



The McGill Annual

'11





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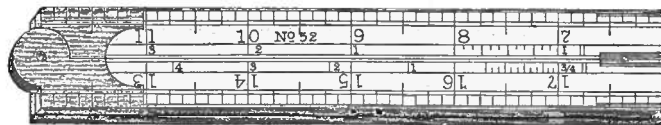
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The McGill Annual

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

VOLUME 3

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

1911

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VANCOUVER B.C. 1911.



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EDITORIAL



Football Season It is the first time in the long and interesting history of McGill University College that our football team has not met with some little success in the city league games. We must face the unpleasant truth which our record forces upon us. Where previous teams have either carried off the premier laurels or have been contestants to be reckoned with to the bitter end, we have had to content ourselves with cellar positions, from the first kick-off.

But we offer no excuses, nor do we attempt to palliate our defeat, and our hats come off in acknowledged deference and respect for the superiority of our opponents. But there is no humility in that salute; there is nothing of the cringing crouch of the conquered in our attitude. We can assuage our wounded pride by the consciousness of a battle, if not won, at least bravely lost; of a prize not gained, but determinedly fought for; and if we experience that personal satisfaction I guess that is all that really counts.

Our fellows played hardest at the end

of every palpably lost game, and our greatest success has been met with in the last contests of this unsuccessful season; and just here the old truism flashes before our mind to cheer: "It isn't whether you win that counts, but the question is, how did you die?" Our fellows did not win, but they died well.

We can't help but realize that Dr. Parken was right when he told us that it was on the playing fields of our colleges and universities that our young men gain those characteristics which enable them to fight life's battle successfully. It is there they acquire that dogged persistence, that cheerful carelessness of defeat, which in the real and sterner battle enables them to rise above the burdens and set-backs which litter their path to success.

If a man learns that "to play the game" is everything, and success an incident, he has to a great extent mastered the difficulties of existence. From start to finish our boys have "played the game." They have improved steadily and consistently, and have built up from material of little

promise the nucleus of what we confidently expect will be a winning team next year. All honor and praise be theirs!

The Men We Are Going to Lose As our students step by step negotiate the difficulties of the several years of their course, of necessity each April sees us saying farewell to many of our old-timers. They take all they can from us and leave either for more pretentious seats of learning (if we may be pardoned the Murrayism) or for the work of life itself. There is no transient body whose departure we will look upon with more regret than that of Science '13. To give an individual appreciation of what they have been and of what they have done is impossible. We would like to glorify them singly, in couples, in families, and as a class, but must content ourselves with the latter.

It is only lately that as a body they have forced themselves upon our approval—proving successful in gaining more points at the inter-class track meet than all the rest of the college together. This is a phenomenal accomplishment, which we cannot help but appreciate. The two old pals and boatbuilders, Sawers and Stone, succeeded in gaining twenty points between them, demonstrating themselves the crack athletes of the college.

This class is also notable for dividing among its members more college positions than the other classes can together boast of. They count among them, six members of the Alma Mater Society, including the president, eight members of the football

team, and the two champion track men of the college. Truly a phenomenal record!

But it is not their ability and prowess alone which make us sorry to lose them. Science '13 possesses a certain atmosphere of good-fellowship—an esprit de corps which has made them general favorites among their fellows within and without the college.

Be careful not to allow this to prompt you in purchasing larger caps, fellows, but at old McGill and in your several vocations in life endeavor to live up to the record and impression you have made in your Alma Mater—M. B. C.

Washington Negotiations It was with the greatest disappointment that the students learned of the failure of our negotiations with the University of Washington to materialize. The prospect of an international meet, so to speak, caused some little excitement. The idea was to have a day of sport and a debate at night. The latter we might possibly have pulled off, but as the Washington men decided that it would be impossible to get a team together in time to meet us before our examinations, the Alma Mater Society felt that the debate could not be well held alone.

We sincerely hope that next year, probably the last for M. B. C., successful arrangements can be made with Washington, and a precedent established which by the new University of British Columbia will

be followed in yearly international contests on the field and on the rostrum.

Columbian vs. McGill We did not this year have the pleasure of meeting in debate our old friends and opponents, the Columbian College orators. Through some misunderstanding of our two executive bodies the debate could not be arranged.

This is all the more to be regretted because it is the first time for five years that the two colleges have not crossed verbal swords. Five years ago Mr. Yates, our present Rhodes Scholar, and Mr. Gibbons went down to honorable defeat before a team led by Mr. Robson, a Columbian College man who has since become quite famous as an orator. The following year McGill was successful in defeating a team led by Mr. Thompson. In 1908 a McGill team composed of Miss Patterson, Mr. W. E. G. Murray and Mr. R. R. Holland were defeated by a team led by that same Mr. Thompson. In 1909 Mr. Murray, Mr. McRea and Mr. Holland defeated the crack Columbian trio led by Mr. Braden; and this year, to the regret of both colleges, Mr. Braden was not given the opportunity of redeeming himself, as he undoubtedly would have done, if the previous alternating victories were any criterion.

As Mr. Braden is leaving college this term he will not have the pleasure of meeting his old opponents, but as there is plenty of good material in the Columbian Junior

years we are looking forward to a keen debate next year.

Marshal's Responsibility In the recent Alma Mater Society elections the most keenly-contested position was that of marshal, "Bill" Beveridge defeating his popular Science opponent by a couple of votes only.

Until this year the position of Marshal was one of great importance. His duty was to lead all concerted yells and cheering upon all public occasions, at theatre nights, football games, track meets and other demonstrations. It is for him to choose his sub-yell leaders, appoint a glee club captain, arrange for nights of practice, see to the choosing of proper "yells" and songs, and to attend to one hundred and one little things in connection with college activities.

This year, in the language of the street, "there was nothing stirring," probably due to a direct reaction against the wild celebrations and street demonstrations of the two years previous. Now, although we do not look with favor upon the exaggerated and continual soap-box oratory of "Windy Bill's" regime, we would respectfully urge Mr. Beveridge to see that things move a little faster next term.

Indeed, we cannot point out too strongly just how much depends upon him. Mr. Sawers this year was overwhelmed with offices, and so we could hardly expect him to make as successful a marshal as he did

the year previous. We feel confident that in Mr. Beveridge they have elected the right man—one who will be able to go ahead and inculcate into the students of M. B. C. some of that college spirit which we see so well exemplified in our Columbian College rivals.

Our Thanks We must once more offer our sincerest thanks to our advertisers—the business men of Vancouver—not because we feel called upon to do so as a conventional duty, but because we realize that if it were not, so to say, for their hearty and spontaneous co-operation, it would be impossible for us to make our "Annual" each year the financial success that it has been. We hope all our students and their friends will justify our advertisers' faith in this publication by their absolute patronage.

We owe our heartiest thanks also to Mr. Reynolds, the "Province" cartoonist. Although he is a very busy man, he interested himself in our "Annual" at once, and spent a great deal of his valuable time on our cartoons.

The University of British Columbia The agitating question as to the location of the new University has been decided. Twenty-five thousand dollars have been appropriated for the clearing of the site at Point Grey, and the large, handsome stone buildings will soon rear their dignified walls to the western winds. For the Commission has wisely decided to place British Columbia's fount of learning in one of the most beautiful spots it were possible to choose. Looking out across the Gulf of Georgia to where the Olympic mountains rear their snow-capped tops over the horizon, the student of the U. B. C. cannot but develop a certain spirituality which such natural grandeur always engenders in the most matter-of-fact souls, and if any university is necessary in this western world, with its abnormal development, with its ceaseless rush and roar of business, with its money-making ideals, it is one which will turn out broad, normally developed men, with the ability to see and grasp the wonderful business advantages

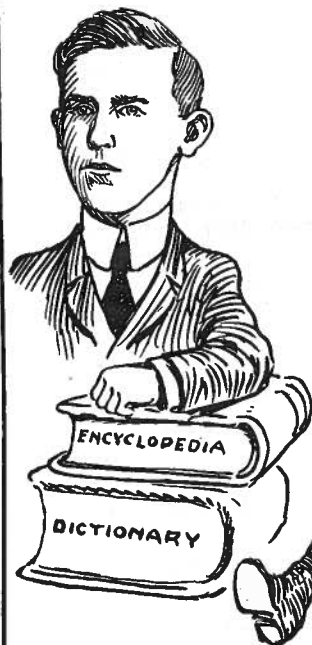
of this great new country, but with the understanding to enjoy its privileges—the wonder of its sunsets—the grandeur of its mountains—the beauty of its silent fiords.

All credit, we say, be to the deep-seeing men who realized this, and with intuitive judgment placed the university where it could not only inculcate into the sons and daughters of British Columbia sound knowledge and sound principles, but that "je ne sai quoi," that soul quality which is necessary to all truly great men.

McGill B. C. is the nucleus of the great university which is to be. Some of us will not enjoy the privileges of the larger institution, but there are a great many among us who will. To them will fall the honor of first writing after their signatures, "M.A. and B.Sc., British Columbia." To these lucky students of Arts and Science '14 we offer our heartiest congratulations, but in doing so we in no way bewail the fact that of necessity we of '12 and '13 must look upon old McGill as our Alma Mater.



GILBERT
PREPARING FOR
DEBATE



THE ROGUES

UNDERHILL
GETTING "PLACE
KICK" OVER



DRAPER
PRES. ALMA MATER



THE SCOTS OF
ARTS '13

HOLLAND
DEBATING



BALDWIN
BASKET BALL ARTIST



FLYNOLDS

GALLERY



CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS



October, 1910

- Oct. 1—Supps over.
Oct. 3—Fall meeting of the Alma Mater.
Oct. 11—Formation of Ladies' Basketball Club.
Oct. 12—Formation of Ladies' Badminton Club.
Oct. 17—The Freshmen, Arts and Science meet in genteel conflict, Bodie gets his hair mussed.
Oct. 18—Ladies' Literary, "Matthew Arnold."
Oct. 21—Ladies' hockey—High School. Mr. Sydney George referee.
Oct. 21—Literary Society, "Home Rule" debate.
Oct. 28—Arts '13 party. Host, Mr. Gilbert.
Oct. 29—Football game with Firemen.

November, 1910

- Nov. 1 — Ladies' Literary, "Domestic Science" debate.
Nov. 4—Literary Society. Dr. Parkins' address and "Free Trade" debate.
Nov. 5—Football game with Welsh.
Nov. 7—First ladies' basketball practice. Mr. S. G. Baldwin coach.
Nov. 11—Alma Mater dance.

- Nov. 18—Ladies' hockey—High School. Mr. S. George Baldwin did not officiate.
Nov. 18—Arts '14 party. Mr. Beveridge host.
Nov. 20—H. A. McNaughton buys some new ties and a cap on tick.
Nov. 25—Literary Society, impromptu speeches.
Nov. 26—Football game with Argos.
Nov. 28—Miss C. Morgan is wearing a "Toronto" Frat. pin.

December, 1910

- Dec. 1—Sawers was not rude to anyone today.
Dec. 3—Football game with Argos.
Dec. 6—Science dinner. Host, Mr. O'Brien.
Dec. 7—Latin Prof. frowned today.
Dec. 10—Football game with Crusaders.
Dec. 14—Dunbar took a music lesson.
Dec. 17—Football game with Firemen.
Dec. 24—Dr. Davidson visited a tonsorial parlor.
Dec. 25-31—Sargent enjoys the privileges of mistletoe.
Dec. 30—Arts '13 party. Hostess, Miss Bodie.

January, 1911

- Jan. 1—Buck resolves to give up smoking.
Jan. 9—Ladies' Basketball Club disbands. Not S. G. B.'s fault.
Jan. 10—Ladies' Literary, "Browning."
Jan. 14—Football game with the Firemen.
Jan. 16—Prof. Chas. McTaviss, K.I.S.S., takes the Freshman class in Erotology. First lecture on "Frat. Pins and Their Significance."
Jan. 17—Ladies' Literary, "Tennyson."
Jan. 20—Literary Society. Debate on "Heredity."
Jan. 24—Ladies' Literary, "Physical Culture" debate.
Jan. 25—First appearance of Greek Prof.'s fancy light-green tartan socks.
Jan. 26—McIvor, Chalmers, Buchanan, Dunbar and Scott see the "Queen of the Moulin Rouge."
Jan. 27—Freshman dance. Among those present was Bill Frame.

February, 1911

- Feb. 1—Ford and Beveridge learn to play pool.
Feb. 7—Ladies' Literary, "Wordsworth."

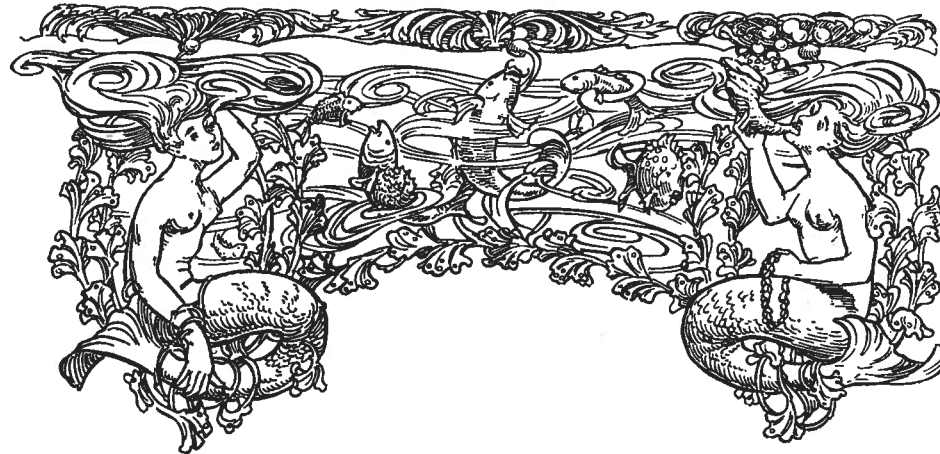
Feb. 7—Ladies' hockey—"Uneeda," a decent referee.
 Feb. 8—Sargent took his sister to Spencer's for lunch.
 Feb. 10—Arts '14 party. Host, Mr. Howell.
 Feb. 12—Cairnes did not know his Greek today.
 Feb. 13—Arts '13 party. Host, Mr. Kirkpatrick.
 Feb. 14—Miss Bodie received a valentine.
 Feb. 15—Ladies' hockey—Normal.
 Feb. 18—Ladies' hockey at Westminster. All twelve had SUCH a nice time.
 Feb. 18—Joint meeting of Dialectic and Literary Societies. Lecture on the "Forum" by Prof. Robertson.

Feb. 20—Prof. Chodat was on time today.
 Feb. 23—Ladies' mock faculty meeting.
 Feb. 28—The ladies of Arts '14 did not give a return reception to those of Arts '13. Reason: Vaccination.
 Feb. 29—The Freshmen were quiet, orderly and knew their lessons today.


March, 1911

March 1—Ash Wednesday. Science '14 all went to church.
 March 2—Literary Society, "Reciprocity" debate. Arts '14 wins the shield.
 March 2—Alma Mater elections.


March 2—Interclass track meet. Science '13 wins the championship.
 March 3—Debate with Law students on the "Morality of the Stage." Result: The "Grand" is to be boycotted by the college.
 March 4—Ladies' Shakespearean evening. The event of the year.
 March 4—Victoria trip. Des Brisay arrested.
 March 4—Sargent forgets to tell the barber not to shave his neck.
 March 13—Re-appearance of Greek Prof.'s green socks.
 March 14—Everybody began today to study hard; cribs, etc., in great demand.



THE INDIAN



*The twilight creeps along the lonely sea;
And timid waves a-curl across the sands
Steal back without a murmur; far-off bands
Of waterfowl move homeward silently;
'Tis Nature's hour of worshipping; and he
Who motionless beside his fire lies
Hath comradeship with far star-radiant skies,
With yonder shadow-cliff and wind-bent tree.
There is a spirit dwells in quiet things;
We long to understand, we long to hear
The voice that through the holy silence sings,
And singing comforts, wonderful and dear.
Oh, Indian, before your race be gone,
Teach us to hear the spirit of the dawn!*



—ETHELWYN HARRIS



CRIBS



THERE are some lofty souls who take delight in wrestling for hours with some difficult piece of Latin or Greek. Far be it from us to attempt to pronounce judgment on such; let them take their meagre enjoyment of life in their own way, but let them also leave us to our pleasures—and cribs. Among these aspiring souls cribs are spoken of but seldom, and with bated breath, as though the mere mention of such a baneful object would pollute the atmosphere. Oh, cribs! did ye but hear half the imprecations hurled at your unoffending heads, or catch half the scorn and contempt in the accents, your leaves would be withered like the leaves before the scorching Dog Star and your beautiful odes would be quite unintelligible to the anxious Soph. This class, who shun the touch of a crib as a Chinaman does the grave of his ancestors, we unenlightened people call the “abusers.”

