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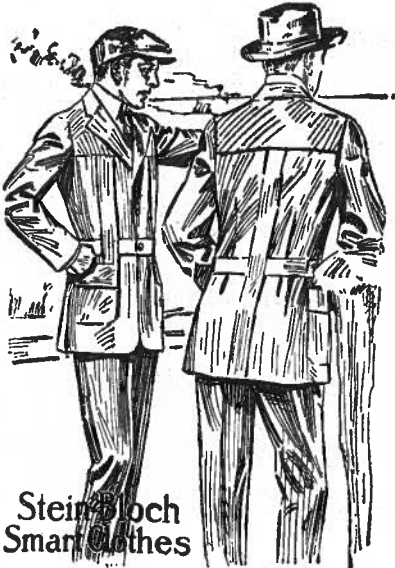
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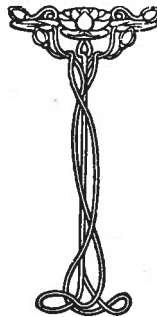
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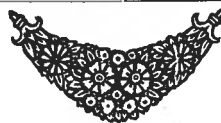
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COLLEGE HYMN  
*HAIL! ALMA MATER*  
W. F. STEEDMAN

1

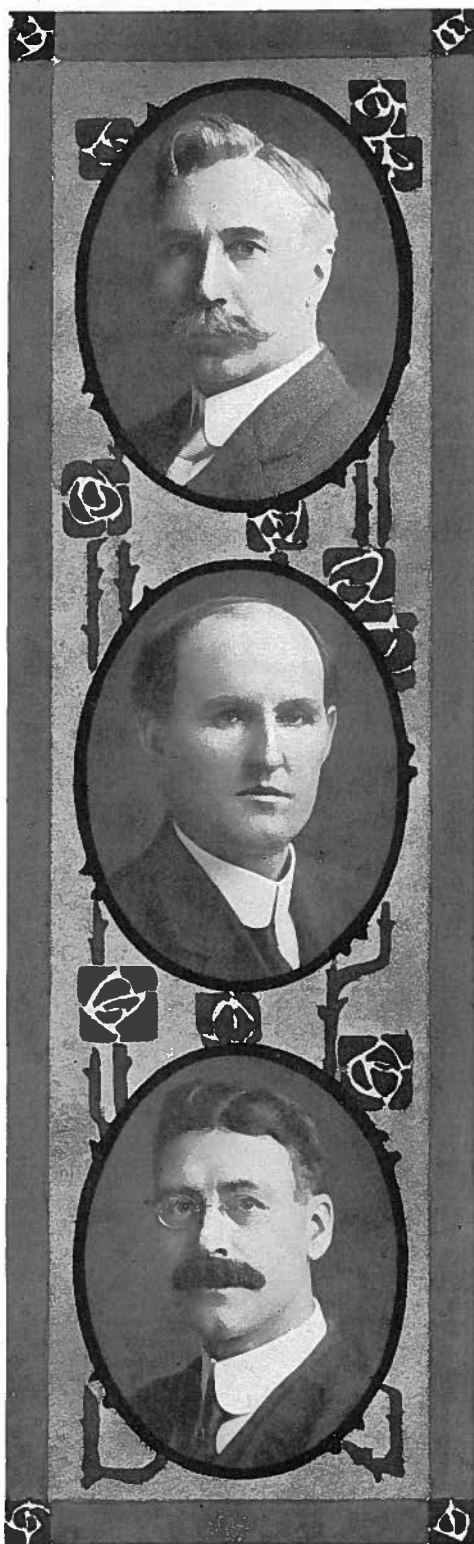
*Hail! Alma Mater, we sing to thy praise,  
Great our affection, tho' feeble our lays;  
Nestling so peaceful and calm 'neath the hill,  
Fondly we love thee, our dear old McGill.*

2

*Hail! Alma Mater, we sing to thy praise,  
Loud in thy honor, our voices we raise;  
Full to thy fortune our glasses we fill,  
Life and prosperity, dear old McGill.*

3

*Hail! Alma Mater, thy praises we sing,  
Far down the centuries still may they ring;  
Long thro' the ages remain—if God will—  
Queen of the colleges, dear old McGill.*



**G. E. ROBINSON, B. A.**

Professor of mathematics, the incalculable value of which he proves by quotations from Plato and the Scriptures in the original Greek (hearer to supply translation). A very estimable gentleman, but having the bad habit of tormenting his class with fifty-minute tests to be completed in twenty-five.



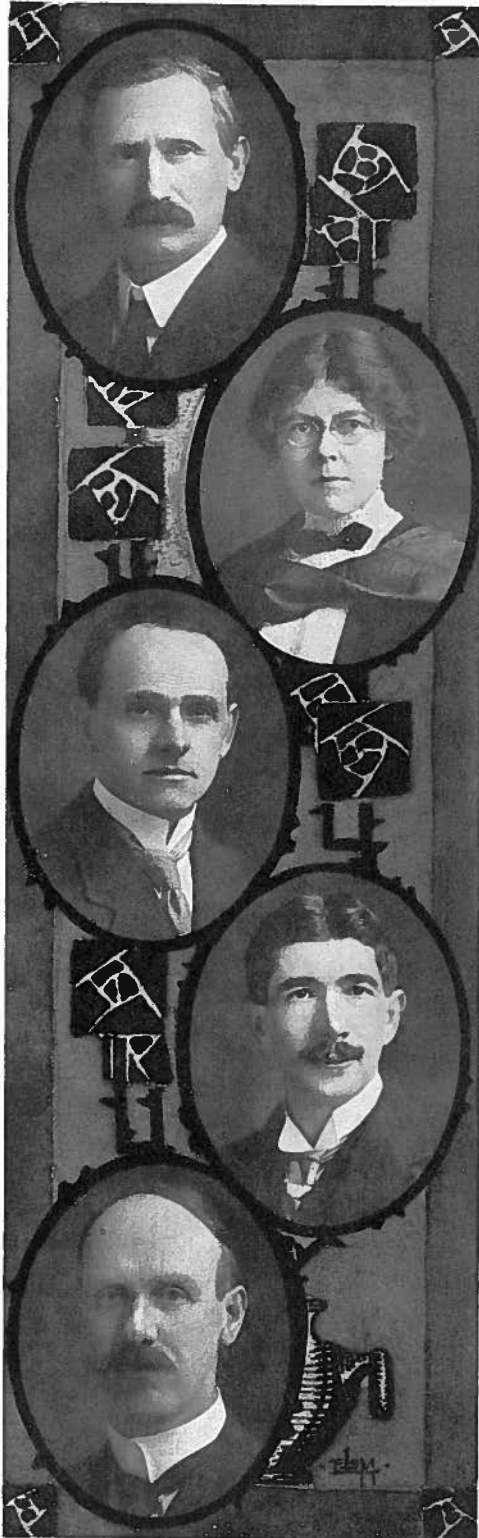
**L. F. ROBERTSON, M. A.**

Wishers for his favor would do well to devote their spare time to concocting panegyrics of Cicero and brimstone denunciations of C. J. Cæsar, Esq. An ability to discern halo and wings on all Radicals and a suspicion of hoofs and tails on all Tories is an added advantage.



**PROF. JORDAN, M. A.**

Amidst profuse apologies for some of the outrages upon us by Euclid, Mr. Jordan has creditably shepherded us through the maze of Geometry. His hatred of Algebra is equalled only by his fondness for the fair sex.



**JAMES HENDERSON, M. A.**

Possesses an uncanny familiarity with the mysteries of Logic. "Since this is that, and that is thus, therefore thus is this—quite simple." "Nonue rememberitis, O Logicianes pasti et praesentes?" He is frequently heard to invoke a certain Barbara Felapton. Inquiry revealed not a damsel of flesh and blood, but merely a deductive exorcism whereby syllogisms are persuaded to behave.

**ISABEL MacINNES, M. A.**

A zealous attendant at all literary meetings. No matter how dry the subject, the speakers can always be sure of an audience of two—the chairman and Miss MacInnes. She is also the determined foe of — variations from the standard English spelling.

**G. R. KENDALL, B. Sc.**

"The Anglo-Saxon seriousness has survived in spite of the admixture of the lighter Norman element."—Extract from first year lectures in English. The watch-dog of the caution-money. A lightning reckoner of the value of broken windows, screwless desks, and other incidents of Freshmen existence.

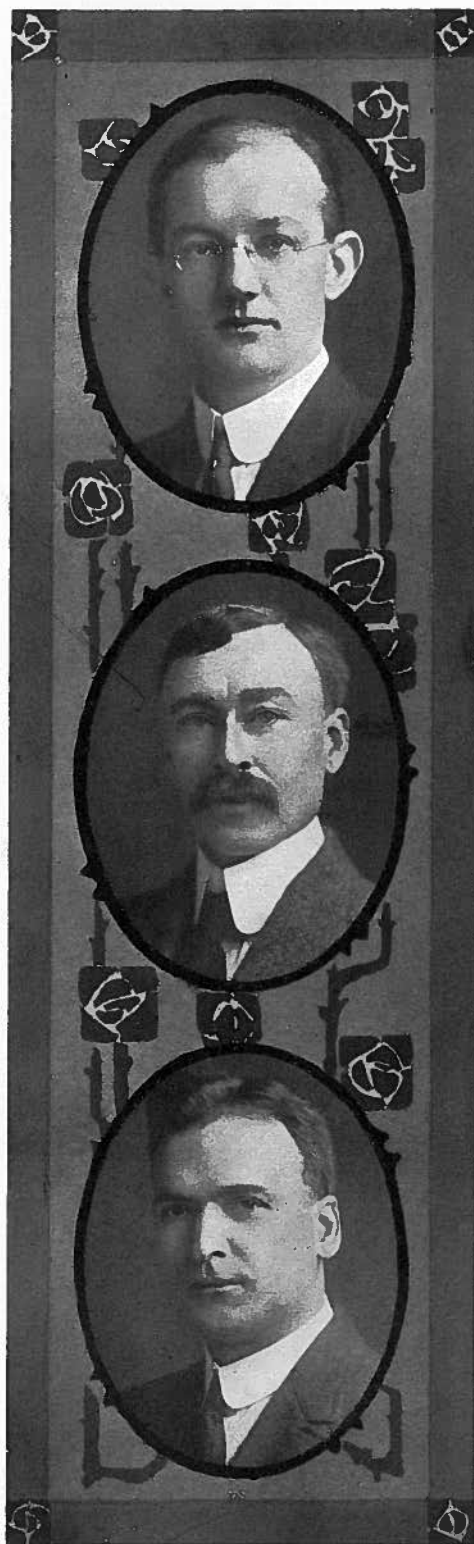
**MR. J. H. MAXWELL, M. A.**

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." What was Oxford's loss was our gain when Mr. J. H. Maxwell came to fill the vacuum in Arts '17 brains with Latin. It may be said that he has been unusually successful, proving himself a source of delight and knowledge to the students—especially the ladies.

**PROF. A. F. STONE, Ma. E.**

Tradition says that Professor Stone came originally from Bristol, England. He took his degree at McGill, Montreal. His opinion is that Sc. '16 is an exceptionally bright bunch because it did not take them long to find out the proper way to use levels and transits. He cannot be convinced, however, that starfish will not bite, and that the best place to climb a bank is where a little creek is flowing down.





#### HENRI CHODAT, M. A.

High-priest of the mysteries of French. His ears are lacerated by his disciples' Parisian pronunciation, yet he successfully conceals his feelings and continues the conversation. If the martyr's crown be ever awarded nowadays, surely the head of Henri Chodat should be adorned with an extra heavy one of special workmanship.



#### J. K. HENRY, B. A.

Expounder of the mysteries of English Literature. A shedder of light in Shelleyan gloom. Long experience with the armour-plated heads of Freshmen has formed in him the habit of uttering axioms, e. g.: "The 'Scholemaster' was published in 1570, but was probably written earlier, as the author died in 1568."



#### J. G. DAVIDSON, B. A., Ph. D.

Shepherd and Mentor of the Freshmen classes when their unaccustomed feet stray from the straight and narrow path. It has been whispered that he holds the damnable heresy that Euclid does not always make for "practicability," and classics for general unsuitability for any earthly purpose.



#### H. T. LOGAN, B. A.

The only man who ever reads Plato for pleasure. With an enthusiasm sadly wasted, he valiantly strove to persuade the Greeks of Arts '15 to gush over philosophy. It is rumored that he contemplates another assault in a few weeks. O Zeus, have mercy on us!



#### MR. WRIGHT, B. Sc. (London)

The Laboratory hour is livened for students seeking information about this world of ours, by the presence of a courtly and obliging gentleman in the form of Mr. Wright, B. Sc. (London). Though sadly troubled and embarrassed at times by queries from the co-eds, he manages to make the periods instructive and entertaining.



#### PROFESSOR L. KILLAM.

Professor Killam is a man of no mean parts. He took his B. A. at Mount Allison, his B. Sc. at McGill. He has worked at many trades in the course of his career, such as locomotive works, gas engine factory, auto factory, commercial traveller and other things. But his crowning achievements are manipulating a slide rule and selling second-hand Fords for \$150.00.

N.B.—He always sees that the rear axle is in good repair before taking out his prospective catch for a spin.



W. BEVERIDGE—Class President

"A sadder and a wiser man."

What's the matter with Bill? He's all right. He will be remembered as a fairly fresh freshman. A year at Montreal has somewhat corked the effervescent spirits of his youth, but he still lets a "whoop" out on occasions. As President of Arts '15, Captain of the Second Rugby team, class debater and general handyman, Bill has discharged his duties gracefully. By the way, the medical students at Montreal do some queer things, don't they?



LAURA M. WHITE.

"I have lut with a cursory eye o'er-glanced these articles."

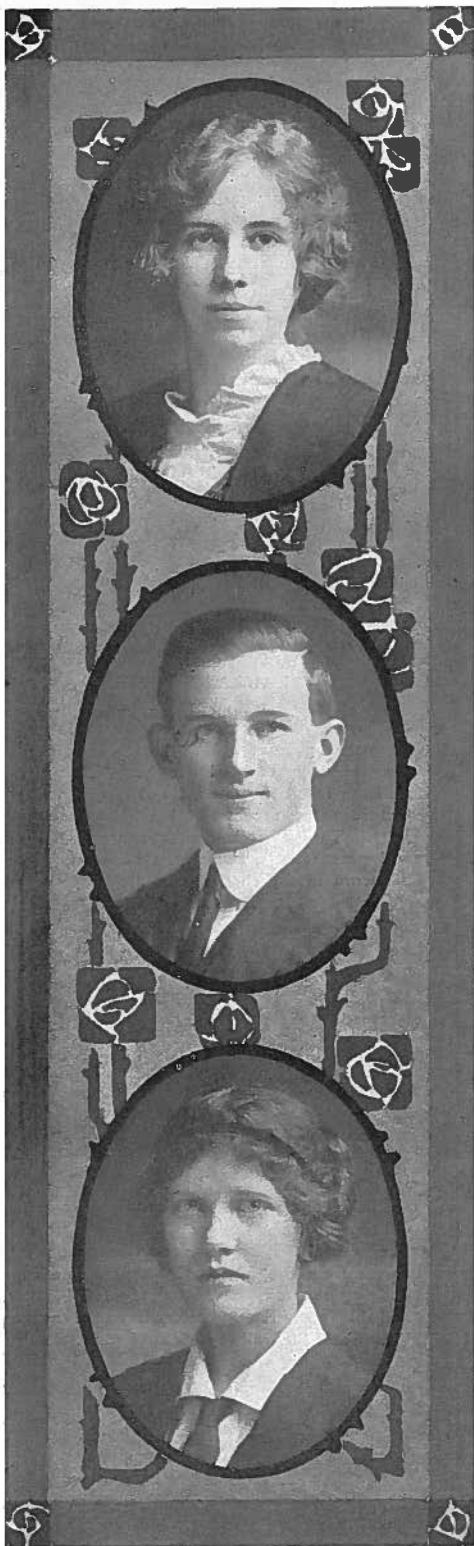
As editor of the Annual and President of the L. L. D. S., Miss White has had a busy year, which, however, has had no restraining effect on her usual social life. As debater for Arts '15, she helped to uphold the honour of the senior class. We need scarcely add that her studies suffer not at all from the fact that her interests are varied.

Favorite expression: "Oh, my eye!"



C. DUNCAN

Duncan, the Abraham Lincoln of the College, has found time between his skating and other matches, to guide the Lit in the ways of oratory and sociability. His ability as a theatrical manager is only surpassed by his affection for free feeds. Duncan's poetical nature speaks for itself.



MARY L. WILSON.

"I spare speech."

Miss Wilson is one of the two third year girls who bravely undertook third year Latin, and the only one who withstood the attractions of a Physics course. In these respects only is she strange. For the rest, she is much like all of us.



N. GILCHRIST—Class Secretary.

A man about average height,  
With feet of an average size;  
He's not what you'd call silly,  
But he's just about average wise.

And when he leaves the college,  
We'll be sorry to see him depart,  
For he's an average fellow,  
With a good, kind, average heart.



CATHERINE SMITH.

"She stood, a sight to make an old man young."

As secretary of the Ladies' Athletics, Miss Smith has had considerable executive work to do. One wonders how she made that quiet voice carry over the wires all the way to New Westminster. Miss Smith is our one golden-haired girl.

Favorite expression, "Oh, ye Gods."



—N. KEMP—Athletic Representative.  
 "Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;  
 it fell upon a little flower."

As ex-President of Arts '15 and ex-coach of the Ladies' Basketball Team, Kemp is an excellent man for any position requiring tact and diplomacy. He has been dividing his attention this year between athletics and a certain little "Western flower" of Arts '15.



#### LAURA M. PIM.

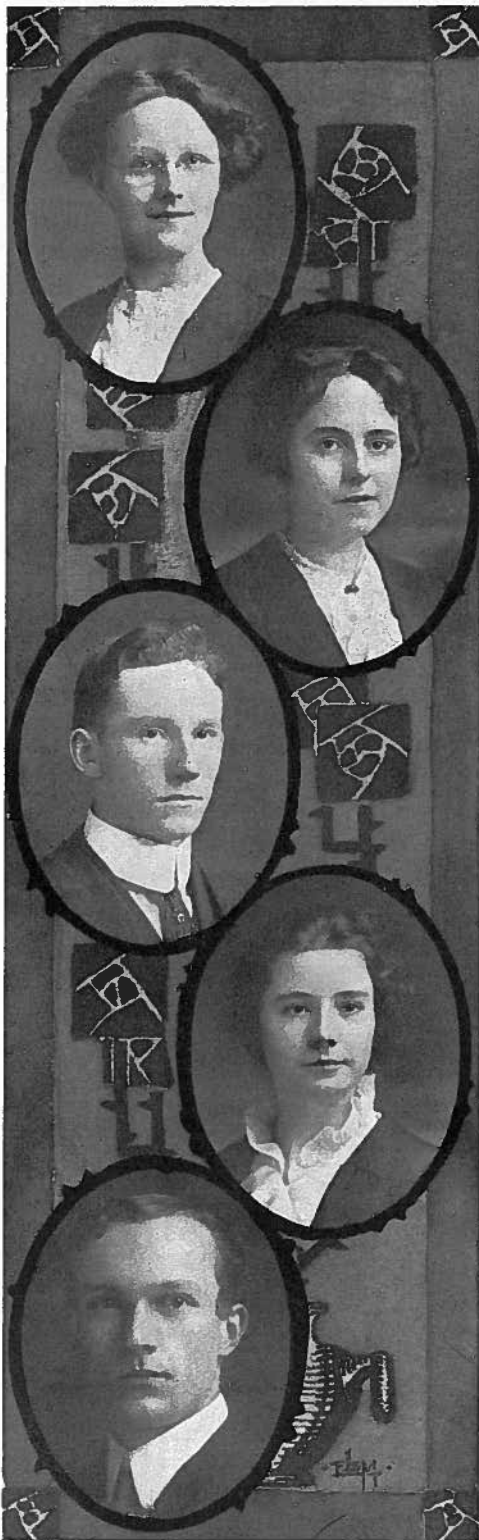
"Look on my works, ye mightly, and despair."

