

COLLEGE NOTES.

Master Harry Robertson was recently the recipient of a very rare present in the form of a box containing nearly three dozen fine speckled trout. Four of them measured each 15 inches and over in length, and among the others were also some very fine ones. They were much enjoyed by the large number who had the good fortune of sharing in them. They were caught and sent by Harry's father from Brewster Lake, some distance above Orangeville. It is a long time since we saw so fine a collection, and it naturally filled us with an envious desire to cast a fly in the waters where such beauties were to be captured.

The lacrosse match played on the College grounds, May 26th, against a team from Upper Canada College, resulted not very favorably to the home team. The Upper Canadians had played the game too long for our more inexperienced team, and the College was defeated, not so much by the superior merits of the visitors, but by their very superior tactics. Owing to the near approach of examinations, the team has been obliged to refuse the invitation to play the return match this month.

The College sprinter, Geo. Porter, again delighted his friends and surprised his fellow competitors by the comparative ease with which he secured the first prizes in several of the races of the Amateur Athletic Association. He won easily both the 100 yards and the 440 yards races, and had he not been so heavily handicapped would have secured the 150 yards also. His prizes are very valuable.

E. O. Basicoe also captured a share of the bicycle prizes. The feeling of the college is, that had he been in proper training, many more races would have been secured by him, for he could then have pushed the champion of America, Windle, very hard and would certainly have beaten the other competitors.

Some interesting games of lawn tennis have been played for the college championship. The great conflict now is between, Messrs. Basicoe and Cameron, on one side of the netting, and Messrs. McCulloch and Boyd on the other. Each side has won a game, and the final will soon be played off.

THE HOUSE-MASTER.—Who nightly doth the corridors tread,
With shining lamp and martial head, Exclaiming, "Time to get to bed"
!—The house-master. Who knocketh gently at the door
Of him who lives in forty four, And tells him in a subdued roar
He must not study any more.—The house-master. Who stoppeth
every pillow-light, Who sleepeth at the dead of night
With one eye open, one shut tight, Who never can do aught but right,
And catcheth us in every plight—The house-master.

Saturday, the last day of spring, saw a crowd of the boys walk-