But there is another class under whose praise the crib may “flourish like the green bay tree.” These are the “users.” Just for a moment suppose that one of these did seriously intend to “dig out” a passage

of Latin for himself. Well, first of all he finds a word whose meaning he does not know. He laboriously hunts it up in his dictionary and finds just about twenty meanings which it may have! With rather dampened spirits he hunts up the next word and finds that it may have fifteen meanings. This soon develops into a question in mathematics—viz., in how many ways can twenty things be combined with fifteen things taken two at a time, and what is the probability of getting the right result in the end? By the time about a half-dozen lines have been covered in this interesting manner the morning cock is sounding his clarion note. But the worst is yet to come. The poor, weary-eyed mortal giving his translation next day with conscious pride is informed that it equals Punch in its mirth-provoking qualities. Next evening, a sadder and a wiser man, he hunts up a little green book, and presto! he loses no more beauty sleep. To put the matter in the words of one of our renowned modern poets, “I love my own translation, but oh, you crib!”

A SOLILOQUY

To gown, or not to gown; that is the question.

Whether it were better in this young school of ours

For students to pose in undraped, native angularities,

Or, by gowning, hide them.

To gown, to hide—to hide, ay, there's the joy.

For underneath that stately gown what crudities innumerable may not be hidden:

Lank limbs, misshapen arms, unsightly hands—all blotches to the sensitive eye,

Hid, covered, draped—

Clothed with a dignity all unknown before just by this simple gown.

Moreover this same simple gown

Doth form a link which joins us to the immemorial past.

Through all the ages students have worn gowns,

Through every century “gown” has been distinct from “town.”

Let us preserve the scholarly tradition and cry with all our hearts—

To gown, young man; to gown!

∞ *SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF W. DOUGAN* ∞

IN this brief resume of the voluminous notes of a Westerner, we do not ask our readers to look for any comprehensive account of his journey, or even a hint of the "wonders" he saw; but the purpose of the writer is accomplished if, by this jotting down of a few characteristic events and interesting facts, he gives a panoramic impression of what there is to be seen and learned in such a little ten-thousand-mile jaunt.

The name that the young man in his notes has seen fit to designate himself by is "Zern," and as such will we speak of him in our sketch, which we will begin by at once getting him started on his journey.

The ride up the Fraser by moonlight was truly "a treat." With face flattened against the pane, Zern watched the dark masses of water glide by, far into the night.

Then came the delightful passage of the Rockies, where every turn in the road revealed fresh wonders. What a pity it was the train did not stop at Albert Canyon. But schedules must be maintained. Even at Glacier their brief sojourn barely permitted a glance at the Illecillewaet

Valley, the surrounding guardians and even the famed glacier itself.

Zern's attempt to scale Mt. Stephen (10,000 ft.) at Field must be recorded. It was such ambitious amusement to surmount almost overhanging precipices, but then the views were ample reward for his efforts.

Laggan is the starting point for Lake Louise, that "peerless gem of the Rockies." Here, it is said, the very moon pauses nightly to see her face in the mirror-like surface.

From the summit of Tunnel Mountain the whole Bow Valley gleamed before him. To the south Mt. Assiniboine (most impassable of mountains) reared its lofty crest. Banff lay peaceful below. In subdued tones the thunder of Bow Falls reached his ear. From this eminence he could locate interesting points indeed: the river, hot springs, buffalo corrals, anthracite coal mines, etc. Then followed his fruitless attempt to see them all in a few hours.

Though Zern reached Calgary at midnight he found the town characteristically wide awake. That eight-storey grain exchange well illustrates the aspiring nature of the Calgary spirit. Certainly, he says,

the "Payzhuenter" cars contribute to the financial success of the municipal railway.

Edmonton, most northern Canadian city, may be found exactly 250 steps above the "mighty Saskatchewan." Two minutes suffice for the ascent by the sixty per cent. incline railway. There one sees the mushroom growth of a modern city. Soon the steel frame of their parliament buildings there will disappear within the cold grey granite.

Where a few years ago the "Barre Colony" camped to outfit, today Saskatoon's 16,000 inhabitants have obtained the Provincial University, and are now clamoring for street cars and other things.

Zern met his old friend J. R. T. fresh from the Coast in Brandon. This accidental meeting on the street was no stranger than many preceding incidents. Zern would have left Brandon two days before the Manufacturers' visit and banquet, but his valise was stolen from the C. N. R. Ere he found it in a boxcar his train was gone. Meanwhile his friend had missed the train at Moose Jaw and was speeding across the prairie by auto to meet the C. N. R. at Regina. You can't down a McGill man, he adds.

To take a little jump, let the reader imagine Zern on the rear platform speeding through the world's greatest individual railway yard into Winnipeg for the first time. Needless to say, he saw with delight and noted every elevator, every factory, subway, etc.

The city lies at the junction of twenty-four railway lines. Broad, but exceedingly crooked streets mark the original Indian trails. There time never drags. But a few hours later Zern was following the flying fire horses up Portage Avenue. Fifteen minutes after another call came. Within the week he was there three large wholesale and business blocks were gutted. Zern strongly advised the fire chief to take a trip to Vancouver for a few helpful hints.

One day, memorable to all Winnipeggers, not a car in town moved. Next morning numbers of students sought jobs as strike breakers. The remuneration was \$5 per diem and all fares collected; and how those boys seemed to enjoy rounding corners on the outer wheels and smashing fenders. Still they avoided serious accidents and amassed quite a fortune.

To the traveller approaching Duluth from the lake the night effect is grand. Backed by the mighty hill a few rows of lights follow the waterfront for perhaps twenty miles. Just under the aerial bridge and the vista is one succession of elevators and flour mills, coal and ore

docks. Hither the wheat pours for the immense freighters, and the lines of cars bring down the ore from the steam shovels. Duluth and its companion in Wisconsin (Superior) claim more millionaires than any settlement of like size.

Then the twin cities by the Mississippi, says Zern, embrace 600,000 souls. Minneapolis is indeed laid out on a generous scale. Every street is broad and straight, flanked by buildings of majestic proportions. Every visitor there, of course, sees Minneapolis Falls—(attitude):

Where the falls of Minnehaha

Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

To Minnetonka by tram was an exhilarating side trip. There was a new and distinct charm about the iceboats as they skimmed over the smooth surface.

Who has not heard of Como Park, St. Paul, where 2,500,000 assemble annually to see the Victoria Regia blooms! Their Capitol took 13 years to complete; now its marble halls are graced by peanut and bootblack stands.

After the rush of the prairie towns Spokane seemed dead, but unlike the prairie the scenery is beautiful. Seattle likewise was the same old town of 1909, and requires no comment.

Between 53.45 and the Boundary Zern found no difficulty in reaching any town he wished. The network of lines of the four great transcontinentals bind together all the important centres, and still they

spread like measles in a boarding house. But let us return once more to the interesting country west of Saskatoon.

The prosperous farmers there have long superannuated the oxcart and even the carriage and pair. Zern was strongly reminded of this at Bradwardine as the swift auto sped on to Brandon.

Once fancy led him sixteen miles from the railway (no return stage for two days). He measured the weary miles through that strange land between 6 p.m. and midnight. Again we find him on a cold November night driving 26 miles to inspect railway construction on the Weyburn-Lethbridge line; his curiosity, he intimates, was well rewarded.

The electric lines are spreading out the cities and drawing in the rural districts all through the prairie country. Winnipeg exhibits one of the finest car systems in the world. From Headingly on the west, to Selkirk on the north, the roomy cars with varnished exteriors fill every want—except, alas, at 6 p.m., as Zern can testify. Four hundred and fifty miles of line radiate from the centre of Minneapolis, which is also famous for its street cars. At every corner it is a rush over a crossing to avoid a yellow tram. The chimney in front of the cars is not for ventilation, by the way, but simply carries the smoke from the steam heating apparatus.

Spokane stands unique with its dual car service, neither of them very efficient.

Zern's first night in Calgary was eventful. Across the street the large stone block caught fire at 2 a.m. His feelings were not of satisfaction as he arose in response to the hammering of the clerk, and tried to turn on the light. Though a relief, it was also a distinct disappointment to find that the fire was across the street.

Graft, says Zern, is almost as bad throughout the Prairie country as in Vancouver.

In some unaccountable manner nine halfbreeds at Togo became possessed of \$25 each, and transportation just before election. "Fire water" freely flowed. Many heads were cracked, a chair and a gasoline light were broken, but everybody was happy, including the "honest fellow" elected.

Perhaps the "closest shave" Zern had was at Weyburn. It was by inches that the finest hotel in the west (outside of Winnipeg) escaped quarantine for diphtheria, so he missed a compulsory three weeks' stay in the town.

Not long after this he "accidentally" tampered with the electric wires in his room. He only blew out the fuse, so within three hours the guests could again retire by electric light. He was ever an electrical genius.

Then that walk from the C. N. R. to C. P. R. at Windthorst on a misty night is worthy of mention. Though only three miles he plodded from 2 a.m. till 10 a.m.

through the deep snow before the looked-for elevators loomed up through the mist. Zern seemed to have a "hankering" for walking. This accounts for his ignoring the tram in passing from Minneapolis to St. Paul, but he never dreamed it was ten miles. Street after street stretched for miles before him ere he saw the domes of the Capitol and business blocks. By this route it was possible to inspect the 100 buildings of the University of Minnesota. The Minneapolis courthouse afforded another opportunity for adventure. After taking the elevator up five storeys he climbed the winding stairs past the huge clock, only stopping when the top-most pinnacle afforded a view for miles.

It was while standing on Lloydminster's business thoroughfare one beautiful evening, one foot in Alberta the other in Saskatchewan, that Zern first saw the Aurora Borealis. To describe the darting tongues of fire and quivering curtains of light is impossible.

Within a few days the sky was again illuminated by lightning. For five hours the storm raged. From 2 a.m. no one could sleep for the deafening peals and the red glow in the eastern heavens. Two barns were struck, and at Watson the station was totally wrecked. Miraculously the operator escaped.

Stranger still, near Hudson Bay Junction for several nights a thin streak of daylight remained along the northern horizon from sunset to sunrise.

Frequently in his journey Zern was moved to "exclamations of wonder by the exhibitions of man's handiwork." Who will not call the Field reduction tunnels a splendid example? There the train enters the dark hole, emerging three minutes later to see the rear end (figuratively at least) disappearing beneath itself.

Again Zern paused, full of wonder at the brilliant idea of the aerial bridge, Duluth. Again and again he watched the carriage roll back and forth, carrying the bridge floor 146 feet below it, from shore to shore.

The entire wheat raising industry was of course new to Zern. From the time that he first saw the tiny green blades (near Calgary) reaching through the late snow till he saw the merciless machines grind the hundredfold increase into flour he was interested. When the burning July winds struck the rising grain he was as anxious as the farmers. Then as the waving heads turned to gold he, too, thought in "bushels per acre, and cents per bushel."

Soon the four-horse binders began to circle the fields in squadrons of four or more—each cutting its eight foot swathe and leaving sheaves behind. Zern made his initial hazard on a reaper at Gladstone while he extolled the merits of Vancouver to the driver. One ride on the rattling, bumping binder was sufficient.

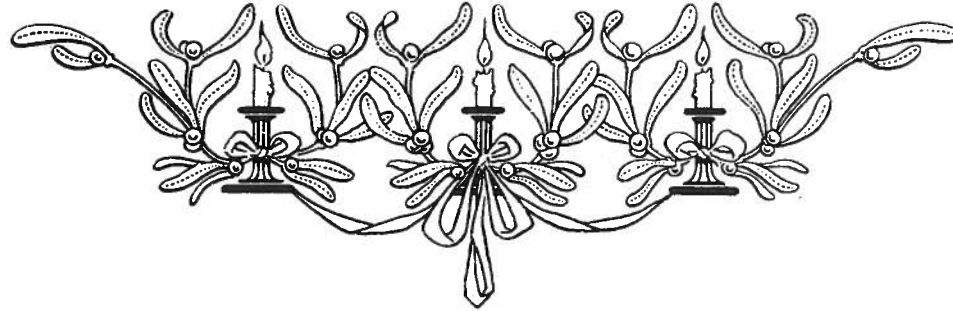
Next, behold him at Bradwardine, en-

chanted by the puffing engine, the 18 sweating men, and the rattling, roaring threshing machine. That day they told off 800 bushels No. 1 Hard.

Soon the grain began to pour into the elevators. It was while exploring the bins of one of these in operation at Strathclair that he happened to mix up with the stream of oats from above. That he left his trail of oats behind him for a week is not in the least strange.

It was a treat for him to explore the oatmeal mill at Pilot Mound, especially considering the warning "Keep Out." The oats was wormed up to the top only to come down through cleaning, sorting, grinding and other machines. No fewer than 22 times does it go through the process. When the grain has passed through scores of machines and after it has been treated with an ill-smelling paste, it is ready for export.

But all good things must come to an end, and from the exuberant tone of Zern's comments on the Christmas morning of his return, we hardly think he was sorry to get back. With 600 pictures illustrating his travels packed in his satchel, he had taken very creditable advantage of his 10,000 mile tour, and to use his own phrase, he is heartily glad now to be back in God's country, where a man can go without an overcoat.



NIGHT

*When now from out the wine-red west
The new-waked stars their fill have sipped,
And Phoebus, hasting to his rest,
Deep in the azure sea has dipped;
Kind, queenly Cynthia courage takes,
And all the growing darkness breaks.*

*The toiling husbandman has now
Departed, weary, from the plough;
The merchant, too, has shut his door,
And all forsaken is the store*

*Where through the day he wrought.
The schoolboy, too, with pattering feet,
Has long since left his wonted seat;
And high or humble, far and near,
All blithely share in diverse cheer,
According to their lot.*



*And now, though tardy to begin,
Night rocks to rest the city's din.
The moon, her quiet zenith reached,
Sits clad in glory, unimpeached*

*By cloud, or mist, or gloom.
The city seems—so still it is—
A slumbering necropolis:
The sheeted mountains, coldly bright,
Shed o'er the scene a spectral light,
Like giants from the tomb.*

*Yet, murmuring low, the impassioned streams,
Rippling, reflect the moon's pale beams,
As when a maid, with heaving breast,
Dreams of her distant lover—blessed
With true love's mutual spark.*

*For Nature heeds nor time nor tide,
Waits for no counsel, asks no guide
Save God, before whose primal ray
Evening and morning blush and say,
"Hail, diamond in the dark!"*

—PACIFIC



• ANGUS McIVOR •



• JOHN McLEAN •
— PRESIDENT —



• H. G. BELL •



• R. R. HOLLAND •



• MISS NETTA HARDY •
1ST VICE PRES.



• E. CHAVE •



• E. A. B. KIRKPATRICK •



• G. INGRAM •

ANGELL ENGRAM



LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY



THE value of the education that a literary and debating society affords is not entirely realized by the students of our universities. Many public speakers have obtained their desire, as well as their first knowledge of public speaking, from that source. Many of Canada's statesmen have obtained the desire and opportunity to develop their talent for political debate and their executive ability in the few mock parliaments they have participated in while at college. Many lawyers have obtained their initial training in the mock trials they carried on, in the time free from their other studies.

Instead, then, of looking on it as a hardship when called upon to participate in a literary programme, the student should rather seize every opportunity afforded to develop himself along these lines. Anyone who neglects these opportunities is most certainly doing himself a serious injustice, the effect of which he is sure to feel sooner or later. In fact, there are few who have not felt their need of better facility of expression, despite their age or activities.

No time is like the present for a person in the cultivation of his literary powers. Later, when he has passed forth from the

university halls, without freedom of expression and slow of thought, he will find it more difficult to cultivate that freedom of mind and speech. Every public appearance will be a burden rather than a pleasure. Neither should any distinction be made in who should engage himself most actively in literary work. The science student is too wont to sneer at these activities, on the excuse that he will not need the experience so gained, while in reality he will probably find his need just as great in subsequent business as an Arts graduate. The value to an Arts student it is needless to dwell upon. To him a literary education is indispensable.

