

Some of the rapids now are a series of jumps, and, with pole laid aside, we fly over the big waves, passing the banks with bewildering swiftness, till the last swell drops us quietly into the black pool at the bottom.

Here below us is what promises to be a stiff rapid, but a turn in the river shuts out the lower part from view. As there appear to be no obstacles the pole is dropped, and, paddle in hand, we rush around the corner at a tremendous pace. A pine has fallen straight across our track, and the whole force of the river is angrily boiling over it. My Indian takes in the situation and our danger at a glance, and hisses through his closed teeth 'C'est fini.' I make ready to jump the instant the canoe touches the tree.

I hear the paddle clattering on the thwarts behind us, and, in a moment, feel the canoe quivering and straining under the pressure put on her. He has plunged in the pole, and with his enormous strength and skill born of years of life on the water, he holds us in the midst of the fiercely rushing current. His first thought is for the other crew, and a ringing shout of 'Danger!' goes back to warn them.

Then, with every muscle exerted, he slowly edges the canoe away from the tree, and, in a few seconds, we shoot past its end into the deep foam-covered pool below. Not so fortunate the others, though hearing our cry and making every effort to gain the safe track, they touch the extreme end of the tree, rip a sheet of bark from the side of their canoe, and sink ere they reach us. Good swimmers both, they make the shore without much difficulty, and we rescue the canoe and tow her on shore. A judicious doctoring with bark and gum renders her seaworthy once more, and we proceed on our way. As the St. Lawrence is neared the mountains drop behind, and the river winds down the valley with long, calm reaches and easier rapids of the river. While the afternoon is yet young we pass under the bridge at the mouth of the river, drop past the old French church and rise and fall once more on the blue waters of the St. Lawrence.

W. H. B.

Our Wallet.

Father to his from-the-university-back-returning-son: 'Well, thou hast of course no debts?' Son.—'Three thousand marks.' Father.—'What! three thousand marks?' Son.—'Well, art thou not proud that thy son a so great credit hath?'—*Ex.*

'I hope you will write us while you are away, William,' said his father gravely. 'Oh, "billet doux!"' pleaded the little charmer with an arch smile.

Exchanges are earnestly requested to restrain the inevitable desire to pun on the name of this column. It is hoped that after this hint 'Wall, it ain't much, anyway,' and other desperate efforts of the kind, will not ornament the columns of a hundred exchanges or so, next week.

The peculiar originality of the Fourth year is exemplified daily. A member of said class lately sold a military cap to an innocent Freshman for twice what it cost him, on the ground that the worth of the cap had been doubled because it had been worn by one of the present Immortals!

Applicable to dudes: 'There is plenty of room at the top.'—*Union.*

AMBITION.

He had his sheep's skin in his hand,

And musingly he said:

'I'll now go forth into the world
To win me fame and bread.

'I'll struggle hard for human good,
And by my genius—yea—

Transport mankind from darkness to
The brilliancy of day.'

Ten years have flown and there he stands

On yonder corner—see?

He's kept his word as sure as fate—

A lamplighter is he.

SENIOR.—My chief argument, Freshie, for the use of beer is the fact that Noah used it in the Ark.

FRESHIE.—But, sir, what authority have you that Noah was a brewer?

SENIOR.—Most positive proof Freshie—the Kangaroo was seen taking hops into the Ark.

O, gentle Taddle! wandering by thy side,
I watch thy merry waters glide,

And hear the murmur of thy limpid tide,

Taddle.

Of undergraduates full many a race
Here by thy banks have dwelt a little space,
And known and loved this mem'ry-haunted place,

Taddle.

And often have thy banks and bosky glades,
Resounded to the laugh of youths and maids,
As careless, happy, free, they sported 'neath thy shades,

Taddle.

Here many a deed of blood and derring-do,
Has bearded Senior or relentless Soph put through.
And stained with Freshmen green thy waters blue,

Taddle.

But sentimental fancies, deeds of gore,
Shall twine around thy sacred name no more,
Thy days are ended, and thy glories o'er,

Taddle.

The City Council would thy stream immure,
And shut thee up with bricks and lime secure,
And make thee—Ichabod!—a common sewer,

Taddle.

Let's soothe thy parting spirit with a Freshman's blood,
And while there's time, imbed him deep in mud,
And sail him tenderly adown thy flood,

Taddle, O, Taddle!

B.

Communications.

CO-EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the 'Varsity.

This much vexed question has been once more re-opened by the publication in the daily papers of this city of Dr. Daniel Wilson's letter refusing to a young woman petitioner the solicited permission to attend lectures at University College. Miss Fitzgerald received a similar refusal two years since. Miss Balmer, who gained such bright distinction by the University examinations last May, had the doors of University College closed against her the other day in a similar manner. The unusually high scholarly attainments of these young women demand that they should not be debarred from the further pursuit of their education unless for the weightiest reasons. We looked to the president for a style of argument upon this important question that would bear the inspection of a mind of ordinary intelligence. We confess to a shock of disappointment to find the Doctor contenting himself with a repetition of the regulation assertions about the evil consequences which would be sure to follow from the association of students of both sexes in our college halls.

The manner in which the eminent gentleman disposes of the question is somewhat suggestive of limited information. It is a remarkable fact that the persons who oppose co-education are persons who never have tried it. They oppose it simply on theory, and the theory that the morals of young men or women are endangered by co-education has been for some years a demonstrated falsity. The uniform testimony of those who have tried co-education should forever silence all mere unsupported *a priori* assertions. The testimony is that co-education improves the morals, elevates the scholarship, refines the tastes of both men and women, and gives each a truer conception of the real character of the other than could otherwise be obtained.

Dr. Wilson quotes President Eliot in support of his position. But the dogmatism of even President Eliot, who has had no personal experience in academical co-education, goes for nothing in the face of the following statements of the President of the University of Michigan, a gentleman who has had a full practical acquaintance of several years with the system.