

and others, that our friend is an authority on the subject especially in the various shades of hair red and hair brown.

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H. V. F—nn—e.

Dibinity.

ON WRITING HOME.

SINCE we entered this University eight years ago we have met a number of students who have considered that now since they have passed through the High School and entered the University, it is incumbent on them to drop all connection with the friends of their childhood, and in some extreme cases, even with their own homes and their parents. If they ever mention their parents at all, it was in a disparaging or apologetic tone, and as for writing home once in a while, that was entirely beneath their dignity, unless they were in need of something. And the same boys were not at all backward in asking for money to help them along, and they were quite willing to spend that money, earned by the toil of an aged parent, most likely on some foolish amusement, or even for some treat for a chance friend.

Such men are not worthy of any sort of respect. The cases where one should drop all connection with home and parents are very rare indeed, and the cases where one finds friends in the University or anywhere else who will do as much for him, if in need, as his parents will do, are also very rare.

We think of the heartaches caused by the prodigals who go off to a far country, and getting into evil ways are ashamed to write home until they get on their feet again, and we are not sure but that a deeper sorrow is felt over the ingratitude of the boy who prospers in the world and forgets his parents in their old age.

We think of the picture Ian MacLaren has given us, of the old Scotch couple sitting by the roadside for hours before "Posty" comes in sight, waiting for news of the boy who is ill in the distant land. Such a picture is not overdrawn; perhaps all do not show their sorrow or anxiety as plainly, but it is felt, nevertheless.

Many of us come from country homes, and most of us are proud of that fact. Perhaps in most cases the home farm has been hewn out of the forest by our fathers, or grandfathers, and even for that reason alone every foot of it should be dear to us. And then there are all the associations of childhood, and of course if our parents are still living, the old home is doubly dear. But just think of the base ingratitude of one coming from such a home, who looks back with contempt on all the friends and associations of childhood days, and even tries to forget the existence of his parents, who are now getting old, and whose interests are now almost wholly bound up in their absent ones. Life is often rather sad for these old people, whose children have grown up and gone off to do for themselves, but it is not at all so sad if those children remember their parents and write cheery letters to them once in a while.

As to the boy in College, it is the most natural thing in the world that his parents should like to know all