

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

The last number of *THE VARSITY* will be issued next week.

Last Friday afternoon Sam. Robertson entertained a number of friends in his cosy little room in Residence.

The regular meeting of the Y.M.C.A. last Thursday afternoon was well attended. Mr. Evans led the meeting.

The Young People's Society of St. James Square Church gave a reception to students in the parlors of the church last Tuesday evening. Quite a large number of the undergraduates accepted the invitation and spent a very pleasant evening. An octette from the Glee Club was also present.

Spencer Stone, '91, of Chatham, was in the city last week, and while here entertained a party of his College friends to dinner at the Queen's. When in College, Stone was a live member of the Glee Club, and was on the Association football team. He is now in business with his father in Chatham.

The students of Canadian universities took an active interest in the recent elections. On the announcement of the result a crowd of Toronto University students bearing the British flag at their head paraded the city. A special squad of police was detailed to form part of the procession, but although the boys were quite enthusiastic there were no arrests.—*Cornell Daily Sun*.

The members of the Association football champion team, the officers of the club and other friends were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Baldwin on Thursday evening last. During the evening Prof. Baldwin, Honorary President of the club, was presented with a handsomely framed photo of the members of the first team. Captain Thomson paid a graceful tribute to the President, and the latter made a suitable reply.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—Edwin Arnold was the author discussed at the regular English meeting of the Club, Monday afternoon, March the 9th. Mr. Evans, of the third, read an excellent essay on "Edwin Arnold as a Poet." Miss Hillock delighted the audience with a splendidly rendered piano solo. After the programme the nominations of candidates was proceeded with. Mr. D. R. Keys was unanimously elected Honorary President of the Club.

The last meeting for the year of the Philosophy Society of '93 was held last Saturday, Mr. Tracy, President, in the chair. An able and interesting essay was read by Mr. P. J. Pettinger, on the subject "Hume and His Relation to Preceding Philosophers." The paper as read showed a comprehensive grasp of the subject, and wide

reading on the systems that culminated in Hume, and was followed by an animated discussion in which all present took part. The Society meets again, *if all is well*, next October.

GLEE CLUB.—There were about sixty members present at the annual meeting of the Glee Club. The chair was occupied by the Hon. President, R. A. Gibson, B.A. The report of the Secretary of the Glee Club's work during the past year was read and adopted. It was decided to take steps towards the formation of an orchestra in connection with the Club. The elections for next year resulted as follows: Hon. President, A. T. Thompson, B.A.; President, R. K. Barker; Leader, P. Parker; Secretary, H. A. Moore; Treasurer, A. F. Edwards; Councillors, 4th year, J. McIntosh and A. McLaughlin; 3rd year, C. McPherson and C. H. Mitchell; 2nd year, Bigelow and McAllister, (S.P.S.).

The THETA XI. chapter of the ZETA PSI fraternity in connection with Toronto University, held its 12th annual banquet at Webb's on Friday evening. The banquet was the most successful in the history of the chapter. The toast list was "The Queen," "Canada," responded to by S. B. Leacock and J. J. Hughes; a selection by the ZETA PSI orchestra, Messrs. D. J. Armour, bones; L. A. Moore, guitar; G. Glassco, violin; Theo. Coleman, piccolo; R. K. Barker, mouth organ; "ZETA PSI," W. E. Burritt; "Elders," responded to by E. C. Coleman, E. Bristol, J. McG. Young, J. S. Maclean; song, J. J. Hughes and J. McG. Young; "Absent Brothers," "Benedicts," replies from F. H. Moss and E. Bristol; "The University," reply from G. A. H. Fraser; "ALPHA PSI," reply from W. I. Senkler; "THETA XI.," reply by W. Cowie.

DI-VARSITIES.

A young artist who painted in ochre,
Once indulged in a game of draw
pochre;

But his better half came
And beslippered him so,
Interrupting the game,
That with anger aglow
Heswore in his wrath he would chochre.

Now this artist was fond of hot biscuit,
And he said to himself I'll not riscuit,
For my supper'll be cold,
And Kitty's a dear
If she is pretty old.

(Hope she isn't near here!)
So I think I'll just make up and kisscuit.

—*Yale Record*.

Editor: "That joke is only fit for the waste-basket."

Contributor: "Thank you, sir; the last editor I showed it to said it wasn't fit for anything."—*Yale Record*.

A SOLILOQUY.

I promised Edith not to smoke,
In Lent, and meant it when I spoke,
But she can't know—girls never do—
How one enjoys to puff a few
Blue clouds of smoke. By Jove! I will
Have just one pipe: then quit until
Lent's over. Hang it! Where's my
pipe?

Oh, yes! Jack borrowed it last night
And never'll think to bring it back.
That's always just the way with Jack.
And now just when I really meant
To smoke my pipe, I can't: it's lent!

—*Yale Record*.

MARGUERITE.

Pretty, wavy, dark brown hair,
Little dimples everywhere,
Eyes so blue and soft and sweet,
How I love my Marguerite!
—Ah! 'tis not because her eyes are
blue,
But because they show her heart is true.

Dainty gowns—pale greens and grays,
Fascinating little ways,
Red, red lips that scorn deceit,
How I love my Marguerite!
—Ah! 'tis not because her lips are red,
But because "I love you" they have
said.
—*Wellesley Prelude*.

The evening, for her bath of dew
Is partially undressed,
The sun, behind a bob-tailed flush,
Is setting in the West.
The planets light the heavens with
The flash of their cigars,
The sky has put his night-shirt on,
And buttoned it with stars.
—*Vassar Mis*.

"What kind of a flower is that
the Count has in his button-hole?"
"Flower of the nobility." "What's
that?" "Marigold."—*Yale Record*.

"How is it with your soul?" asked
a clergyman, stooping over a dying
carpenter. "The future world," sighed
the moribund, "is getting a good deal
planer."

Little Georgie: Mama, where is
the World's Fair going to be held?
Mama: "In Chicago, dear; why?"
Little Georgie: "Oh, nothing; only
while I was hiding under the sofa last
night I heard Charlie tell Grace to
come over to him and he would show
her where the World's Fair ought to
be held, and I was just going to peep
out and see where when the gas went
out."—*Harvard Lampoon*.



STUDENTS ATTENTION!

This is a fac-simile of our plain
made from the metal from the
College bell, which we are selling
at a moderate price. Every
student should have one, as they make an
interesting souvenir of the fire.

J. E. ELLIS,
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