

arctic attacks of the glacier, we covered ourselves with pine branches, lopped from the tree beside us. This Babe-in-the-Woods sort of arrangement, however, proved an unmitigated failure. Equally abortive were our attempts at sleeping, which one of us, who is generally able to sleep under any and all circumstances, made. Finding the cold hard rock, however, unproductive of even a straggling wink, he arose with the design of solacing himself with a pipe, experience having on many sad occasions taught that with the smoke all present evils glide mistily away. But alas! no friendly match was there to aid in this desired transportation, so that unsoled, weary and cold we sank upon the stone to wait for dawn. I will not relate how often lights appeared to be approaching the mountain, nay often on the very mountain itself; how we shouted to attract attention, but to which shouts only the stony-hearted rocks returned an answering, mocking echo. It was not till dawn when the rising rays, of the new-born sun began again to tinge the hoary mountain tops, that we were suddenly startled by the distant sound of a hunter's horn. We replied with a chorused hallo, and were in turn re-answered. After twenty minutes of this work all at once a light shot across a chasm some few rods from us, and, to make a long story short, in a little while we were on our way to Zermatt under the trusty escort of a couple of sturdy Alpine guides. They had been out all night looking for us and had only discovered us about 3 o'clock in the morning. On enquiry we learned that we had wandered an hour and a half's distance from the path and had come into a part of the mountain which was dense with woods, undergrowth, and precipices at any time dangerous. After a couple of hour's tramp we reached the mountain path, and finally, in broad daylight, the hotel, where for a few moments after breakfast we were petty heroes

A. B. C.

Our Wallet.

TO PYRRHA.

(Horace: Ode V. Bk. 1.)

What Dude—

Scent bedewed—

Upon you, Pyrrha, kisses showers,
Beneath your coziest of boudoir-bowers
Snug hid

Amid

Rose-buds?—

For whose caresses

Bind you your tresses,
Neat nymph, blonde?—

Alas! too fond,

How oft shall he deplore

Your perfidy, who swore

Faith by gods fickle!—

Overtaken

Unaware,

Whirl-wind shaken,

Shall he stare,

As roused temper's rough tempestuous waves rage:

Who, inexperienced and credulous,—

At fondling sedulous,—

Doth, witless, in the faithless gale confide

—You always amiable,—he thinks to sail

In calm sea!—(Disengage,

Girls, male arms: they prevent ventricle

Action sufficiently normal to be hale.)—

Unhappy they, that, thee untried,

Imagine meek!

High on the sacred side

Of potent Neptune's temple hung,

My votive tablet testifies,

'Unto calm seas, where seem to rest the skies,

'Devoted—damp to my deluged limbs they clung—

"Those duds!"

O. A. N.

'Oh! would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us.'

The 'Varsity has undergone a change of management. The present staff in receiving the mantle of the late executive hope to profit by their experience. Accordingly, the contents of a mysterious pigeon-hole labelled 'Exchanges' have been ex-

humed, with the hope that from the criticisms therein contained such valuable and harmonious conclusions could be deduced as to enable us to gauge our efforts satisfactorily to all. Some of the results of our research are the following:—

The 'Varsity has the finest title page we have seen. It is distinctly academic.—*Denison Collegian*.

Poor old 'Varsity is a queer specimen.—*Ex*.

We have received the 'Varsity, the best of our exchanges.—*Ex*.

The 'Varsity's elaborate sign-board.—*Berkleyan*.

But turning from these comely pages to the ungainly production from Toronto, the 'Varsity—ye Powers! We suppose the sentimental maiden on the cover is called Sophia, for we are moved to read on that placard resting between man and maiden, 'My dear, before all, I love Sophia.'—*Ex*.

We need not say that we welcome the 'Varsity. Without making any insidious comparison, we would say that it is the best paper which finds its way to our table. Its articles are all of a superior character, and nothing throughout to mar their pleasing effect.—*Argosy*.

The 'Varsity is a large and attractive-looking publication.—*Ariel*.

We think the 'Varsity wanting in attractiveness.—*Adelphian*.

None of our exchanges is of more literary worth and none possesses a better quantity and quality of general college news than the 'Varsity.—*Ex*.

The 'General College News' of the 'Varsity is of such little interest, that we might easily imagine it was put in to fill up.—*Ex*.

The 'Five o'Clock Tea' department is compiled with care; University and College news good. We would like to know how many, with the students' spare time, it takes to edit such a weekly.—*Wittenberger*.

The 'Five o'Clock Tea' is rather insipid, and might well be omitted or replaced by some better beverage.—*Pres. Coll. Journal*.

We do not object to our 'Varsity' friend retailing out our jokes, but seriously protest against his mixing them with the vile hash of his 'Five o'clock Tea.' We have charitably overlooked this aspirant's numerous fruitless attempts to be witty; but when we are to be victimised by his immortalizing pen, we can forbear no longer. We would respectfully suggest that he change his boarding house, or diet for a few weeks on something more congenial.—*Acta*.

Amid the pages of the 'Varsity, many choice and sterling waifs from the pens of the University students make their appearance. 'Five o'clock Tea' suits us admirably, and always claims our attention first. While enjoying the many smile-provoking sallies in prose and poetry, and its more serious and dignified articles, we hope the honored president will excuse our taking exception to the theory of evolution.—*Spectator*.

The WALLET Editor finds himself unable to accept all the above valuable advice, and must ever testify to the wisdom of that oracle the *Swarthmore Phoenix* when it states:—

'The 'Varsity pursues the even tenor of its way, and cannot in the least be affected by any of our criticisms, so we pass on.'

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