

scuro, and the texture and feeling to some extent of the great works of great modern painters, mainly of the Paris and Dusseldorf schools. The letterpress is, as might be expected where the plates are expensive, cheap and commonplace, couched in the common cant of continental criticism.

VARSITY MEN. One Margoliouth is now the wonder of Oxford, having secured, in addition to the Scholarship at his College, the Hartford and Ireland University Scholarships, the Gaisford Latin Prose prize (and was 'proximi' for the Greek), the Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholarship, the Syriac Prize, and he has now added the Boden Sanskrit Scholarship. Meanwhile he has secured a First-class in Moderations and Litteræ Humaniores. He is by philosophy a Schopenhauerian, and believes life not worth living. It is to be hoped that, with such a power over language, he will not cease to live before he has added something to the literature of the day.

REV. R. ABRAHAM was in town last week. He is minister at Burlington.

THE Annual Meeting of the Cricket Club will be held on Friday afternoon, the 29th inst., at five o'clock in the committee room of 'Moss Hall.' All those who intend playing Cricket this season are requested to attend. The question of continuing the present arrangement with the Toronto Cricket Club will come up. It is also intended to submit several changes in the constitution.

SCISSORINGS.

You may have been a passenger in an omnibus or a railway carriage at a time when some one picked a half-dollar off the cushions or a shilling from the straw and anxiously inquired for an owner. At such a time every man instinctively feels in his pockets. Every man feels like saying that he is the lucky party, but an inward voice somehow restrains him, and he remembers that it is wicked to tell lies. The money is invariably pocketed by the finder, and he is set down in the opinions of his fellow-passengers as contemptible and mean.

Now Barney, going home to Hammersmith yesterday, purposely dropped a florin on the floor, and at the proper moment he picked it up and observed:

'Who lost this florin?'

Everybody looked at him, and every mouth watered.

'Did anyone drop this florin?' continued Barney, as he held up the coin.

There was another embarrassing pause. Then a man reached out for it with the remark—

'I dropped it, sir. You are an honest man to return it.'

'Are you sure you dropped it?'

'I am. I am not a liar.'

'But—you see—you——' stammered Barney.

'You give me my money or I'll wring your neck!' interrupted the other, as he reached out for his victim.

Barney gave it up. He looked white and red and green, and he felt so bad over it that he got out at Earl's Court and walked home.

"It's no use coming to me," said the editor of an illustrated paper to a young man who lately applied for a berth as special artist, "unless you can undertake to hit off an accurate sketch of a man's features in the interval between his throwing himself out of a window and his reaching the ground."

Says Biggar to Foster, "If I were you,
The Queen should create me, and quickly, too,
The 'Earl of Buckshot,' if I were you."

Says Foster to Biggar, "If I were you,
Many names might be changed, and, properly, too,
Your own name, for instance, if——"

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is enough to make us cry to think that we cannot complete this epigram. *Pink 'Un.*

THERE is no special style of engraving for engagement rings. A spider's web, with a fly in it, is a very pretty device.

CRUICKSHANK used to tell an amusing adventure he once had with a burglar. On returning home one night late, after lecturing at Exeter Hall on temperance, as he opened his front door he espied a man with a bundle under his arm making his way out at the back. He ran after him and quickly collared him. A policeman was called, who took the man into custody. Cruickshank accompanied them to the police station to give his evidence. On the way he read the man a lecture on the evils of drink. He asked the thief if it were not drink that had brought him thus low. The burglar supposed it was. Thereupon Cruickshank

halted under the friendly light of a lamp-post and exclaimed, "Look at me, friend. I have not tasted either wine or spirits for more than twenty years." 'Havn't you, though?' answered the man; 'if I'd ha known that I'd ha' jolly well knocked your bloomin' old 'ead off!'

A SAILOR was tried recently for theft at Brest. The evidence was strong against him. The judges asked him if he had anything to say. "Ay," he replied, "I think it would be charitable were any good Christian to bring a bundle of hay and a pail of water for you asses who have been braying on the bench for the last hour." The judges instantly sentenced him to ten years' hard labor for his insult, and to two years' imprisonment for the petty larceny.

BLIGHT.

If lightning strikes a tree
In its mad race,
There will remain,
Through hail and rain,
A lasting trace.

Years shall fail to restore
That tree to former splendor;
Ne'er more the spring
Green buds shall bring,
And shoots so tender.

Even as a tree may withered be
By lightning in a day;
So a life may be blighted
By love unrequited,
And ruined for aye.

A. C. S. Y. P. B.

COMMUNICATION.

UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION.

SIR,—It must be acknowledged that university consolidation is the speediest means of forming what the intellectual life of Canada most needs, a cultured class. Instead of a feeling of repulsion, which now exists to some extent between the several universities, there would spring up a bond of unity between graduates of a provincial university, the result of friendly competition in a common examination hall, and the requirement of a common standard. The advantages of consolidation are so numerous and so palpable, that it should not be longer delayed. The Legislature cannot plead lack of time for its neglect. It might well for some years have spared the Province the expense and trouble of its latest giant progeny the Judicature Bill, the *magnum opus* of the recent session, to devote a little time to this important scheme. It is plain the Government must not be looked to to take the initiative. For the interests of higher education, it would not be well that it should do so. No one is so fatuous now as to look for anything from the Minister of Education. He could derive little aid from his colleagues—and the Legislature of the Province of Ontario is the last place one would go to hear an intelligent discussion on the subject of university consolidation. "*Dimidium facti, qui caput, habet.*" The first step would be the most difficult. I would suggest a convention of representatives from all the universities of Ontario—two or three from each—sometime before the next meeting of the Legislature. At this meeting let all sectarian prejudices and local jealousies be merged in the interests of higher education, and let the importance of the question outweigh all minor considerations. At this convention the whole subject of the endowments of the various institutions, the government of the central university and the various colleges, etc., could be gone into, a report drafted, and a deputation appointed to lay it before the Government, and urge the necessity for action. The university property of privately-endowed institutions should not be an obstacle to consolidation. The denominational colleges would still exist as theological and literary training colleges, shorn of their present university powers, with a uniform curriculum and uniform examinations. How to bring about the convention? Let three or four of our leading educationalists, unconnected with any university, confer with the senates of all Ontario universities with the object of bringing about this convention during the summer or next autumn. Some such plan as this would assuredly meet with a hearty response. Two sectarian colleges have already proved that university consolidation is possible; and since it is possible, by all means let us have it.

M. A.