After several years of arduous labor in important positions, Miss Pim has acted this year in a general advisory capacity. Right well she fulfills her duties, and is an important factor in the success of various college projects. There's hope that the next six years will pass rapidly away. Favorite expression, "A word in thy shell-like ear."



#### FRANK B. BUCK

Buck's antecedents are known only to the old-timers of the College. It is rumored that, like several other great constitutionalists, he comes from the East. His winters are spent dodging the fair Freshettes of McGill, B. C., and his summers in converting the heathen that work the railway right-of-ways.



#### GRACE W. MILLER.

"She has brown hair, and speaks like a woman."

Miss Miller came to us from Victoria, bringing with her considerable traces of the delightful accent cultivated by our Island neighbors. Her energies are chiefly devoted to the L. L. D. S. executive and physic Lab. The only girl who has been able to attract Mills to a class party, and enticed him into a delightful four-mile walk afterwards.

#### MURIEL A. BROCKWELL.

"Her warbling voice, a lyre of purest range."

Miss Brockwell has captained a fairly successful basketball team this year, and much of the enthusiasm for the game is due to her efforts. Her powers as a vocalist in the L. L. D. S. were much appreciated.

Favorite expression, "Bless by soul and body."

#### G. CRAIG

"What should a man do but be merry?"

Having reached third year, "Irish" has pursued the path of education with renewed energy. He plays on the Senior Basketball Team and makes a good wall, though it may be a trifle bricky. His commendation is that he never looks upon book; and in deed, he was never used to it.

#### ETHEL M. EWIN.

"How sweetly you do minister a love."

Miss Ewin has come to the front in more ways than one this year. She is captain of the second basketball team, and a fine shot. Anxiety was felt at the first of the year for fear the injury received in a game would prove a permanent blemish, and we are glad to see that all traces have disappeared.

Favorite expression, "Mother says——"

#### CHESTER McNEILL

"Of his porte as meek as any maid."

For the benefit of the Science men, porte= bearing in above quotation (not a steel bearing). Chester believes "life is a fiddler and we all must dance," but of course he doesn't mind so long as the music is good. He and Kemp are working on an oil-burning arrangement in Dr. Davidson's basement. When perfected it will burn "the midnight oil" for students who don't wish to do it themselves. Chester "will not draw his handkercher out of its place or blow his nose without discretion."





#### C. ISABEL ELLIOT.

"I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me."

Miss Elliot is one of those for whom public office has no attraction. Hockey having fallen into disfavor this year, all her attention has been divided between the regular academic work and her "macintosh" even in fine weather.

#### L. LUCKRAFT

"A man with the heart of a viking and the simple faith of a child."

Mr. Luckraft came into this institution under a severe handicap. He was an Englishman and a theologian. It is not too much to say that he has changed the meaning of these words for us. Unfortunately he has been very busy this year and unable to take a very prominent part in social activities, but at least Arts '15 has "lived in his mild and magnificent eye."

#### NEWTON

"To study he gave great care and heed."

If we had three centuries or so to give to psychological study we might make something of this Hamlet of Arts '15. He believes in the doctrine of silence and seems to be a man that won't "butt in." He has a strange, forced appetite to learning.

#### LENNIE H. MACDONALD.

"A graceful maiden with a gentle brow."

The unanimous choice of the Alma Mater Society for Second Vice-President for the past year was Miss Macdonald. Alas! how dearly has she paid for the honor! how many weary hours has she spent unravelling time-tables that she might hold 'suffragette' meetings. But even with all this, she comes up regularly for lectures. Her eternal question is: "Have you a knife?"

#### L. A. MILLS

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star."

When Lennox Algernon Mills entered the Academic Halls of the Cambie Street McGill, the gates of learning shook. He was then a mere boy in that abridged form of trousers known as "bockers" and "thereby hangs a tale whose lightest word—" Now the early down of incipient manhood streaks his unshorn cheek. He walks, converses and laughs in a way that will no doubt set the precedent to future generations. Truly in the course of his meteoric career he has grown in learning, in stature, and in favor—with the faculty.



#### MARJORIE M. DUNTON.

"And French she spake ful semely."

Latin finds one of its two advocates among third year girls in Miss Dunton. We admire her bravery, though making no attempt to emulate it. A firm believer in woman's rights, and an able arguer in reading room debates. Miss Dunton's admonition of "Well, look here, girls" is well known to us all. An able defender and adviser of Mr. Newton.

#### P. McCREERY

"His soul proud science never taught."

After three years of college life "his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated. The Latin "gets his goat" occasionally, though. Lem. Robertson has a way of choosing him "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Is it true that Paul "is bold among the blushing maidens?"

#### ELLA G. CAMERON.

"I say little, but when times shall serve, there shall I smile."

Our class executive was very small this year, Miss Cameron being the only girl on it. However, we have nothing but praise for the way in which we have been represented. She does not like to play goose-berry to a mushy pair.

#### A. W. GRANT

"He had now reached the age where he might with impunity refrain from active work."

The theologian, according to an eminent man, should have culture, consecration, and common sense. Mr. Grant pursues culture at McGill, consecration at Westminster Hall, and as for common sense he occasionally gives the L. D. S. the benefit of that.

#### L. GRACE BOLLERT.

A somewhat retiring Eastern product. Miss Bollert came to us three years ago from Whitby Ladies' College. The basketball team has annexed that portion of energy which remains after studies have been given due attention. As president of the Ladies' athletics and athletic editor of the Annual, Miss Bollert has done much to further the interest of sports among the girls. Favorite expression, "Oh pshaw!"





ALVA M. GORDON—"BOLO."

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

"Bolo" first saw daylight in Vancouver. He entered McGill in 1911 from K. E. H. S. As he is treasurer for the Alma Mater Society he is very popular with the ladies. He gained his fame playing second base on the Murrayville baseball team. A conscientious student and one pleasant to converse with.

"Say, do you know who canned Life?"



ARTHUR TAYLOR—"AWTHAW."

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade a hand to execute the mischief."

"Taylor A." is a product of Vancouver. He entered the noble tribe of the Science in the year of our Lord 1912. As he is still there we can infer that he has not yet been kicked out. He does nothing in particular except amuse the class in survey lecture. Gives lessons in the tango, 25 cents each, every noon, Academy is where he happens to be.

"Say, fellows, I've got a good scheme for this."



DONALD L. McNEILL—"Dee Ell"

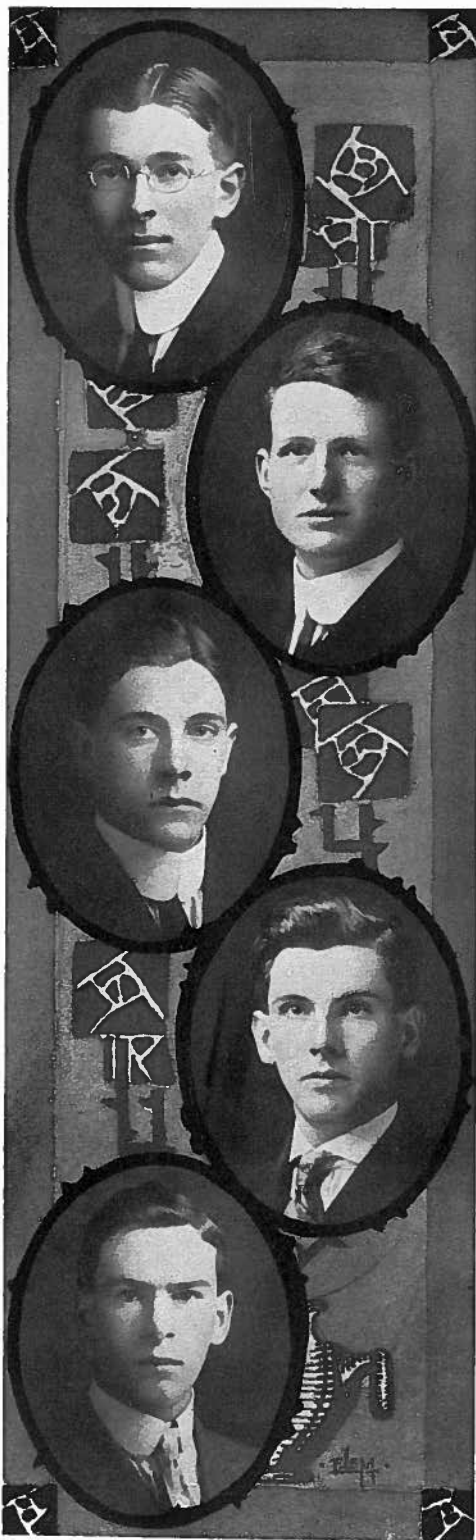
President.

"And I light my little corn cob, and I linger, softly dreaming,

In the twilight, of a land that's far away."

Born in Calgary, he entered McGill in Arts in 1910. Popular among the co-eds. as well as the fellows. He is a vital part of the Senior football team and is a very brave man. He made the suggestion that the class should come at 8.30 a.m. for an extra period in Calculus, thereby showing that he is not afraid of cold water.

"I think you had better forget about that pennant."



**P. D. HONEYMAN—"HONEY."**

"People who make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks.

"Honey" entered McGill in 1911 from K. E. H. S. He has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of jokes which sound good for the simple reason that everybody else has forgotten them. Plays half-back on the rugby team. He wore out one pair of eyes last year working Calculus, so he has twice that number this year.

"That's not the way to do that."

**STEPHEN B. PLUMMER—"STEVE."**

"If I have done anything well, I never think it worth while to tell the world about it."

"Steve" entered McGill in Arts in 1911 from Western Canada College, Calgary, where he learned to play hockey. He is our authority on motor boats and "gas engines" in general. Also he is a rugby player of no mean ability. He has a dog with whom we are all acquainted.

"You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

**CHARLES N. T. CARNSEU—"CORKY."**

"He cometh to you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."

He entered McGill in 1911 from K. E. H. S. Not very successful in Calculus and Analytic on account of fussing and dancing. He is a lion among the ladies, having gained his reputation in the high position of chairman in the employ of the C. P. R.

"Goin' to the hop to-night?"

**EDWARD M. WHITE—"ED."**

"Shame knew him not; he dreaded no disgrace,

Truth, simple truth, was written in his face."

A native of Vancouver and a graduate of K. E. H. S. He spends most of his time in the drafting room. "Ed." does not believe in the foolishness that makes our life worth living. He was boss (?) carpenter on the Vancouver Court House and is taking up architecture. (Prof. Killam says it is quite a lady-like course.)

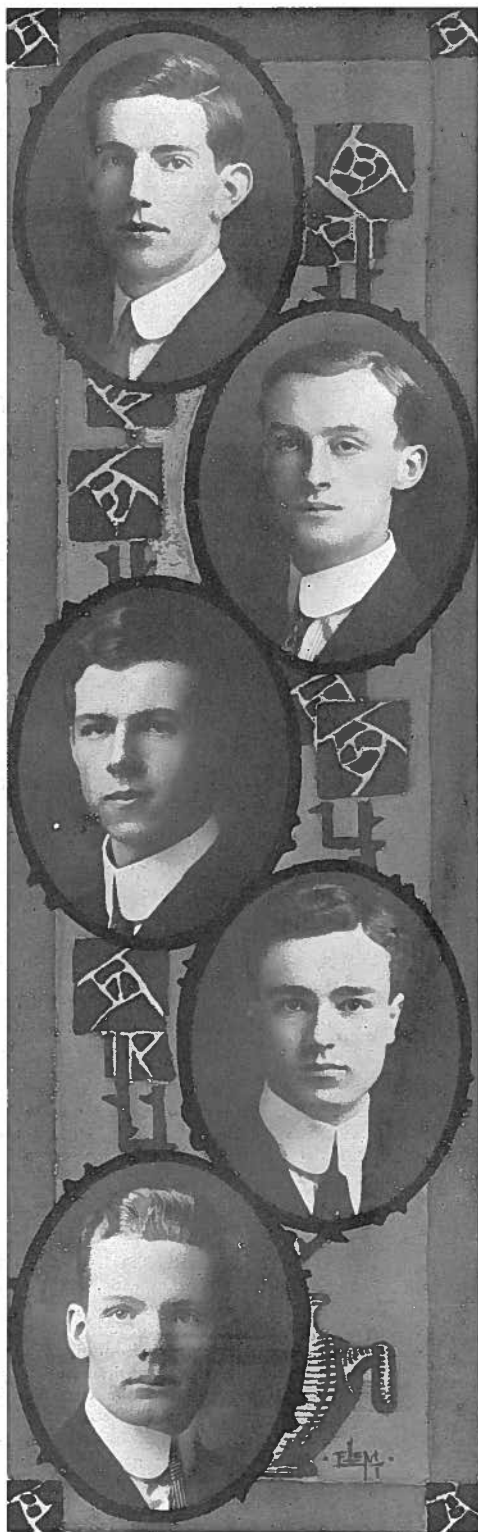
"Yes, by bosh! that's right."

**GEORGE W. WADDINGTON—"WADDY"**

"I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated To fussing, and improving my mind."

Nanaimo is responsible for our friend Waddy. He entered our order from the Nanaimo High School in 1912. Since then he has been able to wash out some of the coal dust imbibed in his youth. Waddy is our connoisseur on "classy janes."

"Say, fellows, there she goes."



#### HAMISH J. CAMERON—"CAM."

"Let singing singers with vocal voices most vociferous, in sweet vociferation, outvociferize e'en sound itself."

"Cam." sang his first solo in Exmouth, England. Finding insufficient scope for his abilities there, he migrated to live amongst the aboriginals of the North Shore. He entered McGill in 1912 from Britannia High School. Immediately after summer survey work was finished, Cam's abilities were recognized by the class and he was immediately elected 'chief cook.'

"Hey! Ya boob—"

#### HAROLD A. ECKHARDT—"DUTCH."

"Calm and serene he drives the furious blast, And, pleased, the Almighty orders to perform, Rides thro' the scrimmage and directs the storm."

"Dutch" first became famous as a kicker in Vancouver. He entered McGill in Arts in 1910. He spent his summer selling washing machines and firing at the Colonial Cannery. He is Captain of the Senior Rugby team and has done more than his share for the college this winter in piloting the team to its present position in the league.

"Hey! Cut that out!"

#### DOUGLAS A. WRIGHT—"RASTY."

"When we get to heaven, boys,  
Let's give the college yell,  
And if we're not so fortunate,  
We'll whoop her up in other places."

"Rasty" lives in Jubilee and is an ardent member of the church. (I wonder why?) He entered Sc. '16 in 1912 from Columbian College. Is medicine man of the tribe and leads in all pow-wows and other vocal entertainments.

"Oey Cam! Let's sing a song."

#### J. H. REID—"BERT."

"The true, strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small."

"Bert" obtained his first impression of life in Seattle. He entered Sc. '16 in 1912 from Grand Forks High School and, despite a great handicap, has "made good." He is President of the Alma Mater Society and takes an active interest in everything. Hence his popularity amongst the students of both sexes, and in the drafting room as well as on the football field and ice.

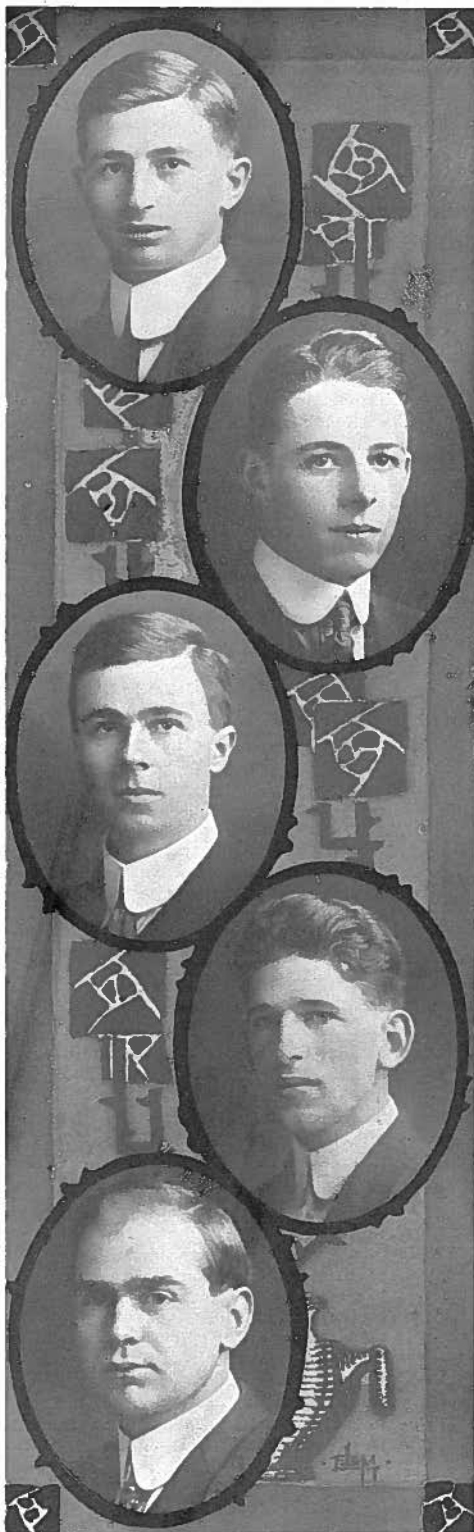
"No chance."

#### RONALD R. WHITAKER—"WHISKERS"

"Come and trip it as we go  
On the light fantastic toe."

"Bob." was born in Portage la Prairie and lives in New Westminster. He is a graduate of R. C. H. S. of that city, and took his freshman year at Montreal, 1912. He is some fusser, some dancer, (rag specialist), some singer, some sport, some chauff. (drives a Ford), some boy. That describes our subject pretty well. What more need be said, anyway?

"Pretty good work."



de ST. DENNIS DUCHESNAY—  
"DUCHESTNUTS."

"Could I find my proper groove,  
What a deep mark I would make."

Owing to lack of space we had to condense his name to the above. Duchestnuts is a product of our beautiful city. He entered McGill in 1912 and takes college very seriously. Any person or persons wishing to receive information on the best manner of shooting ducks can generally find him in the remote corner behind the shop where he has retired to have a "pill" of his favorite "B. D. V."

"I don't think you'll ever amount to much."

KENNETH A. CREERY—"KEN."

"How absolute the knave is."

"Ken." entered McGill in 1911, went East in 1912, but found life there too fast for him and returned at Christmas. He is an authority on automobiles, especially Hups and Fords. Kenneth is somewhat similar to a noted professor, you cannot slip anything over on him; you must assure him you are absolutely on speaking terms with what you are talking about or he will not believe you.

"I don't get you."

CHARLES P. CREIGHTON—"HAPPY"

"Stately and tall, he comes in the hall,  
The chief of the chemists, for grace."

"Happy" hails from New Westminster. He entered McGill in 1910, but as he saw that the B. C. E. R. was going to the dogs, he sacrificed a year of his career to set them on the right track again. He is now a full-fledged member of the tribe of Sc. '16, and if "clothes make the man," he is a first-class chemist.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you."

WILLIAM H. SMITHSON—"SCHMIDTY"

"Fill me with the old familiar juices."

Records fail to reveal the place of his birth. According to his own story he was chief engineer on the F. O. B. Rly. survey. We wonder why he left such a job to come to college. Nevertheless, we always hear the fellows talking about the good times they've had down at 'Bill's."

"Say, isn't she a bear?"

BENJ. H. HOWELL—"HUNKY"

"My life is one damned horrid grind."

"Hunky" came originally from Galt, Ont., but is now among the Indians of the North Shore. He entered McGill in Arts in 1909, intending to take the "double course." He is now among the ranks of Vulcan. We suppose he will graduate sometime. Assistant demonstrator in Mechanical Drawing and is said to be able to detect the presence of an electric current by feeling it.

