

Some time ago we read in the *Port Folio* that the students of the Wesleyan Ladies' College had adopted caps and gowns as their academical costume. Thus attired each student would be *simplex in munditiis*, but then, we suppose, there is room for experiment and variety in the tassel which surmounts their classic tile.

The contents of *College Chips* present a vivid contrast. In reading them we pass rapidly from the sublime to the ridiculous. Immediately after an article on æsthetic culture comes a local column which would disgrace a fourth-rate newspaper, and whose presence in a college journal is altogether inexplicable. Even if the other parts were good, such a column of unintelligible phrases would detract from their value.

A welcome exchange is the *Toronto Educational Weekly*. Since our last issue Mr. Bryant, the first editor, has been succeeded by Mr. Haultain, a writer of wide experience and undoubted ability. The *Weekly* is written chiefly for teachers, and abounds in sound suggestions on the difficulties and necessities of the teaching profession. But it has a wider scope, and furnishes a goodly supply of articles of a more general nature which seldom fails to interest.

PERSONALS.

Mr. J. G. Lewis, '86, has gone to Ottawa to act as private secretary to Mr. Dalton McCarthy, M.P., during the session.

We extend congratulations to Rev. S. Bennetts on his being the recipient of some valuable presents from his congregation at Thomasburgh.

We are glad to see Mr. H. K. Merritt, '86, has quite recovered from his long illness, and that his business qualities have in no way deteriorated.

Rev. H. Symonds, B.A., '85, who, since his ordination, has been assisting at St. Stephen's, Toronto, has gone on a trip to the old country. We wish him "*bon voyage*."

On Sunday, March 21st, Messrs. C. H. Brent, B.A., '84, and G. H. Broughall, B.A., '83, were ordained deacons by the Lord Bishop of Toronto. Mr. Broughall takes charge of the parish of Tullamore.

Hymen has again made a raid upon our ex-editors. This time the victim is Rev. T. B. Angell, who was married a week or so ago. We congratulate him, and wish him success in his new cure at Wilkesbarre, Penn.

Mr. Brent, who, since his graduation, has been acting as Assistant Master and Organist at T. C. S., Port Hope, was, on the occasion of his leaving there, presented with a handsome stole by the choir. He has accepted a position at St. John's Church, Buffalo.

The following concerning Rev. Chas. Scadding, Ex-Business Manager of ROUGE ET NOIR, we clip from the *Buffalo Times*: "Rev. Chas. Scadding, who has rendered

such valuable aid in the establishment and reorganization of Free St. John's, as the assistant to Rev. S. R. Fuller, will exchange his present field of labour for a metropolitan one at the end of this month. He goes to New York as assistant to Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's. Mr. Rainsford's work is the model upon which the present system of services and organization at St. John's was based, and Mr. Scadding's selection may be regarded as a high compliment to that gentleman's labours in this city."

MY WIFE'S AWFULLY CLEVER, YOU KNOW.

Don't think I'm a bachelor; some years have gone
Since I married—a thing you would hardly believe
To see me so seedy—no buttons upon
My shirtfront and wristbands, a hole in my sleeve.
I've no children; I'm not at all hard up; indeed
My income's six hundred per annum or so;
But I mustn't complain if a queer life I lead,
Because my wife's awfully clever, you know.

Philosophy, science, that woman knows well;
She speaks modern languages, Latin and Greek;
At any new subject she's soon quite a swell;
She'd be able to talk to the Turks in a week.
It's appalling to think what she has in her brains,
And to what a prodigious extent it must grow,
For each blessed thing that once gets there remains;
She really is awfully clever, you know.

She gets up at sunrise, but when we sit down
To breakfast you'd think she was just out of bed,
For she always appears in an old dressing gown
With the curl papers clustering still round her head.
The fact is since dawn she's done nothing but write,
And her pen perhaps all day will ceaselessly flow;
And she'll go on till goodness knows how late at night:
People do who are awfully clever, you know.

But she cares not how things in the kitchen go on,
Has no notion of making a pudding or pie,
Recks nothing of prices, keeps no watch upon
The household expenses: she'd much rather die.
As for darning the stockings or mending the clothes,
Or sewing on buttons, such things are below
Her vast intellectual scope, I suppose,
Because she's so awfully clever, you know.

But she holds at our house grand receptions between
Eight and twelve o'clock two or three evenings a week,
Where illustrious foreigners always are seen,
And strong-minded ladies, who all at once speak.
What they're talking about as I cannot surmise,
From a corner I dumbly look on at the show,
But I take it for granted they're all very wise,
Because my wife's awfully clever, you know.

They say I should be proudest, happiest of men
—People have I suppose their own notions of bliss—
But *entre nous* the question crops up now and then,
Was Adam's and Eve's married life such as this?
However, some day you'll be taking a wife,
Because nearly every fellow does so;
And now you can tell if as partner for life
You would like some one awfully clever, you know,