The aim of our society this year has been to provide an open field for oratorical genius to find an outlet.

The executive for this term of the Literary and Debating Society were elected at the close of the session in April. Some vacancies were found on the opening of the session, and it was necessary to elect a president. Mr. McLean was chosen to fill the chair, his ability being recognized from his efforts of the previous year.

At the opening meeting Principal Robinson delivered a short address on "Hints Toward Debating," explaining the original

meaning and mapping out a ring for the oncoming debaters to combat in. The First Year Science and Second Year Arts opened the inter-year debates on the subject, "Resolved, that Ireland should have Home Rule." Messrs. Gilbert and Kirkpatrick were the successful debaters for the Second Year Arts, while Messrs. Flitton and Hughes upheld well the negative side of the argument.

At our next meeting we were fortunate enough to secure Dr. Parkins, trustee of the Rhodes Scholarships, to give us an address. Dr. Parkins gave a striking illustration of the life and associations of an Oxford University student, mentioning that out of one committee of seven on which he served while at Oxford, one was now Prime Minister of England, one was editor of England's most influential newspaper, one was a leading dignitary of the Church, and the others all occupied positions of prominence in England today. He gave a short account of the life and accomplishments of Cecil Rhodes and of the tremendous growth South Africa has experienced directly through his efforts. Cecil Rhodes made a fortune out of an unimportant outpost of South Africa, and left that whole section a flourishing, settled

colony, with all the conveniences of modern civilization.

The requirements and qualifications for a Rhodes Scholarship were next explained and the number of scholarships now distributed annually throughout Canada and the United States, fitting those best qualified for positions of influence with the best the Old World affords in the educational advantages of Oxford University. He left with us that quotation which had so impressed itself on Cecil Rhodes: "So much to do, so little done."

The next inter-year debate then took place between the First Year Arts and Second Year Science. Messrs. McIvor and Moody upheld successfully the affirmative for the First Year Arts on the subject, "Resolved, that Free Trade is More Beneficial to England than Tariff Reform." Messrs. Chave and Underhill supported the negative for the Second Year Science, Mr. Underhill going after the "Free Trade" grafters in vigorous style.

The annual impromptu speaking feature of the Literary Society created much interest, as usual, Mr. Holland winning one of the angel cakes by a theological address

on "Football." Mr. Gilbert discoursed on "Shakespeare" very fluently, carrying off the second prize. Mr. A. J. Smith has become a yearly feature, this year electrifying his audience with the subject of the "Melodrama," moving them first to tears and then to joy by the wonderful power of his oratorical genius.

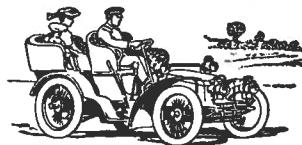
Interest became a little slack at the end of November, giving place to preparation for the Christmas exams., and after the holidays, the college dances caused a short interim in the work of the society. The failure of Columbia College to provide a debating team, after agreeing on a subject, rather disappointed the debating enthusiasts of the college, hankering for more laurels.

The Second Year Arts demonstrated again the fact that they were possessed of good debating ability by defeating the Third Year Arts. The subject was: "Resolved, that Heredity is a More Important Factor in the Make-up of a Man's Character than Environment." Miss Hardy and Mr. Cairnes for the negative both produced excellent material, having advantage of the affirmative in regard to the number of argu-

ments brought forward. Miss Papke and Mr. Holland spoke well for the Third Year Arts, more than holding their own in delivery, but they based the issue on one or two points which the judges felt they had not made good.

On February 18 we were favored with a lecture on "The Forum, Rome," by Prof. Robertson. Prof. Robertson is well acquainted with the subject, and with the aid of a number of lantern slides vividly depicted the different scenes and conditions connected with that ancient "market place."

The following meeting took the form of campaign speeches by candidates for Alma Mater and Literary offices. Some of the would-be's spoke well, demonstrating their fitness for office, while others recited neat excuses of the standard form, appealing too much to the pity of the McGill electoral body present. There are three good men up for president of the Literary and Debating Society for next year, and if they did not gild their speeches too heavily we may expect a programme of interest rivalling a vaudeville performance.





LAW STUDENTS' DEBATE



THE annual contest between the Vancouver Law Students and the McGill orators took place on the evening of March 4, in the Aberdeen School auditorium. Owing to the fact that the Literary and Debating Society had held a college championship debate the night before, and that the Ladies' Literary Society were holding their closing meeting the following evening, the audience was very small, and as a consequence, perhaps, the exhibition of oratorical powers was poor in the extreme.

The Law Students were represented by three very able men—Mr. Haskens, Mr. Clayton and Mr. Maitland. Mr. Gilbert, Mr. McIvor and Mr. Holland spoke for McGill. The affirmative of the question, "Resolved, that the Stage of Today is of Moral Benefit to Society," was upheld by the Law Students.

Mr. Haskens, who distinguished himself on the platform in his high-school career, proved a disappointment to his old friends and admirers. Walter, as he frankly avowed, had not been able to prepare his subject as well as he would have liked, and relied too much on his notes, but apart from that he made a very good speech, presenting his arguments clearly and forcibly.

Mr. Gilbert—Reginald—with one hand holding down his voluminous notes, arose "to open the case for the negative." In the course of a very well-delivered speech he suggested that Walter was laboring under a distinct delusion, and after incidentally exposing a few of his opponent's fallacies he produced some very good points of his own, driving them home by good, typical illustrations. Mr. Gilbert, as a very young speaker, shows excellent promise.

Mr. Clayton delivered a very clear and forcible speech, clearly demonstrating that he is an old-stager at the game.

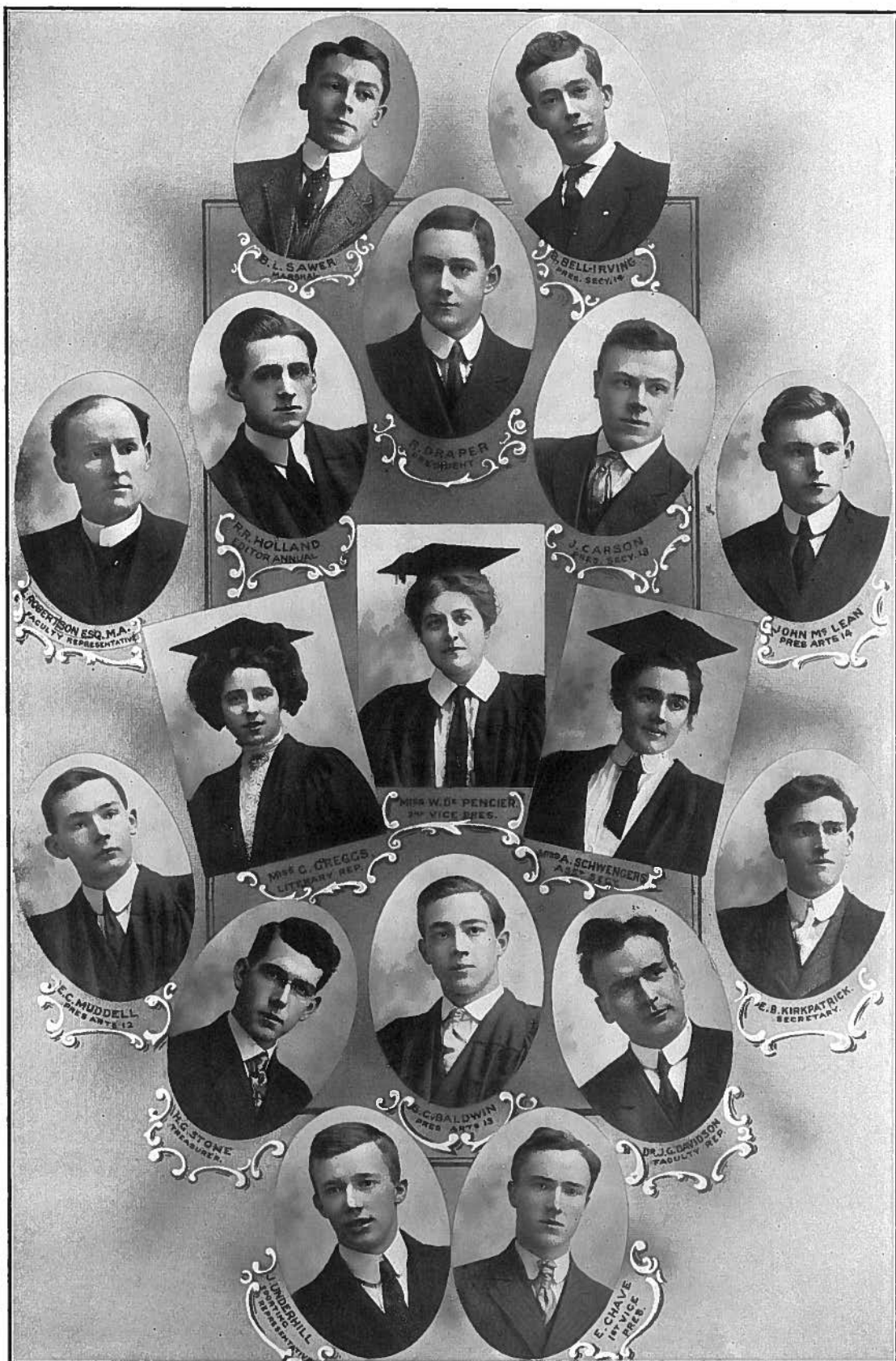
Mr. McIvor, McGill's popular theologian, attacked his opponent vigorously. He has an evident sincerity and strength of purpose about him which make his arguments very effective. He worked up to his denouement with his old-time skill, finishing with such a peroration as seemed to leave no doubt as to the result of the debate. The few McGill supporters were jubilant, feeling that the question was decided. But as the policeman said, "Not quite so fast, my friend; not quite so fast."

Mr. Maitland, the clever and enterprising president of the Law Students, rose to reply, and as with Pater Æneas, all eyes

were intently fixed upon him. It was a hard proposition Mr. Maitland had to face, and boldly he fronted it. Point after point he met, grappled with and overthrew; flaw after flaw he graphically exposed. His genial manner and eloquence won the admiration of all. In short, when Pat had finished speaking joyful excitement prevailed in the camp of the enemy—the odds were even.

It remained for Mr. Holland, the leader of the negative, to show to whom the palm of victory was to be awarded. The excitement in the room was intense, but o'er the face of our Cicero not a trace of anxiety appeared. He spoke quietly and easily, mustering and summing up, and when he sat down the careful observer knew too well what the result would be.

In vain did Mr. Maitland, in a brilliant reply, try to ward off defeat. The evidence for the defence was overwhelming, and the case was decided accordingly. This win for McGill, so to speak, equalizes the score between these two opponents, and both sides are looking forward with interest to the keenest kind of a contest when they meet again next year.



ALMA MATER SOCIETY



ALMA MATER



SOME time during the first month of each college year a notice is posted which, to the uninitiated, gives rise to a good deal of speculation.

The notice usually reads something like this:

"A general meeting of the Alma Mater Society will be held," etc., etc.

What is the Alma Mater Society, anyway? Some are curious enough to ask a Sophomore, and thus become at least partially enlightened; others go to the meeting either out of curiosity or because everybody else goes, where they hear one or two resolutions passed, and then listen to addresses on such subjects as "College Spirit" and "Loyalty"—indulged in by certain members of the faculty.

By the time the A. M. dance comes round some idea of the scope of the society is realized, but it is not till some altercation arises between the executive and certain of the students that her full power and importance are appreciated—or otherwise! Such altercations, however, usually result in a much better understanding between students and executive. For instance: This year the Freshmen made something like

\$100 at their dance, and were quite indignant when the Alma Mater Society claimed it. The claim was not unreasonable, however, for in giving its consent the society undertook to make good any financial loss entailed by the promoters. Then, again, the dance was essentially a college function, and without the name of "McGill" could not have been the success it was.

Most important of all, the constitution stated—though not clearly enough—that all money obtained through any college function should be controlled by the executive. This little disturbance, though causing a good deal of high feeling at the time, has brought at least one good result, viz.: the Freshmen in handing over the coin showed that they trusted the executive, and surely that trust has not been abused.

The work of the executive has not been confined entirely to taking in money, for early in the year, realizing that it is more blessed to give than to receive, **sixty dollars** was granted to the ladies for the purpose of starting a Badminton Club. The result has been twofold, for not only have many of the ladies improved vastly in physical ability, but also many of the gentlemen have

found a much better way of spending the afternoons than attending dime shows. This is not written with the idea of disparaging the ladies, but rather to show the good taste of the men.

The Ladies' Literary and Debating Society also received a substantial grant, in all about \$35(?), and anyone who has taken the trouble to follow the work of this organization cannot help admiring the energy and spirit with which affairs have been conducted. Weekly meetings have been held for the benefit of the members, and a splendid open entertainment was given on March 3, which reflected great credit on all concerned.

At the beginning of the season the Rugby Club was voted \$25 to cover expenses, such as purchasing footballs, etc.; this was later increased by \$10 to pay for the use of the Horse Show Building, and still later by \$46 to carry the team to Victoria. Result? Phenomenal increase in Victoria's trade.

The Rugby Club has, however, done a lot of good work, for besides building up brawn and muscle, training the eye to be accurate and the action swift, she has cultivated the material for a winning team next season.

For the amount expended the Literary and

Debating Society has done very creditably; but it is a pity that the amount was not more than \$10 (?).

After many stormy sittings the executive granted the Philosophic Society its constitution.

The objects of the society were praiseworthy enough—namely, the discussion of philosophic questions amongst those who were interested; but when a large public meeting was announced, taking the form of a social entertainment, the faculty used their influence in the Alma Mater and asked the Philosophic Society to cancel it.

To help the new organization along, and to show that there was no further ill-feeling, the Alma Mater executive granted them expenses which amounted to \$6.50.

An event of importance conducted by the executive was the Alma Mater dance. Although a loss of about \$15 was entailed the dance was a tremendous social success and many congratulations were received by the committee.

One great disappointment we have suffered—namely, the failure of the Washington men to meet our challenge for a track-meet and debate. The fault, however, lies

on neither side. They had already arranged a meet for the end of May, and as our latest date was March 25, they could not keep a team together for two months.

In looking back over the past year, surely it is not difficult to see what this society has accomplished. Alma Mater—Nourishing Mother—has she not nourished all departments of college life to the best of her ability? Some there are who say, "Too much red tape and hot air," but let them remember there never was government yet without such adjuncts. Let us then look rather to her virtues than her failings, that in after-years, when looking back, our minds may hold in loving memory our old Alma Mater.

DIALECTIC AND PHILOSOPHIC SOCIETY

IN the last week of February, 1911, the Dialectic and Philosophic Society of McGill University College, B. C., had its birth. The aim of the society is twofold: first, to further promote the literary

spirit in the college; and second, to encourage the discussion of philosophic questions and life problems among the members. Owing to a complication of dates it was found necessary to hold the opening meeting of the new organization jointly with the Literary Society of the college, and the result proved to be a most successful and enjoyable evening.

As the term was drawing to a close at its inception the new society could only hope at the most to give the good work an impetus which would enable them in the coming year to accomplish great things. Those interested are looking forward sanguinely to see the Dialectic and Philosophic Society in 1912 meet with considerable success:

The following is a list of the officers:

Hon. President, A. H. Sovereign, M.A., B.D.; Hon. Vice-president, James Henderson, M.A.; President, Angus M. McIvor; 1st Vice-president, R. Rowe Holland; 2nd Vice-president, C. O. Scott; 3rd Vice-president, R. H. Gilbert; Secretary, H. A. McNaughton; Treasurer, S. D. Scott; Marshall, Basil Sawers.



LA BELLE DAME SANS BILLET

O what can ail thee, fair freshette,
Alone and sadly loitering?
No profs are left upon the scene;
No smithies sing.

O what can ail thee, sobbing maid,
So mournful and so woe-begone?
The homeward-going street-car's full,
And lecture's done.

I see a frown upon thy brow
(Thou long'st for supper, overdue);
And on thy smudgy cheek a tear
Fast droppeth, too.

"I met a play-mate in the hall,
With merry glee at me she smiled;
Her hands she waved, while with delight
Her eyes were wild.

