

ON DIT

Official Organ of the Adelaide University
Students' Union

"Doth sometimes counsel take
And sometimes tea"

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Phryne Before Her Judges, or the Last Blast of the Trumpet.

An Effusion from a Legal Correspondent.

It is in some ways amusing and in others saddening to contemplate the ever-increasing disparity of the sexes, which is so well reflected in the life of this University. While the women are militant, striving always to improve their status, the men are content to remain apathetic and unmoved at the sight of the decline in their power and authority. They presume to laugh at the words of McCardie J., the one man in whom are combined a knowledge of man's present hapless state and an ability to utter a weighty warning.

What better example could be given of man's apathy than the fact that he can, and frequently does, view unmoved a notice which says that subscription to a certain union shall cost thirty-five shillings for men and fifteen shillings for women? In an institution where men and women are supposed to be on equal terms, such a disparity should not exist. Again, how often does one see at the refectory a glove or a handbag placed on an otherwise empty table. What an outcry there would be if a mere man presumed to remove these female impedimenta, or if he were to copy this typically female act of self-assertiveness by placing some of his own garments or accessories on a vacant table while he went and bought his dinner.

The root of the trouble is, we think, that women have completely emancipated themselves, or, rather, have been emancipated, by and with the advice and consent of certain former parliaments assembled and with the authority of the same, as follows: They have freed themselves from all disabilities which formerly attached to them, and have retained all the advantages which used to be conferred upon them in virtue of what the women themselves now loudly proclaim a "mistaken belief" in their inferiority to men.

The women are fitting objects for a rather dubious congratulation, for they have achieved the seemingly impossible task of eating their cake and having it. They are the recipients, and they insist on being the recipients, of many favours the acceptance of which precludes any application of their much vaunted doctrine of the equality of the sexes.

"All Now Is Wrangle, Abuse, and Vociferance."

The A.U.L.S.S. held a freshers' debate on 21st June, coram Mr. A. L. Pickering, on the subject "That gambling should be suppressed." Messrs. Davey, Porter, and Field took the affirmative side; Messrs. Cox, Brown, and Bonnin opposed them. The meeting was well attended, and the opinion was freely expressed that the debate was of a somewhat higher order of excellence than most previous freshers' debates.

Mr. Davey seemed over confident of success, and perhaps it was partly due to his premature prognostication of victory for his side that the adjudicator and chairman awarded the laurels to Mr. Cox's team, which gained 63 points to their opponents' 54.

The debate was thrown open, and several members spoke in styles amusingly different from each other, ranging, as they did, from fiery invective to polysyllabic grandeur.

Mr. Pickering addressed some valuable hints on debating to the audience, and was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks for his services.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—The S.C.M. welcomes reasonable and intelligent criticism of the type revealed in the first part of Julian's letter. If one could feel assured that it was merely a somewhat startling notice in green that had arrested Julian's erstwhile meditative mood, one might feel less disturbed. The obvious way to remedy this would be to make future notices a little less striking so that, without fear of interruption, Julian could "shudder into his shell" and resume his crustacean, snail-like, even meditative progress under the tutorship of Aldous Huxley.

But Julian evidently meant the matter to go deeper than this. He despairs at the idea of religion presented by the S.C.M. The most unfortunate thing about it is that his criticism is based, I take it, not on a knowledge of the work of the S.C.M., but on two notices, the first of which he misinterprets to suit his own ends, and the second of which he condemns for its "tasteless enthusiasm and puerile blague" (statements couched in glaringly Huxleyian language and apparently disgorged in a particularly pernicious paroxysm of despair).

The message of the S.C.M., I venture to suggest, is not a scribble of ink or a dash of paint on a refectory notice-board, and yet this is apparently as Julian sees it.

If the S.C.M. in the true University spirit can give the world an adequate conception of what religion is, if it can clear away the many crudities and unrealities which surround much of the conventional religion to-day, if it can lead men to see that religion is concerned, not with the problem of an after-life, but with the problem of life, here and now, that religion is not something "to be kept in a cool place," apart from life, but simply life itself, then the message will stand when Huxley and his minions have long been reconciled to oblivion.

The S.C.M. needs no apology, and I desire to make no apology for true religion. I am, sir, etc., W. N. OATS.

