

Entered then, no, not my mother, nor indeed my mother's brother,

But, alas! my old grandmother entered at the study door;
And she laid herself reclining on the sofa's cretonne lining,
Chatting softly, not divining anyone was on the floor,
And she stayed of hours three-quarters or perhaps a little more;
Just that long, and nothing more.

Soon as grandma had departed quick I for the sofa started,
Much annoyed that she'd us parted for three-quarters of an hour,
When in stepped my only sister; quickly I embraced and kissed her,
Told her that her fellow missed her, nay, her presence did implore;
But she smiled and said she just had let him out the front hall door,

Only this and nothing more.

Then she 'gan a ceaseless chatting, I the while with my foot patting

The brown cocoanutt matting newly nailed before the door;
Then she raved about the 'Lillie' till she nearly drove me silly,
And my blood grew, oh, so chilly, for poor Obby on the floor,
It was two long hours of parting from the boy whom I adore,
Only two, and nothing more.

Oh! it seemed as if the Devil had prepared a little revel
For poor Obby stretched out level on the hard, cold, dusty floor,

For no sooner had she left me than my reason almost left me,
And of all hope bereft me of seeing darling Obby more
That evening; for ma called me to rock baby to a snore;
'Ah!' I murmured, 'Never more.'

After waiting long and hearing only her the cradle steering,
Obby turned his head and peering through the crack beneath the door,
Saw it was half-past eleven, and exclaimed, 'Ah! gracious Heaven,
It was hardly half-past seven when they gan off me to score,
And I've lain beneath this sofa of long hours just about four,
Only four, nothing more.'

Then he got him up and stretched, feeling more than simply wretched,
And his hat and gloves he caught, and quite fearfully he swore:

'Rather badly have I figured, and indeed may I be jiggered,
Yes, indeed, may I be jiggered if I come here evermore,
I will choke beneath a sofa for no female any more.
Quoth Oinoberon, 'Never more.'

—SWIGLEY.

POET'S CORNER.

AMBITION.

IMITATION OF A GERMAN SONG.

Despair not yet, my heart, despair not yet,
The morn must come altho' the night be long;
Then pain and suffering shall this breast forget,
And break forth into light and gladsome song.

I panted in the weary race, and hot;
And sought in vain the blue and starry skies:
Fain would I mount, and all my lack forgot,
But to the radiant heights I could not rise.

Let tired ambition rest for a short day,
No longer let it ease and quiet scorn;
Sorrow and sighing then shall flee away,
The night shall pass, and joy shall come with morn.

And learn, sad heart, that happiness is found—
Not in ambition's proud, disdainful race—
Not on the heights, but on the common ground;
True happiness is found in lowly place.

B.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the 'VARSITY.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great attention the article which appeared in the 'VARSITY' the week before last, advocating a Literary and Athletic Union. At first sight the plan seemed fair and feasible, and it appeared to remove those difficulties which all have met with who have attempted to collect money from the undergraduates for any cause, however good. But upon closer inspection the scheme develops features that are by no means 'fair.' If the Union is to do a good work, the work is to be done by benefiting not a few, but the great mass of students. But if we look at the subscriptions paid by students during the current year we shall find that the average student does not spend more than \$4.00. He will join the Literary Society, will subscribe to the 'VARSITY, and will also join one of the Football Clubs. All this will amount to \$2.75, so that we are leaving a margin of \$1.25 for extra expenses. We venture to assert that the majority of students do not spend more than \$4.00 in Societies during the year. But to join the Union they would have to spend \$5.00. This extra dollar would be utterly thrown away as far as they are concerned.

But there is another view of the matter and one that displays the scheme in an unfavorable light. In order to join one Society, all must be joined. But what earthly good would it be for a Modern Language man, for instance, to find that he has joined a Union that will allow him to attend the meetings of the Natural Science Association if he feels inclined to do so. We may be quite sure that the Natural Science Association will not want his presence at their meetings, and yet he has a perfect right to attend, and he can not be kept out from one society without being shut out from all. The Modern Language man, under this scheme, is supporting the Natural Science Association as much as the Natural Science man himself, and it is not fair that he should. The writer of the article referred to assumes also that we all admit the need of societies which, nevertheless, cannot support themselves. I, for one, do not. One need not be an evolutionist to see the excellent sense of the theories referring to the survival of the fittest. If a Society does not possess strength enough in itself to subsist, the reason is surely quite clear, such a Society is not wanted, and the sooner that it wakes up to that fact the better. The excellent intentions of the writer of the article on a 'Literary and Athletic Union' are fully appreciated, but to me it seems such a Union would be likely to keep many undergraduates from joining any Society rather than join all.

Believe me, I remain, etc.,

J. B.

NOTICE.

The 'VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May, inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$1.50, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to MR. A. H. CAMPBELL, JR., University College, Toronto, to whom applications respecting Advertisements should likewise be made.

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Copies of the 'VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday of J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS., corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets.

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