"O wait a moment, Lizzie dear,
Mamma has given me ten cents";
So hand-in-hand we went for tudge,
With joy intense.

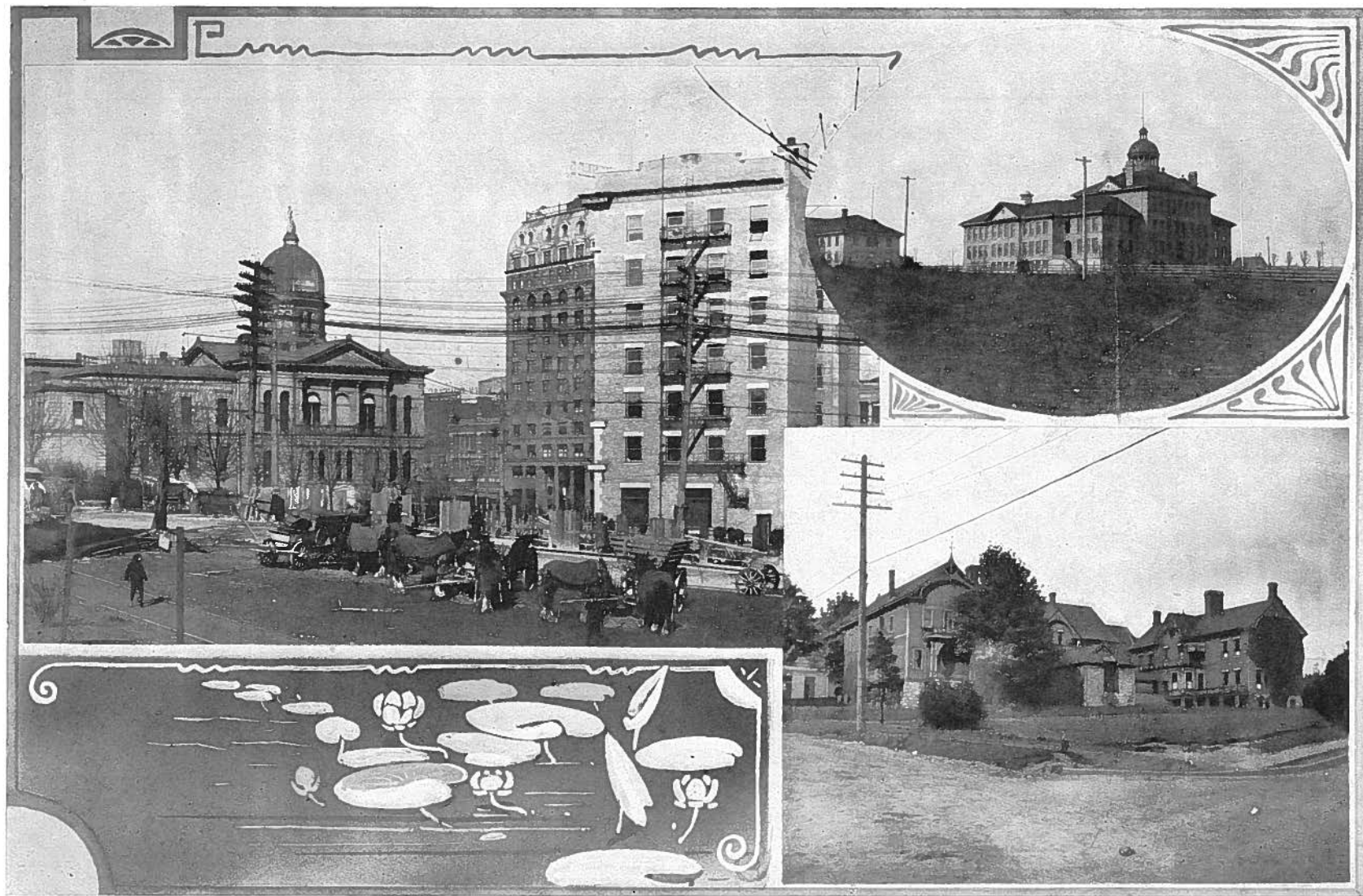
She took me to the candy store,
She bought me sticks of toffee sweet,
And there we sat and sighed for more
Nut bars to eat.

She said Good-bye, and then I found
I'd lost my street-car ticket brown
Which daddy gave me; and then sought
It up and down.

Here comes a generous Soph'more, child,
Who swaggers down the stairs.
His hands are jingling copper coins,
Quite unawares.

So now you need not sojourn here
Alone and sadly loitering,
Adieu, I've got to catch my tram,
The car-bells ring.



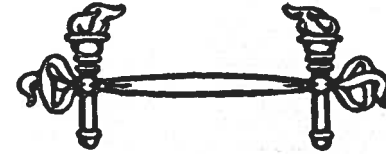


GLIMPSES AROUND THE COLLEGE

THE COLLEGE SONG

*I am the old red college,
 Ivy creeps o'er my walls,
 Pigeons croon on my window-sills,
 Maidens laugh in my halls;
 Years slip on like dreams
 With never a thought of me,
 But their memory clings to the time-stained things
 That have watched them silently.
 Then give me a cheer, ye men of a year—
 And maidens, give me a tear!*

*Time has taught me your "Language,"
 My thoughts with the "Poets" soar,
 My dim walls reek with invisible "Greek,"
 And with ancient "Latin" lore;
 So I have pondered your "Problems,"
 I have listened long and well,
 And in your examinations,
 Oh, how I have longed to tell!
 Then give me a cheer, ye men of a year—
 And maidens, give me a tear!*



*The echoes of all your songs
 In my cobwebbed corners lie,
 And the whistling tunes will never
 In my shadowed hallways die;
 But better than voices young,
 And the laughter I love so well,
 Is the buoyant swing, and the manly ring
 Of your grand old college yell.
 Then give me a cheer, ye men of a year—
 And maidens, give me a tear!*

—Ethelwyn Harris



Alma Mater Dance.

The Third Annual Dance under the auspices of the Alma Mater Society was held in Lester Hall on Friday, November 11, 1910.

The students' activities on the sporting field were well represented in the decorations. Around the walls were hung footballs and hockey sticks, while each class was represented by its pennant. Smaller banners were draped about these.

The table presented an inviting appearance while the tasty supper was being served about midnight. Harpur's orchestra furnished delightful music. The guests

departed at an early hour in the morning. The dance was a decided social success, and reflected credit on the committee in charge: Miss Schwengers, Miss Morgan, Miss De Pencier and Messrs. Draper, Stone, Sawers, O'Brien, McNaughton, Sargent, Baldwin, Hodsdon and Stewart.

The patronesses were: Mrs. L. F. Robertson, Mrs. H. K. Dutcher and Mrs. W. P. Argue.

* * *

Freshman Dance.

The Third Annual Freshman Dance was held at Lester Hall on the evening

of Friday, January 27, 1911. The event was a great success, and reflected much credit on the committee which was superintended by Miss Bodie and Messrs. Ney, McTavish and Hodsdon. The hall was prettily decorated with college pennants, interspersed with class banners. The dance broke up at an early hour, after a most enjoyable evening had been spent by the guests. The Reception Committee was composed of the Misses Bodie, Rogers, Todhunter, and Morgan; and Messrs. Ney, McTavish, Hodsdon, Flitton, Moodie, Ross, and Beveridge. The patronesses were Mesdames Davidson, Dutcher and Brydone-Jack.

Arts '13.

THE second year of Arts '13's academic career is almost completed—a year, as I am sure we all feel, of great profit and pleasure. Perhaps to our more matured intellects even the profit may be termed a pleasure. Pleasure undefiled, however, has shown itself at the three parties held by the class, to all of which invitations were sent to all the old members of Arts '13, to Science '13, and to Arts '12.

* * *

The Hallowe'en party was held in Kit-silano, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, where considerable merriment was caused by the bats and black cats, and by the costumes of the students, who were dressed to represent popular songs. The evening passed quickly in games and contests, the party breaking up after a short dance, in time to catch the midnight car.

* * *

A very jolly Christmas party, 'mid holly and mistletoe, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bodie, Fairview. A highly instructive address on "Mistletoe" was delivered by the eloquent Mr. Holland, who called upon our gallant Mr. Gilbert for illustrations. Wills were drawn up, which at the death of the testators will add much valuable property, in the way of cribs, highly-colored ties, etc., to the possessions of the beneficiaries.

On the evening of February 13, 1911, the students of Arts '13 held a Valentine party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Dundas street. Dancing was the chief amusement of the evening and was enjoyed by nearly all. There were also many very interesting contests during the evening. The party broke up in time to get the last car, a most enjoyable evening having been passed by all.

* * *

In February the ladies of Arts '13 entertained the ladies of the college at a very appreciative rendering of a mock faculty meeting. Each lady of the class took the part of one of the professors and many weighty subjects were discussed with great wisdom. After the meeting refreshments were served, and a pleasant hour was spent in music and dancing.

* * *

Arts '14 Party.

THE members of the Freshman Arts Class were right royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge, Third avenue and Balsam street, during November. The affair went off with great eclat, the fifty present enjoying themselves to the utmost.

The guests had been instructed beforehand to wear an emblem suggesting the title of some popular book, and the evening's fun was commenced by a guessing contest. Miss I. Vermilyea was the winner of the lady's prize—a handsome copy

of "The Little Minister"—and her partner, Mr. J. H. Buchanan, was awarded a copy of "Red Rock." Mr. D. L. McNeill and his partner, Miss Ireland, were given an elementary work on the alphabet, commonly known as "A B C," in appreciation of their efforts.

Next in order was the highly amusing game of "Shaving," undertaken by the lady members of the class. Then our staid and sober brother Mackenzie distinguished himself in the role of one of our honored professors, his quiet humor almost excelling that of the learned gentleman himself. His duty was to read aloud and comment upon paragraphs written earlier in the evening by various members of the class. The paragraphs were of a personal nature and were greeted with great laughter by all.

Another member of the class, Mr. Taylor, gained fame in a sewing contest. He and his partner, Miss Carruthers, received handsome pennants as the reward of their skill.

After having supper, all enjoyed the rest of the evening in dancing and singing songs, ending with singing "Auld Lang Syne," and the good old strains of "Hi, Yi," etc., led by that promising youth, Bill Beveridge.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge for their kindness and hospitality.



SKETCHES



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM GROUSE MOUNTAIN

FOR an hour the sun has been shining on the clouds that roll beneath and sweep along in a dazzling pageantry of greens, blues, and yellows. But now the breeze makes huge rents in this gauzy carpet, and as these widen and the scene below is spread before us

"The wandering eye could o'er it go
And mark the distant city glow
With splendor red"

as the fast-fading sunlight is caught and reflected in every bright object.

As "pale purple even" approaches the scene changes to an endless panorama of blues shading from deep amethyst to hazy gray.

Directly below, North Vancouver lies snuggled at the base of the mountains, separated from the city itself by the Inlet, which threads its way inland, turns, and is lost from view in the mountains. The bustle of the city is hushed—it lies like a giant asleep, the smoke from half a million hearths spreads over it like a veil protecting it from the last shafts of sunlight.

Beyond is the Fraser river, winding its silver arms lovingly around its small islands, bidding them farewell before it joins the sea beyond. Suddenly the city flashes out, illuminated with row upon row of lights, stretching in horizontal lines from the sea shore far up the Inlet.

Across the ocean the lights of Nanaimo twinkle a greeting. As we stand, seemingly suspended between the stars above and their reflections below do we wonder that we have entered Fairyland.

* * *

THE APPROACH TO VANCOUVER

THE boat has entered the wide gateway—the left pillar of which is Point Atkinson and the right Point Grey—and before us opens out a calm expanse of blue from which the morning mist rises shimmering, a gauzy scarf studded with a myriad jewels.

On the left, mountains lightly tipped with snow stretch in line far up as the eye can follow. On the other side the shore sweeps in and around, giving to the whole the appearance of a large lake, so still and calm does the sea lie. One

can see the residences of the city rise tier upon tier as the land slopes upward.

As we approach that curious join where the hazy gray of the mountains seem to meet the dark green of the lowland, the ever-changing water takes the likeness of a river, and at stated intervals besieges this small opening with the force of a giant battering ram. The whole ocean seems to be thrashing its way inward, and from the right a torrent rushing down 'twixt a great rent in the mountains, adds its strength to the thundering waters. Out of this turmoil runs a cool, gray arm widening and stretching lazily far inland, until it is lost to view in the pearly mists. Surely that cannot be Vancouver lying just beneath the mountains, which at this hour cast long shadows over its stores and dwellings. No, for we round a point on our right and before us is the city which

"Now doth like a garment
Wear the beauty of the morning,"

and from its snug harbour stretches far up the south bank of the Inlet, facing the mountains on the other shore. A. A. S.

“O WAD SOME POWER”



The quotations in this department are not complimentary, but rather do they attempt to point out the most salient characteristic of their subject; thus they may seem to contain, in the words of Dekker, “an ounce of gall for every dram of honey.” When reading them, remember, with La Rochefoucauld, that “little minds are too much hurt by little things,” and, dear reader, if any of the remarks do not please you, our defence is that of Theognis, who says, “Not even Zeus pleases everybody.” If, before denying any of the insinuations, you pause a moment, probably you will then say with Sheridan, “I own the soft impeachment.”



“Here are a few of the unpleasant’st words that ever blotted paper.”—Shakspere.

The Governors—

“Wise, pious founders of colleges.”
—Izaak Walton.

The Faculty—

“A company of wise ones.”
—The Hetropadesa.

“All of us, inhabitants, slaves before thee bend.”—Iskender-Nama.

“If ye be wise, adore and worship it.”
—Husheng.

The Principal—

“The universal voice
Declares the splendor of my government.”—Jemshed.

“Thou art great as king can be,
Boundless in thy majesty.”—Kae-Kaus.

The Registrar—

“There seemed in him
Knowledge and goodness eminent.”
—Husheng.

“He keeps the hated register.”—Kavah.

The Alma Mater Executive—

“To follow foolish precedent and to
wink
With both our eyes is easier than to
think.”—Cowper.

The Arts Students—

“Curse on your shallow arts.”
—Hannah Moore.

“Trust never a Bachelor of Arts of
them all.”—Dekker.

The Science Students—

“Seek not unnatural strife, but cherish
peace.”—Kavah.

“His leathern apron for a banner,
The sacred banner of the blacksmith.”
—Kavah.

“Men of science, work.”—Huxley.

The Football Team—

“For their size possess great muscular
strength.”—Darwin.

“Go, call a coach, and let a coach be
called.”—Carey.

Ladies’ Hockey Team—

“As full of sweets, as sweet of sweets
is full.”—Robert Greene.

Dialectic and Philosophic Society—

“All upstarts, insolent in place.”—Gay.

“There are more things in heaven and
earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”
—Shakspere.

Ladies' Literary and Debating Society—

"'Tis man we love."—Pope.

"The virtuous sweets."—Shakspeare.

McGill Bible Class—

"The business of their lives, that is, to dine."—Young.

"Men together should go to meat."
—Robert de Brunne.

"A ravenous pack,
Of fresh provisions had no lack."
—Hans Sachs.

Literary and Debating Society—

"An entertainment very little above the rattles of children."—Thos. Clayton.

"The boast and wonder of the school."
—Goethe.

The Freshmen—

"Looking rather green."—Saxe.

"Leave off these toys in tyme."
—Percy's Reliques.

"So fresh and green."—Walt Whitman.

"At sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws."—Byron.

Laboratory Workers—

"Brewers of noisome purgations."
—Dekker.

Alicedna—

"The black robes well your form befit."
—Odes of Ch'ing.

Scott Brothers—

"Two lovely berries, moulded on one stem."—Shakspeare.

"Comparisons are odious."—Ibid.

Prof. H—d—n—

"Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss-
over."—Butler.



M. G. ARMYTAGE—Secretary Track Club.

"A flaxen-haired, sweet, quiet boy."

—Farland.

Prof. R—n—

"Can wisely tell the hour of day
The clock does strike, by Algebra."
—Butler.

"Placed on his chair of state he seems
a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at
his nod."—Byron.

Prof. R—t—n—

"From me, young man, learn nobleness
of soul and true effort."—Virgil.

"The larger heart, the kindlier hand."
—Tennyson.

"Easy, affable, familiar, friendly."