"Search me."



**IRA W. BEVERLY—"BILL."**

"O, there are barren tasks, too hard to keep, Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep."

"Bill" claims Rossland as his home. He entered Arts '15 in 1911, but changed to the noble tribe of iron-mongers in 1912. Here we hope to keep him. Bill is our reporter for the shows; he goes to all the good (?) shows and tells us all about them. Being a frugal race, it saves us the money. He is averse to applying the razor to his features more than once a week.

"Been to the Orpheum yet this week."

**SYDNEY WHYTE—"SYD."**

"He was in Calculus a great critic, Profoundly skilled in Analytic."

"Syd." started playing basketball in 1895, and has kept it up ever since. His other occupation is sign painting. He is extremely fond of showing his strength (?) He entered McGill in 1910. Showed experience in ways of the police court in Vancouver (e. g. Vancouver Exhibition, 1913). Assistant professor in Calculus. His methods are good but not very practicable.

"Say, Mister——?"

**HAROLD HELME—"SKIPPER"**

"I would be a girdle about her dainty, dainty waist."

"Skipper's" brain is smoky about the first few years of his life, and he cannot remember where he came from. We are inclined to think he was a sea-faring man ("you know what sailors are"). Since a canoe trip to Bowen Island last summer he has not been allowed near the water, and must be content to pilot his old red bus around Vancouver. He is a great rugby player and is said to be even fonder of rugby than of studying.

"I wouldn't be seen driving that—car."

**FRED. G. TAYLOR—"FRED."**

"Late! late! this awful, strenuous strife! Was I ever on time in all my life?"

"Fred." is one of that misguided race who live in Victoria. He shows that he is more intelligent than the rest of them by coming to Vancouver for his education. He entered McGill in 1912 and promises to be a credit to "the bunch." He has a "sup" in French.

"Well, boys, we'll light up the old jimmy."

**CHARLES W. PEARCY—"SUSIE"**

"Don't let your studies interfere with your education."

"Susie" was born in Toronto, but strong ties bind him to Nelson. Life seems to sit lightly on his curly head and his countenance is always wreathed in smiles. We have heard rumors of nightly gatherings at his residence to study (?) He says he will have a still better time WHEN he buys his car.

"I think I'll go to the Pan this afternoon."



SURVEY SCHOOL.



PROF. KENDALL.



PROF. STONE.



PROF'S. ROBINSON & STONE.



TANGOING.



LOCAL CELEBRITIES.

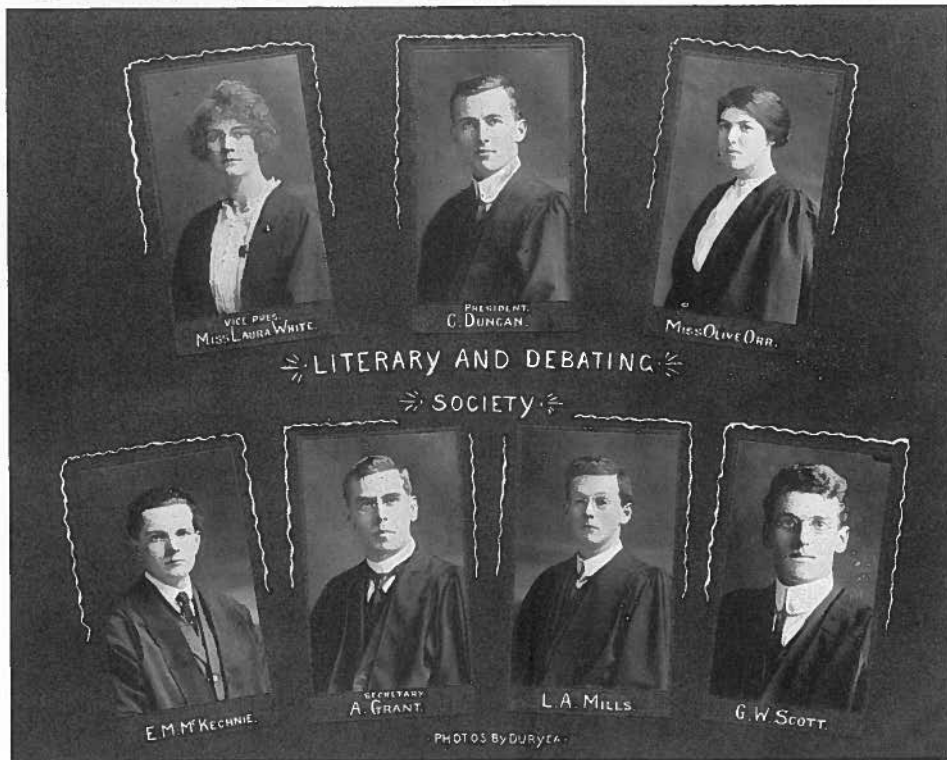


SURVEYING.



BERT and BOLO!





## Literary and Debating

The L. D. S. of 1913-14 has been better supported by the student body than ever before. This is due in part to several innovations that have been introduced and in part to the good spirit shown by Arts '17.

In the past dancing had not been regarded as a literary amusement. When the president broached the subject to the faculty he was recommended to read an article on the Duty of Being Intelligent. Dancing, he was told consisted in a mere tickling of the external sensibilities, a mere rhythmical motion of the pedal extremities. The president takes the liberty of denying these statements. Dancing as he has experienced it means moving desks in and out of the science drafting room. He recommends that instead of electing a president of the L. D. S. next election three or four big Swedes be employed to do his duties.

The L. D. S. has confined its activities, this year, with the exception of the Columbia debate, wholly to inter-class debating.

The first meeting of the year consisted of a general programme and a short address by Mr. Carter, the president of the University Club, followed by a dance

## Arts '15 vs. Arts '16

The first of the series of inter-class debates was the chief feature of the next Lit. night. The question of Oriental immigration was ably discussed by Mr. Mills and Mr. Luckcraft for Arts '15 and Mr. Millar and Mr. Dawe for Arts '16. Mr. Mills whose speech was a model of academic oratory won the debate by citing the authority of a gentleman whose name included most of the letters in the alphabet and by establishing the fact that Japs are never brought up in the Police Court. The evening was wound up by a dance.

### Arts '16 vs. Arts '17

The next debate on the schedule was between 1st and 2nd year. 'Resolved that luxury is a principle cause of the present high cost of living.' Unfortunately the first year men, Messrs. Munro and McLellan, prepared their speeches on a different reading of the resolution, but it was this alone which led to an easy victory for the 2nd year men, Mr. Scott and Mr. R. G. Duncan. All four speakers exhibited good debating form. Mr. Scott proved that whereas the price of waffles was formerly X it is now X+Y, owing to increased luxury. The Indoor Trackmeet which followed the debate was a hilarious success. Miss McInnes distributed suitable prizes to the winners.

### Arts '15 vs. Arts '17

The first Lit. night after Christmas was largely attended. The resolution "Resolved that Home Rule is in the best interests of Ireland." was shouldered by four football players. W. Beveridge and Norm. Kemp, though entering the debating arena for the first time proved too much for Mick McLellan and Ken McLennan of Arts '17. All four speakers were complimented on their style by Mr. Henry. This debate closed the first series. The evening closed with the usual dance.

### Woman's Suffrage

What was perhaps the most humorous debate of the season and certainly the most largely attended, discussed that dangerous subject "Should the suffrage be extended to women?" Mr. Smeeton and Miss Todhunter of Arts '17 bore off the victors' laurels with two splendid speeches. Miss Hatch and Mr. Gibson of Arts '16 while slightly outclassed only need experience to make good debaters. Mr. Maxwell delivered the decision. This debate only shows what could be done if the L. D. S. and the L. L. D. S. would only combine with one heart and one purpose.

Unfortunately the remaining debates cannot be written up owing to the fact that the Annual is going to the press earlier this year. In conclusion, if it is not too much assumption on their part, the president and executive would like to mention one or two things which next year's Literary Society can and should attend to:

- I. A constitution and bylaws for the society should be drawn up.
- II. It would add greatly to the interest of the meetings if the L. D. S. and the L. L. D. S. were combined. We have never yet heard a good reason for not taking this step and there is any amount of reasons which urge its desirability.
- III. A schedule should be drawn up to make the inter-class championship more than a mythical Holy Grail.

### McGill vs. Columbian

Never did the stern faces of the painted divines on the walls of Columbian College look down on such a glorious mob as filled the hall of Columbian on the night of January 24th, 1914. The atmosphere was big with expectation when Munro launched out into his subject. "Sandy's" sonorous voice rose and fell with the certitude of an old campaigner as he shook "the quivers of his wrath" in the face of his opponents. A very young youth replied for Columbian. His knowledge of Greek history seemed to impress the judges. Mr. Luckraft rose to his feet with his usual cryptical smiles and his speech was good to listen to. When the next speaker had exhausted himself Duncan reared his royal form. His Bull story played quite an important part in the rest of the debate. The last speaker for Columbia was "a gooshawk able well to rend his prey," but a large part of his speech was devoted to "sigh-cology" and "al-geebra", two subjects which though not taught at McGill, seem to play an important part at Columbian.





***The Ladies' Literary and Debating Society***

Miss M. Fisher, Miss D. Fleishman, Miss L. White, Miss M. Carruthers, Miss K. Laidlaw  
Miss E. Frame, Miss Z. Hawe, Miss Evelyn Story, Miss G. Miller

## **Ladies' Literary and Debating Society**

The term 1913-14, now drawing to a close, has been the most successful in the history of the society, not only from the numerical standpoint, but also from the interest aroused and the enthusiasm maintained. The members of the society have worked in harmony one with the other and have given every assistance to the officers, and to this factor is due much of the success achieved. Miss Laura White, the President, has proved an able leader and has had the unfailing support and assistance of a capable executive.

At the commencement of the term a programme of attractive meets was drawn up with special attention paid to debates. This programme, to date, has been carried out in its entirety, each gathering being of interest and of great merit. For the first time since the formation of the society, visitors have this term, been admitted to our meetings and have lent an additional interest to the proceedings. Thanks are particularly due to the wives of the faculty for their regular attendance at the meetings, their presence being an inspiration to our members.

Another innovation this term has been the serving of refreshments at our meetings, this proving a great help in promoting sociability.

It has been the aim and object of the executive to make the Ladies' Literary Debating Society an important factor in the life and progress of McGill University College of B. C., and it is satisfactory to note that each year the worth and importance of the society is becoming more and more recognized. The future of the society is assured and there is no doubt that its work and operations will do much to promote the popularity of our Alma Mater.

At the first meeting the President, Miss White, welcomed the Freshmen to the society and impressed upon them the advantages to be gained by taking an active interest in the meetings. The entire society then retired to the reading room where Arts '15 received the Freshmen.

On November 6 the Honorary President, Mrs. G. E. Robinson and Miss McInnes addressed the meeting and later Miss McInnes entertained the society in the library.

The inter-class debates has been especially interesting, Arts '15 winning the cup this year.

At the close of the second debate Mrs. Robinson graciously received the girls in the library.

On December 4 Miss K. McQueen, President of the Women's University Club gave an interesting account of the early days of McGill University College in B. C. Mrs. Jamieson, a member of the same club, gave an inspiring address on "The Advantages of College Life for Girls."

During the second week of January interest ran high regarding the Magazine meeting in charge of Arts '16. Needless to say every member attended and manifested a lively interest in the local hits. The home-cooking department gave a demonstration of their culinary art, in the library, where cream puffs were eagerly sought after.

In February Arts '17 entertained the society, exhibiting some promising talent. They also provided refreshments and a jolly hour was spent, eating "ice hearts."

## Sandspit Legend

About fifty miles up the coast of British Columbia, lie two islands, Cortez and Mary, about four miles apart. On the side of Mary Island nearest Cortez, stretches a long sandspit, on the end of which is a solitary boulder. And today a legend is told, by the Indians, of this peculiar formation.

Many, many years ago, a tribe of Indians lived on Cortez Island. Unto the chief a girl child was born—but—as she grew to be a maiden her wide, wistful eyes remained without life as on the day of her birth. Wenonah, for such she was called, being the chief's first born, was as beautiful and free as the wild blue-bell growing on the rocks, and from her lips issued words of wisdom. So it happened that the tribe came to worship her as a maiden sent from the Great Spirit.

Among the tribesmen was a slim, powerful warrior, half a head taller than any of his companions and he was called Honanki, the Bear House, because he was so moody and so silent. In all contests he excelled the other warriors; but he could not swim.

Now, Wenonah was human; and among all the warriors who worshipped her from afar off, she loved the silent Honanki; and he alone dared to do more than worship her—he dared to love her. When the tribesmen became aware that Honanki had ceased to worship Wenonah and loved her as man for woman, they arose in anger, stripped him of his weapons, and banished him to Mary Island.

Honanki sat himself down on the beach to think. Then, rising, he explored the island and on one side came upon great sand cliffs. His dull, enigmatic face lighted up. He bent, picked up some sand in his large hands, and with mighty strides hastened to the end of the island which was nearest Cortez. He flung it into the water and strode back to the sand cliffs. Again he picked up two handfuls of sand and carried them to the point where he had carried the first two, and so he set himself to the task of making a pathway from Mary Island to Cortez.

The days lengthened into moons, the moons into seasons, and the seasons became many, but still Honanki persevered. He only rested to catch a deer or a salmon in order to abate his hunger, or to sleep that he might rest his weary limbs.

The day at last came when the stretch of water was very narrow when he could see and recognize the faces of his tribesmen, who watched his labour in awe and superstition, for Wenonah had pined away, silently, wistfully, until within the last moon she had departed for the Land of Spirits—a day when he murmured to himself, "Before the sun has gone down I shall be with my tribe, with Wenonah." His work became feverish, he thanked the Great Spirit, he sang of his power and he laughed aloud.

The sun hung over the mountain when Honanki came with his last handfuls—came with a gigantic stride, strong, powerful, triumphant, he stood ready to leap to his land, eager, breathless, fearful his tribe awaited that lead. Suddenly a mighty whirlwind swept the channel and when the water became peaceful again the tribesmen beheld, where Honanki had stood—a great stone, and heard the Voice of the Great Spirit saying, "Wenonah is the sand. Day by day as you carried the sand you took away her strength. Rest now beside her always Honanki."

*Jessie Todhunter.*



**Solid Ivory**



LIONS AT-LARGE  
Miss FRANK DOLLERT



ASS. SECRETARY  
Miss ZELLA HOWE



TREASURER  
A.M. GORDON



SECRETARY  
T.I. GIBSON



MR. L.D.S.  
C. DUNCAN



ASS. ATHLETIC  
W.N. KEMP



AT-LARGE  
W.W. BEVERIDGE



AT-LARGE  
Miss KATHERINE PECK



1ST VICE PRESIDENT  
H. MILLER



PRESIDENT  
J.H. REID



2ND VICE PRESIDENT  
Miss LENNIE MACDONALD



ANNUAL  
Miss L.M. WHITE



MARSHALL  
J.L. LAWRENCE



PROV. TO  
W.M. LELLAN



SCOUTS TO  
G.L. FRASER



FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE  
H.T. LOGAN, JR.



FACULTY REPRESENTATIVE  
PROF. JORDAN



SCOUTS TO  
D.L. McNEILL



AT-LARGE  
W.A. DAWE

MEGILL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

1913 ALMA MATER SOCIETY 1914

PHOTOS BY DURYEA

## McGill, British Columbia

Whilst every student in British Columbia is looking forward to the time when the Provincial University will be established at Point Grey, and it will no longer be necessary to journey to the far-off East to gain the coveted degrees, yet we should not forget the great debt the cause of higher education in this province owes to the McGill University College of British Columbia. During the few years of its existence it has provided a splendid training for many a promising undergraduate who could not possibly have left home to secure it. It has supplied British Columbia with some of its most promising Rhodes scholars. Its graduates are already making their mark in the world. It has formed a nucleus for the coming university which will enable it to begin at a point which many other similar institutions have taken years to attain. Started at a time when educational prospects looked very dim, it has manfully filled the gap between the High School and the technical training necessary to fit one for professional life. In the athletic field, too, the wearers of the red and white have won a reputation for clean playing and gameness which has earned the respect of their opponents on many a hard fought field. In rugby, basketball, and hockey they have well maintained the high standard of the mother university in the East.

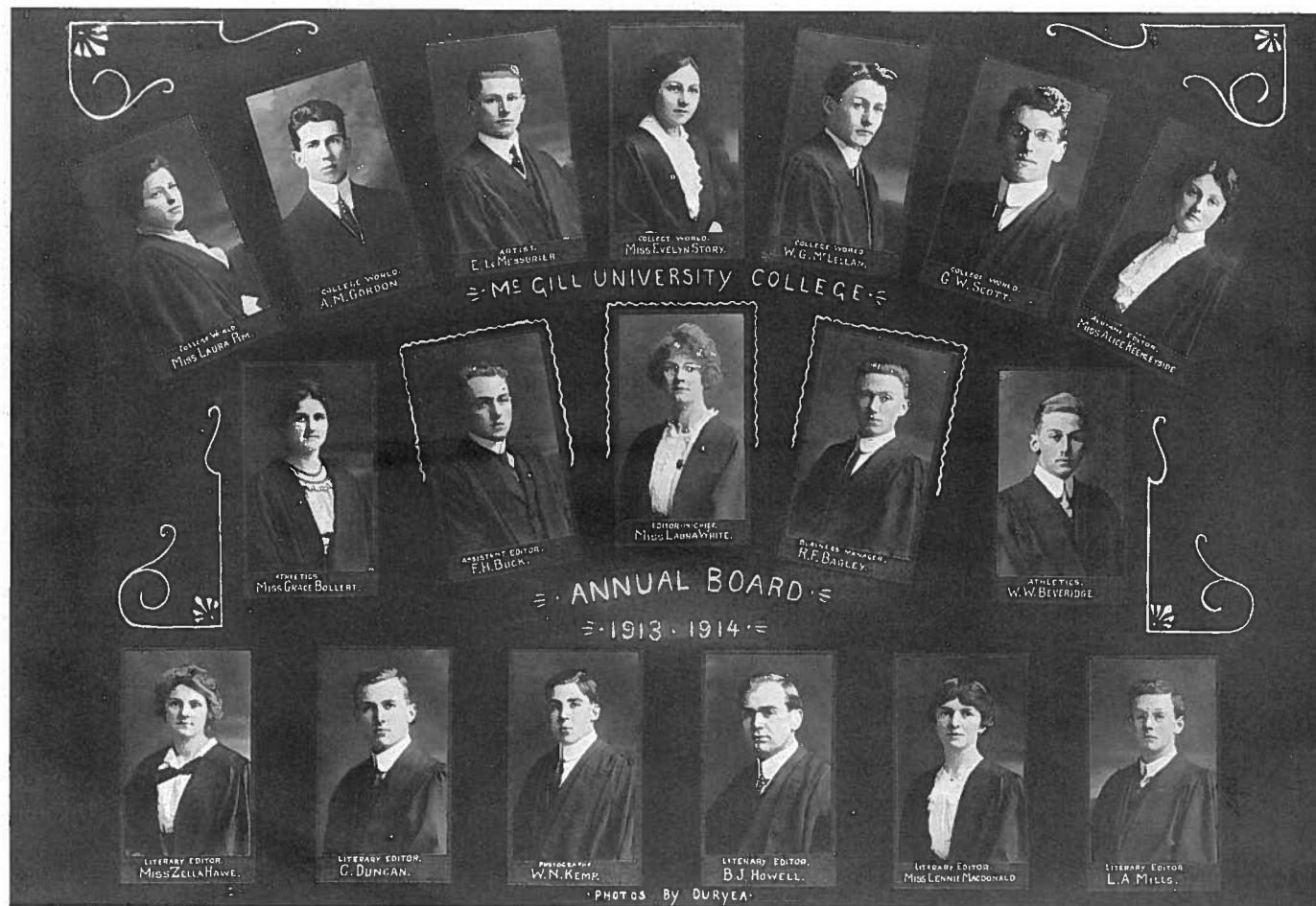
Our first building, the old brick hospital on Cambie Street, with its ivy-covered walls, will never be forgotten by the happy care-free students who studied beneath its shade. What famous "class rushes" there used to be in the long corridor between the Arts and Science buildings! What secrets those walls could reveal if they would only speak! The lines of Miss Ethelwyn Harris seem to express better than any words of mine the spirit of the place:

"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.

