

Old Days and New

A Few Remarks From An Old-timer To Some of His Class-mates.

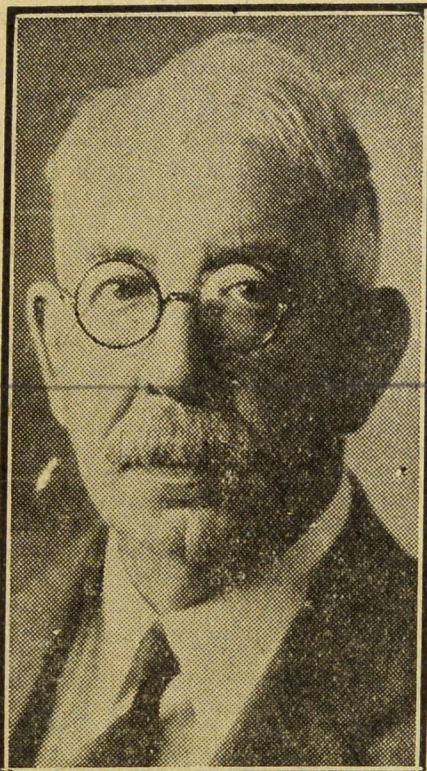
by Dr. Oscar Watson

SECTION EIGHT

WHEN you pay your next visit to the U. N. B. be sure to browse around the corridors and up and down the stair-cases and in and about the various rooms, where the pictures of the Classes for many years back are hanging. They are well worth seeing. The idea was conceived possibly in the Seventies, and it has carried on ever since.

There you may see your youthful self, handsome and debonair, as you visioned yourself to be, or otherwise, according to the estimate of unbiased judgement. But while a photograph is not intended primarily to mask the real features, like a letter written to conceal the thoughts, it sometimes does so. Portraits are not always to be depended upon, for they fail to take account of the personality, which in the final equation goes far beyond mere personal appearance.

If it is an unusually good picture, your friends say it doesn't look like you at all; and if it is a bad one, you say it doesn't. It is rather difficult to come to an agreement on this delicate subject. But whether it is good or bad, and whether you like it or not, your portrait hangs on the walls of old University, and will remain there until it becomes mellow with age. The



OSCAR WATSON, B.A. (U. N. B.) '88 M.A. (U. N. B.) '90; M.D. '99 College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York City

new students, as they come along, may give it a passing glance, but old timers will not forget to search out their class-mates of long ago.

A fine and clever girl, Miss Ella J. Hunter, one of the pioneers of Co-education, wrote an imaginative tale for University Monthly, entitled "From the Archives of the Future," and thereby won a prize. narrative was set down in an old Manuscript discovered in some musty corner and consists of the retrospective musings of "a composite astral body, a living composite of a Class between the years '80 and '90, of their virtues, their vices, their follies and frivolities."

Looking backward from perhaps this very year, the Astral Spirit writes:

"One of my chief pleasures lies in my visits to the Reading Room, long since given over to rats and mice, where I muse over my photograph of the Jubilee year. Today as I stood before the cobwebbed picture, two young moderns entered on an exploring expedition, as they termed it. One of them walked rudely through me, and before I was collected enough to remonstrate, they began to chaff at that dear old group.

"What guys they must have been, those old Nineteenth Century fogies," said one, polishing off the dust with the skirt of his gown in true college fashion.

"Guys indeed! Those children daring to criticise us! My blood boiled.

SENATOR WILSON PRESENTS \$30,000 TO QUEEN'S UNIV.

Kingston — Following a grand concert and dance to which were invited five different classes of people, and a short speech in which he made the statement that he thought money made by rich men should be returned to the people from whom they had made it, Senator Lawrence A. Wilson of Montreal, handed a cheque for thirty thousand dollars to Principal W. H. Fyfe to be used by Queen's University. The presentation was made in Grant Hall in the midst of a gala concert featuring a special troupe of artists brought from Montreal by Senator Wilson. The hall was packed by over 1600 people.

"By Jove!" cried the other, "just look at the array of high collars! Imagine you or me inside one of those white-washed fences!"