The Editor "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—I was interested to read the very bright letter of "Julian in Despair," published in the last issue of your paper. That despair should call forth such a stroke of genius, even out of Julian, is still another proof of that great historical truth about grains of sand in oyster shells resulting in pearls, etc. Obviously "Julian in Despair" does not think—at any rate not while in a fit of despair, although he may occasionally in an absent-minded fit of hope. If Julian does think, S.C.M. notices have no application for him—if he does not think, then he is welcome to wear the cap, if it fits him.

However, I appreciate the point of Julian's letter, and agree with him almost entirely. I do it with a perfectly clear conscience, being a member of the S.C.M. myself. He can rest assured that we have not got our backs to the wall, except, perhaps, on winter days when the wall is warm and sunny.

So cheer up, Julian, and come to the next S.C.M. conference to do some "real" thinking. I remain, etc.,

"JULIUS CAESAR IN GREAT HOPE."

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—Your correspondent "Julian in Despair" has criticized the S.C.M. in regard to a particular advertisement: with that criticism I agree. People who have a "job" to do should always avoid the theatrical. He goes on to take this organization to task for its attitude to life in general, and religion in particular: with this I beg to disagree. There are two phases of human life which suffer tremendously from a lack of true vision on the part of the people; I refer to religion and the social and political life. The function of our institutions is adequately to reflect, and at the same time to mould the temper of the people. It is apparent that, speaking generally, they have failed to do this. Have students no responsibility in this matter? If one of the true student's tasks is not to lead the thought of those less fortunately situated than he in regard to opportunity, then what is? I believe that the reasons for failure of the religious and political institutions properly to fulfil their functions, are, at the root, identical. Both are governed, fundamentally, by the attitude of the people towards life, and therefore towards one another. I am making this point in an attempt to demonstrate that a religion of ideals is the only factor that is able to affect our attitude, constructively, in this respect: and religion and life (religion being an attitude towards life) demand pretty clear thinking and right living. This thinking has to be done by each individual: the S.C.M. study circles are, we hope, not the only places where people think! but they do offer an excellent opportunity of obtaining the other fellow's viewpoint. Whether we are to have individualism or collectivism in the long run does not matter much—the vital point is that we can have neither without ideals that are a good deal higher than unenlightened self-interest. But if this necessary condition is fulfilled, whichever system we finally have (if we can have a final, and therefore static, system in this world of change) will probably prove very similar to any other in its working out.

This brings me to the position of my chief disagreement with your correspondent. He talks of religion as "metaphysical speculation"—for far too long a time have people taken an "other-worldly" attitude towards religion. It surely cuts right at the roots of true idealism to adopt an attitude towards life with one eye on the reward—whether here or hereafter. Religion is not self-culture—the fundamental requirement is that one must lose sight of oneself. "Live the life eternal now," and the future will care for itself.

I would suggest to "Julian in Despair" that the S.C.M. could well do with his assistance, and would probably help him, as it has many others, to realize a truer life. Yours faithfully,

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—I was much interested to see in your last issue the exceedingly able attack made by "Julian in Despair" upon the S.C.M. poster in the Refectory. A more deserved criticism would be difficult to conceive, and I am pleased that it was forthcoming.

But when I passed from the earlier part of his letter, from what the writer is so modest as to term a "quibble," to what he apparently intends for more serious

argument, I confess I was a little disappointed.

Julian very rightly likens the methods of the S.C.M. in this particular instance to those of a "rabid tub-thumping salvationist," but then he seems scarcely to be aware of the difficulties of the S.C.M. Since the beginning of the year notices have been posted up which shy, shrinking "under-graduates of quiet taste" have "managed to avoid." At last the S.C.M. put up one which even forced itself upon the attention of Julian himself; and the result has been frightful. "Shuddering into his shell," he has been forced to plunge himself into Aldous Huxley to find escape from the torment of his outraged sensibilities.

All this, one admits, would have been very cruel of the S.C.M. had it been aware of the agony it was inflicting upon sensitive religious people; but then how was it to know that such persons ever existed when they never attend its meetings, and their religion is apparently such a "deep and difficult thing" that it never shows on the surface. Is one to seek them instead at the meetings of the Dance Club and the Footlights Club? Of course, had Julian quietly taken aside one of our members—as one might expect from an "under-graduate of quiet taste"—and gently expostulated with him about our mistake; or had he entered heartily into our work and corrected our "ebullience of tasteless enthusiasm and puerile blague"—whatever this is—by infusing us with his own deep and difficult religion; then all might have been different. The S.C.M. might have learnt the "cry of men dashing into battle"; and even Julian himself need not have despaired. But instead he rushes into print with a savage attack upon the S.C.M. with the sole purpose, it would seem, of urging us to do little or nothing at all lest by some mischance we should give offence, or perhaps provoke laughter, by our "unconscious absurdities."