"The echoes of all your songs  
In my cobwebbed corners lie,  
And the whistling tunes will never,  
In my shadowed hall-ways 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."

We have left the good old building and are esconsed in our present warmer and better equipped quarters. But even here, owing to the rapid increase in our numbers, rooms must be constructed to provide for next year's classes. Surely this rapid expansion speaks well for the future. We students of M. B. C. are laying the foundations and forming the traditions of the incoming university. May we realize our responsibility and perform our duty well that those who come after us may benefit by our example.

B. '14.



# McGill Annual

Published by the Students of McGill University of B. C.

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Editor-in-Chief

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Business Manager

Volume 6

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

1914



Without doubt this has been a record year in every way for McGill, B. C., and under such conditions we feel that the "Annual" must also establish a record from both a financial and a literary standpoint.

Probably the greatest change is to be noticed in connection with the literary societies. Whereas in former years a mere handful of students turned out to the Friday evening debates, now Room 25 will hardly hold the crowds that come—well, certainly not for the little social dance afterwards!

A witty Junior has suggested changing the name of the L. L. D. S. to L. L. E. S. (which translated means the Ladies' Literary and Eating Society.) From the character of the meetings this year that would seem a very appropriate name. However, none of the girls can deny that the social hour spent in the library after meetings is an invention worth keeping up.

From the notice board we gather the information of a track meet to take place March 14th, between Columbian College and McGill. Under the able management of Mr. Kemp and with the aid of such athletes as Hoult, Jackson, Eckhardt and McNeill, we feel absolutely certain of an overwhelming victory over our friends from New Westminster.

The Freshmen this year have been bumptious. During the first few months we watched their actions in fear and trembling. However, a snow fight between the Arts and Science seems to have somewhat cooled their childish ardent spirits. Let us hope for a fairer and more gentlemanly settling of class difficulties in future years.

Contrary to expectation, the students responded well to our prize contest and we were almost overwhelmed with manuscripts. After much serious thought we decided to award the first prize of five dollars to Mr. Fitzhenry Powell, Arts '17, for his poem, "The Escape," and the second prize of three dollars to Miss Evelyn Story, Arts '17, for her essay, "Loneliness: Its Cure."



# LITERARY.

## The Man Who Lost His Grip

"I don't want to see you with that scape-grace Marstan again."

"Why, FATHER, Reg is a perfect gentleman, and besides he loves me. and I've promised to marry him!"

"What!" cried Mr. Warren, rising from his chair and facing his daughter, "you've promised to marry Reg. Marston?" His eyes flashed as he brought his fist down forcibly on the table. "I tell you, Ruth, I don't want to see Reg around here again until he can show some return for his four years at 'Varsity'!"

Reg., who was just outside, soon learned the outcome of the dispute within. The same thought had been occurring to him quite frequently, and this was the only spark needed to set him in action. When put on his mettle Reg had always proved himself a thoroughbred. As wing-forward on the Varsity team it was Reg who was always counted upon to pull the team together when they were hard pressed and loosing ground. At such times he would get the ball and, like a wild demon, plough through the opposing team with his bewildered team-mates, hellowing madly.

"I've got to get out, Ruthy, and I'm going to make Portland my goal. And you can get ready to come and help me on to glory before a year is passed," he said, and in the two weeks before his departure they talked over many, many things in their little seat beneath the lilac bushes.

He left Harrisburg and came to Portland. His little room overlooked the peaceful Willamette River. Each afternoon he could be seen sitting on the verandah, gazing into its depths, while forming in his mind chapter after chapter of his great book on economics. He felt sure he would soon become a new Samuel Blythe or Will Irwin. He worked desperately. At all hours his typewriter could be heard grinding out psychological treatises on political novels. Yet to the young author the click-click invariably spelt despair. A year fled by, and the river below his window was a mass of gleaming ice, over which the children were beginning to venture on skates. But as he gazed long and thoughtfully in the direction of the river, he saw not the scene before him, but one in which May and roses and lilacs figured. "I have lost!" he murmured through his set teeth, as if the words were rung from his very soul, "I have wasted my opportunities. Why didn't I take that job with the "Journal" instead of going back to Varsity! I would be head book-keeper now and Ruth and I would be happy. And this is what I get instead!" a groan escaped him as he drew a crumpled sheet from his pocket and began to read: "We have given your manuscript a thorough consideration and we do not see our way clear to accept the same. Like your other treatises sent in to us, it seems to fail as a scientific book and does not have the dramatic qualities of Fiction. Of course we don't—" Here he stopped, crushed the sheet between his hands and thrust it back into his pocket. Could it be that he had utterly failed? Was he to return home and start at the beginning to learn some trade? No! he could never do that.

"Good morning!" exclaimed the postman thrusting a letter into his hand, but the author did not know he was spoken to. Dark shadows played around his soft grey eyes. He did not hear the shouts from the skaters, nor feel the wintry blast which whistled in the eaves above. A sudden gust blew the letter from his lap. He mechanically picked it up, and glanced at it; "Yes, it is from her. She

is writing to cheer me, to tell me she will trust in me always, and I?—I have done nothing! Oh God! I can't open her letter! It will make me long to tell her the truth! to cry out to her that I am unworthy of her. No! I must cherish her letter, certainly—but it shall be cherished, unread and unanswered until I can write her of success!"

He replaced it in his pocket. Then he stopped, his limbs stiffened and he forgot his dismal musings and became once more the keen athlete, for there arose to his ears through the clear air the shrill cry of one boy who was struggling madly in mid-stream. Reg rushed off in the direction of the old saw mill, followed by a wail that froze him to the bone. He returned dragging several long planks which he began throwing out on the ice toward the struggling boy. But they did not reach to the hole. He cried to the boy to tread with his feet and keep his hands outstretched on the firm ice. He then fell to his stomach and wriggled out on the precarious surface, pushing the board walk before him nearer and nearer to the little fellow now bravely clinging to the weak ice against the force of the current. "Hold on, Harry! I'm coming!" he shouted, recognizing the lad as one who often played around his house, but he never came. The ice creaked, bent, and, with re-action of his final shove it broke, precipitating him into the frigid current. But he had saved the boy. The front of the long line of planks flew across the gaping hole, resting on each side of it and the boys on shore soon dragged their playmate to safety. Marston could easily touch bottom and he waded to land, breaking the ice as he went.

The following day the author was smoking his pipe on the porch when Mr. Bennett, the child's father stopped, opened the gate and advanced to him.

"Good day, Mr. Marston," he said with great feeling. "I can not begin to thank you for the heroic way you saved my son."

"Mr. Bennett, I couldn't have stopped myself if I had tried especially when I saw it was my little playmate Harry Bennett. How is he feeling today?"

"He is feeling pretty weak and he is all alone up there, he wants to see you very much. I wish you could drop in this afternoon."

"I will, Mr. Bennett. I have always taken a fancy to Harry and his brown eyes. He reminds me so much of —er— a friend of mine," he added hastily.

That afternoon he went to see the boy, whom he found in bed propped up with pillows. "Hello, Mr. Marston," he cried in friendly fashion, "Gee, isn't the water cold?" His brown eyes flashed with thankfulness and Marston stood silently gazing at the little fellow, who had so much of the sweetness and joyous spirit of his own sweetheart. Then he played games with Harry, drew him pictures and told him stories—Oh! such stories. His listener would sit upright in bed, his wide eyes fixed upon him. He told of fires he had been in, of shipwrecks, of wild animals, until the youngster forgot his cruel accident, forgot everything!

So each day for nearly a week Marston payed his friend a visit, telling him new stories, impossible events, always something different. And each evening Mr. Bennett, on his return from the Daily Ledger office, would sit and listen to the weird tales re-told by the boy. He became fascinated with this young man, and would stop every noon and chat with him. One wintry evening they sat together before the grate-fire, and, Marston, always averse to exchanging confidences, finally told his neighbor his whole story: how he had spent sleepless nights and penniless days to realize his ambitions in the cold city and was now at the end of his resources with nothing in the distance for him but disgrace. Mr. Bennett was overcome by this account. It seemed incredible to him, who got his check regularly every month, that a man could starve along with so much determination when he might easily work at some trade. Knowing he would only offend by offering material assistance, he quietly planned a way he thought would be acceptable.

One day soon after this conversation, a letter was left at the Crawford Rooms addressed to "Mr. R. Marston" with the label of the of the Portland Daily Ledger in the corner. The Monday following, a new reporter was enrolled with the great daily to cover the "generals."

He worked hard and conscientiously. His accounts of local incidents were so vivid and so full of imaginative interest that he was given every opportunity by the editor for advancement. Finally the Fall election campaign for governor gave Marston an opening for real achievement. The "Ledger" was the great Democratic organ supporting Senator McLelan for governor. Daily, the young reporter would interview the great party men. He was liked everywhere for he was always full of enthusiasm. For hours he would sit with McLelan discussing party questions. In the psychology of politics he had become quite an authority through his studies for his ill-fated political novels, and he realized now the advantages his college training had given him, and often, in his thoughtful moments he would say: "I would not have my four years at Varsity sacrificed for all the jobs on the old Journal!"

It was the evening before elections and right on the front page of the Ledger appeared Mr. Marston's last announcement to the electors. It was so well written, so logical and so enthusiastic in its statements that it left no doubt in anyone's mind as to the ultimate result at the polls. Reg sat in the reporters' room reading a proof copy when his telephone rang, "Hello," the deep voice at the other end said, "This is McLelan, I would like you to come up to the house to-night, Marston."

"All right, governor," replied Reg banteringly. He hastened to comply with the summons. He was shown into the candidate's library by a lackey in livery. At his approach the future governor rushed from his seat and grasped the reporter's hand, "Reg, my son! you've won the governorship for me. That article to-night was the best I've ever seen! After I am elected I want you in my office to help me to hold the position!"

Reg was stunned by his success. For months he had planned to start back to fulfil his promise of two years before. At this new success he waited no longer, but hurried by the first train to his old home where his kindly old mother and father proudly welcomed him. Soon, however, he rushed forth in the direction of Ruth's mansion on the hill above the city. This he found quite unpainted and dilapidated. He rushed into the house and found Mrs. Warren sewing in the cheerless parlor. She told him that Ruth was not home from school yet. "School!" cried Reg, thunderstruck. "Yes," said she, "Ruth has been teaching since Mr. Warren failed last fall." Reg was overwhelmed and hastened forth toward the school house in his impatience to see his unfortunate sweetheart. He was stopped at the gate by a sad young woman with quiet brown eyes. He stood back in astonishment "Ruth! is it you? My dear little laughing rose. What business have you teaching without asking me?" She stood regarding him for some time. "Why Reg, didn't I tell you how father had lost his business and I was teaching, in that letter I wrote you—which was never answered!"

"But—I—never read it! I was afraid it would break my nerve and that I would tell you how I had pinched and starved and—failed!" He looked down at her beseechingly. "How you must have suffered to lose all the pleasures and comforts out of your life!"

"I guess, Reg, I kind of lost my grip for a while when you didn't write for so long!" she sighed and smiled tenderly up into his face. Reg saw then, in the sweet face before him, the flashing eyes of the lilac bushes, the deep brown eyes of Harry Bennett, the eyes that had haunted him always since the night he left Harrisburg, when last they looked into his; and as he stood looking at her he knew he loved her more than everything else in the world.

"Ruthy dear, I, too, lost my grip but I searched and searched and I found a suit-case instead! and we're going right away to find your's too!" He took her by the hand and ran behind the old familiar lilac bushes into their old nook where he kissed her tenderly, and told her many, many things in the growing dusk of evening.

## The Sacrifice

A Tale of the R. N. W. M. P.

On a wintry night in the ice-bound north,  
Far from his home in the south,  
Sat a manacled man whose name was Dan,  
With a curious twist to his mouth.

His jailor a stalwart Nor' Wester  
Stood by the open stove;  
He'd a gun at his hip and a stiff upper lip—  
A regular dare-devil cove.

The manacled man was speaking,  
With a sobbing catch to his voice,  
While he clutched with his hands at the iron  
strands  
That bound him through none of his choice.

"To-day is her twenty-first birthday,  
To-morrow we were to be one;  
But you've got me at last for that shot in  
the past;  
Ah, well! God's will be done."

"While panning for dust on the pay streak,  
That son of a cur came along,  
And tried, so I'm told, to win her by gold  
And his fawning, flattering tongue."

"When the news came up to the goldfields,  
I went home, and found it was true,  
So I filled him with lead from his feet to  
his head!  
And I'd do it again, wouldn't you?"

As he spoke he drew from his pocket  
A photograph withered and torn,  
Which he tenderly kissed while a gathering  
mist  
Spread over his countenance worn.

"I'm sorry it's me that has caught you," th  
The red-coat surlily swore,  
"But I've got you in tow and I can't let go,  
For I'm here to enforce the law."

So saying, he banked up the fire,  
And threw off his coat on the trunk,  
And made all tight for the Arctic night,  
And wearily crawled in his bunk.

The whimpering moan of the wind in the  
trees,  
The creak of the frost-bound pine,  
Was the lullaby air to the lonely pair,  
In that shack near the Arctic line.

The man who was bound with the chains of  
shame,  
Lay down for a fitful sleep,  
To dream, if he may, of the happy day,  
When his cherished harvest he'd reap.

But the drowsy God from the land of nod  
Is wooed by the captive in vain;  
For the thought will arise and blind his eyes,  
That he's cursed with the brand of Cain.

At length when the flickering light from the  
stove  
Has almost ceased to play,  
He sees his guard from his mattress hard  
Get up, tho' t'was far from day.

With a softened look on his stern-lined face,  
He walked right out through the door;  
And the prisoner took note he'd forgotten his  
coat.  
And the cap which he always wore.

And the hours rolled by till the morning sun,  
Scattered his light in the shack;  
But the guardian of law who had passed  
through the door  
Never once more came back.

He was found when the winter gave place to  
spring,  
Stretched out 'neath a tall young larch;  
For to sleep in the snow at sixty below  
Can't be done on the first of March.

And the reason the Nor' Wester will tell you,  
Why the pair of them were missed,  
Is because the man who was guarding Dan,  
Was just a somnambulist!

But I know the real true reason,  
If you won't believe the other;  
For the Royal North West in his lengthy  
quest

Had discovered his long-lost brother!

—FITZHENRY POWELL.

Arts '17.

## Loneliness and Its Cure

He was young—too young for a professor, because he hadn't got over feeling "out of it" when there was rough house. He was a big, solitary, muscular figure, sitting motionless in the trolley, but his eyes glowed darkly as he viewed the customary writhing, kicking, howling mass in the aisle. Suddenly a big foot was thrust out from the general heap, and he leaped to his feet. Forgotten was his degree, forgotten his position in the college world. All he remembered was that there was a foot and that he wanted to twist it—hard! But even as he leaped to his feet, a jerk of the car recalled him, reminding him that he was professor of McGill University, B. C., and that he was looking after some seventy-five or one hundred students on their way to the inter-collegiate games at C. M. C.

At the recollection, he sank heavily back into his seat, and dragged his eyes away from the disturbing sight in the aisle, letting their glance wander up and down the car. What he saw was no less disturbing. Such numbers of jolly fellows and pretty girls! And what a time they were having together! The memories it stirred up! Now he was on the way from Toronto to Kingston, not a solitary figure, but a glad young being in a blue and white sweater, leading a stamping, swaying, shouting chorus as it surged madly up and down the aisle. Even now he could feel the blood pulsing through his body at the memory of the hoarse "Varsity! Varsity!" How heartily the girls had applauded, and how demurely a certain pair of wide grey eyes had met his, as he sank, breathless, into his seat beside her! No; he hadn't been a lonely young man then, but a lucky dog, had he but known it. What had they disagreed on, anyway? Oh, yes. He had objected to her skating with Jack Sinclair on the Varsity rink—and for a good reason, too. But then, he shouldn't have been so stubborn. Well, it was all over now, and he supposed she had finished her course in music and was teaching—or married. Most likely the latter. Girls like Mary Robertson don't stay single—

Crash! The awakening was certainly rude, as such awakenings are apt to be. He sprang to his feet as a bristling head, two arms and a pair of broad shoulders came plunging through the glass door between the smoker and the car.

"Oh, here's your rag doll. Oh, here's your rag doll," came in a hoarse roar from behind the bristling one, and to the accompaniment of the Science yell, "Buck," the college joker, shot into the arms of his Arts supporters.

In an instant every Arts man had deserted his lady, and was charging madly for the smoker to take revenge on the Science men, who had dared to maltreat one of their number. But they met unexpected opposition, for at the door of the smoker stood a stalwart young figure with glowing cheeks and steady eyes. The young professor watched with some amusement the effect produced by his action, on the turbulent throng. It fell back a little, but only for a second.

"Let us pass, McKenzie. We've got to take it out of their hides!" "Cabbage him under our very noses and mauled him. We'll show them the Arts men won't stand for that!" "Are you going to let us in or not?" demanded another, as the men saw that McKenzie made no move to take his back from the door.

"Why, certainly I'm not! What do you think I'm here for? A trolley car half-full of ladies is a fine place for a scrap, isn't it?" The latter remark caused the unruly mob to pause long enough to hear faint feminine shrieks, which they took, in their blundering, masculine way, for signals of distress. It decided the point. Reluctantly each pugnacious student returned to his place, and the young professor followed suit, feeling more alone than ever. In theory he should have felt exalted, for had he not championed the cause of law and order, and been successful? But instead, a heavy lump seemed to rest on his chest, and grew heavier as he caught various hostile glances levelled at him.

"Well, we're at the village at last," shouted some wag, and a fiendish roar swelled along the car and out the windows, causing passersby to stop and stare in open-mouthed amusement as the car, with flying red and white streamers, plunged down the street. At the college all lighted, and McKenzie strolled idly toward the park. Three hours to kill until supper time.

But the time did not hang so heavily as he had imagined. He found himself boyishly excited when McGill won the ice hockey, and after the soccer and basketball was quite surprised that supper was served. In the dining room, however, that queer weight which had, during the afternoon, lifted from his chest, returned. Merry laughter and jests circled around him, but he was out of it. He was a professor, and one who "butted in!"

As he left the dining room he noticed a crowd standing around the music-

room door, and heard a boy saying that the music teacher was going to favor them. Some one was playing the opening chords of "Sing Me to Sleep," and as the familiar notes drifted out to him, he dropped into a chair in the shadow, with an overwhelming sense of homesickness. Again he was leaning over the piano in a fire-lit drawing-room, watching the luminous eyes of a tender slip of a girl. From parted lips her glorious voice throbbed in a quiver of pain:

"Love, I am lonely, years are so long!  
I want you only, you and your song,  
Dark is life's shore, love,  
Night is so deep!  
Leave me no more, love, sing me to sleep!"

