greyish-blue fumes curling upwards from my pipe, and reviewed once more the various scenes of the “Bob.” Outside, the city’s roar had given place to its nightly lull; nothing was to be heard save the occasional wearied hum of a street-car, mingled with the approaching or receding step of some belated pedestrian. Briefly, indifferently, the great clocks announced the fact that the first hour of another day had become a part of the silent past.

Whether it was due to the traditional witchery of the hour, or whether the cynical Mephisto of “Love’s Labor Lost” had cast one of his weird spells upon me, I know not; but by some magic power the time was suddenly changed from the twentieth to the twenty-first century. Instead of the inexorable judges of “Quo Vadis” and the coy Irish waitress of “Vanity Fare,” I now saw the presentation of the “One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Bob in the History of Victoria College.”

Of the class of 2012, I need say little. As it was in the beginning, and is now, so, I suppose, it ever shall be. In they trooped for all the world like their great-grandparents of a century before, save in one respect. Thanks to 21st-century inventive genius, they were provided with a kind of particularly diabolical trumpet, by means of which they succeeded in creating a din which outclassed all the tumultuous achievements of past generations.

Neither is it necessary to describe in detail the chairman’s address. It was composed chiefly of reminiscences of the “larks” of his undergraduate days, “away back in the eighties,” accompanied by seasonable advice to the class of the hour. After a reference to the ancient and honorable origin of the “Bob,” such as, perhaps, had been made on one hundred and thirty-four similar occasions, came the performance itself.

In this part of the programme, however, I was surprised. I had expected to see merely a slightly varied repetition of ancient glories. But “different times, different manners”; even such

an historic institution as the “Bob” must yield to the touch of time. The committee in charge of its production, with true twenty-first century independence, had consigned the logic involved in that one-time popular hymn, “The Old-Time Religion” to the limbo of exploded fallacies, and boldly asserted that the mere fact that a thing was good enough for their ancestors was no all-sufficient reason that it should be good enough for them.

Instead of having seven or eight utterly disconnected acts, the “Bob,” as presented in the year of grace 2008, consisted of a unified whole. It was in fact a kind of musical drama in three acts, cleverly written, artistically staged, and well acted. The play itself was an adaptation of “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and portrayed the adventures of one Freshman Green throughout the first year of his quest after higher education. A well-trained orchestra and several choruses supplied the necessary musical features of the production.

Throughout the performance the rather odious personalities that we twentieth-century fossils had been accustomed to regard as “jokes” were entirely eliminated. Nor was any attempt made to personally caricature any particular freshman. Strange indeed to say, nothing seemed to be lost by this. Humor there was, and in abundance, but humor such as even the most sensitive freshman could enjoy. From the opening scene, depicting the principal character, as he left the paternal “City of Obstructions,” on his search for some charm which would relieve him of his burden of rusticity and ignorance, to the fall of the curtain, there was not one dull moment.

Upon enquiry, I found that this method of “Bobbing” had been inaugurated about 1975. I was told that the old method, with which I had been familiar, had survived, “with slight improvements,” up to that time, when it was finally realized that the Bob, as then presented, had lost its usefulness. The old jokes had finally worn out. In fact, some of them had acquired such a perennial nature that a clever, but lazy, committee had had records made of them, and saved themselves the trouble of repeating them by running them off on a phonograph. The performance had continued to attract a fairly large audience, but this was due rather to the force of custom and tradition than to any other reason.

Realizing that the performance was degenerating into a farce, unworthy of Victoria, the entire undergraduate body had taken the matter in hand, and had transformed the "Bob" into the form of an amateur theatrical. In the spring of each year a prize was offered for the best play, to be presented by the middle of the next September. The committee having the performance in charge then decided as to which effort was the most suitable for their purposes, selected the performers from among those of the students who were known to have the best histrionic ability, and had everything ready to commence practice by the first of October. Semi-weekly rehearsals were then held during October, in conjunction with the orchestra and choruses, and the performance itself was given about the first of November. It had now become a dramatic production, recognized by all competent critics as being one of the best amateur events of the year.

But audience and performers had now departed. Whimsically, I began to look about me and take note of the new features of the college—the new residence, just completed; the assembly hall, in which the performance had been given. . . . .

Crash! A heavy box had fallen from a twentieth-century dray upon the pavement beneath. The sunlight was doing its best to penetrate the closed shutters. With the eager gladness of one arisen from the dead, I bounded to the window, sprung the blind to the top, threw open the casement, and, leaning out, welcomed again to my heart the life and interests of 1908 A.D.

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PAST AND PRESENT.

The years a golden halo weave  
 Around long vanished forms;  
 And in their path a peace now leave,  
 Where once were angry storms.

The distant charm will soon gain ground  
 To claim these ripening years,  
 To brave a joy where pain is found  
 And sweeten all these tears.

Forget the present pain until  
 A fuller music roll  
 Down all the years and, growing, fill  
 One grand harmonious whole.

—A. L. B., '10.

“*The Tables Turned*”

A. H., '10.

“**I**S THAT you, Mack?” asked the city editor through the telephone.

“Yes, sir,” responded the young reporter, whom the impatient ringing had awakened.

“There’s been a terrific explosion at Leighville, 60 miles north. Over twenty miners are reported killed, as well as three or more capitalists who happened to be visiting the mines. Hon. Thomas Davidson is one—said to have been blown to pieces. Now, then, this is the biggest thing for years. I’ve tried to get our more experienced reporters, but they are all out of reach, doing political meetings. It’s up to you, Mack. If you make good to-night, you’ll stay on *The Sun* for sure. Here’s the order: Take the first train for Beaufort. Get a good big story and telegraph right on the second. If you’re ahead of the other papers—well, you’ll not regret your hustling.”

With that, the city editor rang off, and Mack was alone with his anxiety. And reason enough for anxiety had he, a raw young immigrant from Scotland, not yet a month in Canada, “the new land of promise across the seas.” A short story submitted to the editor had so pleased that worthy that the young man had been taken on the staff on a month’s probation. Three uneventful weeks, during which he could gather scarcely a line of news along his beat—railway and marine—had caused his hopes of a permanent position to “fade away and gradually die.”

“To-night’s my last chance,” he repeated to himself time and again. The very magnitude of the task nerved him to the highest tension.

Rushing towards the station, he was accosted by Simpkins, a rival reporter, sauntering home from the theatre.

“Where now, Mack?”

“To the big explosion up north,” said Mack unguardedly.

“Explosion! What explosion?”

Mack saw his mistake, but the slip was made, and he told the scene of the accident with what grace he could summon.

"Why, the first train leaves exactly midnight," stated Simpkins, authoritatively.

Accepting his statement, Mack turned into a hotel waiting-room to rest for a couple of hours before train time.

He was relieved when the wait was over, for there was no rest for him with the burden of his momentous work pressing on his mind. With no little complacency, he found himself the only passenger alighting at Beaufort.

"I've scooped them all!" he exclaimed, gleefully rubbing his hands. In fact, it looks as if I'm the only newspaper fellow in sight."

"What's the best way to Leighville?" he inquired of the dozing despatcher.

"Humph! Another reporter," was the only response.

"Another!" cried Mack excitedly. "Am I not the first?"

The telegrapher laughed. "You're nearer the twenty-first, for I'll bet I've directed more than a dozen reporters to this explosion."

Mack was crushed by this unexpected intelligence.

"That settles my fate," he moaned inwardly. "No journalistic career for me." Before the operator, however, he maintained an appearance of unconcern.

"Well, I'm late," he went on, with affected carelessness, "but how can I reach that wonderful explosion?"

"I don't see any possible way," slowly returned the despatcher. "It would be easy if you had an auto. Three auto-loads of reporters have used me as a finger-post to-night. Then, on the earlier train came four *Gazette* men, who had a rig waiting to hurry them over to Leighville."

Poor Mack! The *Gazette* and the *Sun* were deadly rivals, each of whose be-all and end-all was to knife the other. All was reckoned fair in their fierce warfare. For Mack to find himself pitted alone against four journalistic foes was overwhelming.

"But let me see," he mused. "Simpkins is one of their cleverest men, and he didn't know of this affair till I told him. Surely the telegrapher is mistaken." And, hoping against hope, Mack plucked courage from the possibility that the dreaded *Gazette* did not have a quartette on the spot after all.