The most difficult thing to understand about Julian's criticism is that, after rightly condemning us for our presumption, he should go on to say that ours is not "the cry of men dashing into battle." One wonders if his own conception of religion as something apparently which cannot take its place among ordinary studies and ways of life, nor stand criticism upon equal grounds, is after all the more heroic. But, however this may be, let me assure him that the S.C.M. poster was put up as a challenge both to our co-religionists and to the University as a whole; and it continues to challenge them. What is your religion, or in other words, your way of life? Do you know if you have one? Do you know what it is? Can you justify it? If not, the S.C.M. is an organization which exists to help you set about it; yet one whose final efficacy will depend on the amount of support you are prepared to give it. I am, Sir, etc.,

"NOT JULIAN'S DISCIPLE."

The Editor "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—I have followed with some interest the letters by your correspondents concerning the formation of a Labour Club at the Varsity. I did not think, however, that the project would go much further than the pages of "On Dit."

Imagine my surprise then, on seeing an odious looking paper entitled "The Workers' Weekly" among the periodicals in the Reading Room at the Refectory. I picked this paper up out of sheer curiosity, and

continued to read it in amazement. I must say, I have never seen such a nauseating publication before.

I can only hope, that the aim with which it is placed in the Reading Room, is to make its pernicious character plain to all.

Trusting we shall not for long be confronted by this disgusting paper. I remain, yours sincerely, "UNOME."

The Editor, "On Dit."

Dear Sir,—I have heard vague rumours that the letter by "Anabaptist" published in the previous issue of your paper was written as a practical joke. As the editorial sense of humour is rather difficult to follow, I suggest that all future letters and articles in your columns be labelled "Serious" or "Humorous" according to the editorial view of them, so as to assist serious-minded people such as Your affectionate, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[The editorial sense of humour IS "a deep and difficult thing" but we submit that we cannot be expected to gauge the intentions of our correspondents. If they themselves would indicate their intention, our task would be lightened.—Ed.]

The Editor.

Sir,—It is high time to protest against the abuse levelled at Aldous Huxley. "Julian" uses him as a sort of "Devil's Advocate" against the S.C.M., who no doubt will consign him to limbo along with Julian, on Julian's recommendation. But this is preposterous. Julian's charge that undergrads fly to him for relief from the poison of S.C.M. notices is piquant, but untrue. If it were true, Julian himself would have known that A.H. is a religious writer; perhaps the S.C.M., were his works better known, would have adopted his Hibbert Journal article on "Grace and Predestination" as the basis for a study circle. It is heartrending to see this sturdy apologist for religion in all its forms dragged in as a reproach and byword. Yours, etc., "JUNIUS."

The Editors of "On Dit."

Dear Sirs,—Please allow me to reiterate the letter of May 13, Vol. 1, Number 4.

At cloister lawn litter
You murmured in vain;
So allow me, I prithee
To murmur again.
O Great Voice of "On Dit"
Can't something be done?
You reformed some abuses,
So why not this one?

There's:
orange peel,
An apple core,
Some torn-up letters
(P'r'aps three or four),
A liqueur bottle—
(Don't be annoyed
'Twas doubtless dropped by
An unemployed)—
Chocolate wrappings,
Two paper boats,
And several pages
Of lecture notes.

O Great Voice of "On Dit"
Can't SOMETHING be done?
You reformed some abuses,
So why not THIS one?

Yours faithfully,
"NON FRUSTA SPERANS."

SPORT.

Inter-Varsity Rifle Match.

The inter-Varsity shoot was shot at Williamstown range in the first week of the holidays. The competition for first place was very keen, and Adelaide, though handicapped by inexperienced young players, produced some truly remarkable individual scores. Dinner was provided on the range by the M.U.R.C., and some of us had more suet pudding than we could cope with. On the day after the match the combined Universities were beaten by the Victorian Rifle Union, but our Captain, L. D. McKenzie, came second with a score of 182/200, a very fine effort, thus demonstrating the truth of the remark in the "Herald" that "Adelaide did not seem to strike form" during the inter-Varsity. Melbourne, won with Sydney a close second, and Tasmania third. Largely due to some good shooting on the second day, we picked up and finished fourth.