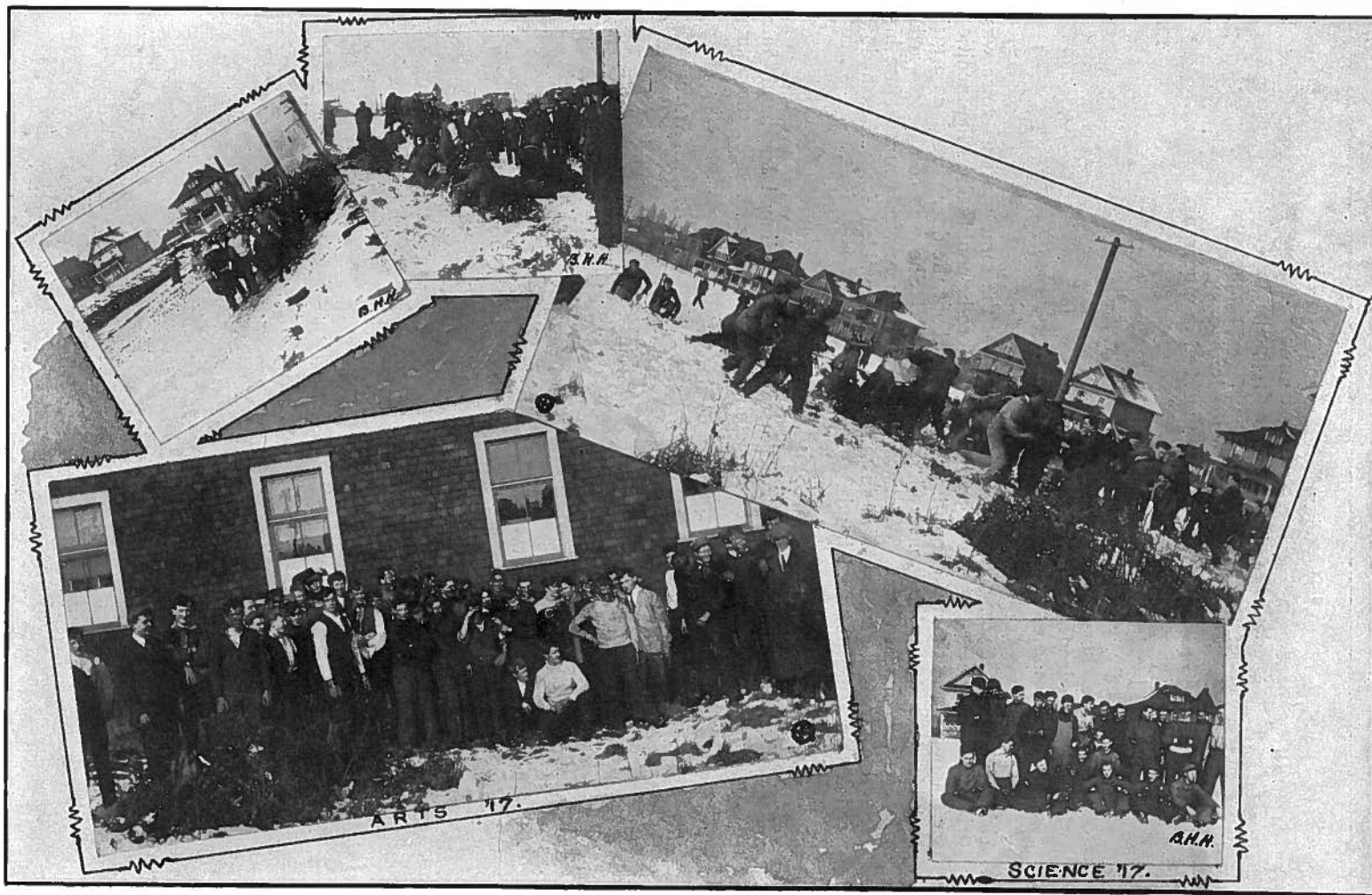
Oh! he could hear it yet. He was hearing it! Yes! the same glorious voice was pouring forth the never-to-be-forgotten words. Before he could collect his faculties there was a hush in the music room. The crowd about the door parted, as a girl with wide, grey eyes glided out and down the hall. She was coming towards him! She was almost there! What would he do? There was a mist before his eyes, and a strange, numbness in his limbs, as he stumbled from the shadow toward her with outstretched hands.

"Mary!" he whispered hoarsely.

"Dick!" she gasped, as with a little stifled sob she slipped her hands into his. And the troublesome weight completely lifted from the chest of the young professor.

*Evelyn Storey.*





### **Canto the First**

Arms and the men I sing celestial muse,  
Who, driven by scornful hate, did sore abuse  
The banner, standard, pennant or device  
Of Arts '17, and therefore paid the price;  
Recount, ye Glorious Nine, the dreadful ire  
When Science closed with Arts in battle dire.  
O Muse, recount what deeds of might were wrought,  
When joined in war the awful, fierce onslaught,  
Then, Mick McLellan, rose thy battle cry,  
Then did the Science slogan rend the sky,  
Then 'mid a murky mist the forces closed,  
And foot to foot and hand to hand opposed.

### **Canto the Second**

What 'vailed thy might, O warlike Fraser then?  
What 'vailed the bravery of the Science men?  
Like Aetna bellowing from her winding caves,  
As thunder on the shore great Neptune's waves,  
So Smeeton rose thy soul-dismaying roar,  
The Science, trembling, shake, the Arts men onward pour.  
Then sank stout Pim by ponderous weight oppressed,  
For fifteen foes were perched upon his chest;  
Then swore swift Hoult with imprecation grim,  
At least a dozen had a-holt of him.  
So, vanquished, lay the mighty engineers,  
Who often did demolish forty beers.

### **Canto the Third**

O, mighty Mars, forever banish far  
The bloody shocks of fierce domestic war;  
But if again by daring, impious hand  
Of Science men our pennant should be canned,  
O Juno! they shall surely bite the ground  
In dire confusion, and in fear profound.  
O Victory! to whom we sacrifice,  
The way we'll murderate them won't be nice!  
Place not your hope in Amazonian power,  
Who in the hour of need turned off the shower;  
Their tears and pleadings shall not save your life  
If e'er again we meet in mortal strife.

—*Carolus Duncanus.*



## Who was Datchery?

(Mr. Bryce Wallace.)

The Luminaries of literary London shed no new light upon the dark mystery of Dicken's unfinished novel, "Edwin Drood." G. B. Shaw, the unparalleled, G. K. Chesterton, the paradoxical, and the others of that brilliant band of journalists and Dickens lovers, arrived at no definite decision in their recent trial of the famous "Drood" case. We had hoped for better things! Chesterton is perhaps the greatest living authority on Dickens. Indeed, in many respects he resembles him. He too, is a lover of London, and a familiar figure on its streets. He also champions the cause of the oppressed, and exerts a wide influence by his writings. But more, perhaps in spite of his "orthodoxy," he is like Dickens, a deeply religious man. Yet with all these bonds of sympathetic insight, he has not given us a clear statement as to the conclusion of the story, not decided who this mysterious Datchery was.

But theories concerning this personage are not by any means lacking. It is now agreed among the best critics that he cannot be a new character. The story is well advanced when he appears. To suppose that an important new character would be created near the end of the novel, would almost seem to belittle the genius of Dickens. So it is supposed that this keen, vivacious stranger who enters the sleepy village of Cloisterham, six months after Drood's disappearance, must be one of the earlier characters of the story, in a clever disguise.

Sir W. Robertson Nicolls' theory is perhaps the most plausible one. He brings together in a masterly and scholarly fashion, a mass of external and internal evidence, to prove that Datchery was none other than Helena Landless, twin sister of the suspected murderer. This view has much that is reasonable, and more that is attractive, to commend it. Helena has daring and skill. Twice before she has masqueraded as a boy; she is passionately devoted to her brother, and firmly convinced of his innocence. Hence we have here the cleverness, the courage and the personal motive, for her assuming the difficult role of Datchery.

Against this theory however, it may be pointed out, that whereas Dick Datchery was very evidently a man of the world, Helena frankly tells her friend, Miss Rosa Bud, that she has everything to learn. There is also much incongruity between the personal appearance of Helena and Datchery. Even admitting a clever disguise, we can hardly think of the lithe, girlish Helena, with her "dark fiery eyes" becoming the easy-going, elderly Datchery of large head, flowing white hair, and never a trace of flashing eyes. Then would not the curious villagers have observed the small hands and feet of the stranger? Further, as we note the few glimpses we get of Datchery in solitude, we observe no traces of womanliness. He calls for his pint of sherry wine. He lingers over his ale at supper. He also carefully scrutinises Jaspar's door, and looks keenly at the latter's face, while unobserved. But Helena knew Jaspar and his home, quite well. What therefore would be the need for this examination?

Another theory, with still a few advocates, is that Bazzard, clerk to that very angular lawyer, Mr. Grewgions, was the mysterious one. This is an extremely unlikely thing. That the sullen, disobedient servant, a taciturn and thoroughly disagreeable person, could be the fluent and genial Dick Datchery seems impossible; we cannot imagine such a transformation.

We would rather favour the "Tartar" theory. Why should not the skilful, friendly Mr. Tartar be Datchery? He is a retired naval officer, with a good education. He had "fagged" for the minor Canon while at college, and once saved his hero's life. He lived very near Mr. Grewgions in London. Here, too, he

had met, and fallen in love with, Miss Rosa Bud. He has a well built, athletic frame, and is about thirty years of age. He evidently retains his love for adventure, witness his daring in entering and leaving the house of Neville Handless. Doubtless the life on shore would be monotonous to his restless spirit. If either Grewgions or Rosa Bud suggested to him the possibility of clearing up this mystery of Drood's death, it would appeal to his desire for excitement. Then a deeper motive can be found in being able to rid his friend, the Canon, of much perplexity, of helping his new found friend, Neville Landless, and above all, in freeing his sweetheart from the unwelcome attentions of Jasper.

Datchery appears in Cloisterham with the air of a military man, yet he has the heartiness of the sailor. This at once suggests the navy. His acuteness in gaining information from the old opium hag, and from "Deputy"—his ability in fooling the pompous Mr. Tapsea, all suggest the sailor and traveller. Tartar refers to himself as an "idle dog." Datchery speaks of himself as "an idle buffer." Tartar has fantastic ideas about his home. Datchery asks for "inconvenient lodgings." Then could not his "uncouth" chalk marks be some secret naval code?

The main difficulty, that of Datchery seeming to be in Cloisterham, while Tartar is in London, is removed when we remember the nearness of the two places. Evidently Dickens intended Tartar to play an important part in the dénouement. Nothing, therefore, could be more fitting than to suppose that as Datchery, he would clear up the mystery, remove his friend's troubles, then finally wed the altogether charming Miss Rosa Bud.





## Arts '16

Dwelling apart from the wilder element of the student body, we have that most dignified and exclusive bunch known as Arts '16. Annoyed at the unruly and child-like impetuosity of the Freshmen, they forsook their ancient hold on rooms 24 and 25 and sought a quiet and peaceful retreat on "the third floor back." Here they diligently pursue their studies, pausing but to reprove the order of the science mob, who, from their lair at the other end of the hall, test out the laws of velocity and force by hurling sundry articles of furniture at the doors.

Above all, the Sophomores are of many kinds. There are three different types of individuals and these three groups are composed of almost "fifty-seven varieties." First: the mournful and severe features of the theologues catch our attention. Then there are the would-be theologues, an ambitious set, who wander about disconsolately. But although these counterfeits avoid all college activities, except possibly the lit, and gaze with benign tolerance on inter-class struggles, yet no one is deceived into mistaking them for Theologues, why some or probably most of this group, have not yet succeeded in mastering the Scotch accent! Finally, there are a few who make feeble attempts to stir up some excitement. These reprobates seem unable to shake off the enthusiasm of their Freshman days, and only the sternest treatment by their class mates save them from sinking into the unrighteous act of bowling, and of even matching for pies.

The Mogul of this motley throng is Mr. Dawe. He fills his position most ably, as he can adapt himself to any of the above-mentioned varieties. He holds his meetings to order, with stern and dignified aspect, and it is scarcely credible that he could handle innocent Freshmen the way he has been seen to do on occasions. When presidential duties are not too onerous, Mr. Dawe plays basketball or else plays on the Intermediate Rugby team.

If the question "have you a little fairy in your class?" were put to Arts '16, the answer would be "we have." In dramatic circles she is known as Moth, in an official capacity as Vice-President of Arts '16. We refer of course to Evelyn Lipsett, the president's left-hand(ed) support, who holds an iron sway over the fair members of the class.

The Honorary President of this celebrated band is Mr. H. T. Logan. Unfortunately, we cannot attach to him any credit for the unusual characteristics of the Sophomore class.

The other class officers are Isabel MacMillan, the secretary, and Merrill DesBrisay, the treasurer. Miss MacMillan appears to divide her time between the skating rink and innumerable volumes of minutes which record the doing of the famous Arts '16. Mr. DesBrisay, who is a somewhat ostricized individual on account of his position, finds more contentment in treasuring scars received in Ice Hockey and Rugby battles, than in guarding the Arts '16 treasury. But Mr. DesBrisay's most enviable position is that of champion proposer among the men of the college.

Of other members of Arts '16, a few must be mentioned.

Zella Hawe, the secretary of the L. L. D. S., and assistant secretary of the Alma Mater Society holds a position unique in the life of our college—She is the college dramatic promoter.

Muriel Carruthers and Eleanor Frame are the Arts '16 representatives to the L. L. D. S. Executive.

Annie Fountain, Agnes Greggor and Elizabeth Hatch, act in the Mathe-

matics classes as a living example of extremes and means. Miss Greggor is also famous for her "Bull-dog Grip" in basketball games, and Miss Hatch has lately brought some reputation to herself as an anti-suffragette.

Jean Macleod, a retired Basketball Captain may be rivalled, but never surpassed, as a Ladies' Reading Room Debater. No argument which is fought out in this battleground of modern thought is complete without Jean's views on the subject under discussion.

Probably the most famous person in Arts '16 is Jimmy Lawrence. Shakespeare said that "a merry heart goes all the day," but had he known Jimmy he would have had to add "and night." How Revelstoke can spare Jimmy to us is still an unsolved wonder. This one-time Rugby Captain acts as College Marshal when the occasion demands it, and since he has been promoted to the position of full-back on the second team, he has become a condemned "fusser" and when not thus engaged, is either coming from or going to a waffle joint. Without Jimmy the college must inevitably come to some inglorious end.

Mr. Le Messurier is the only member of Arts '16 to make a place on the Senior Basketball team.

Mr. Southcott holds two positions—the lesser one is that of President of the Basketball Club. The other, and indeed the much more enviable, is that of Ladies' Basketball Coach.

The actions of "Thisbe" Wilson display "the overflowings of an innocent heart." Billy seems to be in great trouble in which his class mates do not apparently try to help him. He informs us constantly that "somebody" made him love "someone" but that he "didn't want to do it." Perhaps, though, he has the sympathy of Mr. T. J. Robertson, who seems to think that he is in the same boat.

The Gibsons, the original Three Twins, next claim attention. Ian Gibson, the secretary of the Alma Mater Society, has lately made his appearance in the dancing world. The honor and dignity of the Clan Gibson is still upheld by Harold Gibson. Henry Gibson is one of our chief exponents of Ground Hockey. In off hours he acts as college photographer. He is somewhat famed too, as a second Shakespeare, but his most important place in the life of M. B. C. is his position as chocolates monger to the college ladies.

The captainship of the Ground Hockey team is entrusted to Mr. Gordon Scott, the class representative to the L. D. S. and the only member of Arts '16 on the Senior Rugby team. As a waffle joint patron, Mr. Scott is only rivalled by Jimmy Lawrence. Lesser distinctions belonging to Mr. Scott will doubtless be found elsewhere in these columns.

Thus, Arts '16 is certainly "the class without a peer."





**Enter "The Ladies"**



McGILL UNIVERSITY



1913



1914



PHOTO BY DUGYLA

## Arts '17 (Ladies)

October, 1913, was the most eventful month for the college for many reasons. The scribe will merely mention the most outstanding one. In this month Arts '17 was ushered in.

From the first, the girls at least have shown themselves to be "young women" of talent and good sense. The latter quality came to the fore early in the term when they elected Miss Isabel McInnes, M. A., Honorary President of the class—which reminds one that a "soft, gentle and low voice is a most excellent thing in women, young ladies!"

The girls have lived to realize that their choice of President was fortunate. Kathleen Peck competently fills the bill, being an athletic and business-like young person. Her sister in name, tho' not in blood, keeps the class records, and also the honor of McGill in Basketball.

Jessie Todhunter, Pearl Roseburg, Vera Muddell and Evelyn Story form a more or less worthy class executive, taking part in the musical, literary, athletic and culinary activities of the college.

Elocutionists of rare talent are Annie Hill, Bessie Gilbert and Nellie Ballentine. The last will some day hold forth as a lawyer.

Practically the whole class plays Basketball, Nita Reid, Bessie Buckenfield, Vera Bisset and Ida Reece being among the number. Ida plays centre on the first team.

Among the budding prima donnas of the college one might mention Maimie Burnett, Jean Abernethy, Maggie Risk and Olive Orr, who seems to possess an uncanny knowledge of everything else.

The class is not lacking in mathematical sharks. The names of Marion Mounce, Margaret Maynard, Marion Fisher and Helen McArthur must be noted in this connection.

Pianists abound. Kathleen Mutrie, Rilla Robinson, Winnie Lee and Winnie Mellish are all open for engagements. Janet McTavish stands out alone, in Mr. Chodat's estimation, as to resumes.

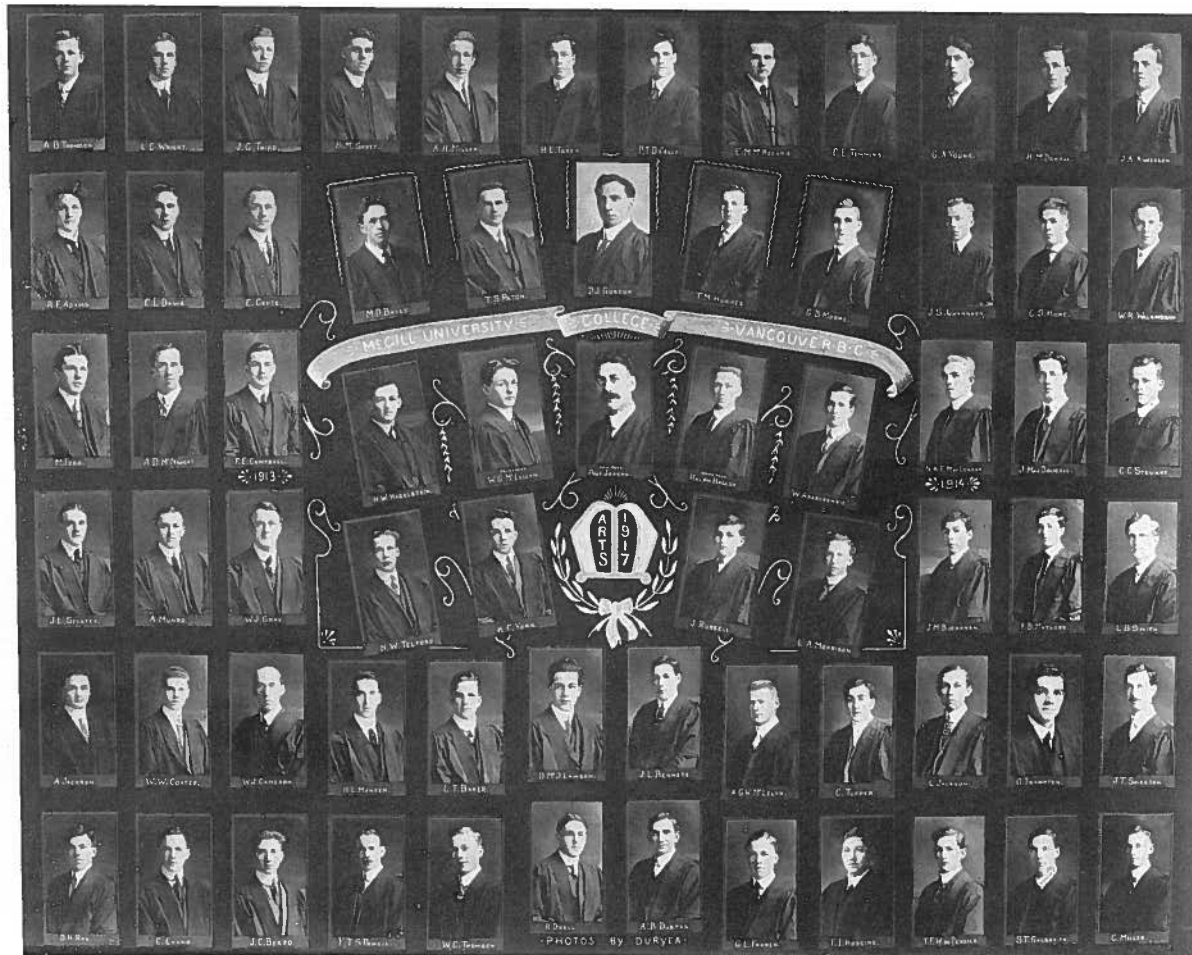
The leaders of the "Woman's Movement" in the class are Ethel Moscrop, Daisie McCallum, Hazel Woods and Daisie Fleishman. The ready tongue of Daisie F. will no doubt carry her far.

