

that matter. Perhaps we may except the series of articles on science, by special contributors. These sound learned and look dry; both features characterize them. The balance of the paper can better be appreciated by close perusal—the closer the better. We never could see the propriety of a paper launching out into a weekly, till it found matter at least too pressing for a fortnightly or monthly. If the *Varsity*, at some time in its past history, was ever seriously inconvenienced that way, we judge the pressure stage is over. Better a well filled yearly than an empty daily.

THE *Chironian* a weird looking New York College journal, devoted exclusively to Medicine, makes its first appearance on our table this year. It abounds in medical technicalities, class supports and business. College notes are the most "free and easy" "notes" we have read for some time. Medical students to judge from the *Chironian*, are a pretty jolly lot and candid as jolly.

### HENRY ESMOND.

THE long delayed and much thought of evening at length arrived, and we sallied over. A rather timid, somewhat hesitating, slightly embarrassed crowd were we, but full of hope, relying upon each other and the genius of the lady of the evening, who so kindly furnished the opportunity of a literary treat, to pull us through. We did well. Got along first rate. An admirably clear unique and historical introduction gave us time to get composed and look round. Then the hero of the evening, Henry Esmond, was brought upon the boards and thoroughly analyzed and discussed. Miss Wadsworth proved herself quite able to successfully defend all attacks, settle all criticisms, demolish all arguments. Ingenuity, quick insight, delicate taste, refined literary culture, wide reading and profound study did their work. If the gentlemen wandered off occasionally into *side* issues, it was only because literary gems have to be searched for, whereas, —The precious moments buried themselves into the irrevocable past, and we were forced to put Henry on the shelf, regretted, but much more thoroughly investigated, and better understood than two hours before.

We can only tender our thanks to the lady principle and those who so ably assisted in giving us an exceedingly pleasant, very profitable and most highly appreciated evening, regret that the past has not been so kind, and hope for the future.

### CLASS SUPPER.

THE boys of '88 met in the Dining Hall on Friday night, lately, and had one of "those" suppers. There was plenty, and plenty was needed. We like æsthetics and don't object to Turkey. Indeed, we prefer them instead. After some 45 minutes at table we sat back and partook of "Attic Salt." It was excellent. We had two heads of the table, thus proving the old adage, "two heads are better than one." Mr. C. W. Eaton, the impromptu head, called for the toasts, (lemonade) and the gentlemen ably responded. Mr. Wallace for our new Professor of Modern Languages. Mr. W. B. Wallace, always eloquent, spoke modestly but fervently. It was felt that he was the right man in the right place.

"Our Cousins" was then called for, and Mr. A. E. Shaw remained standing. He paid a glowing tribute to the peculiar excellencies, manifold conveniences and general phases of this glorious institution, (Cousins). He hadn't any himself, but sympathized with those who had. His R. H. C. was enthusiastically referred to as something unknown but remarkable.

"Our Married Class-mate" showed his appreciation of married life by remaining at home. Being the only member who is thus peculiarly favoured, his absence was regretted.

Mr. Howard Barss responded for the Class of '75 in an interesting and historical speech. His happy retrospectant view was listened to with great pleasure. Mr. Barss has seen considerable of life since his real college days, and his remarks, therefore, had the assent of *Experientia cum dignitate*.

Mr. L. D. Morse, responding to the toast, the "Class of '88," did not find it all pleasure, since the pain of parting was very soon to come. None realized it more than he. Perhaps none realize it more than all of us.

"The Ladies" Mr. H. H. Wickwire answered for. He was filled with his subject—full to overflowing. He was not only a sincere admirer of the class (ladies) as a whole, but was not intending merely to stand back and admire all his life. We agreed with him. His countenance was beneficence itself. His peroration was strikingly appropriate and well received.

"Our next Merry Meeting" all drank and all responded. Mrs. and Mr. Keddy were toasted with enthusiasm. "The Faculty" and "The Queen" were not forgotten.

### LONG LIVE THE CLASS OF '88.

P. S's.—By a most remarkable coincidence part of another graduating class feasted on the same evening at a little later hour. Romance, Turkey bones, peanut shells and a long string made up the *memo*.

Mr. L. J. Lovett was obliged to absent himself