From the social point of view the trip was a great success. All the teams went to see "Blue Roses," and whenever the chorus came on a long line of telescopes was raised. Our team was entertained by Nobel's at clay pigeon shooting, and many casualties resulted. The trip was crowned by the dinner, which was a great success. Special thanks are due to the Sydney captain.

Sports Notes.

We regret that some of the Sports Notes sent in have been crowded out of this issue. To ensure publication, send in early.

Basket Ball Notes.

At last the Basket Ball Club feels that it may flaunt its colours before an amazed world—we have won no less than three matches! And doubtless when the neatly written sign, "Not To Be Used" has been removed from our heating apparatus we will win many more.

The "C" team has won its last two matches in a really brilliant, and it must be admitted, rather unexpected fashion. The "A" team, after a close and hard fight, managed to register a defeat upon the ancient and honourable rivals, Training College. Last Saturday they were not so fortunate, and it has been rumoured abroad that certain members of the team have found that many dances and asphalt courts are an unhappy combination, resulting in very sore feet. The "D" team has not played a match for some weeks, due to forfeiting by their opponents; whether this is because of an overpowering fear, or just inability to play, we have not, as yet, been able to ascertain. The "B" team is still struggling hard, and surely its keenness at practice must one day bring a just reward.

Lacrosse.

The "A" team a few weeks ago seemed to be going down hill, which is a bad sign

for any side in mid season, but lately they have pulled themselves together, and should certainly finish in first four.

The less said about Saturday's match against the A II the better, but it was great practice for the new men playing in the senior team, and the Club should benefit from it. We expect to see four men from the side at least, in the State practice, if not in the final selection. These are Cook, Bonnin, Ewens, and Muecke.

Cook is far and away the best goal getter we have in South Australia, and Bonnin's name haunts the best players week after week.

Considering that the team beat North Adelaide in first round by 14-5, there should be no trouble in repeating same, but it might be mentioned that the stick work of the team is still inclined to be patchy, and plenty of practice in this direction is necessary.

Incidentally an unofficial goal throwing competition is being staged by two defence players, and we would ask the forward lines to kindly stand aside as they move up.

Cook was too busy tanking in Wallaroo to catch the train home on Saturday.

The A2 team are still improving!!!! and may win a match before the season is finished.

The lower grade teams are winning plenty of matches.

The premiership table, as far as can be obtained, is:

	Points.
Goodwood	17
Sturt	14
Varsity	12
Port Adelaide	9

Men's Hockey.

University retained its position as leading team by defeating Kenwood on Saturday. Goals were scored alternately until the score stood at 3 all, with about a quarter of an hour to go. University then scored three rapid goals. Goals were evenly divided between J. Allen and O'Connor, who played a dashing game at inside left. D. Allen was excellent at centre half, and W. Dorsch was best of the backs.

"B" Grade.

Mr. Boundy Not a Conscious Menace Says Umpire's Report.

The University delegate to the last meeting of the Hockey Association reports that no action will result from the reporting of Mr. Boundy for persistent foul play, as the umpire's letter made it clear that the offences "appeared to be due to ignorance rather than malice."

The Editors Implore Correspondents

To be as good-humoured as possible. It is trying to have to reject letters because of their querulous tones, or ill-timed attempts at sarcasm.

If you want some existing state of affairs altered, you will best gain your end by pleasant wit or by a plain statement. At present, most of you write as though somebody had pinched your Teddy Bear.

S.C.M.

The midday meeting of the S.C.M. on Friday, June 24th, was addressed by the Rev. D. Mitchell upon "The Meaning of Prayer." Before we begin to pray, he said, we must be clear that we understand its meaning, just as the surgeon needs to understand the instruments of which he is about to make use. Without this, prayer was often dangerous and sometimes vicious. Meaning alone validates practice. What, then, is the meaning of prayer, that is, of Christian prayer—the intimate and personal prayer as distinct from the philosophical? Its purpose was threefold. First, our union with God and with Christ, not for our own comfort and salvation, nor even for our peace, but for the sole glory of God. There must be a complete union of our minds and hearts with His. Secondly, the consummation of this act of union by God's union with us. Prayer was not a species of mental gymnastics, nor a mere psychological exercise. God must be given full opportunity to speak to our hearts, to impart to us what He will. Prayer means intimate fellowship with God. Finally, its intention was that, in this state of union, God should stimulate our wills, that He should initiate in us courses of right action. Prayer does not end with "Amen"—still less before it—it expresses itself in the whole of life, in deeds of love and in movements for the uplift of man. True Christian prayer was summed up in Ephes. 3, 14-20.