Prof. H—y—

"Who know me not, deem me a scholar."
—Odes of Wee.

"I will not hear thee speak."

Prof. Mc—n—

"I am traduced by tongues."
—Shakspeare.

"Quotes verses from Horace."

Prof. C—t—

"The Frenchman, easy, debonnaire, and
gay."—Cowper.

Prof. D—n—

"Let thy hair grow thick and bushy,
like a forest or some wilderness."
—Dekker.

"He called the hidden to the light of
day."—Moses ben Nachman.

Prof. M—n—

"And all around he prowled."
—Hans Sachs.

ARTS

Edward C. Muddell ("Ed") —
President Arts '12.

"He says but little, with himself communing."—Snorra Edda.

Miss Alice Corry.—Associate Editor "Annual", Vice-president Ladies' Literary and Debating Society.

"She blushes like the rich pomegranate flower."—Rudabet.

Miss Greggs.—Sport Editor "Annual"; Vice-president Ladies' Literary and Debating Society; Secretary-treasurer Hockey Club; Member Hockey Team.

A dark-eyed, dark-haired, winsome lass."—Thorne.



ARTS '12

'12

R. Rowe Holland ("Bones").—Editor-in-chief "Annual"; Representative College Debater; Representative Class Debater; Member Dickens Club Executive; Member Literary and Debating Society Executive.

"A man who can write."

—W. H. Hudson.

"Grac'd as thou art with all the pow'r of words."—Pope.

Miss Edna Lehman.—Member Arts '12 Class Committee.

"In modest maiden fashion

"She blushed a little space."

—The Nibelungenlied.

Miss Erna Papke.—Captain Hockey Team.

"The lady from over the Rhine."—Saxe.

SCIENCE

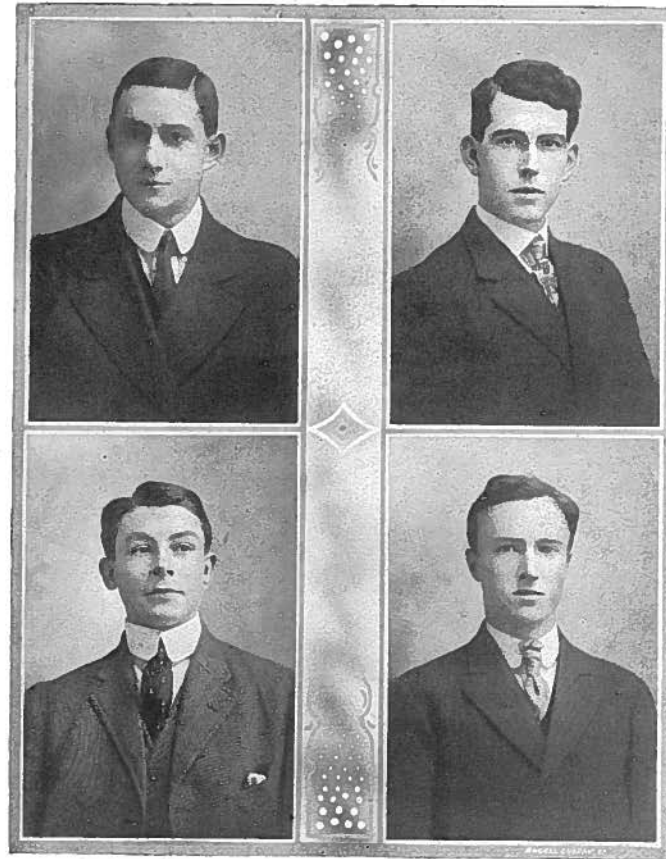
R. Draper ("Dickie")—President Alma Mater Society; Secretary Football Club; Member Alma Mater Dance Committee.

"A youth, intelligent and of good disposition."—Sadi.

B. L. Sawers ("Bazoo").—Marshal Alma Mater Society; Marshal Dialectic and Philosophic Society; President Football Club; Science Reporter; Joke Editor Annual; Alma Mater Dance Committee.

"Unskilled in speech, though brave in soul."—Pindar.

"Graceful, delicate songs flitted each morning from his lips."—C. Augustin Sainte Beuve.



'13

H. G. Stone ("Stones")—Treasurer Alma Mater Society; President Track Club; Captain Track Team; Vice-president Football Club; Alma Mater Dance Committee; Member Basketball Team.

"He ran quickly."

—Henryk Sienkiewicz.

"A lusty youth, and high he leapes."—Percy's Reliques.

E. Chave.—Secretary Literary and Debating Society; Secretary Science '13.

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun."—Shakspeare.

SCIENCE '13

SCIENCE

J. Carson ("Kit")—President Science '13; Vice-president Football Club; Vice-captain Football Team.

"A bold, bad man."—Spenser.

Bell ("Ding-Dong")—Tobacconist extraordinary to the College.

"The thick and manly down
His blackening chin began to
crown."—Pindar.

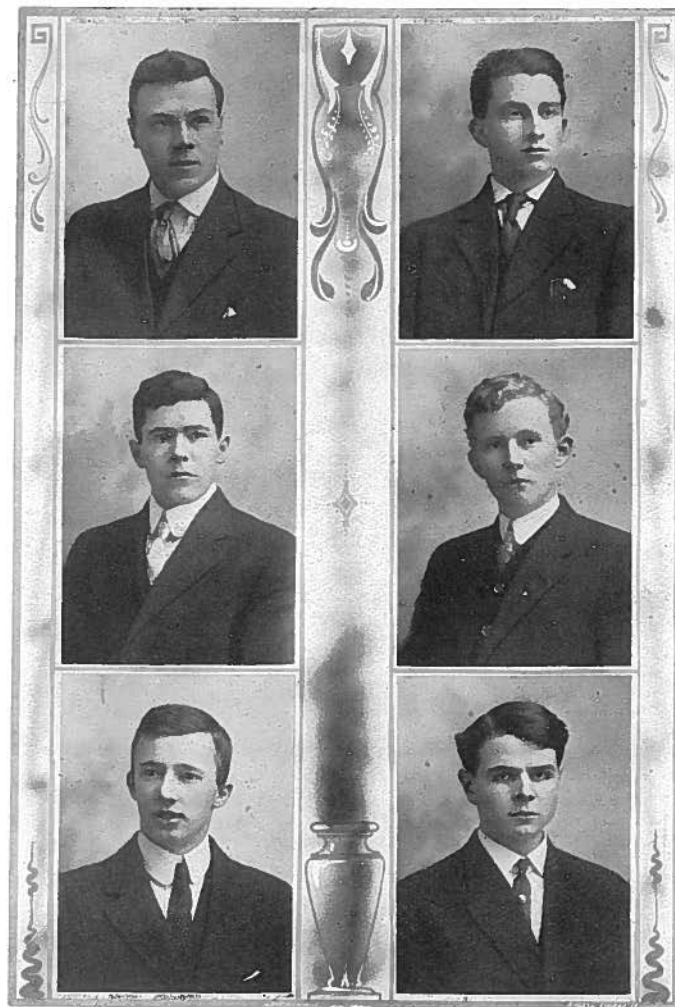
J. T. Underhill ("Jimmie") — Captain Football Team; Sport Editor "Annual".

"'Tis strongly made and for
its size
Its weight will cause you
some surprise."

—Anacreon.

"O for a coach, ye gods!"

—Carey.



SCIENCE '13

'13

J. G. McRae ("Jaygee") — Science Representative Football Club; Member Football Team.

"A lion among ladies is a
most dreadful thing."

—Shakspeare.

Lyche ("Bug")—Member Football Team.

"He had a face like a bene-
diction."—Cervantes.

C. O'Brien ("Pat")—Has a brother called Mike; Member Football Team; Member Alma Mater Dance Committee.

"Sits the wind in that quarter."
—Shakspeare.

"He was ever precise in
promise-keeping."—Ibid.



Mr. E. M. Des Brisay



Miss E. E. Austin



Miss S. H. Munro



Miss A. A. Schwengers



Miss G. C. Schwengers



Miss A. Levinoff



Miss G. A. Bollert



Mr. C. E. Leirnes



Mr. S. D. Scott



Miss G. Rogers



Miss A. Kennedy



Prof. L. Robertson
Hon. President



Miss N. Hardy



Mr. A. H. McKay



Mr. C. Davidson



Mr. E. D. Bustey



Mr. H. S. Reid



Mr. D. S. Forsler
Secretary



Mr. S. G. Baldwin
President



Miss M. A. Porter
Vice President



Mr. H. A. McLaughlin



Mr. W. M. Smith



Mr. H. A. Barrall



Mr. R. A. Sargent



Mr. E. A. B. Kirkpatrick



Mr. C. O. Scott



Mr. R. G. Dimmock



Mr. R. H. Gilbert

ARTS '13

S. G. Baldwin ("Fat")—President Arts '13; Captain Basketball Team; Member "Annual" Managing Staff; Arts Representative Football Club; Member Football Team; Alma Mater Dance Committee.

"The Ass knows seven ways of swimming"—Armenian Proverb.

"What a curse to be born with such hair."
—Samuel Warren.

H. A. Barrett ("Murphy")—Alumni Editor "Annual"; Arts '13 Class Committee.

"So shy that his voice blushed when he used it."—Fitch.

E. Busby—Member Football Team; Member Basketball Team.

"Of what use are these prickly hairs that garnish thy chin?"—J. H. B. Saintene.

Miss Alice Keenleyside—Executive Ladies' Literary and Debating Society; Member Badminton Club.

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."—Shakspeare.

Miss W. De Pencier—Vice-president Alma Mater; Vice-president Arts '13; Society Editor "Annual"; Alma Mater Dance Committee.

"Pale, statue-like, and fair."—Byron.

R. G. Dunbar ("Gladys")—Arts Solo Pianist (one finger specialist).

"Whilst I view the youthful throng
Fancy whispers I am young."

—Anacreon.

"How ugly is a bald pate."—Dekker.

D. S. Forster ("David")—Secretary Arts '13.

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed
brow

Nature has written gentleman."

—Byron.

R. H. Gilbert ("Fusser")—Vice-president Dialectic and Philosophic Society; Associate Editor "Annual"; Dickens Club Executive; Representative College Debater; Representative Class Debater; Arts '13 Class Committee.

"The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the constancy of the women who love me."—The Philanderer.

"His tott'ring, trembling limbs advance
And try the long-forgotten dance."

—Anacreon.

Miss Netta Hardy—President Ladies' Literary and Debating Society; Literary Editor "Annual"; Representative Class Debater; Vice-president Literary and Debating Society.

"In virtues nothing could surpass her
Save thine incomparable oil Macassar."

—Byron.

"Saints only have such long faces."

—Longfellow.

F. C. Davison ("Frankie")—Art Editor "Annual."

"And marvels with his pencil wrought."
—Whittier.

"With busy pencil draws designs." —
Aldrich.

Earl Alexander Brander Theosophus Kirkpatrick—Secretary Alma Mater; Business Manager "Annual"; Representative Class Debater.

"Which is in itself an insufficient name."

—R. H. Stoddard.

"Crowned with a crimson cupola."

—Mrs. Browning.

H. A. McNaughton ("Mac")—Literary Editor "Annual"; Secretary Dialectic and Philosophic Society; Personal Quotation Editor "Annual"; Dickens Club Executive; Alma Mater Dance Committee; Representative Class Debater.

"I am here, oh! my friend, idle, but
learning wisdom."—A. H. Clough.

"A man of pleasure."—Young.

C. O. Scott ("See Oh")—Vice-president Dialectic and Philosophic Society; Dickens Club Executive.

"Born a twin."—Byron.

S. D. Scott ("Essdee")—Treasurer Dialectic and Philosophic Society; Dickens Club Executive; Representative Class Debater.

"His face was very long."—Borrow.

"He never came a wink too soon."

—Hood.

R. Sargent ("Neckshave")—Society Editor "Annual"; Alma Mater Dance Committee.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee
damned first."—Canning.

"Gall, worse than gall."—Shakspeare.



Miss Ada Schwengers—Literary Editor "Annual"; Member Hockey Team; Alma Mater Dance Committee.
 "And sweetly sings, with accent clear and strong."—The Ramayana Valmiki.

ARTS '14.

Miss Isabel Bodie—Vice-president Arts '14; Freshman Dance Committee.

"I'd rather gang supperless tae my bed Than get up in the morning early."

W. Beveridge ("Bill")—Assistant College Marshal; Freshman Dance Committee.
 "A welcome bill."—Kilvert.

W. L. Frame ("Harvard Bill")—Official Class Mathematician.
 "Truly I think my cousin William is a scholar."

B. H. Howell ("Benj.")—Managing staff "Annual."
 "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt."—Shakspeare.

Miss Clovis Morgan—Alma Mater Dance Committee; Freshman Dance Committee; Member Hockey Team.
 "Her hair that lay along her back Was yellow like ripe corn."
 —Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
 "Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart."—Pope.

Miss L. Macdonald—
 "She's pretty to walk with,
 She's witty to talk with,
 And pleasant with it all."

A. M. McIvor ("Brother")—Representative College Debater; Representative Class Debater.
 "At one time he had lots of hair,
 But, alas! it's gone to God knows where."

McKenzie—Representative Class Debater.
 "A hugye giaunt, stiffe and starke."
 —Sir Cauline.

J. McLean ("John")—President Arts '14; President Literary and Debating Society.
 "He said: 'Be not in a hurry!'"
 —Mang-Tze.

"Leave this keen encounter of our wits
 And fall somewhat into a slower method."—Shakspeare.

C. H. McTavish ("Angel Face")—Secretary Arts '14; Freshman Dance Committee.
 "There before me stood a moon-faced beauty."—Mihri.
 "The courteous angel-face."
 —Joost van den Vondel.

Miss G. Rogers—Secretary Ladies' Literary and Debating Society; Member Hockey Team; Freshman Dance Committee; Captain Ladies' Basketball Team.
 "So graceful in her movements and so sweet."—Jemshed.

D. Ross ("Dug")—Freshman Dance Committee; Member Football Team.

"A head all hid in hair gives even to a most wicked face a sweet proportion."
 —Dekker.

Miss Jessie Todhunter—
 "All about spreads her dark hair."
 —Sheykhi.
 "A fair young woman with large eyes."
 —Jogadhyia Uma.

Miss I. Vermilyea—
 "A scholar, and a ripe and good one."
 —Shakspeare.

H. Appleton ("Pip")—Plays Football Team.
 "Athlete and player have I grown."
 —Mosyln.

R. Buck ("Saw")—
 "A male, dear, a male."
 —What Katy Did.

Miss Carruthers—
 "So graceful in her movements and so sweet."—Jemshed.

H. Echardt ("Dutch")—Champion Inter-Collegiate Pole-Vaulter of British Columbia.

"The Irish, the Irish, they don't amount to much,
 But they're a——."

Miss L. Greggs—
 "But she was more than usual calm—
 She did not give a single dam."
 —Marjorie Fleming.



E. Muir



J. Scott



D. W. Hodsdon



G. A. Ingram



S. Whyte



C. Hughes



J. G. Fullerton



G. A. Earle



R. C. Flitton



R. Bell Irving
PRESIDENT



A. Fisher
SEC. TREAS.



J. Mellish



R. S. Perry



J. Sney



H. G. Henderson



C. A. Stewart



F. W. Holland



I. J. O'Daughton



E. R. Taylor

SCIENCE 11
MCGILL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
B. C.

ANGELL PHOTOGRAPHY
VANCOUVER

Arts '14—Continued.

Miss B. Hosang—

"So young and bright."

Genji Monogatara.

McNeill ("Mac")—Plays Football Team;
Champion Inter-Collegiate half-miler of
British Columbia.

"Swift are his feet."—Odes of T'se.

G. Upham ("Uppie")—

"He seems to have strange influence."

—Jambon.

SCIENCE '14

Collier ("Coll")—

"He was endowed with excellence and
judgment and an inclination to asceticism."

—Sade.

G. A. Earl ("Duke")—

"An earl, but otherwise above reproach."

—Jambon.

A. Fisher ("Fish")—

"Here's a fair, decent sort of fellow."

—Jambon.

R. C. Fullerton ("Beau")—

"All the threads of my hair are golden."

—Rossetti.

H. G. Henderson ("Hen")—

"Of what use are those prickly hairs that
garnish thy chin?"—Saintine.

F. Holland ("Fred")—

"I know many songs, but I cannot sing."