But the man at the key stuck to his story.

“I should think I do remember those four fellows,” he continued. “They bounced in here fairly splitting with laughter. One of them, Simpson, or some such name——”

“It was Simpkins,” broke out Mack, in despair.

“Yes, that’s the name. He was crowing to me about the way he had scooped the *Sun* by telling their innocent ‘ninny’ that the midnight train was the very first, while he and three others of the *Gazette* staff managed to make the earlier train. The best part of the joke, in his estimation, was that he didn’t know the first thing about any explosion until that new reporter blurted it out.”

“I’m that ‘ninny,’” said Mack, controlling his emotions only by a supreme effort. “I’m down and out with a vengeance.”

The operator was touched.

“That was a beastly way to use a new hand,” said he. “I wish I could do something to help you, but it’s too late. It’s too far to walk, and besides, the others will soon be back here to telegraph their stories to their different papers.”

Pacing the small, dimly-lighted waiting-room in a futile effort to control his emotions, Mack’s feelings were anything but enviable. Disappointment, chagrin, anger—he knew not which was uppermost. Thoroughly fatigued at length, he flung himself into a chair and huddled close to the station stove. Mechanically taking out last evening’s paper, he carelessly glanced from page to page. Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

“I have it!” he fairly shouted. “I’ll beat the whole brigade of them after all.”

“What’s your idea?” eagerly asked the despatcher.

“You’ll soon see,” laughed Mack. “I’ll show them that I’m not a negligible quantity after all.”

“Hurry up, old chap!” demanded the spokesman of the party, as a dozen reporters filed into the telegrapher’s office. “My stuff goes first, and get a move on.”

“Tick, tick, tick,” continued the key, and neither the operator nor Mack at his side appeared to hear the peremptory press man.

“Come on,” he snapped. “We don’t propose to poke around this cubby-hole all night.”

Mack looked up. There stood Simpkins.

"So you got here at last," he sneered.

"I believe I did," replied Mack, briefly.

"Must be a fine story you got," continued Simpkins, "without leaving the station. But here's my telegraph stuff," he added, turning to the despatcher. "Get busy with it."

"I'm already busy; don't you see?" he returned with exasperating blandness.

"Whose stuff are you sending?" persisted the nettled Simpkins.

"My young friend's here," answered the operator, turning to Mack.

"How long will you be?"

"Can't say for sure, gentlemen. At present I'm telegraphing to the *Sun* the front page of their last issue verbatim. That will take me five or six hours," he laughed.

"Well, Mack, that scheme beats the Old Nick by some odd miles," put in another reporter.

"Yes, Simpkins," continued the despatcher. "'He laughs best who laughs last.'"

The others recognized in the incident a fitting example of Nemesis, and expressed themselves as willing to take their medicine.

"We're licked, all right," ran the general confession, "and that by a novice."

"You hold the trump card," admitted the crestfallen Simpkins. "Name your terms. Better anything than that none of our stories should reach the city."

Mack stipulated that, as he had first got wind of the catastrophe, he should telegraph the first account to the *Sun*.

"That's a mighty stiff dose," said Simpkins, "but it's up to me to get outside of it. I hang out the white flag."

"Good boy," chimed in the squad of reporters. "That's a good square deal."

Since that night Mack has never been regarded as a "cub" among the press fraternity. To this day, travellers at Beaufort are regaled with the telegrapher's pet yarn, which he calls "Mack's Recovered Scoop."

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Contributions and exchanges should be sent to J. V. McKENZIE, Editor-in-Chief  
ACTA VICTORIANA: business communications to F. C. MOYER, Business Manager  
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## Editorial

**W**E REGRET that, owing to the illness of our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. J. V. McKenzie, this issue has been somewhat delayed in going to press. We also trust that our readers, bearing in mind the difficulties attending its publication, will be lenient in their criticisms of the number, and especially of its editorial pages. They will, doubtless, be greatly relieved to learn that Mr. McKenzie's illness is of no more serious a nature than an attack of that puerile malady commonly known as "measles," and that he will in all probability be "on the job" in ample time to supervise the getting out of the Christmas ACTA.

### *Professor De Witt, B.A., Ph.D.*

Among the recent appointments upon which the college is to be congratulated is that of N. W. DeWitt, B.A., Ph.D., to the Chair of Latin and Ancient History. Professor DeWitt thus succeeds Dr. Bain, who retired last summer after fifty years of splendid service to his alma mater.

N. W. DeWitt came to Victoria from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, with the Prince of Wales Scholarship, in 1895. At the close of what was throughout a very successful course, he graduated in '99 with first-class honors in classics, winning the Edward Wilson gold medal. During his undergraduate career

he also took a most active part in college life, and in his senior year was President of the Literary Society.

After teaching for two years in an academy in Tennessee, Mr. DeWitt applied for a Fellowship in the University of Chicago. In accepting his application, the Board departed from their almost invariable rule of appointing to such positions only men who had taken work in that University. The two-fold reason assigned for this departure is interesting—the high estimate placed upon Mr. DeWitt's undergraduate work by his instructors at Toronto, and the equally high standard of scholarship which the collegiate world had learned to expect in first-class honor graduates in the department of classics of the University of Toronto.

In his second year as a Fellow at Chicago, Mr. DeWitt became the representative of the University in a competition for a Fellowship offered by the Archæological Institute of America. By winning this, he was enabled to spend a year of study abroad, in Germany, Greece, and especially Rome. Upon his return to America in 1904, he was appointed Professor of Latin and Greek in Lincoln College, Ill., which position he resigned in 1905 to join the staff in Classics at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. Only a year ago another promotion came, when Prof. DeWitt was given charge of the Department of Greek in Miami University, Ohio, whence he now returns to his alma mater.

Professor DeWitt obtained his Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago, the subject of his thesis being "The Dido Episode in the Aeneid of Virgil." He is a member of the Archæological Institute of America, and of the American Philological Association, to whose journal he is an occasional contributor. Professor DeWitt's splendid work since graduation is abundant proof of his ability to fill the position which he now holds, and we welcome this addition of one of our own graduates to a faculty of which Victoria men are justly proud.



### *The University Magazine*

Seven numbers of this excellent Canadian magazine have been published, and in spite of the fact that it is conducted by an editorial committee strongly represented in our own University, it is doubtful whether five per cent of our students are aware

of its existence. Several numbers have come into our hands, and so striking have been the merits of the articles they contain, and so thoroughly national in the best sense of the word does the whole undertaking appear to us, that we make no apology for introducing the *University Magazine* to the attention of the readers of ACTA.

From Dr. Edgar, one of the editors, we have gathered certain facts as to the origin of the *Magazine*. The old *McGill Quarterly* went out of existence to make way for a magazine of a more national character. Some Montreal writers asked for assistance from certain people here interested in the furtherance of Canadian literature. The Canadian Society of Authors seized the opportunity of practical usefulness, held a dinner, at which McGill and Toronto universities were strongly represented, and the present *University Magazine* was instituted. The *Nineteenth Century and After* ranks it with the great English monthlies. ACTA VICTORIANA will not venture to improve upon the praise of a contemporary journal, but will simply say that it welcomes the ambition to publish in Canada a dignified national magazine, learned without pedantry, and witty without malice, and wishes it abundant success.



### **Death of Dr. Bain**

As we go to press the College is plunged into mourning by the news of the sudden death of our Registrar, Professor Abraham R. Bain, M.A., LL.D. We regret that at present we can do no more than tender our sympathy to his bereaved family. In our next issue we hope to dwell more at length upon the valuable services Dr. Bain has rendered to Victoria throughout his long and active professional life.

Owing to this bereavement, the annual Conversat. of the College will not be held on December 4th, as had been arranged.

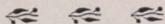


### **Our Literary Competitions**

We trust that none of our readers will forget the annual essay and short-story competitions. We sincerely hope that the experience of last year in this connection will never again be repeated. We quote from an editorial of last February: "That

there exists such a dearth of literary ability as the competitions this year would indicate, we do not believe. There are plenty who can write, and write well, and we believe it is the duty of such, both to ACTA and to the College, to do what they can for their college organ. We hear a great deal about making ACTA a paper by the students; yet few of these same "knockers" will make the slightest effort or sacrifice of time on its behalf. The success of any college enterprise must ultimately rest upon the loyalty of the students, and that loyalty should be shown in a practical way. The failure to award the prizes is not the most creditable advertisement for the College, and we hope that next year may have a different record." It is unnecessary to make further comment. "Get busy," and remember the date, January 10.