A.W.L.S.S.

On Monday, June 20th, the Women Law Students' Society held their first debate.

Mr. Newman set the question, and decided the issue. The question concerned an accident between a train and a motor-car (those level-crossings again!) Apparently the motorist was a naughty old man who rushed over railway crossings in the early hours of the morning at the terrific speed of 20 m.p.h. But he got his deserts. He was knocked down by a train, and when he sued the company for damages, was found by our learned court to be guilty of negligence, and therefore unentitled to damages, while the Railway Co. was given an absolutely clear sheet.

Misses R. Mitchell and I. Gilmore spoke learnedly and well for the plaintiff, but right was on the side of the Railway Company, and Misses M. Frick and J. Wilson, who spoke equally learnedly and well, won the day.

The discussion went on for a very long time, and while the argument grew warmer and warmer, the court and the attendants at the court grow steadily colder and colder. Unfortunately the Law Library and the Law Lecture Room are made that way. The cold penetrates and penetrates till it reduces the whole body of a Law student to one numb shiver. . . . But perhaps, some day, it will be different.

Magazine.

Contributions to the Magazine may be left in Box B, at the front office. It is hoped that as many as possible will contribute.

International Club.

At the first meeting of the Club this term Charles Hawker, Esq., M.H.R., the Minister for Markets and Repatriation, was the guest and speaker. Mr. Hawker reviewed from a parochial angle, present-day world trade and world markets. Australia's position amongst other competitors, with regard to wheat and wool, items with which the speaker had come into closest contact, was not a particularly good one. Her wheat suffered in overseas market from competition with the Argentine, extra distance and higher freight charges handicapping her opportunities abroad. Wool, said the speaker, was Australia's salvation, as overseas countries always demanded the raw material to manufacture goods.

His suggested means of combating the world depression was concerted international action, which seemed to be failing just at present. Nevertheless, Mr. Hawker placed great faith in the forthcoming Ottawa Conference, and stressed most strongly the fact that the conference should not be a one-sided bargain. Australia and the other dominions must be prepared to share their part in a sacrifice, which generally tended to leave Great Britain in a position of disadvantage.

No further meetings of the Club have been arranged definitely, but two meetings, one on Chinese and Japanese affairs, and the other on Central Australia, will be held during the term.

Weltklub Union.

"There is a stage where national hatred vanishes altogether, and where one stands to a certain extent above the nations and feels the weal or woe of a neighbouring people as if it were one's own."—Goethe.

With the advent of air travel and wireless, the world has become a very small place, and people are realizing that we were never meant to hide ourselves behind our little frontiers and behind economic barriers. On the contrary, it has always been the custom for students to exchange and share their ideas with everyone.

The Weltklub Union is an international correspondence club with its headquarters in Germany, and offers you opportunities for correspondence with students in other countries and exchange of ideas. It also publishes a journal and welcomes contributions.

Anyone may join, and further particulars can be obtained from H. C. Robjohns.

Coming Events.

Wednesday, July 13th. Meds. v. Engineers' football match.

Tuesday, July 5th. The Literary and Debating Society will produce "The Spartan Girl," a Greek tragedy infinitely more tragical than "Euripides."

Wednesday, July 20th. Arts Association Dance in Lady Symon Hall.

French Club.

Dear Mr. Editor of "On Dit."