"Boys" are queer things for girls to excel in, but the scribe feels constrained to mention in this connection Irene McNeil, Kathleen Laidlaw and Mary McCrimmon.

Maisie Suggitt, Helen White and Annie Stewart are the children of the clan. Their infantile pranks keep the rest of us young, and liven up the weary (?) round of college life.

Taken as a whole, this class is charming, for tho' the professors deplore its lack of enthusiasm along scholastic lines, they cannot but love it for the bright, happy-go-lucky spirit it possesses.





## Arts '17 (Men)

It is not without the profoundest respect and admiration, that the words "Arts '17" are taken upon the lips. This collection of individuals is composed of men, Presbyterians and Anglicans, who are all zealously striving to acquire the art of obtaining knowledge. The latter half are particularly devoted to the task of training themselves to fight against "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil."

The cohesion of the class is maintained by three worthy officials: Willard McLellan is our President, whom we are glad to announce, does not despise athletics, but, along with Mr. Allan McLellan, figures prominently on the senior McGill football team. The business manager of the "Annual," Ralph Bagley, is our Secretary, and Mr. E. M. McKechnie, better known as "Doc," is Literary Representative.

Prior to Christmas, lectures were attended in the auditorium of the King Edward High School; but the presence of the young ladies so distracted the attention of the male contingent, especially Mr. K. MacL——n, that lectures were resumed in the old building in 1914.

A tidal wave was reported to have been felt in Fairview some time in December, when a number of our noble sons were borne forth.

The Trigonometry classes have become quite famous through Mr. Celle's loud protests against the Principal's accusation, that he is "falling into the bonds of iniquity." Mr. Celle upholds the honor of McGill by playing on the Senior Basketball and Intermediate Football teams.

We are proud to have Mr. Third play for us on the first hockey team, and the Intermediate Football claims Messrs. Moore, Anderson and K. MacLennan, three of our huskiest men; the latter is also noted, in university circles, as the champion "Fusser" this side of the Rockies.

This article would not be complete without mentioning that Mr. Crute is Captain of our Soccer Team and President of the Track Club.

Our most esteemed friend, Mr. Gordon, challenged any Science man to a wrestling contest, but so far the silence which has prevailed in the Science camp leads us to believe that the challenge will go unaccepted.

In the debate on "Woman Suffrage," Mr. Smeeton won for himself the distinction of making the best speech of the year. Mr. Munroe's unparalleled reputation as a debator has been undoubtedly sustained, the credit of the institution being upon his shoulders at the debate with Columbian College.

The class was represented by Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Walkinshaw for the January debate with second year. Mr. Walkinshaw is also President of the Y. M. C. A. Students' Association, which was established in the college early in the new year. Mr. Manzors showed great signs of physical strength when the Science men were wiped off the map and Mr. Smith, whose quiet and reserved disposition is proverbial, was seen perched serenely on many a Science skull.

So here we stand four-square, armed on the north with physical endurance, the heat of the south guarded by the Theologs, the piercing east winds of controversy dispelled by our Mathematicians, while the Literary men, watching westward, draw reviving sustenance for all.



C.M. HARRIS



N. LAMBERT



H.M. POWELL



H.R. WADE



C.E. STONE



R.R. SMITH



C.M. CLEMENT



J.F. WEART

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1913

1914

⇒ VANCOUVER B.C. ⇒



R.A. TODRICK



C. ANDERSON



W.R. PAYNE



G.L. FRASER



J.W. DAVIES



J.N. INGERSOLL



E.E. LORD



C.W. DRURY



C.A.H. WRIGHT



E.H. PIM



R.J. MITCHELL



G.M. MILLER



A.H. FISKISON



T.H. GOWN



W.O. SCOTT



J.H. GALLOWAY



C.J. CHEEKS



J.H. HAULT



E.A. RAND



H.C. LITCHIN

PHOTOS BY DUNYEA

## Science '17

Anyone unfamiliar with our insitution, who might happen to wander into the college building, might think that they had entered a den of thieves. From the top floor such sounds as "Who swiped my set square?" "Whose got my trig?" and a song that says something about "forty beers," greet the visitor. The timid might well tremble, but the more adventurous on making their way in the direction of the noise, find only a bunch of youngsters, who, with little or no regard for the harmonic law, are shouting at the top of their voices a song from which one may gather that they are the "Engineers."

The wonders of physics and descript. may be to them weird and mysterious, but nothing else holds any terrors for them. When the Arts Class, whose ire had been aroused, challenged Science '17 to a friendly tussel, this bunch of boy wonders readily accepted, thinking that with their knowledge of science and the aid of dirty black grease, their mechanical advantage would be raised sufficiently to allow their twenty-five to overcome the eighty or more Arts men. But the men who did the figuring omitted to take into account the action of unknown forces—nuff sed.

Science 17 has certainly done its share in the athletic line this year and has set a good example for future classes. Four men made the first football team and five the second team. From advance notices we hear they expect to show a clean pair of heels to the other classes in the coming track meet. The big chief of this gallant band is Lyal Fraser, our star forward. This is Lyal's first year of senior football, and he certainly has made good. Paine, as secretary, has a strenuous job cutting paper and collecting the money, but, together with Stone, he holds up the scholastic end of the class. Jack Hoult, from New Westminster, and Tommy McGowan, represented the class on the senior three-quarter line and are said by all to be the best pair of three-quarters playing in Vancouver to-day. Clement is one of McGill's husky forwards. Bert Morrison is a source of strength to the Intermediate scrum. Bert doesn't say much, but he is always in the game. Rand, Letson, Anderson and Hardy all played good football for the second team.

As we were leaving the room we heard someone remark: "If those Arts guys get funny again we'll stone 'em and kill 'em."





*Miss Alice Keenleyside, B. A.*

It has often been said that there is a flavor about college friendships that differentiates them from all others. But one sad thing about these friendships of students is that, at the end of the college course, these birds of passage are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and their flight is difficult to follow. Hence any tidings of their achievements in the broader sphere to which they now belong is always gladly received in the old "home nest."

Our Alumni are all young but many are showing signs of promise and will yet bring honor to the name of their Alma Mater.

One of our first Rhodes Scholars, Mr. Harry Logan, has come back to us as a professor. While he is now in the Faculty we are glad to claim him as an Alumnus.

Mr. V. L. Manning of Arts '10 is following the teaching profession, and has lately entered the ranks of the benedicts. He is the vice-principal of the Dawson school.

Miss Edith Paterson of Arts '11 has just one year more of her law course in Osgoode Hall, Toronto. She did brilliant work in McGill, and is now taking a very high place in the famous Toronto law school.

Several of the men of Arts '11 are doing excellent work in the study of law—Mr. J. S. McLeod, Mr. G. Lindsay, Mr. S. D. Meadows and Mr. O. J. Thomas, of this year are teaching, the last being vice-principal of the Mount Pleasant School.

Our latest Rhodes Scholar, Mr. W. E. G. Murray of Arts '12, of whom McGill B. C. is so justly proud, is in Oxford this year, where, reports say, he is doing his usual all-round brilliant work. He is another of McGill's sons who is bringing credit to her name in the Old Land.

Another member of Arts '12 who gives great promise of gaining a name for herself in Canadian literature, Miss Ethelwyn Harris, has been spending the last year in Paris teaching English in a college there, and at the same time perfecting her French, in which subject she took honors in McGill. Very reputable reports have it that a young science man from Yale has been taking post-graduate work in Paris also, and that he has persuaded Miss Harris that her work does not lie in British Columbia. Canada, as well as British Columbia will lose a very promising authoress.

An event of interest to many McGill students was the marriage (a short time after Christmas) of one of our most talented alumnae, Miss Ada Schwen-

gers, to Mr. James McGeer. While Mr. McGeer did not attend McGill, he was well known to many of the students, having been prominent in law-student circles. Miss Schwengers took the three years in McGill, B. C., in "Thirteen," and completed her course in Montreal, where she acquitted herself with great credit.

Miss Winnie De Pencier, a young lady who took a prominent part in the activities of Arts '13 during the first two years, left at the end of her second year, and shortly afterwards married Mr. Charles Watson, a prominent young business man of the city.

Mr. E. D. Busby, after graduating at McGill in Arts '13 has gone to Harvard to take up medicine. Harvard University seems very popular with M. B. C. men, partly, no doubt, because some of our favorite professors have been there. Another member of "Thirteen" is also there this year, taking his M. A., Mr. Frank Davidson.

Mr. Ray Sargent, an old "Thirteen" man, after staying out for a year or two is back at Old McGill, this time taking up fourth year work.

Miss Netta Hardy, also a prominent member of Arts '13 is teaching in North Vancouver this year. She expects to resume her college work next autumn.

Many will remember Mr. Reginald Gilbert, who was a prominent figure in M. B. C. a year or two ago, in Arts '13. He deserted McGill and a year later went to Queen's, where he is doing such good advertising work for British Columbia that the Tourist Association should seriously consider giving him a commission. Latest reports say that he has just won a cup and also a medal for public speaking. Hail Alma Mater, McGill!

The peringrations of Mr. R. G. Dunbar, originally of Arts '13, are a little hard to follow. When last heard of he was attending McMaster University, Toronto. He was for a while in Old McGill, but left in the middle of the term.

Western students in McGill usually make a good showing, but last year we were particularly prour of Mr. D. G. Forster, who headed the list of McGill graduates with a high first class. This year he is taking a partial course M. B. C.

Mr. E. A. B. Kirkpatrick has also come back to M. B. C. after graduating in McGill, and is taking the Psychology and Logic course.

Mr. H. S. Reid, another of last spring's graduates, has married and left Vancouver. He did brilliantly in Honor Chemistry at McGill (when he was the only student taking this course) and this year is doing assay work in Trail, B. C.

Mr. Charlie McTavish was the only one of the men of Arts '14 who took third year in Old McGill, but this year he has been joined by a number of others, Mr. Cecil Scott, Mr. S. F. Moodie, Mr. H. M. Drost, Mr. Harold Northrop and Mr. Donald Macnaughten.

Mr. Douglas Ross, also of "Fourteen," has left the Arts Faculty and entered the practice of medicine.

Four young ladies of Arts '14 have joined those of their class already in Montreal, Miss Dilla Currie, Miss Blanche Backmill, Miss Luella Greggs and Miss Olive Cousins.

Only three members of Arts '15 went back to Old McGill this year to take the third year work, Miss Gladys Story, Mr. R. Ritchie, and Mr. Len. Lockyer.

# Athletics



## EDITORS

**Miss G. Bollert**

**Mr. W. Beveridge**



The record made in athletics this year at McGill is one for the students of future years to look on with envy. The enthusiasm shown in all departments has been the keenest and has resulted most satisfactorily.

In Rugby the seniors, Intermediates and Juniors all attained first or second place their respective leagues, playing clean fast Rugby which delighted even the most ardent of their supporters. A great deal of our success in Rugby is due to the careful coaching of Mr. Worsnop who kindly consented to act again this year.

The enthusiasm shown amongst the basket-ballers and the splendid team that represented the college speaks well for those who took an active part in this sport.

McGill was also represented by other minor clubs, such as the Ice Hockey and Soccer clubs which showed great promise and deserve encouragement.

Our track club holds its annual track meet with Columbian College and are very optimistic concerning their chances.

The attendance at the games this year has been all that could be desired both in point of numbers and enthusiasm, though a few more ladies might take an interest in the matches.

The enthusiasm shown on the different trips this year was splendid. It is unfortunate our time table cannot be arranged so that the marshal might have one hour a week at least when all are free in which to hold a song and yell practice. Without this the marshal has no authority over the crowd and is not able to call for a yell or song to quell some disagreeable incident.

The hearty thanks of every McGill student is extended to Mr. Worsnop for the valuable assistance he has rendered our Rugby teams. McGill is indeed fortunate in having such a capable, genial coach.





**Senior Rugby:** Top Row—Scott, Hault, Plummer, Helme, Luckraft, McLellan, Clement, Creery. Middle Row—Honeyman, C. Worsnop, (Coach) Eckardt, (Capt.), Dr. Davidson, (Pres.), Kemp. Bottom Row—Fraser, McNeil, MacGowan, McLellan, Underhill.

## Senior Rugby

At the first of the season it was seen that there was enough material for two good teams and so it was decided that the first team under Captain Eckardt should represent McGill in the senior league, the second team playing in the Intermediate League. The brand of Rugby McGill played in the senior division called forth the praise of all and speaks well for the efficient teaching of Mr. Worsnop. The league ended with McGill and the Welsh tied for the Miller Cup, each having won eight games. McGill defeated the Welsh in their first game, the second being a draw, but unfortunately were hurried into their first league fixture which they lost to the Rowing Club 8-0. Our boys, by having the best scoring average, won the Tisdall Cup. They scored seventy-one points and only nineteen points were made against them. This was due solely to the clean aggressive game they played.

The keenest of excitement was shown when it was announced that McGill and the Welsh were to play off the final on February 28th for the Miller Cup. McGill trained faithfully, and on the appointed day a large number of students turned out to root for the team, despite the heavy rain that fell. However, the cup was not destined to come to McGill this year. The Welsh won the game 3-0. Though we lost yet we were not altogether disappointed for McGill played against odds with such vim and determination that all were indeed proud of their team and could say with all sincerity "Well played McGill."

### McGill vs. Welsh

The game was played on a heavy muddy field which made it a purely forward game. Despite the fact that McGill forwards conceded from twenty-five to thirty pounds per man to the Welsh nevertheless by their speed they held the Welsh pack safe. McGill took the field with four Intermediates on their line-up: Frampton, Reid, Cameron and Celle all of whom played great Rugby. The game was a battle from start to finish, both teams exerting themselves to the limit. The Welsh by their weight would bring the ball into McGill territory only to have a McGill man break through and lead a rush on the Welsh line. During the whole game play ranged from end to end, both lines being constantly in danger. The Welsh scored on the only passing bout of the game. Time and again the timely clearing of Hogarth saved for the Welsh while on four occasions the Welsh were forced to save behind the line. McGill had the better of the second half but could not cross the Welsh line. From the kick-off Celle started the work for McGill leading a rush that netted fifty yards. J. Underhill ran the ball back but Cameron cleared and the ball was again in Welsh territory. From a loose scrum the ball was forced over the Welsh dead line. Helme immediately led another charge, the ball again going dead. The Welsh rushed the McGill line but Frampton saved with a beautiful kick to touch. From the line out Helme and Celle carried the ball to the Welsh ten yard line, a free kick was awarded McGill, but the place for goal failed. Honeyman proved the sensation of the day when he tackled Watkins who had got away into a clear field. Cameron kicked and following up carried the ball to the other end. Half time was called. No score.

Shortly after play was resumed on a pass from the scrum Thomas Watkins and Morat made a run that resulted in Morat gaining a try. The kick failed. McGill then kept the offensive for the rest of the game. One minute before time McGill was awarded another free kick at a difficult angle. The kick fell short. McGill was still pressing when the whistle blew. Score 3-0.

After the game President Gardiner Johnson of the league presented the Miller Cup to Capt. Smith of the Welsh and the Tisdal cup to Capt. "Dutch" Eckardt of McGill ringing down the curtain on the most successful Rugby season seen at McGill since 1908.



**Intermediate Rugby:** Top Row—Frampton, W. Dawe, H. Letson, A. Reid, B. Gordon, G. Moore, H. Honeyman, P. Celle  
 Middle Row—A. Morrison, C. Worsnop, (Coach), W. Beveridge, (Capt.) Dr. Davidson, (Pres.), Fred Taylor  
 Bottom Row—K. Creerv, M. DesBrisay, K. MacLennan, John Anderson, W. Frampton.

## **Intermediate Rugby**

At a meeting held at the first of the season the Intermediates made preparation for the year. "Bill" Beveridge was elected captain. Though they were drawn on for players by the seniors, though they lost men through injuries, yet the seconds made a great showing and finished second in the league.

One of the chief factors in the success of our seconds was the good work done by our Junior team. From their ranks such men as Celle, Lawrence and MacLennan were developed men who will bear close watching next year.

The Intermediates played ten league games altogether. Of these they won five, drew three and lost two.

The High School and Rowing Club proved our greatest rivals for honors, the High School finally winning out by three points, McGill taking second place. The first game between McGill and the Rowing Club ended in a draw, neither team scoring. The second game with the High proved disastrous to McGill, our boys falling down in the second half and losing 20-0.

### **McGill vs. K. E. H. S.**

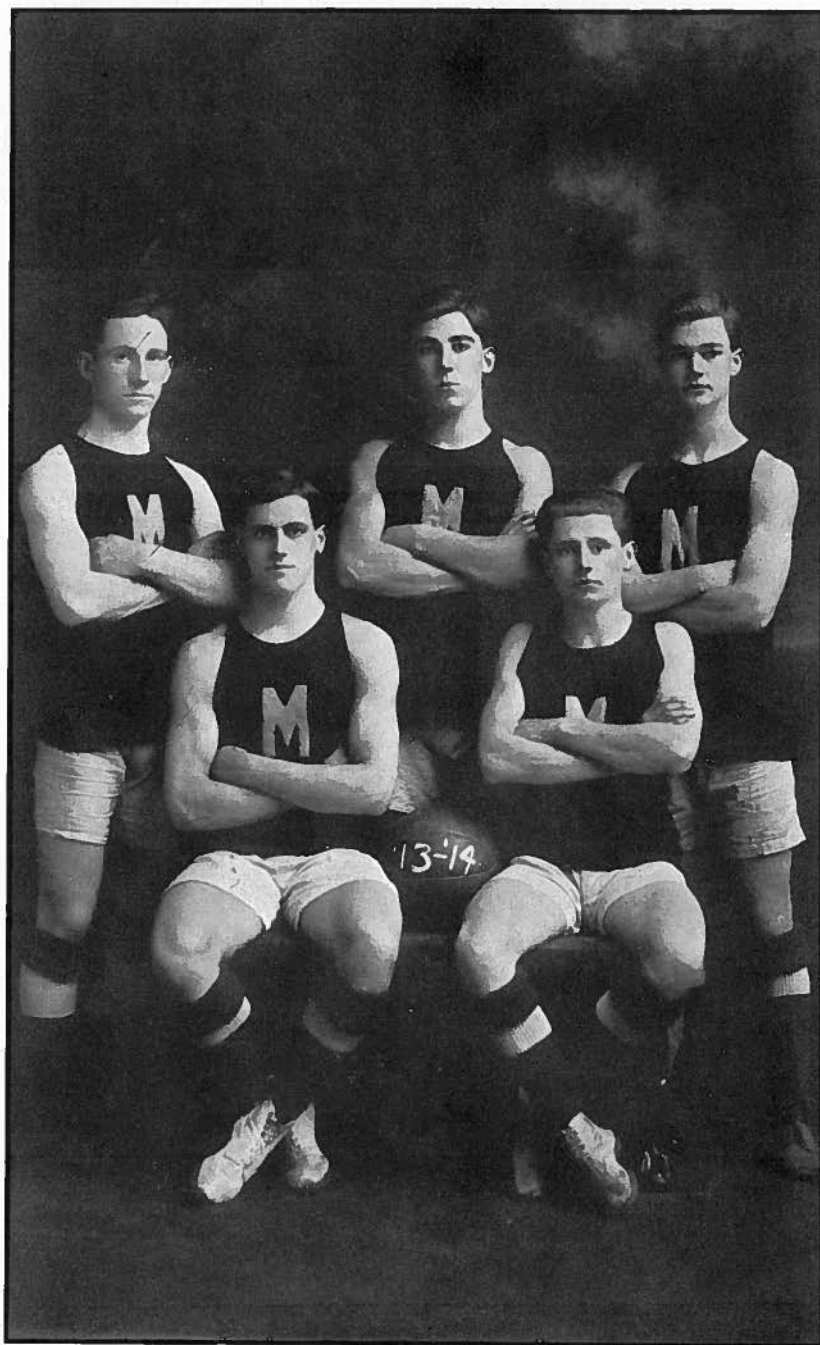
The first game with the High was undoubtedly the fastest game of the season in Intermediate Rugby. The High were the hot favorites but could not score against the deadly tackling of the McGill team. McGill in turn forced the play but suffered a like fate at the hands of the High backs. Play in the first half was in High School's favor but all their attempts at scoring were frustrated by the McGill forwards and halves. In the second half the play was even, ranging up and down the field, McGill forcing on forward rushes, the High by back division work. The second half was extremely hard and fast, great football being played. The game ended with the High in McGill territory, score 0-0.