In this connection we beg to announce that the judges in the essay and short-story competitions will be: Professors Robertson and Edgar, Mr. M. H. Staples and the Editor-in-Chief, and Dr. Reynar, the Literary Editors and the Editor-in-Chief, respectively.

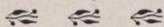


### *The Poetry Competition*

We are also glad to announce that the Woman's Literary Society has placed at our disposal ten dollars, to be awarded as a prize for a poem. This competition is open to all undergraduates who are paid-up subscribers to ACTA, and members of either of the literary societies.

All contributions must be submitted in person to the Editor-in-Chief or one of the Literary Editors, without any signature. All contributions become the property of ACTA Board, and must be handed in not later than January 15, 1909.

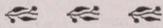
There is no limitation as to the kind or length of poem, but it must reach a certain standard of excellence to be eligible for the prize, such standard to be determined by the judges, Professors Edgar and Reynar.



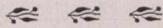
### *Xmas Acta*

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the announcement regarding our Christmas number, which appears on another page. No effort is being spared to make this year's

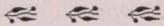
Xmas ACTA a high-class literary production, one in every way worthy of the high position it holds in the realm of college journalism. As in past years, the issue will contain contributions from the pens of some of Canada's best writers in prose and verse. At the same time, a number of articles by graduates and undergraduates will make the number representative of Victoria, and valuable as a souvenir. As a Xmas gift to your friends, nothing could be more suitable. What better way can there be of showing your appreciation of our efforts and your loyalty to your alma mater than by a generous support of Xmas ACTA?



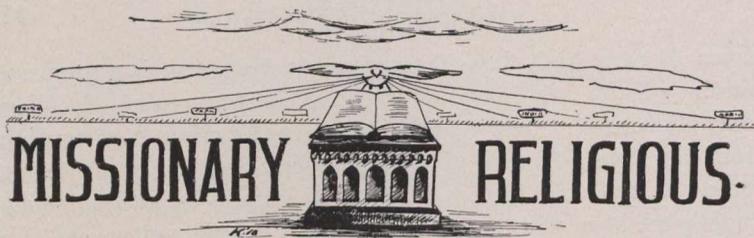
The opening of the new men's residences marks a new stage in the development of our University. While complimenting the authorities upon the successful completion of so important an undertaking, we feel that the undergraduate body is more to be congratulated upon the opportunity now afforded it of testing the benefits to be gained from life in residence. We sincerely trust that this newest feature of our university life will be an important factor in making for the more complete federation and unification of the greater U. of T. In a later issue we hope to discuss the various aspects of the question at greater length.



In conferring the degrees of LL.D., *honoris causa*, upon Viscount Milner and Earl Roberts (*in absentia*), the University of Toronto truly did itself honor. An event of this nature is significant, both from a university and from a national standpoint. It is no small thing for the University to be able to number among its alumni such world-famous men; while in this tribute from a Canadian seat of learning, we see an indication of the increasingly important part Canada is bound to play in the destiny of the British Empire.



The announcement, on the 16th inst., of the publication of Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey's "Life of William Lyon Mackenzie" is of especial interest to Canadians. This volume is the twentieth and final number of the biographical "Makers of Canada" series, the first of which was published Nov. 16th, 1903. Its advent marks the completion of an important historical and literary landmark, of which, as a nation, we may well be proud.



*Job xxxvii : 1-38*

REV. PROF. J. F. M'LAUGHLIN, M.A., B.D.

**T**HE following translation is of the nature of an experiment. An effort is made to imitate the rhythm of the Hebrew verse. Similar attempts have been made again and again, but, until recently, without any large measure of success. The laws of Hebrew metre were imperfectly understood and the difference in form and accentuation of our words, as well as in the structure of our sentences, was discouraging. Besides, there was a feeling that the metrical form did not matter, and that, in translation, all that was wanted was the meaning. Or the Bible, at least the Authorized Version, had come to be looked upon as an English classic, and any change, on the ground of literary form, was naturally looked upon with suspicion. I have much sympathy with such views and prejudices, but I think that something may now be said on the other side.

Recent investigations have thrown much new light on the form and structure of the Hebrew poem. A knowledge of metrical laws appears to help greatly in bringing out the true sense of many passages. And, moreover, it is often possible, with the aid of these laws, to restore a broken or corrupted text.

The metre appears to be based upon an interchangeable use of iambic and anapaestic feet. For either, the spondee is sometimes substituted, and, in the middle or at the end of a line, the amphibrach. Sometimes, too, the anapaest is followed by a short syllable, which is either lightly pronounced or actually combined in pronunciation with the preceding heavily accented syllable. The character and length of the foot is determined not so much

by long and short syllables as by the recurrence of the heavy accents.

The following passage consists of trimeter lines, arranged in four-lined stanzas, the only exception being the fourteenth stanza, which has six lines. It is possible that some alteration of the original text has caused this irregularity.

The translation is as nearly literal as the English form will permit. There is no pretence of originality, and renderings of one or the other of the English versions are freely used. I am indebted, also, for valuable help, to Duhm's translation and commentary and to Peake's commentary.

“Then Jehovah answered Job out of the storm and said:

‘Who is he that darkeneth counsel  
By speech that is lacking in knowledge?  
Gird now like a hero thy loins,  
And that which I ask do thou tell me.

‘Where wast thou when I built the earth?  
Declare if thou hast true knowledge.  
Dost thou know who fixed its measure,  
Or who stretched upon it the line?

‘Whereupon were sunk its foundations,  
Or who laid its corner-stone,  
When the morning stars sang together,  
And shouted all angels of God?

‘Who shut in the sea with doors,  
When it burst as a babe from the womb,  
When I made of the cloud its garment,  
And darkness its swaddling-band,

‘When I marked upon it its bound,  
And set for it bar and doors,  
And said, “Hitherto shalt thou come,  
And here thy proud waves be stayed”?

'In thy time hast thou ordered the morning,  
 Made the dawn to know its place,  
 To lay hold on the ends of the earth,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which is changed as the clay by the signet?<sup>2</sup>

'Out of it the wicked are shaken,  
 And stand as men ashamed;  
 From the wicked their light is withholden,  
 And the arm of pride is broken.

'Hast thou entered the springs of the sea?  
 Hast thou walked the range of the deep?  
 Have the gates of death been revealed?  
 Hast thou seen the warders of the night?

'Comprehendest thou the breadth of the earth?  
 Declare, if thou knowest it all.  
 Thou knowest, for then thou wast born,<sup>3</sup>  
 And great is the number of thy days!

'Where is the road to the dwelling of light?  
 And darkness, where is its place,  
 That thou shouldst take it unto its bound,  
 And bring it to the paths of its house?

'Hast thou entered the chambers of the snow?  
 Hast thou seen the guardians of the hail,  
 Which I hold for the time of trouble,  
 For the day of battle and war?

'By what way is the storm-cloud parted,  
 And the cold rain spread o'er the earth?  
 Who hath cleft a channel for the flood,  
 And a way for the lightning of the thunder?

<sup>1</sup>The dawn lifts up the mantle of darkness which covers the Earth, and in the light the Earth stands forth revealed in sharp outlines as the stamped clay when the seal is lifted.

<sup>2</sup>v.v. 14a and 13b. are transposed.

<sup>3</sup>V. 21 should follow V. 18. The language is ironical.

‘So that rain falls on tenantless lands,  
On the wilderness where none dwell.  
To satisfy the desolate waste,  
To make grass spring forth from the desert.

‘Is there a father of the rain,  
Or who hath begotten the dewdrops?  
From whose womb came forth the ice?  
Who gave birth to the hoar-frost of heaven?  
So that water is frozen as a stone,  
And the face of the deep is hidden?

‘Canst thou bind the chain of Kimah,<sup>4</sup>  
Or loose the bands of Kesil?<sup>5</sup>  
Bring forth Mazzaroth in his season,<sup>6</sup>  
Or lead Ayish and her sons?<sup>7</sup>

‘Dost thou know the laws of the heavens?  
Canst thou set their dominion upon earth?  
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the cloud,  
That plentiful waters may answer thee?