—Armenian Proverb.

"What hideous noise was that?"

—Webster.

G. A. Ingram ("Inkie")—

"For a better man of hart, ne'er of hande

"Was not in all the North Countree."

—Percy's Reliques.

C. Muir ("Cease")—Mumps monger to the
College; Member Football Team.

"That dire disease whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower."

—Goldsmith.

J. Mellish ("Big Pard")—

"For sure he was not of my minde,

He cared not for women-kind."

—Percy's Reliques.

E. R. Taylor ("Sartor")—

"Running is also an art."

—Armenian Proverb.

S. White ("Snow")—

"Behold the child."—Pope.

"There's not a hair in my moustaches."

—Dekker.

R. Bell-Irving ("Bo")—President Science
'14.

"A Robyn, jolly Robyn."—Jeptha, Judge
of Israel.

Flytton ("Flitts")—Representative Class
Debater; Official Science Hydrograph-
er; Freshman Dance Committee.

"Experience joined with common sense."

—Matthew Green.

D. Hodsdon ("Lickedalogger")—Freshman
Dance Committee.

"But let forgetful silence veil
In her cold dew the boastful tale."

—Pindar.

C. Hughes ("Purphy")—Science Reporter;
Representative Class Debater.

"Some men are born to feast."—Joanna
Baillie.

I. J. McNaughton ("Mac")—Science Pian-
ist; President Science '14 Debating
Club.

"Give me some music."—Shakspeare.

Ney ("Kid")—Freshman Dance Commit-
tee; Member Football Team.

"O'ersporting Kyd."—Ben Jonson.

R. S. Perry ("Rolf")—Vice-president Track
Club; Vice-captain Track Team.

Scott ("Scottie")—President Science Bible
Research Society; Captain fishing smack
"Bella Coola."

"Pray keep the pretty plaything still."
—Anacreon.

C. Stewart ("Poolshark")—Member Foot-
ball Team; next season Captain Foot-
ball Team.

"Fill me with the old familiar juices."

—Omar Khayyam.

ALUMNI

It is with a feeling of gratification that we note the successes and the general good work of ex-members of our college. Reports show that they are maintaining a creditable position in other colleges where they are now attending.

Mr. A. E. Boak, who was one of our most popular professors, is taking a post-graduate course in Classics at Harvard University. Mr. Boak always took a keen interest in athletics and was a star on the football field. He is not playing this year as there is no post-graduate team at Harvard, but some of his spare time he now devotes to sculling. If Mr. Boak decides to rejoin the faculty on the completion of his studies at Harvard he will receive a hearty welcome.

We have now four Rhodes Scholars in England—Dr. Donaldson, Israel Rubinowitz, Harry Logan and Arthur Yates. They are indeed setting a high standard for our future Rhodes Scholars.

Dr. Donaldson, B.A., M.D., M.B., B.C.L. (Oxon), M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.R.C.P. (Lon.) is our first Rhodes Scholar. He has not belied the promise he gave all through his earlier training, and as a man has made a name for himself. He is certainly a credit to his Alma Mater. Dr. Donaldson has always been a rugby enthusiast, besides a champion at the 100 and 220 yards. At present he is senior house physician at the St.

Thomas's Hospital, London, having just accepted the position. Whether or not this will alter his plan of coming back to Vancouver in a year's time is hard to say, but when he does come to practise in our city



HARRY T. LOGAN
Our third Rhodes Scholar

he will certainly be an acquisition to the medical profession.

Although never a member of our college, Israel Rubinowitz took his three years in the city High School, and then the B.A. course at McGill, where he won the Rhodes Schol-

arship for British Columbia. Mr. Rubinowitz has for the last year or so been practising law in London, England, where he has handled successfully a considerable number of cases. We may see him back here at no very distant date.

Our third Rhodes Scholar, Harry T. Logan, after a successful career at McGill, where he won a number of scholarships, has been finishing a classical course at St. John's College, Oxford, meeting with the same successes there as at McGill. Besides being a brilliant scholar Harry is an athlete of no mean ability. He is one of the best collegians at the half-mile distance and made his college track team in a meet with Dublin University. He also plays home on the Oxford lacrosse team. "Lackers," by the way, is the English for lacrosse. His finals come up this summer and we can look for him here about August.

Arthur Yates, who qualified as a Rhodes Scholar two years ago, is studying law in St. John's College, Oxford, and he and Harry Logan are on the same staircase. Mr. Yates is taking his B.A. examination in law this spring, and next summer his B. Civil Law examination, which will entitle him to practise. Arthur, strange enough to say, considering the fact that he was once an enthusiast of the game, does not now play rugby at all. He has gone in for "lackers" and hockey, and has indeed made good in each game. He is secretary of the Oxford lacrosse team, which means that the captaincy will fall to him next year. He is

also a member of the Oxford hockey team, which won the championship of Europe this year. It is just possible Arthur will take a trip to Canada this summer.

Of the graduating class Arts '10 at McGill there were four members from British Columbia. Miss Olive McWhinnie, who led all McGill, is now enjoying domestic bliss. She is the wife of Mr. Neville Smith, another M. B. C. man.

A. C. Skaling is studying law in this city with Taylor, Harvey and Baird.

At present V. Z. Manning is following the profession of school-teaching up at Matsqui.

Roy G. Phipps, like A. C. Skaling, is studying law. He is with McEvoy, White-side and Robertson.

This year there are fifteen British Columbia students in the Arts graduating class at McGill—J. V. MacLeod, J. B. Boyd, A. J. Knowling, G. Lindsay, S. D. Meadows, G. S. Selman, A. R. Thompson and O. J. Thomas. In the Royal Victoria College (Montreal) the Misses M. Dixon, L. Howell, L. Letvinoff, H. E. McLeod, E. L. Paterson, M. Smith and J. T. Willett. All the class, without exception, did well in the Christmas examinations, were always near the top, and often headed the lists. The prospects for April are very bright and a good record is expected. None of the members boasts of great success in athletics, but the ladies are ably represented on the senior basketball team by Miss Margaret Smith and Miss Hazel McLeod. Miss Smith, by the way, intends to take her M.A. degree at Glasgow

University and also a post-graduate course there.

Other Arts students at McGill are W. E. G. Murray, '12; Max Grossman, '12; and Elmo Atkins, '13.

Murray has maintained himself in scholarship, oratory and athletics. During the summer he won over a dozen trophies at eastern meets. He distinguished himself in the cross-country runs, on November 12 leading McGill to victory in the inter-university cross-country run. In September he won the \$300 MacDonald scholarship. Last April the gold medal for oratory fell to his lot. This year he holds numerous positions in the college, including class presidency and the editorship of the "Annual." Our fifth Rhodes Scholar will most likely be W. E. G.

Loftus McInnis, '14, is making a hit in the dramatic world and gaining a reputation as an after-dinner speaker.

Miss Ethelwyn Harris, Arts '12, who was with us last year, is in the R. V. C. Lately Miss Harris won the medal for speaking. She chose for her subject, "Imagination and the Tenement Child."

Miss A. V. Mills, a member of Arts '12 last year, is attending the Normal School in Fairview.

Ray Wilson is teaching school in South Vancouver, and his brother Percy is in the waterworks office in the City Hall.

At present R. M. Wilson, who took a partial course in Arts last year, is privately preparing at his home at Stave River for school in the Old Country.

Turning now to the Science men, we find that M. B. C. is pretty well represented in this department at McGill by such men as Harry Earle, J. D. Galloway, H. D. Brydone-Jack, G. S. Eldridge, John J. McNiven, M. J. Cohen, C. R. Chaffey, D. A. McKinnon, R. B. McLellan, F. Bagshaw, M. L. Wade, D. M. McGregor and R. P. McLennan.

C. R. Chaffey, formerly secretary-treasurer of Sc. '12, is in the Sc. '12 mining class, where he is doing credit to himself and the college. D. A. McKinnon and R. B. McLellan are among the latest representatives among the Civils, and the report is that they are making the east "sit up and take notice." "Dunc" and Brydone-Jack are showing the people back there a brand of rugby they never saw before. F. Bagshaw is more than holding his own among the Mechanicals, and M. L. Wade and D. M. McGregor, in the Electrical department, are making their presence felt.

Of a few of the Science men we would quote our correspondent: "J. D. Galloway is a firm believer in the conservation of energy, but he will be all there at the finish. Harry Earle is still there with the ginger. Watch his smoke. G. S. Eldridge has a new stunt, 'eye equilibrium'—a thumb on a football field or a smooth sheet of ice with the assistance of a hockey stick being equally good pivots(?). John J. McNiven—of him we can rake up nothing bad. He seems to be a general favorite even among

the professors. We expect much of J. J. among the Electricals this April."

M. J. Cohen is maintaining his usual high standard. Another Science man, C. Underhill, is playing a good game of English rugby. Purvis McLennan, Sc. '14, is making a success of his year.

Several of our Alumni are studying in Toronto. John R. Turnbull is taking his third year in Arts at McMaster with a brother from India, who is also an Arts man. According to John he is enjoying himself, is interested in debating, having led and won a debate lately, and is also winning in the athletic line.

Miss Mabel McKeen is also at McMaster doing good work in her senior year. Miss Vida McAulay is in the Arts '14 class at the University of Toronto (Varsity). Her brother Howard is in the Freshman class of the School of Practical Science, Toronto.

Leonard Muttit and W. T. McCrae are attending the University of Toronto.

Let us hope the day is not far distant when British Columbia will boast a university of her own, where her children may obtain an education in all departments of learning.

* * *

"Look Pleasant, Please!"

Just sit right here and look this way,
And do exactly what I say.
Turn round your head, your eyes on me,
And look as natural as can be.
Your hands lay lightly on your knees,
And be quite still. Look pleasant, please!

A mild expression now assume.
Shake off that frown; don't look so glum.
Open your eyes, your lips keep shut,
But not so firm as that. Tut, tut!
Your glance an elephant would freeze.
Come, do cheer up! Look pleasant, please!

Come over here and take this place,
And push that stray hair from your face.
Your cap is crooked; fix your gown;
The shoulder part is coming down.
Now try to feel just at your ease.
That's better, now. Look pleasant, please!

Just keep that pose one moment; wait—
I've clean forgot to set my plate.
Oh, no; don't move! You mustn't stir—
Your face is apt to be a blur.
But if one has to cough and sneeze,
How can one then look pleasant, please?

Well, now, once more. I'm sure to get
A perfect picture of you yet—
The prettiest girl I ever took!
Ah! now you've got the proper look.
With such an a-dor-able tease
It's easy to look pleasant, please!

* * *

G. S.

This was a telegram received by a girl
whose baby doll was at college:

"Nose broken in football game. How
would you like it set? Grecian or Roman."

* * *

Summer will soon be here with its accompanying fancy socks.

Arts '14 Valentine Party.

The Arts '14 Valentine party was held at Dr. Howell's residence, corner of Forbes and Fourteenth streets, North Vancouver. The house was artistically decorated with pennants, etc., for the occasion.

The games consisted of filling in blank spaces in a stanza of poetry and guessing the names of photographs. The prizes for the former were won by Miss I. Vermilyea and Mr. Fulton; the prizes for the latter were awarded to Miss I. Bodie and Mr. Louis Wilson.

The evening was brought to a close by singing a few songs; then all joined in a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Howell for the kindness they had shown.

* * *

A Pointer for Him.

They were seated in the parlor,
Midnight was drawing nigh;
"Where points the hand of time?"
Asked the youth with a sigh.


The maid suppressed another yawn—
She had strangled many more;
"The hand of time," she answered,
"Is pointing to the door."

* * *

Before the Dance.

Professor—Now what would you say, if
I didn't give you any lesson for next day
Cairnes—Well, I think I'd feel a little
faint at first, but I'd try to get over it.

A STUDENT'S LAMENT



*"If I should die tonight
And in my clothes
Should be the goodly sum of
Thirty cents
Left lying there
Unspent
In sweet repose:
I say,
If I should die tonight
And leave
Behind me in those cold,
Prosaic pants
The price of six large beers
On draught,
Unquaffed by me and destined
To remain
Forever on the outside of
My frame:
If I should die
And from the great beyond
Look back and see
That thirty cents taken
And spent foolishly
For bread*

*Or clothes
Or some such empty thing;
And those six beers—
Long destined to be bought by me—
Now spilled
Down other throats,
Their destiny unfilled:
I say,
If I should die tonight
And go
From here to there
Or where
It doesn't snow,
And, looking back from there
To here,
Behold
Those six large beers—
So large, and O
So cold!—
Go coursing down the throats
Of other men:
'Twould be so sad,
For I should need them
There."*

—The Old McGill.







Ladies' Literary and Debating Society



THE first Society in the College to organize this year was the Ladies' Literary and Debating Society. At the opening meeting the following officers were elected:

Hon. President, Prof. L. Robertson, M.A.
President, Miss Netta Hardy.
Vice-president, Miss Gladys Greggs.
Secretary, Miss G. Rogers.

An Executive was appointed, consisting of two members from each class: Miss Corry, Miss Lehmann, Miss Keenleyside, Miss Schwengers, Miss Todhunter, Miss Vermilyea.

That order is the law of all things the officers fully realized, and after much discussion and many changes the following Syllabus was drawn up, and, when printed, was distributed among the members of the Society:

October 18—Matthew Arnold, Prof. L. Robertson, M.A.

November 1—Debate—Resolved, that a Domestic Science Course is more useful for a woman than a regular Arts course.

Leader—Affirmative, Miss A. Keenleyside.

Leader—Negative, Miss I. Bodie.

November 15—Tennyson.

November 29—Debate—Resolved, that the system of co-education is satisfactory in every way.

Leader—Affirmative, Miss G. Greggs.

Leader—Negative, Miss Schwengers.

January 10—Browning.

January 24—Debate—Resolved, that Physical Culture be compulsory for women students in college.

Leader—Affirmative, Miss G. Rogers.

Leader—Negative, Miss E. Lehmann.

February 7—Wordsworth.

February 21—Debate—Resolved, that the study of French and German is more worth while than Greek and Latin.

Leader—Affirmative, Miss De Pencier.

Leader—Negative, Miss Hardy.

March 7—Carlyle.

March 21—Open Meeting.

Closing Meeting.

Owing to the fact that all activities must cease earlier than was expected, the closing meeting is to be held on Friday

evening, March 3. To this meeting all are invited, and a very interesting programme is being prepared.

The piano was of great service at the meetings, which were held every second Wednesday in the Second Year Arts Class Room. At the meetings we had musical selections, which were well appreciated and applauded.

The great success of the Society we attribute to the untiring efforts of our president and her fellow-officers. The meetings have been all interesting and we know, by the increasing interest that is being taken in the Society (both by the ladies and other members of the College) that indeed we have an influence which is being felt.

No other Society has been so well attended, and I am sure that in the years to come we shall all look back upon the hours spent in the Ladies' Literary and Debating Society of the year 1910-11 as the most enjoyable and beneficial times in the Course, for the real College life is not all work, and from the L. L. and D. S. or M. B. C. we have obtained both profit and pleasure.



SHAKESPEARE TABLEAUX



A CERTAIN much-worried professor once gave as a reason for his strange belief that the members of the fair sex would never reach their Nirvana the statement found in Revelation that "there was silence in heaven for about the space of half an hour." Be that as it may, it is safe to say that the paradise of love opened up by them to the admiring crowd that filled Aberdeen School about three weeks ago, when the young ladies of the Literary Society "spoke at last," might well serve as a fit substitute for at least the Theosophist's seventh heaven. Some weeks previously they got together and decided to astonish the too-unappreciative male sex. A bombardment of placards and notices filled the peaceful college air with mystery, and everybody had to go to the Aberdeen auditorium that evening "to get cleared up."

As this was to be a Shakespearean evening the ladies naturally opened up by showing that hitherto famous playwright in his true colors. Four fair co-eds accomplished the feat. Representing respectively Juliet, Portia, Ophelia and Lady Macbeth, in a most entertaining one-act, one-scene comedy, they introduced a bit of biography — that inevitable breaker of dreams and shed-

der of light. The curtain finds Miss Isabel Bodie, as Juliet, moping because Romeo is where and what he ought not to be. After several centuries of woefully monotonous existence she has decided that married life is not what it is cracked up to be. Poor Miss Keenleyside (Portia) agrees with her. In a short call on her dear friend she unburdens herself of her troubles. Her Bassanio has turned out a spendthrift, and has with the aid of Antonio disposed of his wife's cash and mortgaged her estate. Even now Shylock is pressing for possession, and Portia is reduced to depend upon her rejected suitor, Morocco, for entertainment.