### **McGill vs. Rowing Club**

McGill finished the season in proper fashion defeating the Rowing Club 20-0 in what was from a McGill standpoint an exceedingly fast game. McGill assumed the offensive from the start. Beveridge scored on a pass from Celle. Celle immediately after ran the ball from the twenty-five for a try. This was all the scoring in the first half.

In the second half McGill was continually in Rowing Club territory, Cameron scored on a cross-kick, Frampton converted. Then our new half, Hardie, showed his ability by scoring three times in succession. The game ended with the score 20-0 in favor of McGill.





**Boys' Basketball**  
Bryson, N. Kemp, Craig  
E. LeMesurier. P. Celle.

## Basketball

Basketball this year at McGill seemed imbued with a new life. The spirit and enthusiasm shown in this sport and the strong representative team speak well for those who supported the club.

Under the captaincy of "Norm." Kemp the team entered the city league and though it finished in fourth place yet played good fast basketball and made all teams exert themselves to the limit. Considering our facilities for Basketball the team certainly deserves great credit.

The league games played and the scores are as follows:

McGill vs. "Y" Rugby, 26-23; 29-19.

McGill vs. K. E. H. S., 25-35.

McGill vs. V. A. C., 24-21.

McGill vs. "Y" Intermediates, 13-39; 22-30.

McGill vs. "Y" Tigers, 28-38; 16-35.

McGill vs. Rowing Club, 20-36; 38-16.

McGill vs. B. C. Telephone, 32-31; 44-20.

During the season the team also engaged in three annual fixtures: one with K. E. H. S., one with Columbian and one with the Victoria Y. M. C. A.

### McGill vs. K. E. H. S.

Last January McGill seniors and seconds met two teams from the High on the V. A. C. floor. McGill seconds won the first game 30-15.

The seniors had little difficulty in disposing of their rivals though in the first half the High held them fairly close. However, in the second half Kemp and Bryson worked together on several occasions for field baskets giving McGill a commanding lead. Score 29-23.

### McGill vs. Columbian

The annual game this year with Columbian produced little fast basketball. McGill in the first half took things easy as usual and in the second half showed their customary spirit. Kemp and Southcott provided the only excitement evening up the score and taking the lead with perfect shots at the basket. For Columbian Jack Smith was a tower of strength though well guarded by LeMesurier. The game ended 28-23 in favor of McGill.

### McGill vs. Victoria Y. M. C. A.

Even our most ardent fans were dubious concerning the chances of McGill against the fast Victoria five. With all our men working at their best and the score at half time only 11-10 in favor of Victoria our prospects brightened. Both teams took the floor in the second half determined to win. The pace set was a hot one, the combination was dazzling. Kemp, Celle and Bryson worked perfectly together, while the Victoria forwards even surpassed them in combination; however, Anderson and Bryson held them in check. Kemp scored repeatedly for McGill and finally put us in the lead in the last few minutes. Score 30-25.

### The Victoria Trip

As the "Princess Alice" left the docks, the good old yell coming from the throats of fifty McGill Rugby players proved to be a splendid beginning to what was, without a doubt, the most successful of our annual trips to Victoria.

Three Rugby teams and the senior basketball team made the journey which was passed in the usual old way, around the piano or playing "five hundred" in the smoking room.

The small hotel bus attempted to carry the whole contingent, hanging on by safety-pins, to our hotel, but the horses tired on the Government Street hill and a few had to get out and push for the remaining blocks. After supper all enriched the coffers of the bowling alley proprietors and incidentally a star bowler was discovered, to wit: Guy Moore. Soon all adjourned to that haunt of haunts, the Empress Theatre and enjoyed listening to Clement playing the drums and watching the three Victoria policemen who had rear boxes. All retired early, to rest for the battles of the following day. Slumbers were troubled now and then by a few corridor minstrels who persisted in singing "I Dun Wanta" when the manager told them to retire to their rooms. Worst of all was the noise caused by the forcible protests that greeted A. McLelan's suggestion of a hot plunge. Time 3.00 a. m.

In the morning the juniors defeated the Victoria High School 6-0. Celle and Jackson showed themselves to be regular mud-sharks and each scored on an individual dribble.

In the afternoon the seconds showed themselves to be at home in the mud and kept the play in James Bay territory nearly all the game, though they were unable to cross the Bays' line. The Bays scored first on a forward rush just before half time. Creery put McGill in the lead with a perfect field goal and increased our lead in the second half with another. Final score 8-3.

The senior game was fast from the start to the finish. In the heavy going the Bays' extra weight in the scrum told against McGill though this advantage was offset by the fast work of our backs. Play was even going from end to end finally Eckardt broke lose and scored. Just before full time the Bays were awarded a questionable try. Instead of finishing the game as a draw, overtime was played the Bays scoring again in six minutes and winning 6-3.

In the evening our basketball team surprised the most optimistic by defeating the fast Victoria team 30-25. The cause of the escapade of "Jimmy" Lawrence last year again exerted her influence, our marshal was nowhere to be found.

After a final visit to points of interest, all retired on board satisfied that they had been on a most enjoyable, exciting, and successful trip.

### **New Westminster Trip**

The annual debate and athletic games with Columbian were revived this year and proved of great interest to McGill students.

It was unfortunate all could not get over in time to see the hockey game in the Arena as it was a grand exhibition. The play during the first half was even, both teams scoring two goals. In the second half McGill, by this time used to the ice, utterly bewildered Columbian with a series of two men rushes and scored five goals while they held their opponents scoreless. Plummer, Reid and Third starred for McGill, scoring most of the goals. Final score 7-2.

The remainder of the afternoon proved disastrous to McGill; Columbian winning the girls' basketball 6-3, the junior basketball 21-6, and the soccer game 2-0.

After supper, which was served in the college dining room, all went to the senior basketball game which, owing to the close score, proved very exciting, McGill winning 28-23.

In the assembly hall the McGill men at the back of the room livened things up till the debate commenced, with bombs and songs. Although we lost yet we enjoyed the debate immensely. The subject was interesting and the speakers made it very close and at times snappy.

The one hundred odd that filled the car coming home were in the very best of spirits and not till the car reached its destination did the loud enthusiasm abate.

## Girls' Athletics

Never before in the history of the college have the girls entered into the college activities with such enthusiasm and whole-heartedness as this year. And in no other society has this interest been more apparent than in the girls' athletics. Early in the college year a general meeting of the girls was held at which Dr. J. D. Davidson was again unanimously elected honorary president, Miss Grace Bollert president, and Miss Catherine Smith secretary-treasurer. Miss Peck was chosen as captain of the girls' hockey, and Miss Jean Macleod as captain of the basketball team. Miss Macleod resigning a few weeks later on account of illness Miss Muriel Brockwell was elected captain. At this same meeting the society decided to join the British Columbia Ladies' Athletic Association. Miss Brockwell was appointed as our representative on that board.

The club is very much indebted to Dr. Davidson for the great interest he has taken in their efforts. Not only has he come out to many practices and coached and encouraged the basketball team, but besides he has always been on hand to help out of a difficulty.

Basketball seemed to possess the greatest attraction for the girls. And every Tuesday and Wednesday saw a large number of enthusiasts in the High School gym. Our capable captain, Miss Brockwell, deserves much credit for keeping up this interest and for her increasing efforts to make this a successful year. The club has been fortunate in having two such competent coaches as Mr. Southcott and Mr. Kemp, one of whom has been on hand at every practice. The schedule of the B. C. Ladies' Athletic Association as drawn up for the season 1913-14 was followed.

The opening game of the season was played with the Normal School, and our old time rivals again defeated us. Two games have been played with King Edward High School, and although we were defeated in both games the scores were very close. In the last game it was a tie a minute before the whistle blew, so we still hope before the year is ended to redeem ourselves. The match against Columbian College was a severe blow to our hopeful spirits. Our team seemed lost on the strange floor, and the game ended with a score of 6-3 in Columbian's favor. However, when we met them a few weeks later on our own floor, the tables were turned, our team winning by a score of 21 to 9. In this game Miss Brockwell and Miss D. Peck threw some pretty baskets and the result of the practices was shown by the good combination that the team displayed. After Christmas a second team was formed amongst the girls with Miss Ethel Ewem as captain. If this team keeps up its good work it bids fair to make the first team look well to their laurels. Some interesting practice games have been played between the two teams.

## Ladies' Hockey

A sophomore has cleverly expressed the ladies' hockey team, as "A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want." But this deficiency is due to no lack of energy or enthusiasm on the part of the girls. With Miss D. Peck as captain the team began the year with a bright outlook. A new set of sticks and balls were obtained and we are sorry to have to admit that the set is still practically new. For the fates seemed against the hockey team this year, first, the weather; although we are all true Vancouverites and would not give in for an instant that the rain could dampen our ardour, nevertheless, we are forced to admit that the mud and snow did not lend any encouragement to the sport. But the principal reason why our hockey team has not been more before the eyes of the public is that the time tables so conflicted that it was practically impossible for any team practice. Thus, it happens that to next year's team we bequeath a new set of hockey sticks.





**Ladies' Basketball:** Left to Right—Miss D. Peck, Miss G. Bollert, Miss Brockwell, Capt., Miss. A. Rees, Miss F. Chapin

# SOCIETY





### **The Alma Mater Dance**

Another Alma Mater dance—the sixth—has passed into history, leaving behind it no mean record of what a splendid dance it was. Just why those in charge chose January 30th as the day for the dance is a question for debate, but suffice it to say that they must have had some premonition of the weather conditions due on that night—regular Alma Mater dance weather! However, the rain did not keep away the largest crowd which has ever attended any of our college dances, and the splendid programme helped one to forget what the kind of weather might be. Lester Hall, without doubt, presented a gay appearance. Pennants, flags, class banners, etc., and the red and white streamers in the supper room, gave one the idea that this was a college dance, and more than that, a McGill dance. As usual, the dancing commenced shortly after 9 o'clock, and with the large number of encores which the orchestra very generously gave, lasted well on into Saturday morning.

The unusually large attendance of students and the professors and their wives, was very gratifying. Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Chodat proved as capable patronesses as they have upon former occasions.

Much of the success of this dance is due to the efforts of Miss Macdonald, Miss White, Mr. Reid, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Beveridge, the committee which took charge of all the details connected with the dance, and who managed everything in such a capable way..

If such a dance as this can be given by our comparatively small college, what may not be looked for in future years when the students of the University of British Columbia will act as hosts and hostesses at the college dances which we are making so popular in our city?

### **Arts '16 Class Party**

On Friday evening, October 30th, I was sent by the city editor of the "Annual" to report a Hallowe'en party which Arts '16 were holding at the home of Miss Evelyn Lyssett. With a small army of sophomores who had gathered for mutual support at the drawing-room entrance, our trusty reporter crept cautiously between two grotesque jack-'o-lanterns, and entered a dark hall. Here we were met by a pale, shrouded ghost, who, with ghastly gestures, indicated our dressing room.

Once again narrowly escaping the cold clutches of the spirit, we dashed through the hall, and into the dressing room. There was our charming young hostess, robed in French vice-versa-toute-de-suite, trimmed with brocaded pas-d'esprit with Irish mucklucks; and there were the three Gibson twins gazing after her with admiring eyes. There was "Thisbe" Wilson coyly repelling the advances of Laura Pim who was pleading with him to sit beside her, while a stern, third-year student looked on with angry eyes that boded ill for poor Thisbe.

Meanwhile the crowd was divided into groups, and each group had to appear before a judge to be sentenced. We were thrust before no other a justice than the grizzly vistant, encountered on our entrance. In accents shrill and unearthly some were bade to take dreadful poison; some to go through difficult gymnastics; some, torn by secret cares, emitted awful groans after the manner of our relentless judge. Shivering with dread, our group was finally brought up for sentence, and, behold, we were the only ones thought unworthy of punishment. Medals were pinned on our manly chests to distinguish us from the convicts, and we were discharged.

Next, our hostess selected a few of the most handsome of the guests, and led us into an ante-chamber, where Mr. Le Messurier, the well-known artist, sketched our profiles on sheets of paper. These portraits were fastened about the room, and we tried to guess who they were.

Now came the great event of the evening, the proposing contest. The genius who proposed this game must surely have had infinite practice in such events as were to follow, or she could never have foreseen the confusion and excitement of the next half-hour. From an inconspicuous corner of the room I took careful notes of the scandalous proceedings. Each gentleman selected the ten girls which were most pleasing to him, and he was given two minutes to propose to each of them. The carnage was frightful. On all sides endearing terms and plaintive entreaties poured forth. "Doc." Mills, with tears streaming down his cheeks, was kissing the hand of Miss Taylor; Brother Luckraft lay moaning at Miss Hunter's feet; Jimmy Lawrence flashed his last month's allowance before Miss Anderson's eager eyes; Rae dashed madly from one young lady to the other, shouting passionate appeals to unresponsive ears. But Merrill Desbrisay easily carried off the prize. It was a lesson in art to see "Debby" deftly spread his handkerchief before his young lady, and, gently sinking on one knee by her side, murmur his words of endearment in her ear. Try as I might, I could not catch his words, but the tender pleading of his eyes, the soulful light of love which glorified his face moved me to tears. It was only after the contest was all over and refreshments were being served that I recovered.

Then came orchestra selections from Sphlitz and Bocardo, ably rendered by Messrs. Le Messurier, Southcott, Lett, and Munro. Miss Hawe and Mr. Miller favored us with recitations which met with great applause. Finally the time for departure drew near, and Mr. Dawe, on behalf of the class, thanked Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett for their hospitality. The speech was brief but touching, and Miss Lipsett was seen to wipe away a tear as she bade us all farewell.

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### **Hallowe'en Party**

At 8 o'clock on Friday evening, October 31st, 1913, the freshmen students Arts and Science, held a Hallowe'en party in the college building. The Science room was tastefully decorated with pennants by Miss Elyn Story, Vera Muddell, Mr. Harry Wade and Mickey McLellan; the stairs were lighted up by grinning pumpkin heads. A mysterious "ghost" guarded the entrance while two others glimmered in the hallways. The students' entertainment was ably managed by

Kathleen Peck, Jessie Todhunter, Ken MacLennan and Doc MacKechnie,—Lyll Fraser officiating as master of ceremonies. Many exciting games were played; and six ardent hopefuls earnestly pleaded their cause with rather dubious results. Refreshments were served at 10 o'clock by Pearl Rosebrugh and Winnie Lee. An hour's dancing brought a very delightful evening to a close. Due thanks must be awarded Kathleen Peck and Evelyn Story, who shouldered the major part of the work in providing such an interesting evening for the students and those of the faculty present, including Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan and Miss MacInnis who very kindly helped clear away the debris afterward. Mr. N. K. F. MacLennan appeared in a sky-blue morning suit intermeshed with fine white stripes; silk socks, Belmont collar, a pea green cravat and a Dawn smile completing his charming costume. Mr. R. F. Bagley came in a pompadour and G. B. Moore in a Ford.

*A. G. W. McLellan.*

### **The Arts '15—Science '16 Party**

Friday, February 20th, was the date of a social gathering unprecedented in the history of our college. Instead of the usual house party given at this time of year by the Junior class and ex-students of the Junior class, Arts '15 and Science '16 gave a party in the college building, when their guests were the members of all the other classes.

The gentlemen took charge of the entertainment, which, in the early part of the evening, took the form of a conversational contest. It seems, though, that more beans were exchanged as a result of matching nickles than by endeavoring to make one's wary partner say yes or no. By the time all the beans had been given or taken by all the guests, it was ten o'clock, but when the familiar bell rang, instead of going to the Physics laboratory for physics experiments, the crowd came down there to have supper, which had been prepared by the Arts '15 ladies. After the refreshments, those who wished to dance returned to the draughting room, where twelve dances, to good music, were over only too soon. Those who were not dancing went to Room 25, where, under Mr. Buck's direction, Science men wrung dish-cloths and danced the Highland Fling, and demure young maidens endeavored to sing "Everybody's Doin' It." The Principal and Mrs. Robinson and Dr. and Mrs. Davidson were among the Faculty representatives who were enjoying (?) the childish stunts of the usually staid theologues and of the sturdy engineers.

At twelve o'clock the party broke up, all present voting this, the first party given by the Senior classes of our college, a huge success, and these sentiments were further echoed on the Saturday following, when the football boys finished off what had remained of the refreshments.

Prof. Robertson, (to class): Third year students were conspicuous by their absence on Friday night.

Duncan, (forgetting about the Alma Mater dance): From what, Mr. Robertson?

Prof. Robertson: Why, from the dance.

Duncan: Oh! I thought you were talking about one of your archaeological meetings.

Mr. Henry, (in third year English Prose Class): We will now turn to another side of Bacon.



### **Midsummer Night's Dream**

There have been rumors that the McGill students were about to produce a real Shakespearian comedy, probably "A Midsummer Night's Dream," under the guidance of Miss H. Badgley, but nothing definite was known, until one day our foreign correspondent lost his way on the High School campus, and wandered aimlessly into the auditorium. Here he came upon a very pretty scene.

The fair Hermia and the beauteous Helena, parts taken by Miss Anderson and Miss Todhunter, find ardent lovers in Lysander and Demetrius, commonly known as Pete and Mickey, and we are told in confidence that they seem to have had lots of practise.

Talent cannot remain concealed for ever, and it is much in evidence in Miss Hawe's representation of Puck. The others will certainly have their work cut out to keep in line with her. Mr. Scott as Bottom is a great success, and no one could have been found better able to play Pyramus. In fact the question was asked: "Why provide an ass's head for Bottom, he's so natural?"

And who is the fatherly looking old soul yonder? That is Egeus, the fond parent of the beauteous Hermia. On Sundays he is known as plain Bryce Wallace.

Miss Brockwell as Hippolya makes a splendid companion to the noble Theseus, the Hon Charles Duncan, and they have a very good retainer in Mr. Wells.

Misses McNeill, Rosebrugh, Lipsett and Smith are real fairies, but it was a cause of great regret when Mr. MacLennan (who has such a way with the ladies) had to give up the part of Oberon, owing to an accident. His place, however, was very ably taken by Mr. Allen MacLellan, so that we are sure Titania, Miss D. Peck, will not be lonely.

Beyond a doubt Billy Wilson is the sweetest Thisby that ever appeared on the stage, and should make a hit unless Yraus unthinkingly leans against the wall, which is represented by our old friend "Irish," Mr. Craig.

Mr. Gilchrist as Quince, 'Enery Gibson as the Moon, and Mr. Smeeton as the Lion complete the cast. No wonder Thisby runs for her life when such a "Goat," pardon me! such a "Lion" appears in the full blaze of 'Enery's moonshine.