‘Sendest thou the lightnings that they go,  
And say to thee, “Lo! we are here”?  
Who set wisdom in darkening mists,  
Gave discernment to the signs of the skies?<sup>8</sup>

‘Who spreadeth the clouds in wisdom?  
Who poureth out the bottles of heaven,  
When the dust runneth into a mass,  
And the clods cleave fast together?’”

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<sup>4</sup>Either the Pleiades or the constellation of Canis Major. In the latter case the chain is that by which the dog of Orion is held in leash.

<sup>5</sup>Probably Orion, famous in Greek legend.

<sup>6</sup>A constellation unknown.

<sup>7</sup>Probably the constellation of the Bear.

<sup>8</sup>Variouly interpreted as meteors, comets or the Aurora Borealis and looked upon as signs of a change of weather or portents of coming events.

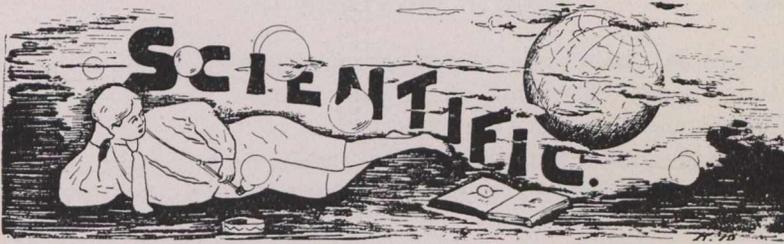
*To Preachers*

WE have come into a priceless heritage, last century's gift to this—the historic mind. Many stalwart men of the 19th century have labored hard, sometimes keeping the faith, sometimes losing, but ever striving, and we are entered into their labors. At no other time could men state their faith with more assurance than now. The scientific mind has made the historical and literary study of the Bible inevitable; and we who stand at the transition between the old and the new must learn becoming reserve. It is only a method, after all, bringing afresh to us the same eternal and abiding truths that came to our fathers by another way. Even we have not come to our present point of view in a day. Quietly, patiently, we have been led, until now the old way is as impossible to us as the new is to others. But the truths remain quite unchanged. We, young preachers, need to tack up, where we shall often see, Marget Howe's conversation with her minister. Carmichael, "an ingenuous lad, with the callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched," had begun a "course" in Biblical criticism, which was to place Drumtochy of the "*Bonnie Brier Bush*" on a level with Germany. But Lachlan Campbell had taken him to task, and in his distress he calls at Whinnie Knowe to tell Mrs. Howe of his controversy with Lachlan. Marget speaks:

"It's a strange buik, the Bible, and no the buik we wud hae made, tae judge by oor bit creeds and confessions. It's like a head o' aits in the harvest time. There's the ear that hauds the grain and keeps it safe, and that's the history, and there's often no mickle nutriment in it; then there's the corn lying in the ear, which is the Evangel frae Eden tae Revelation, and that is the bread o' the soul. But the corn maun be threshed first and the cauf (chaff) cleaned aff. It's a bonnie sicht tae see the pure grain fallin' like a rinnin' burn on the corn-room floor, and a glint o' the sun through the window turning it intae gold. But the stour (dust) o' the cauf room is mair than onybody can abide, and the cauf's worth naethin' when the corn's awa."

"Ye mean," said the minister, "that my study is the threshin' mill, and that some of the chaff has got into the pulpit."

"Yir no offended?" and Marget's voice trembled.



## *The Modern House*

### PART II.

**I**N OUR LAST ISSUE we discussed Edison's revolutionary method of building a house; in this issue we propose to follow up that subject by a description of the interior fittings of the Modern House. This article will consist mainly of an account of three homes—one at Troyes, near Paris, France; one at Carrollton, Illinois and one at Schenectady, New York. The first of these was that built by Mr. H. W. Hillman, of Schenectady, in the spring of 1905, and is a long step towards the ideal house—without fire or chimney, without coal or ashes, with a minimum of domestic labor and discomfort; yet well heated and lighted, and a great advance in convenience.

This house is equipped with every conceivable manner of electric device for doing the work of the household, chopping the meat and vegetables, cooking them, boiling the kettle, running the sewing-machine, and numberless other contrivances.

Mr. Hillman found, in building his house, that he could save more than enough money by having a cellar under part of the house only to more than pay for the extra wiring throughout, and to buy a complete line of attractive cooking, baking, and ironing devices, radiators, chafing dishes, and other miscellaneous electric articles. On entering the house, in September, 1905, the electric kitchen equipment was in operation within two minutes from the time the table was taken off the wagon. Ever since the family has cooked and baked by electricity alone.

The cooking and baking outfit is very simple, consisting of a wooden table about four feet long and three feet wide, standing at the same height as a coal or gas range. This table is equipped with seven regulating switches for turning the current off and on. Three of these switches have one "heat" only, and are used for controlling small dishes. The others are

devised for three heats, known as "maximum," "medium" and "minimum." The maid, in starting to bake, turns the switch for the maximum heat; in fifteen minutes the oven is ready, and at the proper time the switch is turned for securing medium or minimum heat. The three-heat switches are also used to regulate such devices as the four-combination cereal cooker, the meat broiler, and the vegetable kettle. To illustrate—the large frying-pan, having been used for frying the eggs and bacon, can be left with minimum heat for keeping the food warm. If the dish had only one heat, the food would either be



COOKING AND BAKING OUTFIT.

The seven regulating switches are in a row at the back of the table.

over-cooked, or when the heat was turned off, would get cold. The gridiron cooks the most delicious brown cakes, and requires only two minutes' notice for maximum heat. The meat broiler is ready in about the same time. In his many years' experience with other systems for cooking and baking, Mr. Hillman has never found any other system so quick, convenient, and effective as the electric.

As regards cost, the best way to estimate it is by comparison with monthly cost of operating with coal and gas. Mr. Hillman calculated, after long and careful observations, that the average monthly cost for electricity for two years, was \$6.69 a month, or only 10 per cent. higher than coal or gas. Then there are no fires to build, no ashes to cart away, and the electric system is

very much more expeditious and efficient, very much cleaner and healthier.

There are many other electric devices besides the kitchen outfit. For example, in the dining-room, there is a small electric table in quarter-cut oak, wired for coffee percolator and chafing-dishes. On the verandah and in the den, electric cigar-lighters make matches an unknown quantity in the house. In the sewing-room, the sewing-machine motor and the three-pound electric iron are articles without which Mrs. Hillman could not now get along. The first cost of such articles is small, and the cost of operating is hardly noticed on one's monthly bills. The bathroom is complete with electric contrivances—a shaving mug supplies hot water for shaving in less than a minute, a radiator warms the room almost at once, a water heater ensures hot water for the bath at any time, and a massage motor is handy for quick service when one misses his daily exercise.

The house we have mentioned at Carrollton, Illinois, is one more step in advance. Besides doing all their cooking by electricity, the family heats the house by steam from a central station. It utilizes the exhaust steam which usually goes to waste around small electric plants, and dispenses with the furnace in the cellar, demanding constant care and attention. The steam is piped underground to the house, and utilized in the usual steam radiator. Apropos of this method, it has been stated to the editor of this column, by a prominent engineer, that, were the University of Toronto to build a central power station, and transmit live steam underground to the group of buildings in Queen's Park, it would not only cut down its coal bill one-third, but have a much more efficient service. The owner gives the cost of cooking by electricity as only \$3.50 a month for a family of five. The difference in these figures is probably due to cheaper electricity.

But by far the most interesting house in the variety of its applications of the simple fundamental principles of electricity is the residence of M. Knap, near Troyes, France.

The villa stands in a beautiful park, planted with trees and shrubbery, and surrounded by a wall. On approaching the arched entrance gate, you press an ordinary electric door button, and step at once into a land of wonders, which are calculated to take the breath of even the most experienced. Almost at the

instant you ring, there comes to you, from apparently nowhere in particular, the sound of a voice enquiring your name and the purpose of your visit. Instinctively you answer, speaking to the iron gate in your usual tone, that you have called with a note of introduction to M. Knap. The voice answers that the master of the villa is at home, and will be pleased to see you. Forthwith, apparently of its own volition, the great gate swings open for you, and you proceed along the curved walk that leads to the house. In the most mysterious way the voice which greeted your ring seems to follow you as you walk through the park. It is the average normal voice of a gracious host bidding you welcome, and possibly calling your attention to various rare and beautiful flowering plants that you may happen to be passing at the time. And you notice that the plants are all of a very unusual size and brilliancy, which you later learn is due to electro-culture. It is difficult to realize, without actually experiencing it, the weird effect of holding a somewhat prolonged conversation with an absolutely invisible person, who seems to keep perfect pace with you, no matter whether you are walking slowly or at a rapid gait.

