

The University might justly be accused of egotism did she honour but her own sons. She feels it her duty to give fitting recognition to pre-eminent merit, even outside the ranks of her Alumni. Hence the Senate of the University is pleased to pay homage to one whose works have placed him in the forefront of national poets, and bespoken the admiration not only of this continent but of countries beyond the sea.

His principal work, "Les Rayons du Nord," has been crowned by that distinguished literary tribunal—the French Academy,—moreover, at the last Floral Contest in France he won a brilliant victory over 376 competitors and obtained three medals and a diploma.

The University, therefore, takes great pleasure in conferring upon Mr. W. Chapman, of Ottawa, the degree of Doctor of Letters.

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## Broke! Broke! Broke!

(Apologies to Tennyson.)

Broke, Broke, Broke,  
 I have spent all my money, O Sea!  
 And I would I could cuss to utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the innocent babe,  
 That he for long green may not yearn!  
 O, well for the millionaire,  
 That for money he has no concern!

And bill after bill comes in  
 Into thousands they seem to amount;  
 But, O, for the touch of a ten dollar bill,  
 Or a cheque to square the account!

Broke, Broke, Broke,  
 I don't care who knows it, O Sea!  
 But the tender thought of the money that's spent  
 Will ever come back to me.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.