Determined to brighten things up, Miss Gladys Schwengers, as Ophelia, breaks in upon her soliloquy. Marital existence is not, after all, past endurance. "Ham" knows, and what he says goes, so Ophelia and the Dane get on well enough together. That, too, is Miss Jessie Todhunter's manner o' thought. Save for the fact that she is pestered with stories that Will Shakespeare has been circulating concerning her husband, she lives a peaceful enough sort of life. But that "gaie young chiel had been takin' notes at the Hall, an' would

soon gie publicity tae ilka daein' o' the whole community."

Following this came a delightful reading from "Twelfth Night" by Miss L. Burns, to whom, as stage manager, belongs much of the credit for the success of the evening. The solo and encore rendered by Miss Ada Schwengers were much appreciated.

Then came the tableaux. It were idle to try to name all the feelings that surged up into the faces of each enthusiastic onlooker as every enraptured gaze took in the Silences. There were eight of them — two from "Midsummer Night's Dream," two from "As You Like It," and one apiece from "Twelfth Night," "King Lear," "A Winter's Tale" and "Macbeth." At the end of each the universal safety-valve — the hands — sent the curtain up for a second sight, and again caused Mr. Bodie, the electrical engineer of the evening, to bathe the platform and performers in soft light. More than one sigh of regret was heard as the curtain glided finally down on the "Three Witches."

But that is not all. At the fall of the screen every guest wss bidden to the Literary Society reception downstairs. It was the kind of reception that appeals,

where food for body is agreeably joined to mental nourishment. Hither and thither darted various Pucks, Touchstones, Lysanders, Audreys and Florizels, laden with plates of sandwiches and cake and cups of delicious coffee. The evening closed with dancing by the Shakespearean fairies with their respective lesser lights, to music voluntarily dispensed by Mr. Frank Davison.

The following took part in the Shakespearean tableaux:

Play, "The Ladies Speak at Last"—
 Lady Macbeth: Miss Todhunter.
 Portia: Miss Keenleyside.
 Juliet: Miss Bodie.
 Ophelia: Miss Schwengers.

Shakespeare reading—Miss L. Burns.

From "Twelfth Night"—

Olivia: Miss DePencier.

Viola: Miss Munro.

Attendants: Miss Letvinoff, Miss
 Lehmann.

From "King Lear"—

Lear: Miss Austen.

Cordelia: Miss Morgan.

Goneril: Miss Pim.

Regan: Miss Cousins.

Ariel's song from "The Tempest"—

Miss Schwengers.

From "Midsummer Night's Dream"—

Hermia: Miss Pye.

Lysander: Miss Corry.

Helena: Miss Carruthers.

Demetrius: Miss Bezeau.

From "A Winter's Tale"—

Perdita: Miss Laidlaw.

Florizel: Miss Rogers.

From "As You Like It"—

Rosalind: Miss Macdonald.

Celia: Miss McNiven.

Audrey: Miss Paddon.

Touchstone: Miss Papke.

From "Macbeth"—

Witches: Miss Bolton, Miss

McKinnon, Miss Ireland.





ATHLETICS

Rugby

For the first time since McGill has had a senior team we have failed to capture either first or second place in the city championship series.

Although no excuses are necessary, I think we can see three reasons for this lamentable condition.

First, the standard of rugby among the other city clubs has been of a very much higher order, due largely to a growing knowledge of the game, more consistent practice and the acquisition of good material from the Old Country.

As a second reason, we ask you to glance at the personnel of the team. In former years we have had eight or more senior players as the backbone of the year's team, while this season we commenced with only four seniors. Again, we have never had to start a season before with so many absolutely new hands at the game. In our first match we played six beginners and five former intermediates.

We come now to the last, and perhaps most important, reason—that is, the lack of

competition for positions on the team. Regarding those who are actually playing, we find that in a few cases lack of competition has done harm. There are some who, knowing that the team can hardly get along without them, do not consider it worth while to turn out for practice.

In any club, if there is little or no competition for places on the first fifteen the standard of rugby is bound to decline. This is precisely our position. That such a thing should exist in a college team, of all teams, is a disgrace to the college, and in particular to those who can play, but do not care one way or the other.

The number of students who take an active interest in sport in the College is very small, and appears still worse when we look at the make-up of the team—eleven Science men and four Arts. But why complain? We, as a team, have done the best we can under the circumstances and can only look forward to a better season coming, on the advent of young brain and brawn from the High School next September.

Games Played

McGill vs. Rowing Club.—Although so horribly beaten in this our first game, we showed at least that our tackling was above the average. It was unfortunate that we should be drawn against the best club of the league for our opening game, and especially when they had already played four games. The three-quarter line on this occasion played the best defensive game they have played this season.

McGill vs. Welsh.—This game was undoubtedly the best we played before the holidays and we had rather hard luck in losing. In the first half our forwards more than held their own, O'Brien and Lyche showing up in particular. A feature of this game was the exceptionally fine touch-kicking of Muir and Stone, and our score in the first half was due to Muir following up a long kick of his own.

McGill vs. Argos.—This game was played on a very wet field, and, although we had as much of the game territorially, we lost

through our opponents taking advantage of our mistakes. This game was essentially a forward struggle, Baldwin and Carson showing to advantage. In the back division McRae and Busby stopped forward rushes by repeatedly falling on the ball, thereby rendering immense service to the team.

McGill vs. Argos.—The old saying that it is never too late to mend came true upon this occasion. We won this, our first victory, by a score of six to three. The sensation of the game was the try scored by O'Brien. The ball was kicked off by Baldwin, and O'Brien following up quickly caught the opposing full back's return and scored under the posts. The other score came in the second half from a scrim near the Argos line, Stewart scoring near the posts. Stone nearly scored in the latter part of the first half by a long run of over fifty yards. He received the ball on our twenty-five, and passing three of the Argos was collared well within their twenty-five.

McGill vs. Crusaders.—Another very wet and heavy field. In this match our forwards showed up well in the loose, Carson and Hey being conspicuous. However, we were beaten in the scrim and back division. The backs on this occasion did not support each other at all and seemed to take for granted that the man next to him was infallible. Stewart at fullback saved on several occasions.

McGill vs. Firemen.—This game, although officially won by the Firemen, was lost to us under rather trying circumstances by a score

of 3-0. Our tackling in this game was fair, and the backs played well despite the fact that when they had the ball some of them seemed to think they were, singly, as good as the opposing team. McNeill, who played senior for the first time, was the star on our side, his tackling being excellent.



McGill vs. Firemen.—This game, our second with the Firemen, was lost on lack of condition alone. For the first half we more than held our own, but in the closing stages of the second half it was a run-away for the Firemen. Stewart McLean and Draper played best for McGill.

McGill vs. Rowing Club.—Although we lost by one goal to nil, we had quite as much of the game as the Oarsmen—in fact, we forced them to touch down in defence upon four occasions, while their score was the only occasion on which they crossed our line. The game was a very poor exhibition of Rugby, both teams playing loosely.

Track Club.

Track and field athletics have always formed part of the year's sports programme at the college, and each year we have had a track team which acquitted itself with more or less success. The big event of the year has always been the meet with

Columbian College, of New Westminster; in 1908 our team journeyed to New Westminster, and in 1909 and in 1910 the meet was held in Vancouver, the last being an indoor meet in the Horse Show Building.

Sad to relate, in each case our team has come out second best in spite of the fact that on nearly every occasion it has won more first places than its opponents. This is largely due to the fact that the men of the college have left it all to a few individuals. They seem to be under the impression that if there is another man who can beat them in their particular event it is up to them to quit. Until the men who can—and there are dozens of them—take the second and third place give the team their support it cannot be expected to be a complete success.

Last year our team won six out of the eleven events—namely, 440 yards, Fleming; pole-vault, Boyd; shot put, Hyde; high jump, long jump, hurdles, Stone.

This year the annual meet with Columbian College will be held on March 13, when we hope to make up for previous defeats, and there is no reason why we should not if those who can will give the team their support by turning out to practise.

With regard to the material for a team this year we are fairly well off—in fact, probably better off than we have been before. We have lost Boyd, Hyde and Fleming of last year's team, and in addition to

the remainder there are several dark horses in the Freshman classes who will show their prowess in the Freshmen Sophomore meet to be held about February 20.

* * *

Basketball.

Owing to the necessity of having some indoor game for the ladies of the college, a basketball club was success-



BASKETBALL TEAM

fully organized last year, the chief supporters of it being the ladies of Arts '11, who had a team of their own which, in

the course of the term, defeated the teams representing Arts '12 and Arts '13 in the inter-class championship series.

This year the club was at once reorganized, captain and vice-captain being elected during the second week of the session; but, alas! these able and enthusiastic officers had a far greater task before them than merely that of initiating a crowd of Freshies into the mysteries of basketball. The task, the most difficult of all, was to get the girls to turn out and play. Of course, the hours in which we were permitted to use the Drill Hall for play conflicted with our time-table, as well as with our dinner hour, and consequently it was almost impossible to get ten girls out at one time. Many who would have made good players, having a perfect horror of red sweaters and dust-begrimed hands (not to mention faces), absolutely refused to indulge in the terrible game, and reserved their strength for the more gentle and stately game of Badminton.

Then, to add to our woes, on returning to college after our Christmas vacation we were surprised to learn that our captain, rather than face the examinations, had decided to leave. So here again we were placed at a disadvantage, which was soon overcome, however, by placing all trust in the capable vice-captain, Miss Gladys Rogers.

Although we have played no matches this year, we cannot look upon it as a

wasted term, for the faithful few who have practised have, without doubt, gained much benefit, and they feel confident that in the future, when the number of students has increased and better facilities are offered, the devotees of basketball will forge to the front and produce a team worthy of McGill B. C.

* * *

The Ladies' Badminton Club.

There are no great number of sports in which the lady students of the College can take an active part. This, in the past years, has been found to be a serious drawback in the college life, and when, at the beginning of the term 1910-11, a Badminton Club was proposed, an active interest was displayed by many of the ladies.

Soon a large number enrolled, and by the goodwill of the Alma Mater Society we obtained use of the courts at the drill hall for six hours a week. The time was arranged so that every student could have at least two hours a week enjoyment from this interesting game.

While there are not as many players as we should like to have, those who do play take a great pleasure in the game, and we expect that we shall see a larger number come over with their racquets when the weather moderates.

* * *

Ladies' Hockey.

In this the third year of the McGill

Ladies' Hockey Club, our team was greatly strengthened by some clever players, both from the King Edward and the Victoria High Schools (not to mention the fact that there were still a few hockey players left at McGill). So the task of rounding the team into working order was considerably easier than that of the previous years, when the majority of the players had to be taught the elementary rules.

view car for the High School campus. The whole team played well, but were soon shown that they were in need of more practise—a thing which the members seemed to consider wholly unnecessary, and consequently the result was in favor of the High School, the score being 2 to 1. We were pleased to note a goodly number of spectators, among them being Dr. and Mrs. Davidson.



Our worthy Captain, Miss Papke, a former member of the Victoria hockey team—which last year succeeded in defeating the local High School team—soon made arrangements for a match with the King Edward High School. This, the first match of the season, was hailed with enthusiasm by the members of the club, and it was a very excited crowd that boarded the Fair-

A second match was held with the High School on Cambie street grounds. Owing to an unforeseen delay the game was not commenced until four o'clock, and long before the last half was over the shades of night had begun to descend. Nevertheless the teams continued to play to the finish, much enjoying the game of hide-and-seek, which now became the order of

the day, since it was practically impossible to keep the ball in sight. A most enthusiastic audience witnessed this match, which was ably refereed by Mr. Baldwin, the score being a tie of 1 to 1.

On February 7, in spite of the unfavorable weather, a most interesting match was played with the Uneeda Hockey Team, composed of brilliant players who have dissolved partnership with the High School Hockey Club. The players, although there was a slight mist falling at the time, entered into the spirit of the game, never heeding the mud puddles through which they were forced to splash in order to follow the ever-vanishing ball. On the whole the large crowd of spectators enjoyed the game the most, as they seemed to derive much merriment from the predicaments in which the players were placed, some turning graceful somersaults in the mud or running headlong into nearby posts. The result was a score of 4 to 1 in favor of the Uneeda team.

On February 15 our team for the first time this year clashed with the Normal Hockey girls. The game was fast and furious from start to finish, McGill being forced to play on the defensive the greater part of the time. But much to our delight we were able to hold our own and the game resulted in no score for either side.

* * *

The Westminster Trip.

Great was the disappointment of the

Hockey girls when they learned that there would be no debate between Columbian



SIDNEY GEORGE BALDWIN, Esq.
Who takes a great interest in ladies' athletics

College and McGill, for this at the time seemed to doom our day of fun.

But being determined to go to Westminster

at any cost, a match was arranged for Saturday the 18th. A more perfect day could not have been asked for, and it was a jubilant ten who left for Westminster on the 1.30 car, accompanied by three solitary rooters to whom the team as a whole owe a deep debt of gratitude. Owing to illness one of our star players, Miss Austen, was unable to play, so we were forced to play one short. The game was played at Moody Square against a team composed of members from the High School and Ladies' Hockey teams.

During the first half Westminster scored one goal, while in the second they succeeded in piling up two more. To be sure we would have liked to have won, but a more pleasant game has not been played this year, for everywhere the spirit of good-fellowship reigned, and both teams seemed to be playing more for the sake of the game than for victory.

After our strenuous exertions we were served with light refreshments by the Westminster girls. It was with breaking hearts that some tore themselves away from the delights and allurements of the Royal City in order that they might end a most enjoyable day by attending the instructive illustrated lecture by Professor Robertson on "The Ancient Roman Forum."



LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM

Inter-class Track Meet.

The inter-class track meet was won by Science '13 with a margin of 30 points, the majority of which must be credited to Stone and Sawers, the heroes of the evening.

Although the meet was held at rather an inconvenient hour (9.30 to 11.30) there was a fair audience present, and quite a sprinkling of young ladies from the college. The first event—the 50 yards dash—was won by Sawers; McNeill of Arts '14 being second. The high jump brought out a pretty display of prowess on the part of Stone, who carried off the honors, Sawers, his classmate, taking second place. The men of strength next posed in the shot put, Sawers winning this event, with Ney, of Science '14, a very good second. In the 50 yards low hurdles, which came next, honors were divided between Stone and Sawers, who ran a dead-heat.

The most trying race of all was the 440 yards. In this event Stone and McNeill ran a very good race, the former just managing to pull out ahead. The mile, the longest race of the evening, brought out a number of contestants, and all kinds of verbal encouragement, such as "Go it, Baldy!" "That's the way, Buz!" etc., were shouted to the various runners by their several admirers (feminine) as they ran their weary course. This event was won by Baldwin, of Arts '13, Busby, of the same class, being second, and M. G. Armytage, of Science '13, third.

The pole vault, probably the prettiest event to watch, was easily won by Eckart, of Arts '14, Stone, of Science '13, being second.

The last event, the relay race, was won by Arts '13, who took second place in the meet.

* * *

The Victoria Trip.

Although our trip to Victoria was arranged in somewhat of a hurry, the time we had was in inverse proportion to our preparations.

The team left for the capital on Friday at 1 p.m. on the Princess Adelaide, and every member of the original "crew" boarded the boat, with the exception of Muir.

On the way down some of the members of the team had their cartoons drawn, while others of the Science students inspected the engines and reported favorably on them.

We arrived in Victoria at 6.15 p.m. and drove up to the Dominion, but shifted over to the King Edward on finding the former hotel could not accommodate us.

After having something to eat most of the fellows started out to see "the old burg." Some of us went to the basketball game, others to the theatres, while some went to the roller rink. Here were the weak hearts of the McGill boys made apparent; the noisy member of Science '13, Basso Sawers, carried on with some young lady, much to the envy of Stone, until finally

Mr. John Carson, president of the class, had to take charge of them and escort them back to the hotel.

Most of the "bunch" got in at a fairly respectable hour, but a wild Irishman, O'Brien by name, was seen fooling around the hall in pyjamas long after the rest had retired. The loud laugh of the noisy one was also heard, but on the whole the night passed off quietly.