As you mount the steps which lead to the front entrance to the villa, a curious carpet-shaped brush, which is set in the floor of the platform, starts to revolve, and instantly removes all traces of mud and dust from your shoes. At the same moment the front door opens, and the mysterious voice invites you to enter, precedes you to the reception room, requests you to be seated, and informs you that your host will be down in a moment.

Doubtless, if your introduction comes from one of M. Knap's friends in Paris, you will be asked to stay to dinner, and in the dining-room your wonder will certainly be greatly increased. The table, of curious and yet extremely convenient shape, is laid for twelve, but you are puzzled to observe that there are no servants in the room. When you are seated, and just as you are beginning to admire the beautiful and brilliant decorations, which stretch around the table in an oval wreath of fiery flowers, you are startled to see arise, apparently through the solid mahogany, a great silver soup tureen. As though it were endowed with life, this tureen starts to move slowly around the table, stopping just at the left hand of every guest, so that he

may help himself. When each of the guests has been served, the tureen disappears.

With the mysterious appearance of the fish, which is already carved and ready to be served, you are startled to observe a complete change in the table decorations. What was an instant before a great glowing wreath of roses has now apparently become incandescent molten metal, in which chrysanthemums are blooming.

Returning to the upper floors of this wonderful house, one's wonder keeps increasing. In the bedrooms the temperature is kept absolutely constant at any desired degree, by an electric device controlling the hot and cold-air radiators, while the air is completely changed every half-hour. In place of hot-water bags, the guests are furnished with electric foot-warmers, which may be turned off or on at an instant's notice.

In the sleeping apartment of the host a number of astonishing devices are installed. Nowhere in these rooms is the telephone visible, but by simply turning a button, and speaking in an ordinary low tone of voice, M. Knap can speak with anyone in the house, or even in the garage or stables outside. Or it is possible for him to hear with perfect distinctness anything that is said or any noise that is made anywhere in his establishment.

Like all true artists, M. Knap, already the creator and owner of the most wonderful house in the world, is planning a yet more wonderful masterpiece. His next house is to have double walls, making it much easier to maintain the same temperature summer and winter, as well as affording space for running the necessary wires and piping. It will be possible, by pressing a button, to raise or lower all the curtains in a room, or to open and close the windows. Sliding doors will be operated in a similar manner, and a great variety of other ingenious improvements are planned.

All these wonders are accomplished by a comparatively simple installation of electricity. All the more desirable of them are readily procurable by the average householder, and on the authority of M. Knap, the expense of operating is not much greater than that of conducting a household in the time-honored and unscientific way.

(For the material in this article I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to *The Scientific American*, *The Technical World*, *The Engineering Age*, and other periodicals. —J. E. H.)

An illustration showing a person sitting at a desk with a typewriter, and another person standing next to it. The person standing is wearing a cap and a long coat, possibly a student or a worker. The typewriter is a vintage model with a carriage and a paper roll.

# PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

## *Personals*

THE next number of ACTA is the Christmas number, and we are all concentrating our efforts towards its success. For this, however, we are relying upon the co-operation of the graduates. We trust that they will be kind enough to forward any information that might add an interest to these pages. It was like pumping water from a dry well, collecting material for this issue, but a mere suggestion is enough.

J. W. Sifton, '98, is Superintendent of Education in Moose Jaw, and is on the Senate of the new University of Saskatchewan.

J. H. Adams, '06, is teaching in the High School at Peterboro. His great interest in athletics has already inspired quite an enthusiasm for sports among his youthful protégés.

W. L. Bradley, late of '09, is completing work for his degree in McGill.

G. Buchanan, another ex-member of '09, is teaching at Hamar, Sask.

A. E. Doan, another of '09's late members, is preaching at Woodstock, Ont., and taking extra-mural work in the fourth year.

D. W. Ganton, who was last with '09, has at last taken to his medicine and is now studying in the first year.

Wilbert Hall, '07, is Science Master in Whitby Collegiate Institute, and 'tis whispered that he sometimes lectures in the Ladies' College.

## *The Class of 1908*

J. E. Brownlee is in business here in Toronto.

F. S. Allbright is in Beamsville, assisting his father on the farm.

E. T. Coatsworth, W. W. Davidson, R. P. Stockton and W. J. Cass are training their legal minds at Osgoode.

Elmer Ley is with the Wilcox Publishing Company, Toronto.  
W. A. McCubbin is demonstrating in the Biological Department of Toronto University.

Eddie Halbert is demonstrating in the Chemistry and Mineralogy Department.

C. B. Kelly is pursuing his course in medicine at Toronto University.

G. A. Steele is preaching at Muna, Alta.; W. N. Courtice at Kane, Penn.; A. O. W. Foreman at Shallow Lake, Ont.; F. N. Bowes at White River, Ont.; A. N. Cooper at Conn, Ont., and C. E. Kenny at Earlton, Alta.

Allan Bowles is teaching at Magrath, Alta., while both R. A. Downey and H. L. Dougan are teaching at River View, Sask.

K. H. Smith is registered at S. P. S. in civil engineering.

The Faculty of Education has received its usual consignment of ladies this year: Misses Baird, Pinel, Jamieson, Laird and Hildred.

Mrs. Fear (nee Mason) is *registered* at Amherstburg, Ont.

Miss Gibbard is teaching at the Evangelia Settlement, Toronto.

Miss Bearman is at her home in Ottawa.

Several others are registered at "Vic" in theology and post-graduate study. The addresses of all members would be gladly received by the permanent secretary, C. Montrose Wright.

### *Weddings*

(Continued from October).

MADDEN—WHEATON.—One of the prettiest weddings of last June took place at 362 Oxford Street, North London, when Miss Bertha Wheaton was united in marriage to Rev. Morley Madden, B.A., '07. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. E. Malott, pastor of Colborne Street Methodist Church, assisted by Rev. A. H. Birks, pastor of Askin Street Methodist Church, South London, and Rev. C. F. Logan, M.A., '07.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Eva Wheaton, while the groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. Percy Madden. ACTA extends congratulations.

KENNEY—SELKIRK—Elmer Kenney, B.A., '08, was such a congenial fellow that he could never be without company, so on

September 24, at Leamington, he took unto himself a wife, when he was married to Miss Blanche, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McR. Selkirk. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jasper Wilson, M.A., Methodist pastor at Leamington, assisted by Revs. Hamilton and Hunter, also of Leamington, and Rev. Millson, of Kingsville. Only immediate friends were at the ceremony. The happy couple at once left for Detroit and points West. ACTA joins with all Elmer's large circle of personal friends in congratulations, and wishes him and his bride a very happy future.

DOWN—ROANTREE.—In Thorold, on June 10 last, a happy event took place, when Rev. Charles Wesley Down, B.A., '08, was united in marriage to Miss Bertha Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Roantree. Rev. F. M. Mathers, B.D., the Methodist minister at Thorold, tied the blissful knot. The newly-married couple took a short trip to the "Highlands of Ontario," and in the first of July they turned their faces towards Port Lambton, where Mr. Down is now stationed. ACTA joins in wishing them a most happy and useful future.

WREN—MALLORY.—Another ex-President of the "Lit." set a noble example, when Davy Wren, B.A., '07, was married to Miss Janet Louisa, daughter of Mr. Burnham Mallory, of Belleville, County Treasurer. The wedding took place in Belleville on September 23. It was a private affair, the bride and groom being unattended. Miss Edeline Rose acted as flower girl. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. S. Laidlaw, B.A., pastor of St. Andrew's Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Dyer, principal of Albert College. Together with "Davy's" large circle of personal friends, ACTA extends cordial congratulations and wishes the happy couple a very happy and useful future.

