

two dollars each. The gentlemen thus honoured were Messrs. Carman, Strathy, Tomlinson, Sawers, Burbidge, Rolph and Lancefield. A good deal of excitement was caused at 10.30 by the announcement that there was a fire in College. Inside of a minute the T. C. V. F. B. was called out, and it was discovered that the fire was at the extreme end of the western wing, in dangerous proximity to Mr. White's rooms. The danger, however, was soon past after the Brigade arrived, and practically no damage was done.

It is rumoured that Captain Kidd has been asked to undertake the reorganization of the Toronto Fire Brigade, but it is greatly to be hoped that we will not lose his services here.

AFTER THE EIGHTS.

THE last night of the Eights week is over. So at least think many of the crowd which confusedly and with a murmur as of many waters is pouring away from the river, it is only Wednesday and the Oxford clocks have not yet struck seven of the sunny May afternoon. For today has seen the end of the college races for the year, and Magdalen is "head of the river." I had promised Caldecott to "feed" with him, bump suppers not being in our line, so I left the barge where with some friends I had been watching with eager eyes the struggle between the various crews, and, passing over the bridge which spans the "old cut," returned to college by the narrow walk which runs by the side of the Cherwell. Thence I hastened over to my friend's rooms, and, as he had not yet got back, I settled down to a copy of the "Isis." Presently I heard the door bang, and in another minute Caldecott appeared, a most disreputable looking object, wet and bedraggled, and with his grey flannels covered with mud. The only dry things he had on were his coat and straw hat, and the latter in its immaculate whiteness and the cleanness of its ribbon, presented a ludicrous contrast to his other garments. "Hullo!" I said; "been in?" "Looks like it;" he answered. "Heavens, man! You don't mean to say you've spilt Miss Carruthers? How can you look so infernally cool about it?"—I began to laugh as he began to shiver. "Lord, no! Not quite such a fool as that." "Then what on earth have you been doing?" Caldecott was endeavouring to cover his confusion by struggling with his clammy shirt; when he had got it off and was rubbing himself down with a towel he managed to explain. It appears he had taken his cousin—he had very good taste in the matter of cousins—up the Cher. during the afternoon in a punt. This I knew, as I had seen them start, accompanied by Bustle, an Irish terrier pup belonging to Miss Carruthers, which went with her everywhere. "We got up to Cox's all right, and over the rollers. A little way above the Parks she saw some fritillaries and insisted on getting out to pick them." "Bosh!" I said, "there aren't any up there." "I didn't see them," he answered; "however, we got out and gave Bustle a swimming lesson. The beast can't swim a hang, and he simply did his level best to drown himself. I couldn't stand that, you know, so I had to go in and fish him out. Then we came home." "About time," I remarked severely; "do you really mean to tell me that you went in after her dog?" "Please, sir, it was only a little one." He quoted with a smile. Here we sat down and continued the conversation over the very excellent dinner the Gorgon had placed on the table. "She laughed at you, I suppose?" I said,—I was laughing consumedly myself,— "Not at all. She thanked me, and Bustle shook himself over both of us—I'm afraid her dress is spoilt,—you know what a ripping one she was wearing." At this I grew weary. "Oh, dry up, you ass!" I said, dropping my knife and fork, "that sort of thing makes me tired. You'll be telling me next that you're engaged. I'm quite prepared

to hear it from a man who rescues pet puppies and notices the colour of a dress." Caldecott smiled in a melancholy manner. "That's out of the question," he replied; "there are 'Reasons,' as Mr. Carter says. Didn't you know?" "What! She—? They're not up here, are they?" "No, thank goodness! They're of a legal nature and have to swelter on in town—with the thermometer above ninety, too,—I'm almost sorry for them!" "O most reasonable Reasons!—I have a toast to propose," I added, rising and filling my glass,— "Business!" "Vive la loi!" said Caldecott, and we drank the toast standing.

We had finished feeding and were well on in a pipe, when Lister and Denison appeared. The latter had also spent the afternoon on the Cher, absorbed in the latest issue of the "Yellow Book." "Coming down to 'Patience'?" asked Lister, filling his pipe. "Don't know; think not. Surely the æsthetic Denison is not going to descend to Gilbert and Sullivan?" "Must go somewhere," said Denison, in a weary tone; "the college will be uninhabitable to-night. Supper is over, and already the young barbarians are at play. Listen and you'll hear them now." In fact, through the open window sounds of "revelry by night" came faintly to our ears. "I should as soon have expected to see you wearing a college tie," I remarked. "Or dining in hall," put in Lister. "Or playing in a cricket match," said Caldecott. "Or taking your people up to Godstow in a family ark." "Yes, or even reading Jerome's latest novel," I added. Denison shuddered and lit a cigarette. "Rare old blaze we'll have to-night, I expect," said Caldecott, sitting down to the piano. The dons have forbidden anything of the sort this year—so there's sure to be trouble." And he began to sing softly:

If you, love, were the bonfire,
And I the College chairs,
In fire we'd seek sensation
Of mutual glad cremation.—

"Shall we go round?" he added, "it will probably be worth seeing." "All right;" I answered, "'Patience' can wait—the bonfire won't. After all, like Christmas, it only comes once a year. Now, Denison, don't look so beastly disgusted. It'll be a regular young Hades. You ought to be there as a fallen angel. Surely the fall of the æsthete who descends to Gilbert and Sullivan opera is worse than that of Lucifer, son of the Morning!" "Gilbert," said Denison sententiously, "is a man who thinks to hide his own imbecilities by trying to expose those of others. Like one donkey calling another an ass! As for Sullivan—I believe he has composed hymn tunes. That is the measure of his genius. A man who could write the "Lost Chord" is fit only to associate with Gilbert." "Then, why go?" I said. "On the principle," he replied, "of the ultra ritualist who takes in 'The Rock' as a comic paper." "Take care!" said Lister, "he who goes to scoff—" "Remains to sing 'God Save the Queen'! Not I! Two acts will finish me—stupid affair, eight's week! Don't you think so?" "Ask Caldecott;" I said. Caldecott smiled! "It has points;" he replied, and went on with his ditty.

Tris.

THE LENTEN LECTURES.

THE first of the Trinity University Course of Lectures for 1900 was delivered on Saturday afternoon, February 24th, by Professor R. M. Wenley, Sc.D., D.Phil., of the University of Michigan.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the attendance was very good, a fact which must have been most encouraging to those who have the management of the course on their shoulders.

The subject of the lecture was "Hypatia," the heroine of Kingsley's delightful novel. But before speaking of the