### Two College Boys

All day the dense, grey clouds hung low in the sky, predicting the heavy rain that must inevitably come. It was a Friday, one of those long, dreary days in March, which the dull weather made even more wearisome than usual.

"Mac" and I were thoroughly disgusted with "descrip" by half-past three. We at last decided to chuck it up and walk home to see if we could relieve ourselves of the oppressive feeling that possessed us.

But we had to be back by seven to rehearse the Shakespearian tabloid we were in, so it was necessary to keep a good pace. This we certainly did and by the time we had gone ten or so blocks I was about played out. The rain that had threatened so long, started to fall, at first lightly, but continually gathering force until it seemed as if the whole heavens had opened up to pour forth their aqueous contents. The drops rebounded from the paved road, giving it the appearance of the sea churned by a whirling propeller.

"Let's make for that vacant building in the next block," I suggested.

"Good idea," said Mac., starting to run. We found one of the basement windows unlocked and in we climbed. Looking from the shelter of the basement how cold and damp it looked!

The rain was pattering on the windows, the wind had by this time sprung up and was moaning and whistling outside the house. But hark! Surely that noise was not the result of wind or rain. Somebody was in the house—but it was supposed to be vacant. Clearly now we could hear them moving about. Now and then we could hear some one speak.

"Yank off your shoes and let's see who it is," said Mac.

Having both taken off our boots, cautiously we climbed the basement stairs and noiselessly opened the door. The voices came from a room in the rear, apparently the kitchen or dining room.

"Stay here," said Mac, and quietly went over and bent to look through the key-hole.

Coming back he whispered: "Down in the basement again."

When we reached the cellar Mac. started to describe what he had seen.

"Couldn't see very well, but I could make out about a dozen people in there sitting around a table looking at some plans or other."

"A dozen in this empty house?"

"I'm going out to look through that window from the back," said Mac.

Great Scott! I wish we could get in and see what they're up to," I volunteered.

Then Mac. suggested a plan. "You sneak up and look through the key-hole and when I signal from the window, rush in. I'll climb in through the casement."

Again, quietly, I slipped up the stairs and stationed myself at the key-hole. There they were, all grouped about a table looking at a lot of plans of some sort. Some of these plans seemed unfavorable and were laid aside. Others seemed quite acceptable and were set in a pile in the centre. They conversed in low tones but I could catch nothing of what they said. What did all this mean? What desperate plan was afoot? But wait, there was Mac, waving his arm. Heavens! they have seen him. I rushed in. Two men saw me and made in my direction. A short fight ensued, but I was soon held fast. Mac. climbed in to my rescue, but was soon overpowered.

Standing there, I took stock of my captors. To my surprise I noticed that some were ladies—but there must be some mistake. I know that face—and that one, too. What does all this mean? I looked on the table and there saw a picture of a Rugby team—then it dawned on me. I started to laugh. So did Mac.

It was the staff of the McGill Annual working on their '13 '14 number!

"Soon be time for rehearsal, Mac. Let's get out."

W. W. B. ARTS, '15.

## McGill, B. C., in Montreal

The tie which binds McGill, B. C., to McGill, Montreal, is strengthened to an inestimable degree by the students who started to climb the ladder of learning in the former and are now fast attaining to the jumping off (or on) place in the latter. At present, that is during the 1913-14 session, there are forty-six students, representing three faculties, attending the university, who used to be students at the old college. A list would doubtless give the best idea of this ambitious troupe which has gone so far afield in the search of knowledge:

### ARTS '16.

C. N. Clark.

### ARTS '15.

R. S. Clarke, of mathematical fame.

A. L. Lockyer, who used to be known as "Narcissus" for various reasons.

R. G. Ritchie

R. A. Sargent

W. A. Taylor, one time President of Arts '15 in M. B. C.

Gladys V. Story, the only member of Arts '15 at R. V. C.

G. A. Upham.

### ARTS '14.

H. M. Drost, member of McGill Orchestra.

C. O. Scott, Assistant Editor of McGill Daily.

C. H. McTavish, Actor in Senior Play.

S. F. Moccie, ex-President of Alma Mater, M. B. C.

H. Northrup, frequent caller at R. V. C.

W. M. Smith.

S. V. Wright.

Gladys Rogers, popular lady starring in athletics.

Margaret McNiven, stage manager of Senior Play.

Della Currie, leader of R. V. C. Rooters' Club.

Luella Greggs, actress in Senior play.

Olive Cousins, a studious woman.

Blanche Balkwill, learning things not in books.

Isabel Bodie, Lady Bapchild in Senior Play.

C. Morgan, Nettie Lingle, Hazel McArthur, actresses in Senior Play.

### SCIENCE '16.

E. M. Desbrisay, E. G. Fitz Henry, Ferguson, H. D. Grant, inveterate fusser.  
Ken. Rosebrugh, McGill Water Polo Team.

### SCIENCE '15.

W. L. Frame, who has sworn to wed a co-ed.

B. P. Johnson, B. R. Perry, R. S. Perry, A. L. Wilson.

### SCIENCE '14.

Robt. Bell-Irving, R. C. Flitton, J. T. Fullerton, H. C. Hughes, I. J. McNaughton, E. R. Taylor.

### MEDICINE '18.

H. R. Patterson, D. W. Ross.

'17.

H. A. Desbrisay, E. M. Busby.

'16.

S. G. Baldwin.



Besides these students we may even claim a representative in the Law Faculty, where our former Professor of French, Mr. O. Tyndall, is developing his ceretrum.

With regret McGill is anticipating the not far distant day when the new Western University will claim all the bright minds of the Pacific Coast. McGill's daughter college will have done her work, and great as we hope the B. C. University may become, many of us will look back with a great love to our Alma Mater McGill.

*G. V. S., Arts '15.*

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### **Mechanics or Calculus?**

Let M be the driver of an automobile working up to a velocity V. When V becomes sufficiently great M will approach P. C., in which case V will become equal to Zero. For small values of V, P. C. may be neglected; but if V be large it becomes necessary to square P. C. By a well-known elementary theorem  $P. C. + \text{£ s. d.} = P. C.^2$  When this quadrature is affected, P. C. will immediately vanish. The quadrature may be effected by substituting  $X^3 = XXX$  for  $\text{£ s. d.}$  This method is preferable when  $\text{£ s. d.}$  is a small quantity with regard to M. Now, if we substitute J. P. for P. C., the problem becomes more difficult, since J. P.<sup>2</sup> is an impossible quantity. The problem can then only be solved by the use of logs, but they must be used with care. Find when  $\text{£ s. d.}$  may be a minimum, having given P. C. = police constable,  $\text{£ s. d.}$  = pounds shillings and pence, J. P. = Justice of the Peace, and XXX = the Customs mark on beer kegs.





### **Jokes Arts '17**

#### **Jokes Told in Class.**

A certain young man is much concerned over a "muddle." Maybe he is trying to straighten it out to suit himself.

Prof. R—bt—son, (endeavoring to teach the pronunciation of Augustus)—Augoostus! Surely, class (thrusting forth a slippered extrimity) you would not call that a feet?" The opinion of the class was divided.

The following interesting conversation took place on the afternoon of January 30th, which it will be remembered, was the date of the Alma Mater dance:

Mr. McLennan: Say, Miss White, does red go well with pink?

Miss White: Well, Mr. McLennan, just what are the circumstances?

Mr. MacL.: Well, do red roses look well with a pink dress?

Miss W.: Why, yes; they go very nicely together.

Mr. MacL.: Oh! I am so relieved. I have just spent all my allowance on red roses, and now I find that she is to wear a pink dress.

Don't you think Mr. MacLennan that they looked very nice? Who had them? It would be mean though to tell.

In Third Year English Literary Criticism Class:

Mr. Henderson (to a bunch of boys who are laughing): Well, gentlemen, what do you find in this subject that is so interesting?"

Kemp: Nothing, sir.

Prof. Killam, (in Kinematics Class): When you have two parallel lines so close together that there is no distance between them, they coincide and are the same line.

Reid: That's Dutch.

"Rasty" Wright, (in shop): Say, Taylor, I've lost my voice.

Taylor: Thank goodness.

Mr. Taylor, (explaining in shop): Now, use plenty of chalk; chalk is cheap.

Gordon: Yes, so is talk.

H. J. G.: Something is preying on my mind.

E. S.: It must be pretty hungry.

He and She arrived at half time.

Irish (to Buck): What's the score?

Buck: Nothing to nothing.

"She": Goody! We haven't missed a thing!

Miss Fl——n to Mr. Wright: How long is the period of an osculation, and how many may there be in an hour?

Mr. Wright (embarrassed): Well—er—really, now, that all depends on the parties engaged, I should say.

The other day Mr. Wright, in the act of attaching a 200-lb. weight to a slender wire was startled by Miss R—s exclaiming:

"My gosh! won't it break."

A Freshette was sitting in one corner of the H. S. auditorium listening to the lecture on "Cæsar." She could not see the speaker. His voice, having at first been very loud became lower and lower, then ceased. The freshette leaned forward and caught a glimpse of him just as he drank a glass of water.

"Looks as if he was run by water power," said she.

Prof. R.—bt—n: Why don't you change your name, Miss McAlonen? It is an awful nuisance. The lady in question is sorry, but she cannot do so until the McGill students return from the East.

Prof. R.—bt—n (to Miss Bissett as she comes in late): Aren't you afraid you'll be late on Judgment Day?"

"Oh! no, there won't be any street cars."

We have two Pecks of Loquacity in Arts '17 according to one of our professors. Another adjured Miss Woods to "pull herself to pieces," and then wondered why we smiled.

Pert Query: Is it good form for a B. B. coach to tell the girls to "shoot themselves?"

Southcott, entertaining the sophomore class with a charming rendition of "Tres Moutarde", suddenly hears Prof. H. quoting Carlyle "Cease to be a hollow sounding shell, Southcott."

As a result the class has completely lost track of the Tango.

The English professor has just finished reading a vivid description of the nether world as portrayed in the Fairy Queen. "Now, Miss Story, what is there peculiar about this description of Hades?"

Miss Story (serenely): The fact that it says that there were women there.

On that eventful day when there was skating (?) at Park Lake, most of the second year boys were absent from Latin lecture. Miss Hutcherson was absent too. Prof. Robertson thinks that Miss Hutcherson probably had plenty of escorts.

Smithson, (at summer school): Say, Skipper, hold that rod where it can be seen, this is a turning point.

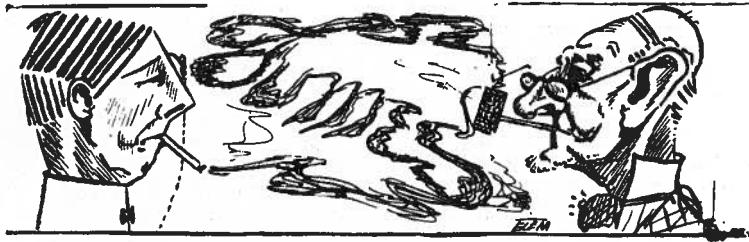
Scene: Third Year Latin Class; time, Monday morning following Alma Mater dance.

Bus. Manager: Say, Mickey, did you get an order for an ad. at that place you went yesterday?

Mickey: I got two orders.

Bus. Mgr.: You did, what were they?

Mickey: One was to get out, and the other was to stay out.



Juniors were born for great things, Sophs were born for small.  
But it is not recorded why the Freshmen were born at all.

Momentous interview between Des B—y and Miss A—n, after second year class party: "Good evening." "Good evening." "This is a very nice evening." "A very pleasant evening." "May I see you home this evening?" "Well, not this evening." "Good evening!" "Good evening!"

Thus evening the matter all around.

Prof. Henry: And, Le Messurier, who does Carlyle refer to when he says "a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch." "I don't know, sir." "Why he means yourself, Le Messurier, he means you."

Studious theologue. Prithee, good friend, couldst tell me when they built yon new partition?"

Knowing Student: Why, you poor simp, that's not a partition, that big "Gibby."

Mrs. Buryea, taking up Mr. Dawe's picture: "My, such soulful eyes."

Miss Pim: How Miss Hatch must enjoy a drink of water!

At Class Party, Miss Greggor: I can do something you can't do.

Mr. Gibson: (Trying to conceal curiosity) What?

Miss Greggor: Grow.

Conductor: "This transfer expired some time ago.

Miss Hawe: Do you wonder! There's not a single ventilator in the car open.

Miss Taylor: Didn't we have a glorious sunrise this morning!

Miss MacMillan: Sunrise! I was to bed quite a while before sunrise.

"Pete" Celle, deeply moved after Alma Mater dance: "My island home is far beyond the sea, I will no longer roam." No! Pete said that she didn't go to McGill at all.

(Prof. Henderson.)

"Graduates who are not well behaved in certain ways are not unknown."

"As a person grows older the weight of his brain decreases. That may be due to the loss of conceit

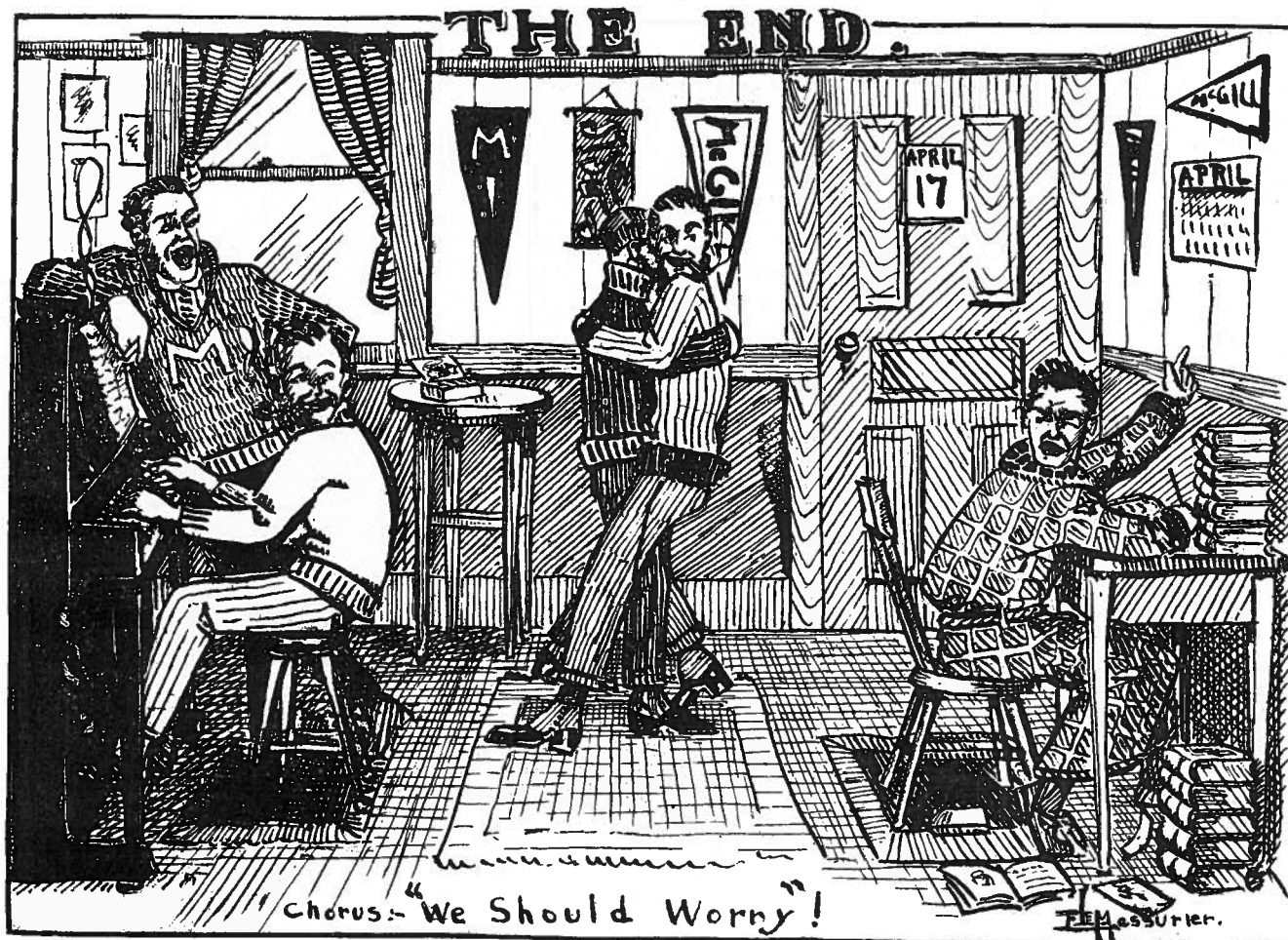
Miss Mounce (in logic): "Unless help arrives we are beaten." Frantic attempt on part of Bill Dawe to bring help.

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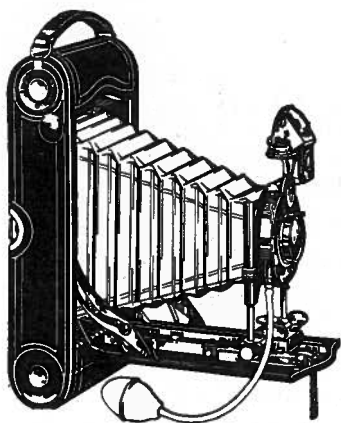
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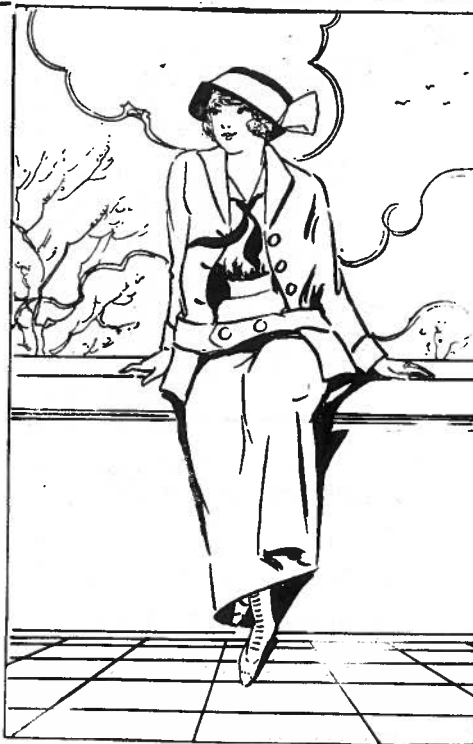
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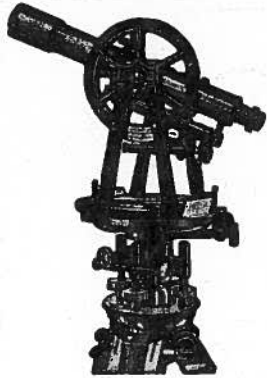


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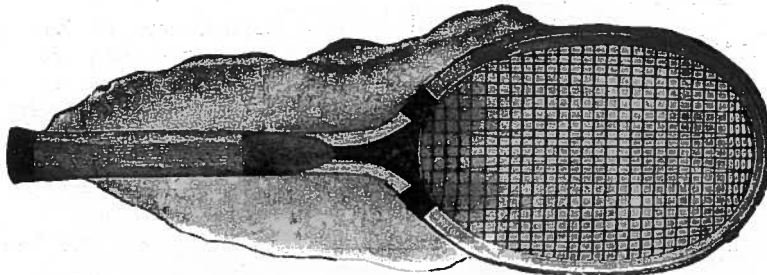
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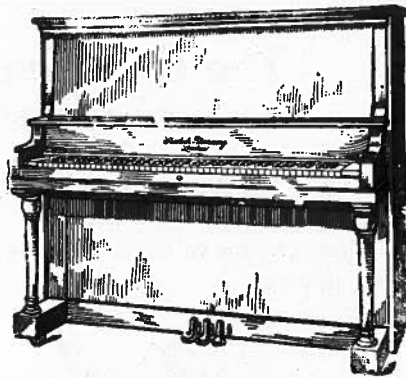
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