LOGAN—WATERHOUSE.—Everything was smiling on Sept. 1 at Lambton Mills, when Rev. Clark F. Logan, M.A. (B.A., '07), of Point Edward, was united in marriage to Miss Edith Waterhouse. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Johnston McCormack, M.A., of Malden, assisted by the Rev. W. W. Colpitts, of Lambton Mills, was witnessed by a large number of friends. E. H. Toye, '10, stood up as groomsman, while Miss Jennie Waterhouse posed as bridesmaid. After a short reception at the home of Mrs. James Anthony, sister of the bride, the happy couple left for a trip down the St. Lawrence.

*Deaths*

ROBERT LOCKEY BIGGS.

It is a far cry from Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the north of England, to Calgary, Alberta, Canada. At Newcastle Robert Lockey Biggs was born, at Calgary he departed this life.

Only thirty years of age: so young to die, we say, and in that we say truly, though in some respects Robert Biggs was not young. If we counted time by deeds, by experience, I think he would be considered of mature years.

Very early in years, at the age of twelve, he went to work, and from that time until his death he lived a strenuous life. He knew men by personal contact with them in the coal mine, as a railway employee, and as a farm hand.

Five years ago he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church of Canada in Newfoundland, and for three years served her most faithfully on the Wesleyville circuit. The circuit is a large one, there is much walking to do, and the roads are bad. Many journeys have also to be taken in open boat, necessitating exposure to all kinds of weather. Mr. Biggs did not spare himself, but rather attempted too much, and, we fear, undermined his constitution. He rendered the circuit noble service. His memory will be fragrant for years to come in many homes in Bonavista Bay. Even in busy college days, he remembered his old parishioners, writing sometimes twelve letters at a sitting, and humble hearts in lonely places were gladdened by a letter from the "passon" at college.

He entered Victoria College in 1906, with high hopes, and there acquitted himself well, gaining the respect of the professors and the good-will of the boys. He was a well-read man, with a wide and accurate knowledge of the best theological and homiletic writings. He was especially interested in sociological questions.

The days of his ministerial probation were almost over, and he was looking forward to ordination and to service for his Master in the North-West, when the blow came. He was stricken with a hemorrhage of the lung, and for several weeks lay dangerously ill. He gathered strength later on, and we were hopeful of his ultimate recovery, thinking that Calgary and the ministrations

of his capable and devoted wife would effect a cure. It was not to be, however, and on Friday, 23rd October, he passed quietly away.

He bore his trying sickness with Christian patience, hoping to the last that he might be permitted to get well. There was a manifest deepening of spiritual life in the few months preceding his death. In one of the last of his letters to me he wrote, "I have to thank God for many friends in Calgary, but chiefly for the abiding sense of His presence."

The Methodist Church has lost one of the most promising of her young ministers; a father in the homeland has lost a son whom he loved as the apple of his eye; and many classmates will mourn the loss of a true friend. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the brave young English lady who bears his name.—*Loch Ranza*.

We deeply sympathize with E. J. Halbert, B.A., '08, in his recent bereavement. On October 20 his father, who had long been ailing, passed away at Shelburne, Ont.

F. H. Barlow, '10, also has our heartfelt sympathy upon the loss of his mother, which occurred on October 30.

Two years ago G. A. King, B.A., '07, was president of our Y.M.C.A. He was married upon graduation, but is now alone again. We all join in deeply sympathizing with him upon the death of his young wife on October 31st last.

### *Exchanges*

The *University of Ottawa Review* contains an interesting article on the Lake of the Woods Massacre. The story illustrates some of the hardships and hazards the early missionaries fearlessly faced in carrying Christianity to the heathen Indian. In 1732, Sieur la Verandrye led an expedition to the West, and founded a fort on the Lake of the Woods, which he named St. Charles. The happiest of relations existed between these missionaries and the surrounding Crees. But lack of supplies forced them to descend to Lake Superior for food, and they had to pass through the country of the Sioux, who were then at war with the Crees. The inevitable happened, and the whole party of twenty-one was massacred. The remains were interred in St. Charles. Soon the fort was abandoned and all traces of it lost.

Though many expeditions were sent out, the remains of the unfortunate party were never found until July of this year, when a number of men from St. Boniface finally discovered them.

It is a healthy sign when we see a university publication, such as *Queen's University Journal*, not allowing its outlook to be cramped by the narrow horizon of the student world. We ought to manifest a lively interest in matters of importance in the world around us. In the October number of this magazine there is an exceedingly sane article upon the very unsatisfactory conditions that prevailed in the recent electoral campaign. It is excellent, and is well worth reading.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic*, an interesting weekly, affords a pleasant surprise. Though published weekly, there is something of real worth in each issue; matters in the world outside are freely introduced and handled very ably. Sound editorials upon such subjects as the American public school system, the Irish in America, the opposition to Governor Hughes, and the questionable character of many political campaigns, invest this publication with a pronounced strength of character.

The October number of the *O. A. C. Review* devotes much space to the claim of college organizations, and here it deals with a matter of vital import to the student just entering upon his college career. A very lucid and forceful article from the pen of Professor Keys of University College is quite capable of converting the most inveterate "plug." Every college student should peruse this article.

One of Toronto's most prominent business men steadily affirms that a college education is prejudicial to a success in business. While we do not swallow this statement whole, there are a few grains of truth in it, and the question is one that almost every college man will have to face at some time. One of the clearest and fullest articles on this question is found in the October number of the *McMaster University Monthly*, "The Call of the Business World." It is very convincing, and should be read by all who give any serious thought to the matter.



### *Mulock Cup Schedule*

THE following schedule was arranged for the first round of the inter-faculty Rugby competition for the Mulock Cup:

- A—Nov. 16.—Dentals vs. Junior S. P. S.
- B—Nov. 17.—Junior Meds vs. Senior Arts.
- C—Nov. 18.—Victoria vs. Senior S. P. S.
- D—Nov. 19.—Junior Arts vs. Senior Meds.



### *St. Michaels, 1—Victoria, 0*

Such was the result of the first practice game in Rugby. As indicated by the score, the teams were very evenly matched, the outcome of the game being in doubt until the end. Our men were unfortunate several times, when, with the ball in their possession near their opponents' line, they lost it on off-sides. The back division of the Vic. team played a very strong game, while the wings held their men well. The game was of a very friendly nature and devoid of any roughness, but by an unavoidable accident the center half of the St. Michael's team had his ankle broken. The following men represented Vic.: Livingstone, Ecclestone, Gundy (captain), Wilder, Gerrie, Birnie, Graham, Swinerton, French, Kitt, Hemingway, McKenzie, Morrison, Miller and Oldham.



### *Varsity III., 9—Victoria, 0*

In the second practice game of the series, against Varsity III., Vic. was again defeated. It was a hard-fought game all the way through, but a few costly errors gave our opponents an advantage. During the first half the only score was one point, secured by Varsity on a kick to dead line. After half-time Varsity

came with a rush, and quickly added the other eight points on a converted touch-down, a rouge and a kick to dead line. For the remainder of the game Vic. held their own, but were unable to score. Reg. Gundy's centre rushes and bucks, and the tackling of Gerrie and Ecclestone were the features of the game. The result, although not highly gratifying to our pride, shows that our weaknesses are mostly such as may be overcome by practice. The Vic. team was composed of the same men as in the previous game.



### **O. A. C., 22—Victoria, 5**

On Saturday, October 31st, the Victoria Rugby Club took their annual trip to Guelph and played the O. A. C. chasers of the pigskin. The Guelph team was composed of seven men from their first team and seven men who will probably help round out next year's fourteen, so it was virtually Vic. vs. 1909 Senior O. A. C. When to this is added the fact that the players on the Vic. team were considerably lighter than their opponents, and were lacking in experience, it is not surprising that they met defeat to the tune of 22—5. In the first half O. A. C., kicking with the wind, scored 10 points to Vic's 0, and in the second half, kicking against a much lighter wind, they scored 12—5. Vic.'s only touch was scored by Ecclestone on a beautiful run after intercepting a pass between the O. A. C. halves. The Vic. team was composed of the following: Livingstone, Ecclestone, Gundy (captain), Wilder, Gerrie, Guthrie, Shaver, French, Swinerton, Birnie, Graham, Jewitt, Morrison and Miller.