I must tell you all about our too, too thrilling adventure when Mr. Spargo and Miss Crampton took us to a studio-place in Hindley Street or somewhere all so FEARFULLY ultra-modern-like with no furniture nearly, but some incense-stuff and a board that said sub-something or something, and we all sat on EXCITING cushions and things and on a table and ate mandarines and things and acid-drops, and Mr. Spargo made a heavenly speech, a HEAVENLY one, Mr. Editor, all in French, about the play somebody said, and somebody said he was translating it from the Japanese, and somebody said it was awfully funny, the play I mean. Then two men came on in robe things and paint and stuff, and bowed and danced, and I forgot to tell you, there was a cute little red table with a vase and a basin on it, and a tray on the floor. Then the men did more aerobatics and talked a bit, and one man drank some stuff out of the vase and laughed, and the other man laughed and held up a HORRIBLE mask thing, and then the man who had been drinking went to sleep, and the other man put the mask on him and laughed, and then he woke up and looked at himself in the tray and positively HOWLED, Mr. Editor, my dear, and then he did it again, and then he took off the mask and the men both laughed and danced, and then they went out. And WHAT do you think! Mr. Spargo made lots more lovely speeches, so we gave him some onions and we got down off the table and somebody broke a chair, and we sang a LOVELY song about marshon or something, and went home. Good-bye, Mr. Editor,

"FLOSSY FLUFFYTOP."

Hammers and Sickles.

Last week S. Mark's invited Mr. T. Garland, a representative of the Friends of the Soviet Union, to address the Wranglers' Club.

The meeting was unusually well attended. Any expectations of outraged patriotism and the nearby river were dissipated soon after business began, and Mr. Garland had a sympathetic, if not entirely acquiescent, audience. Most of us agreed with his exposition of the futilities of the capitalist system; we were willing to believe that the state of Soviet Russia has been misrepresented in our newspapers and that the country is making real material progress under the five-year plan. Mr. Garland dealt courteously and effectively with the questions which were afterwards fired at him. Too many of our men showed themselves ready to condemn the whole system on one point.

Finally we perceived that the Friends of the Soviet see no further than we do. Mr. Garland spoke of the Arts as "poetry and stuff like that"; humanistic culture he derided. Only in the realms of economics and industrialism (and he never fully rose above those levels), he had us cornered. To the Friends, the highest creativeness is the most efficient production of material goods. Ethics of course are necessary for the workers, but these are emphatically not Christian ethics. There was something of

Nietzsche in Mr. Garland's denunciation of Christian organization as embodied in the Church, and Christian "slave-morality" as implied in concepts like "turning the other cheek."

After a good deal of supper, and a good deal of amiable argument without much real understanding, we said good-bye to these interesting people, and hoped they would come again. Each side seemed pleased with the other, and surprised at it. Meanwhile we uphold our social system, our "faith, broad-based upon authority," while somewhere the Friends are going their own way apart, gathering strength no doubt. We could not, naturally (as inheritors of a Great and Noble Tradition), fall in with their way of thinking. But at least we realized with some surprise that Communists are essentially "us plus different conceptions"; in fact, decent human beings, and one fancies they felt much the same towards us.

Pay Up, Mr. Sububs.

CORPORATION OF ALLSHIRE v. JOHN SUBUBS.

An interesting debate was held in the new Law Lecture Room in spite of the inclement weather prevailing on Tuesday, 14th June.

The Corporation, having nothing better to do, made a road, the cost of which was apportioned between abutting owners, Sububs, being a well meaning citizen, asked for time to pay, and the Corporation agreed. When the Corporation had made the road, under the auspices of the Unemployment Council, John refused to pay. He said that the Town Clerk misrepresented to him that Maria Street was a private street where he must pay, instead of a public street, when the modest taxpayer would have to bear the burden.

And so to argument.

Mr. W. D. Padman, appearing for the Corporation, proved to his own satisfaction that Maria Street was private, but every one else considered it public. He was determined to get judgment so propounded three propositions under which the Corporation was entitled so, that, if any two failed, the third might please His Honor.

Mr. T. B. Taylor, for the defendant, asked for a non-suit on the ground that he doubted the legal existence of the Corporation. He argued with such persuasive eloquence that we believe plaintiff's counsel was quite prepared to mourn a lost cause.

Mr. Hall, having spoken with faultless oratory on many things on behalf of the Corporation, was with difficulty restrained from a resurrection.

Mr. Wright cited a number of cases, but as no one took much notice of them he must have felt wringed.

Mr. Norman, the adjudicator, was the most fluent of the speakers, even rivalling that colossus of debate, Mr. Young. He finally found for the Corporation's counsel a case which decided the action in favour of the Corporation.

Anyone knowing the legal whereabouts of Mr. Jno. Sububs is requested to send particulars to plaintiff's counsel.