Next morning most of the boys loafed around till lunch time playing billiards and other things, after which the team stripped and went out to the field in a body.

The game on the whole was rather a poor exhibition of rugby, and we are bound to admit that territorially the Bays deserved their win. Our forwards were the better in the open, and "heeled" more often, but somehow the ball appeared to hang in the second row and the Bays tried "wheeling us off" with a certain degree of success. In the back division they were the better attacking side, passing out fairly well and running strong, especially Nason and Carss. McGill did not find a great many opportunities for open work, but on the only two occasions when we should have scored from passing runs our chances were spoiled by selfish play. In tackling we were undoubtedly superior and kept up the high standard which we have set since the first of the season.

The play started with the Bays making a hot attack on our line, after which a lot of mid-field work ensued, with occasional

excursions by us into the enemy's territory. Near the close of the half, however, the Bays again pressed, and they were awarded a free kick slightly to one side of the posts and about thirty yards out. One of their backs tried a drop at goal and certainly made the finest drop kick of the day, the ball passing well between the bars. This made the score 3-0 in favor of our opponents. Shortly after this Carss made the second most sensational run of the game, managing to use the dangerous trick of hurdling to great advantage. This try was not converted, leaving the score 6-0 against us.

After half time the Bays continued pressing and nothing of any great interest

occurred till O'Brien brought off the sensation of the day. Quickly following up a kick, he managed to block the opposing full-back's return, and after shaking off a would-be tackler he grounded the ball almost under the bar. This try was converted, making the score 6-5 in favor of the Bays, no further score resulting.

When we got back to the hotel there was a general rush on the bathrooms, everybody getting "slicked up" for the dance in the evening. Needless to say, that evening was thoroughly enjoyed, after which we drifted around till 8.15 p.m., when we went up to the A. O. U. W. Hall. Here the fellows were treated with the

greatest courtesy by the committee in charge of the dance, the Bays looking after our boys in first-rate style. They all seemed to admire the young ladies of Victoria, and from overheard remarks some of them made quite a hit with the fair dancers. O'Brien, Stone, Sawers and Stewart seemed to be the favorites, while McRae for some reason (?) appeared to turn a cold shoulder to all the attractions of his many Victoria "friends."

About 11.30 the crowd, after giving the Bays a yell, left for the boat and dear old Vancouver, all feeling that although we had not returned crowned with fresh rugby laurels, the trip had been a decided success.

Verse, or Worse

Again that fear is drawing near
Which gives us all the blues,
Of all the year the time most drear
For quaking in one's shoes.

We realize how fast time flies,
And give a nervous cough:
In great surprise we ope our eyes—
They're but a few weeks off.

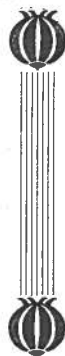
The violets fair all blooming are,
Sweet nature breathes once more,
But weary care must be our share
Till all exams. are o'er.

Piled high as tombs, up in our rooms,
Are tables thick with books;
Fair April looms and o'er us glooms
With baneful, hostile looks.

No more one shams in fitful slams
To study just for show,
But nightly crams for dread exams.
Prove we're in earnest now.

The Song of the Soph

*Livy is too much with us: late and soon,
Cribbing and copying, we lay waste our powers,
Little is in our translation that is ours.
We have thrown our minds away—an awful boon;
The cribs we study on the sly at noon
And in the intervals of all the hours.
Ne'er lift the shadowing gloom which o'er us lowers,
To pitch us headlong into utter ruin.
But we heed not! O Hannibal! We soon shall see
That knowledge gained by means of cribs outworn
Will leave but one result: for oft to me
Come glimpses that do leave me quite forlorn.
Alas! the supervising board will all agree
To pluck us on examination morn.*



The Player's Fate

*Two voices were there: one was of the Arts,
One of the Science—each a mighty voice,
In both from term to term thou didst rejoice.
They were thy only music, M. B. C.
Then came strangers, and with restless hearts
Thou fought against them, but hast vainly striven,
Thou from thy Rugby fame at length are driven,
And not a valiant murmur's left to thee
Of once claimed fame: thine ear is now bereft.
Then fight and win! If aught be in you left!
For Rugby men, what sorrow would it be
That Welshmen still come thundering as before
And Firemen bellow of their low-marked score:
But wrapped in lasting silence, M. B. C.*



ARTS POT POURRI

Our notorious representative at Old McGill, Mr. Loftus Algernon Reginald McInnis, after five unsuccessful attempts at First Year Arts, is considering the advisability of joining the ranks of the bread-winners.

* * *

The Provincial University.

- 1907—First discussed.
- 1908—Discussed again.
- 1909—Legislated for.
- 1910—University Commission.
- 1911—Site decided upon.
- 1912—Plans drawn up.
- 1913—Contract awarded.
- 1914—Architect's Office erected.
- 1915—Corner-stone laid by Yip On
- 1916—Basement of Arts Building finished.
- 1917—Added to basement.
- 1918—New wing planned.
- 1919—Site moved to Victoria.

* * *

There seems to be a pressing need for a Students' Employment Agency for the benefit of those so-called students who fall by the wayside at Christmas.

* * *

The Pursuit of Learning as Practised at M. B. C.

Science—What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?

F

Arts—Oh, that's a cinch. First off, you put your left arm under her waist, and you gently take her left hand,—

Science—Oh, come off, she's my sister.

Arts—Aw! push her off the dock.

* * *

Inconsistent.

Professor R. (at last lecture before Xmas.)—You are all going to fail, every one of you; and now I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * *

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans.

Yes, alas! 'tis fleeting on,

Ever coming,

Ever going

Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation,

Toiling o'er these lessons huge,

Ever harder,

Ever longer,

All I say is: "Let her fuge."

* * *

Our musical education is one branch of learning which is being in no way neglected. From duets to difficult solos ably executed with one finger our taste is being cultivated. The Sophomore class especially seems to be enjoying this high branch

of art, and studies the Odes of Horace to the lofty and inspiring strains of "Bonnie Dundee" or "Pop Goes the Weasel." Let the good work go on.

* * *

Visitor (consoling to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet)—Tut, my boy, there is no use crying over spilt milk.

Tommy—'Course not. Any duffer knows that. All you've got to do is to call in the cat and she'll lick it up. But this happens to be ink, and mother will do the lickin'.

* * *

Professor—Really, this conduct is scandalous. Why can't you behave yourself?

Sargent—Oh, I've just heard that the good die young, and I'm not taking any chances.

* * *

Appleton—May I have this hour off to get a hair cut?

English Professor—You should not say hair cut.

Appleton—Why not?

English Professor—Because it's a barbarism.

* * *

As it is the last year here for some of the crowd, they seem to think it is up to them to break all the desks, doors, etc. and put all the balances out of commission in the laboratories. The chemistry room is their favorite stamping ground.

Thursday last was the date of a most delightful gathering of gentlemen of the college, who met together to witness the presentation to Mr. Busdon Elby of the medal that he gained some two weeks ago at the Annual Inter-Class Eating Contest. As was reported at the time, Mr. Elby won easily, defeating Mr. Hughes by four cups of coffee and two cans of beans. Besides winning the contest, Mr. Elby broke all previous Inter-Class records for this event, and it was in recognition of this feat that his friends decided to present him with a medal, suitably engraved. This very artistic piece of work was designed by the well-known artist who also conceived the Arts '14 class pin, and everyone expressed delight at the beautiful sentiment expressed on it. The obverse side was decorated with an ostrich rampant, mangeant a keg of spikes, on a field vert, while underneath was the motto "Omnes edo." Among those present were Mr. H. Barratt, wearing some trousers vert, supported by two suspenders; Mr. Merrill DesBrisay, wearing a collar with a very distingue air; Mr. C. McTavish, necktie rouge and shoes large; Mr. H. McNaughton, wearing some beautiful pants de serge.

* * *

Early in the term our attention was attracted by a large shield which the members of Arts '14 were wearing. Upon examination it was found to be their new class pin, which is without doubt the most striking example of its kind which has ever decorated the students of this college. It is circular in

shape, besant, with a diameter roughly estimated at two feet, charged with a barbed tea-kettle, at gaze, arrondie, banded with an annulet, conjoined in lure, on a field gules; the beak courant fumant issuant ascendant, debruissei by a lid, arrondie, the whole environed by the class motto, "Vertior quam vertissimus," on a field blanche. The pin is all that can be desired, making up in quantity what it lacks in quality, and is almost more useful than ornamental. Some use it as a chest protector, others as a dinner plate, others still as a weapon in the class rushes. This forethought as to the utility rather than the artistic beauty of the class pin shown by the Freshmen is highly commendable, and is, we imagine, due to the sobering influence of the theologs, of whom there are a large number in Arts '14.

* * *

At the Palais d'Aberdeen, a few weeks ago, apres the Shakespeare tableaux, a very charmant souper was servi par the Ladies' Literary and Debating Society. There were provided pour the guests' cafe, sandwiches and cake. Malheureusement some hommes of Arts '14, headed by none other than "Harvard Bill" Frame, de couvert the rafraichissements before the rest of the gathering and made away with a large quantity of the cake. The cafe was slightly more faible than is customary, owing to a thoughtful consideration of the nerves of the "Arts kiddies." (The use of this expression infringes the Doc's copyright.—Ed.). The

sandwiches, too, were delightfully sec, in fact, to some they seemed, to quote Mr. Forster, "too sacre sec." As before mentioned, the cake, owing to the depredations of the vertes hommes, was scarce—in fact, some of it was absent.

Apres the souper was fini, dancing was indulged in by some of those present till a tres late hour (almost 10:30 p.m.). Among those present were noticed E. Chave, looking dainty in mousseline de soie with gold ecarte; Mr. Dunbar, very chic in a new necktie, and gloves; Mr. Dug. Ross, a haircut and red shoes; Mr. Upham, a happy smile and green socks.

* * *

Kirkpatrick (at class picnic)—"You are quite comfortable, dear?"

"Yes, love."

"The cushions are easy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"And there is no draught on my lamb, is there?"

"No, my ownest own."

"Then change seats with me."

* * *

Gilbert (proudly, after a long harangue)—"Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement."

Holland (cuttingly) — "I understand. We're not blaming you. You did the best you could."

* * *

Registrar—"What is your name?"

Pat—"O'Brien."

Registrar—"Your full name?"

Pat—"Just the same, sir, full or sober."

Sawyers (as drunken man sits down beside him in Victoria street-car).—"Conductor, do you allow drunks on these cars?"

Conductor—"Just sit still, sir, and perhaps nobody will notice you."

* * *

McTavish (at Freshman Dance)—"Is your programme full, Hughes?"

Hughes—"Cripes, no! It takes more than a couple of sandwiches and a glass of lemonade to fill my programme."

* * *

Professor—"Why didn't you finish that paper? Did your brains refuse to work?"

O'Brien—"No, but you see large bodies move slowly."

* * *

"Are North Vancouver students common at your College?"

"Yes, most of them."

* * *

Scott—"Say, Muddell, I don't like your face."

Muddell—"Well, I can't help that. It's the only face I've got."

Scott—"Well, you might at least have enough consideration for other peoples' feelings not to bring it out on a fine day."

* * *

J. G. McR.—"You know, Cl—, you remind me of a hinge."

C. M.—"Why?"

J. G.—"Because you are something to adore."

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

CLASS IN FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

THIS year a class in First Aid to the Injured was initiated, with a membership of twenty-one, including Principal Robinson and Professor Munn. Nine highly-instructive lectures were given by Dr. Underhill, in which we received instruction in treating all the common illnesses and accidents. A large part of this time was devoted to practical work, such as bandaging, stopping hemorrhages and artificial respiration. The examination, held on February 14, by Dr. W. D. Brydone-Jack, was passed by all, Underhill and Bell-Irving leading the class with 86 per cent. This success is largely attributable to the efforts of Mr. Draper as secretary and Jimmie Underhill as a high-class dummy. We sincerely hope that this course will be taken advantage of by more students next year. It is unnecessary to point out the advantages to be derived from such work, and in our humble opinion the course should be made compulsory, especially to engineering students.

* * *

We notice with huge satisfaction that Mr. Hughes, of Science '14, has mastered a new tune this year. "Rainbow" was getting rather antique.

People have said that Science '14 is a very good class. They evidently haven't seen them playing poker for car tickets at lunch time.

* * *

The Science pianist is certainly some class. His Salome wiggle when at the piano is quite fetching. Oh, you Ira!

* * *

We ought to get some caution money back this year as there was no snowball fight.

* * *

With such a fine partner in Physics Lab. we expect Mr. Holland, Sr., will lead the class.

* * *

Science '13 Class Party.

PERHAPS the most enjoyable function of the whole year was due to the generosity of Mr. O'Brien. He invited the class as a whole to dinner at his house. Principal Robinson, Dr. Davidson, Professors Dutcher, Munn, and Kendall were also present. After a sumptuous repast speeches were the order of the day. Nearly everybody had something to say, and those who had not, thought over what they would have said. In this connection

we would like to point out that Mr. Underhill made a very eloquent oration on "The Ladies, God Bless 'Em!" Then we had a musical soiree, very much appreciated by us and we hope by the others. We wish to congratulate Mr. O'Brien on his philanthropy in thus bringing the professors and students together at a time when it was needed most.

Only one thing marred the occasion. One of the younger members of the class had a most foolish idea that he could smoke a whole box of cigars at one sitting. We refrain from mentioning his name on account of his family. They would be deeply grieved to know that their innocent, white-haired boy had ventured so far from the straight and narrow path. However, he is jolly well now, thank you!

* * *

Mr. McRae is the last one to be inoculated with the germ of Terpsichore. It is

quite a familiar sight to see him waltzing around the room in the midst of a Calculus lecture with a dreamy expression on his face, thinking, no doubt, of that little fair-haired girl—but that is another story.

At great loss of time and money we purchased a class shield, tastefully embroidered in red and white, with this mystic phrase inscribed thereon:

"Labor Omnia Vincit."

For the benefit of the Arts students who don't know much Latin we will elucidate: "Work, you sucker, work!" We transfixed this to the wall in a very harmonious manner. However, the janitor did not like the motto, so he abducted it and hid it in the padded cell. Our trained sleuths, the ones that caught Lopatecki, soon resurrected it, and for one whole day we lifted our eyes to this eloquent appeal before going to sleep. It disappeared again, never to return.

Most of the class are undecided whether to come back next year or go to work. After many debates on the subject we have decided to leave it to the examiners.

Do ye ken that the puir innocent laddie, Georgie, is gang awa' tae Glaskie vera soon. Och, ay!

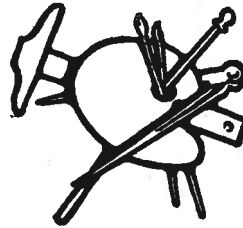
Our epitaph—"So much to do; so little done."

* * *

Our sincere sympathy will go out to anybody who has the misfortune to get hurt around the college. With about thirty graduates of the First Aid to the Injured class looking for something to practise on, lord help him.

* * *

There is so little heat in the chemistry room that those bad boys in the back row have to talk about seventy words to the minute to keep warm. They also keep the rest of the class warm by their superheated atmosphere diffused.



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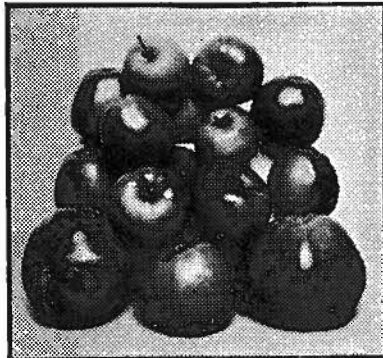
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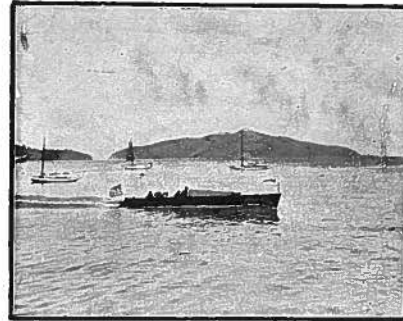
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REAL ESTATE, LOANS, STOCKS
MINES and TIMBER

318 HOMER ST. - VANCOUVER, B.C.

A Sure Thing

Customer: "Are you sure you'll have my taxi at the house on time?"

Garage Owner: "Certainly. Don't you know there's nothing surer than death and taxis?"