### **Association**

The first game of Association football in the inter-faculty series was played on October 21st between Victoria and Knox. As Vance, the Vic. captain, had received no notice of the game until two hours before it was to be played, great difficulty was experienced in mustering a team. But rather than default, they played under protest. For the first half Vic. held their own successfully, but in the second half Knox, who this year have a strong and well-balanced team, were able to secure two goals. Their failure to add to this score was due largely to the brilliant

playing of Gundy at centre half and of Wilder in goal for Vic. The rest of the team played well, but were seriously handicapped by lack of practice in team work. Vic's line-up: Goal, Wilder; backs, Smith, Jewitt; half-backs, Bright, Gundy, Newton; forwards, Taylor, Willans, Hadden, Rumball, Livingstone.



### *Jottings*

It is with sincere regret that Vic. students learn that Jim Pearson has been forced to quit Rugby for this year. But this regret is somewhat tempered by the fact that Jim has thus been able this fall to devote more time to the coaching of the college team. This has materially aided the captain and players in their practices and games.

Vic., however, is still represented on the University teams. On Varsity I. Jones has been ably filling a place in the scrimmage, while J. E. Lovering held a position on the wing line of Varsity II. until forced by an injury to drop out.

A very strenuous and evenly contested game of Rugby was played between the sophomores and freshmen, in which the former succeeded in obtaining 8 points to their opponents' 3.

Another interesting game was that between the B.D.'s and C.T.'s, in which the former won by a score of 10—0.

The first game in the inter-year Association series was between '11 and '12. The sophomores, who played a much better game than the freshmen, won by a score of 4—0.

The second inter-year game, played between the Seniors and Juniors, resulted in a win for the latter. Although '09 had much the better of the game, they were unable to secure a goal, while their opponents scored one under cover of the darkness.



### *Alley*

The benefits of the new alley board have already been demonstrated by the better class of alley now being played at Victoria. This year Vic. accomplished a feat that has no precedent for many years past, by defeating St. Michael's on their own board. It was a close game throughout, the final score being 21—18. But in the two games with the Dentals Vic. was not as fortunate, being defeated each time. By these victories the Dentals retain the championship of Series A for another year. The team representing Vic. was: Burt brothers, Jewitt, Richardson.

*Tennis*

The interest which was manifested in the fall tournament of this popular game this year was the just reward of the efforts of the secretary. All the games were played with zeal and enthusiasm, and were keenly contested. A new feature, in the form of a handicap series, was introduced this year in the ladies' tournament. In the men's handicap event, the schedule was especially well drawn up, the handicap being arranged with equality and justice, according to the merits of the players. The lovers of this game have been very fortunate, with three new nets, two new courts, and the three old courts in perfect condition for fast playing. The schedules below indicate the results at the time of going to press, and also show the large field out of which the winners emerged victorious.

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP

Manning.....	Manning.....	} Manning.....	} Willans.....	} Wiegand.... 1-6, 6-3, 6-0, 6-1
McKenzie.....	College Champion			
Miller.....	Miller.....	} Willans.....		
Adams.....	6-2, 8-6		} 3-6, 6-3, 6-3	
Van Wyck.....	McCulloch.....	} MacLaren.....		
McCulloch.....	default		} 6-2, 6-1	
Horning.....	Willans.....	} Wiegand.....		
Willans.....	6-0, 10-8		} 6-4, 7-5	
Hetherington.....	Fleming.....	} Wiegand.....		
Fleming.....	default		} 6-4, 7-5	
MacLaren.....	MacLaren.....	} Wiegand.....		
Conn.....	6-0, 6-0		} 6-4, 7-5	
Hemingway.....	Hemingway.....	} Wiegand.....		
Ockley.....	6-0, 8-10, 6-4		} 6-4, 7-5	
Stevenson.....	Jones.....	} Wiegand.....		
Jones.....	default		} 6-4, 7-5	
Wiegand.....	Wiegand.....	} 6-4, 7-5		
Clement.....	6-0, 8-6		} 6-4, 7-5	

HANDICAP CHAMPIONSHIP

- 1/2 15 Manning.....	Manning.....	} Willans....	} Wiegand... 4-6, 6-2, 6-1
- 1/2 15 Horning.....	6-8, 6-2, 6-2		
- 1/2 15 Willans.....	Willans.....	} Willans....	
s Stevenson.....	6-3, 6-2		
- 1/2 15 Hetherington.....	Conn.....	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
- 1/2 15 Conn.....	6-4, 9-7		
- 1/2 15 Wright.....	Wright.....	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
- 1/2 15 Richardson.....	6-1, 6-1		
- 1/2 15 Wiegand.....	Wiegand.....	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
s Jewitt.....	3-6, 6-2, 6-1		
- 1/2 30 Raymer.....	Hemingway..	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
- 1/2 15 Hemingway.....	6-2, 9-7		} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3
s Van Wyck.....	Miller.....	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
- 1/2 15 Miller.....	6-2, 6-0		} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3
- 1/2 15 Ockley.....	Ockley.....	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
- 1/2 15 Adams.....	7-5 6-0		} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3
- 1/2 30 Saunders.....	Saunders.....	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
s Jones.....	8-6, 6-3		} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3
s Fleming.....	MacLaren... 6-3, 5-7, 6-3	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
- 1/2 15 MacLaren.....	6-4, 6-2		} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3
- 1/2 15 McCulloch.....	McKenzie... 6-4, 6-4	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
- 1/2 40 McKenzie.....	7-5, 2-6, 6-3		} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3
s Burnett.....	5-7, 6-0, 7-5	} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3	
s Clement.....	7-5, 7-5		} Wiegand... 6-2, 6-3

MEN'S DOUBLES

Manning and Ockley.....	Manning and Ockley.....	6-1, 6-4	Manning and Ockley
Saunders and Richardson.....	Horning and Hetherington.....	7-5, 7-5	Ockley
Willans and McCulloch.....	Hemingway and Miller.....	6-4, 6-4	6-4, 3-6, 8-6
Hemingway and Miller.....	Clement and Wiegand	6-0, 7-5	Clement
Raymor and Wright.....	McKenzie and Birnie..	a bye	and
MacLaren and Adams.....			Wiegand
Clement and Wiegand.....			7-5, 5-7, 6-2
McKenzie and Birnie.....			Manning and Ockley

The fourth annual Intercollegiate tennis tournament for the girls of University College, St. Hilda's and Victoria was played on the University courts on October 21, 22 and 23. The cup has twice been won by the Victoria girls and once by St. Hilda's. This year it goes to University College. The players for Victoria College were: Miss Maclaren, Miss Denton, Miss Spencer, Miss Hyland, Miss Jamieson, and Miss Crews. The result of the tournament was as follows:

Single Championship—Miss Fairbairn, University College.

Double Championship—Miss Maclaren and Miss Denton, Victoria College.

Score: University College, 11 points; Victoria College, 3 points; St. Hilda's, 3 points.





**T**HE Freshman year is certainly starting off well. We submit the following as a fair sample of its literary ability. What may we not predict for the future?

There is no violet in the wooded glade,  
 No summer's sunshine 'neath the forest shade;  
 The wild geese south are turning now,  
 There ain't no pasture left for grandma's cow.

The maple leaves have fallen one by one,  
 Gone is their glory and their life-work done,  
 They go a lowlier mission to fulfil,  
 The man what rakes them grumbles fit to kill.

Gone are the joys of summer and of fall,  
 Gone the warm sunshine and the light flowers all;  
 About the door drift high the pure white snows,  
 And where we put the shovel goodness gracious knows.

In the dining room at the Hall:

Maid—"Why, Miss C—e, '09, I have been looking for you fifteen minutes! Where have you been, behind the teapot?"

Miss G—t—"What did Dr. Burwash mean when he said there was language before Eve was created? Did Adam say, 'I am lonely'?"

Miss F—n—y, '12—"I think it is so funny that every person at South Hall seems to have found their infinity but me."

Mr. B—n—e, '11—"Well, I am glad the 'Bob' is over, for I am so tired of being a professional ass, now I can be quite natural."

Miss H—y, '10—"I certainly would do it if my heart didn't fail me."

Miss D—d—n, '10—"You seem to be having a lot of trouble with your heart lately."

Miss H—y, '10—"Yes, I do wish I could get rid of it, but it seems an impossibility."

Miss G—y—u, '10 (on her way to a Latin lecture)—"Come along, girls; the Philistines are upon us."