"By Saturn and Mars!" said the first. "Here are the pictures of those fabled first lady students. Imagine the state of affairs—half a dozen girls and about twelve times that number of boys!"

"Then a Medallion attracted their attention. They read with difficulty the faded writing:—

"In Memory Of the Photographer Who did his Best to Make us all Good-looking."

"That hearty burst of laughter established a fellow-feeling between us. The boys of the Twentieth Century and those of the Nineteenth are not so unlike after all."

The ordeal of having your picture taken in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century was a trying one; it was considered one of the tests of manhood. There were other things almost as dreaded—a date with the dentist, purchasing a new hat, or surrender to the jailer. But for long drawn out agony the picture-taking melodrama seemed to have the call. For days before the event men went about the streets with a guilty expression on their faces; they could be discerned peering into shop windows to catch a glimpse of what the photographer would meet up with; they looked pitifully at their friends who had already gone under the yoke for some word of hope, such as: "You'll take a good one, all right," or "Don't be afraid, it's not going to hurt much."

Then the day arrives, and after each man had been led off to sit in the fatal chair, while the artist mulled over him, and he had finally made his escape by the most convenient exit, there were hours of anxious waiting for the proofs which were to be submitted for his approval. You took one look, handed them back, and, with staring eyes, asked: "Who is it?"

Being informed that it was an excellent likeness of your own proud self, you promptly demanded another sitting, no matter the pain. And the second was worse than the first.

If you examine at close range the pictures of one of the old Classes set in the frame, you will be able to see that two of the men, perhaps three, are wearing the same suit. Part

HAVE POVERTY AND SUCCEED SAYS BENNETT

Toronto—"One of the greatest assets a young man or woman can have is poverty", stated Premier R. B. Bennett to a group of scholarship students of the Leonard Foundation, at a dinner held in this city early in December. He then went on to explain that the poverty implied was not that of absolute want but rather the necessity of the students for helping themselves and by so doing fitting themselves for greater achievement.

Character could not grow in softness, he went on to say. On history's roll of fame were the names of those who had difficulties to overcome before they won to greatness.

Money was but a trust, the Premier concluded, and that trust could not be passed on more worthily than in helping to open the door to opportunity through education.

MANY ANIMALS AT HARVARD

Cambridge, Mass.—One of the largest collection of wild and domesticated animals in the country is kept by Harvard University for use in laboratory experiments.

In the psychology department of the University are more than 200 rats, 40 salamanders, a pair of squirrels, fifteen cats and kittens and two monkeys.

In the biological institute there are more than 2,000,000,000 one-celled animalcules. And here are some of the other living specimens:

Seventy-five frogs, 3 African bullfrogs, 50 mussels, 300 minnows, 500 glow flies, 30 leeches, 2 crayfish, 5,000 tadpoles, 125 lizards, 100,000 worms of different varieties, hundreds of tropical fish, 350 mice, 30 garter snakes, 1 boa constrictor, to say nothing of alligators, newts, chammass, gila monsters, rabbits, guinea pigs, turtles, opossums, woodchucks, canaries, racoons, sheep and chimpanzees.

About 2,500 pounds of meat is fed to the animals in the Medical School each week.

of this suit consists of a sort of sport coat, with the pleats showing plainly. There is no great mystery about it, for the simple explanation is that the owner having been discovered to be the possessor of something nifty in garments was pleased, perforce, to share his good fortune with his friends. He stood by, however, to make certain that the suit was returned.

It was no uncommon thing in the old days to lend your most prized possessions in the way of apparel in case of emergency. This was particularly true of the Waniganites, among whom the community tie embraced faith, hope and charity. No really great Waniganite ever thought twice about entering another man's room, appropriating his raiment and sallying forth, knowing that his appearance thereby was vastly improved and that in this way he would add luster to dear old Alma Mater. When this invasion and seizure became known, he who was robbed merely went into the next room, took what he coveted, if he could find anything, and, if not, wrapped himself in his thin black gown and proceeded to lectures, or to meditate in the grove among the trees.

"Women like emotion, men like character, and the masses like movement. If these three elements are combined you get a good play."—Daniel Frohman.

The
Gon!
is not far off!

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