

serious drawback, and even the masters deplored it, for though we take great interest in the speeches of our learned friends who come up to address us, still we miss the hearty and long continued applause which is due their efforts. There are several causes which will satisfactorily account for this loss. The boys in the hall were those who had remained with the expectation of receiving a prize—for the prize-lists were kept *perdu* until noon—and as they were disappointed, they somehow felt a sinking of the heart and were only half interested in their more fortunate comrades. And again, on the other hand, the successful student had a self-satisfied feeling and was not overly interested in the others' successes. Add to this the anxiety with which the watches were consulted so that the trains might not be missed, and we think we have very well accounted for the absence of the usual college uproar.

Our visitors were as numerous as ever, and greatly enhanced the pleasure of the fortunate youths: however, we missed several of our old-time friends, and hope that the scorching heat of summer—which, we believe, accounts for their absence—will not prevent them from being present next prize-day.

And as for the masters, we pitied them from the bottom of our editorial heart. To have to read exam. papers! (to write them is bad enough) and in that sweltering weather! It must have been melting, and our respected teachers must have lost much weight as well as many hours of sleep. Nor was there time for iced drinks between whiles, as the returns had to be made within an hour-and-a-half of the writing of the last paper.

"More haste the less speed," is an old adage, which, perhaps, suits this case, and if the weather, the masters, and the boys were given an opportunity of cooling off in the first days of September, then the old prize-day and the old friends might return again.

Bachelor friend (to old married man): "What would be your answer to the question, 'is marriage a failure?'" "It depends on whether my wife was present when the question was asked."

IN MEMORIAM.

The boys were very sorry to hear of the death of their late school-fellow, E. S. Badenach of last year's sixth form, while he was spending his vacation in Muskoka. He took a prominent part in the College Athletics, representing us on the hockey and foot-ball teams. He stood well up in the school and had successfully passed the matriculation examination. On the morning of his funeral, the Principal spoke a few words, saying that there were few boys who had left a better record at school, and that he wished all the boys to follow his manly example. Mr. Dickson added that he knew it was unnecessary to ask the boys to keep him in kind remembrance. He was a favourite with all who knew him and his early death will cause a great loss to many a friend.

In the afternoon the classes were dismissed earlier so that the boys might attend the funeral.

CHOCORUA.

Away down in New Hampshire, nestling snugly in a valley of the White Mountains, lies the little village of Chocorua. Beauty is not what the village is noted for, although it, like most of the villages in the White Mountains, is not lacking in that quality. Small as it is, there is a legend connected with it, or rather with the mountain, beside which it is situated, and from which it gets its name, has the legend, which is as follows. The story brings us back a century or two when the red men were the terror of the white settlers of North America, and before civilization had made much progress here:—

A party of settlers, in journeying northward from the English settlements of Massachusetts, came to a beautiful valley surrounded on all sides by mountains. Here, as game was plentiful, and there seemed to be no sign of Indians, they decided to settle and make their home.

It was not long, however, before their fancied security from Indians was disturbed by a large party of red men, who came and took up their quarters in a grove adjoining the settlement of the English.