The initiation of the freshettes by the sophettes at the Hall this year took a very different and very novel form. On the afternoon of October 14th every freshie received a summons to appear that night at eight o'clock in the court room. Needless to say, they all came, some in fear and trembling, others very bravely and, to outward appearance at least, very calm and collected. Miss Shorey, '11, made a very imposing judge; Miss Keagey, '11, acted as lawyer for the prosecution, and one of the juniors as lawyer for the defence. Miss Crawford, '11, made a very able clerk of the court, and Miss Dafoe, '11, an excellent crier. Seven prisoners appeared before the judge and answered to the charges of being too fresh, too familiar to their superiors, the worthy sophomores; lacking in discretion, and disturbers of the peace, other charges being vagrancy and self-consciousness.

Notwithstanding the fact that they had a lawyer to plead for them, they were all found guilty and received such sentences as Her Worship thought most beneficial. The court was then adjourned and all present invited to partake of a feast of good things provided by the sophomores. At the repast the two years joined in burying the hatchet forever, thus ending a very pleasant and profitable evening.

The following is a gem gleaned from Robert's speech to the freshmen:

"I hope that you freshmen will go home with the freshettes at night, for while thus doing good to others you will be helping yourself."

McN—v—n, '10 (above the din at the reception)—"Holloa, there, you old hairpin!"

S—n—r—n, B.D. (at boarding house)—"Will you pass me the sweetness, please?"

T—y—or, '09—"No, she's out in the kitchen at present."

B—m—e, '11 (after carefully examining the lock of his boarding house door)—"Say, that's just the same as the lock on the front door of Annesley."

Greer, '12—"I don't want to go to the reception, but I suppose I had better go and get used to it."

B—t, '10—"How are you this morning, Cass?"

C—s—m—e, '10—"I feel as happy as a pig in a puddle."

Dr. John Burwash (in Religious Knowledge lecture)—"There are three heads and three applications."

G. W. A—a—s, '10—"You'd think this was a barber shop."

Lyonde (photographer for *Torontonensis*)—"The secret of my success is that I make women look as pretty as I possibly can."

Miss C—l—k, '11 (at Eaton's)—"Can you tell me where I can get a mortar-board?"

Clerk—"You will likely get it in the woodenware department, miss."

Miss J—m—n, '10—"When you tell anything around Victoria it is like casting your bread upon the water—it never comes back void."

Miss McC—ll, '11—"Isn't there a chapter in the Bible called St. Paul's? It seems to me I have heard the name some place."

As a warning to students not to try and travel on pink tickets we would give the following illustration: The other day Miss —, '11, when on her way to the Lillian Massey School, put a pink ticket in the box, whereupon the conductor said: "You're more than sixteen, and I got orders not to take pink tickets from ladies wearing veils, as altogether too many married women travel on them."

Mr. E—s, '12—"If a stranger saw a group of college men together and was asked to pick out the professor, he would never pass over French for Owen."

On the evening of October 23rd Alumnae Hall was once more in gala attire, it being the occasion of the reception given by the Women's Literary and the Union Literary Societies. The whole upper floor of the College looked very inviting, with its decorations of autumn foliage and pumpkins, not to mention the college banners and cushions. After a very entertaining programme the usual promenading was indulged in, and everyone claims to have passed a most enjoyable evening.

## JOTTINGS FROM THE RECEPTION.

Freshette—"Well, I have heard of promenading, but I never before saw it made a business of like this."

Miss G—d—y, '12—"How is it that only one of the 'Hall' proctors has her stick here to-night? Don't they all have to carry them?"

Miss McL—, '12—"I prefer to sit out my promenades, because then I have so much better opportunity for studying human nature."

Dr. Reynar (in third year English, explaining the different consonantal sounds)—"When the consonant R precedes a vowel it has a harsh sound, as tr-r-r-rumpet, but when it comes at the end of a word, as in beer, it becomes liquid and disappears."

We are pleased to note that Smith, one of our '08 graduates, though taking "applied science" across the Park, has not forgotten his old friends at Victoria. The other day he was talking to an acquaintance on the college grounds, when he happened to spy a party of students coming out of the East entrance.

"Those must be freshettes," said he, after a short pause.

"Why?"

"Because I don't know them," was the laconic but convincing reply.

Gifford, '11, while passing through the exit at the Union Station, upon his first arrival in Toronto, was given the usual reception by the line-up of hotel porters as they saw him hove in sight, bearing a large grip in each hand. When opposite the King Edward porter that worthy gentleman, placing his hand on Gifford's shoulder, cried out: "King Edward!" Thoroughly astonished, Gifford turned and said, "I beg your pardon, but you are mistaken; I'm Gifford from Stratford."

The paper chase given by St. Hilda's College Saturday, October 30th, was even more interesting and exciting than usual. The three colleges, St. Hilda's, Varsity, and Victoria, were well represented at the meeting-place in High Park.

Now, it so happened that a walking race, given by one of the newspapers, was held there at the same time. The crowd that had gathered for this thought the group of college girls were competitors in the race and surrounded them. It seemed almost

impossible to make the truth known, so the only thing to do was to look pleasant and bear it and be properly grateful for being in the public eye even beyond the dreams of "Bobs" or "Carrie Nation." When finally the people did find out their mistake they gazed on the girls with an injured air, as if they had been cheated out of some treat.

The hares were given eight minutes' start and the chase began. The trail was quite tangled and seemed to take a perverse delight in going through the thickest bushes and wettest streams possible. Four girls succeeded in following it and arrived at the end soon after the hares.

Afterwards refreshments were served at St. Hilda's and the gathering broke up after the various college and class songs had been sung.

Dr. Edgar (to a fourth year class in English)—"You will see the subjects for your essay on the board, and will notice they fit in nicely with your English, so, you see, you can kill two birds with one stone."

Miss D—n—te, '09—"I suppose he means himself and us, too."

The freshmen have evidently profited by the lesson they received at the "Bob," and carry on affairs in their class meeting in an expeditious and business-like way, as the following items taken from their minute book will show:

Moved by H. W. Manning, seconded by F. C. Gill, That the President lead our yell to-night. Carried.

Moved by G. C. Geerie, seconded by W. C. Graham, That the Treasurer pay Mr. Geerie 85c. for paint. Carried.

Moral for Freshies.—Take care of the minutes and the locals will take care of themselves.

Va—ce, '09—"Why didn't you come home earlier, L—yd?"

M—rr—s—n, '09 (whose locker had refused to open)—"Modesty forbade."

B—shf—e—d, C. T. (after the first reception)—"May I have the pleasure of accompanying you home?"

Freshette—"Oh, thank you, but we all go home together."

President of A. U. (referring to recent losses from the athletic building)—"I think I'll have to see the Chancellor about it."

McN—n, '10—"Why, you don't think he took them, do you?"

It is sometimes extremely difficult to follow the trend of thought of some people. Here is a sample:

Lost.—Will the fellow who lifted my hat kindly return at once. The owner wears a No. 9 boot.—L. C. McR—b—rt.

Dr. Bell (in third and fourth year pass Latin)—"What kind of a genitive would you call that, Mr. Haynes?"

H—yn—s, '09 (with some effort)—"Epexegetical."

Dr. Bell—"Well, if you haven't moved your jaws for a long time, that's a good answer."

One evening last week Pete E—, with his friend, Si H—, were busily engaged in plugging Economics, when Pete suddenly noticed that he had left the drawer of his dresser open. Getting up, he endeavored to shut it, but the drawer stuck and refused to close. Finally, when his store of patience was exhausted, he backed up and, with a thundering crash, came full broadside against the obstinate piece of furniture. Realizing what had happened, Si quietly remarked, "That's right, Pete; you know the Theory of Rent, Put the room on the hog."

Pat M—ll—r, '09 (at Y.M.C.A., explaining group Bible study to new students)—"There's nothing more important in college life than Bible study. The group study is a very informal affair. A few of the boys gather in one of the fellow's rooms, some sitting on chairs, some lying on the bed, while others sprawl on the floor; everybody sticks in his gab any old time and says any old thing that comes into his head. That's the best way to study the Bible."

W—dd—l, C. T.—"I hear that Meredith, '10, attended college at New Westminster, B.C., then took his second year at Winnipeg, and now he is at Victoria. It seems to be a trans-continental course that he is taking."

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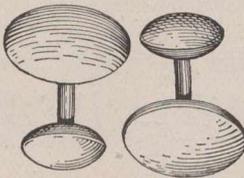
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