

Other books, which, on account of want of space, cannot be criticised are :

"The Whirlpool," by G. Gissing, up to his former standard ; \$1.25.

"The Sons of The Czar," by J. Graham, an historical novel on Peter the Great ; \$1.25.

"Bladys, of the Stewpony," by S. Baring Gould ; scene is laid at Shrewsbury, in 1799, and has, like his other works, some historical ground.

"Routledge's Discoveries and Inventions of the 19th Century" is a most complete book on inventions, etc., and one which every library might well hold.

"Columbia Verse," W. B. Harrison, New York, is a collection of the best attempts which have appeared in the College papers, and certainly much praise is deserved.

Zola's "Paris" and "Rome" are of course well written, but, as usual, are seen from a pessimist's point of view.

"Benin Massacre" is by one of the survivors, and is good.

Richard Harding Davis' "A Year from a Correspondent's Note Book" is, it is said, a very true account with illustrations. All who have not read his books should at once read, "Van Bibber," "Gallagher," "Soldiers of Fortune," etc.

"Spanish John," a Romance of the '43, by Wm. McLennan, of our own fair city, is very good in the Stevenson type.

"Roden's Corner," by Henry Seton Merriam, is very good.

"Peter the Great," by Waliszewski, good.

"The Beth Book," by Sarah Grand ; one of her best.

"The Christian," by Hall Caine ; characters too changeful and weak.

"Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Behring Straits," by Harry De Windt, one of the two true stories of the Klondyke.

"Rough Justice," by Mrs. Braddon.

"A Tragedy of the Korosko," by Conan Doyle, not as good as usual.

"*Quo Vadis*," by Sienkiewiczza, a very true and clear account of Herod's time, perhaps too ironic in one or two places.

FROM OUR STANDPOINT.

It was the hour for Latin prose ; we were lingering on the steps loth to go in when suddenly from the Engineering building came the yell "Arts! Arts!" Up the walk rushed a wild shouting crowd bent on the annihilation of their old time enemies. Not a moment too soon did the Arts' men collect themselves, and taking up a firm position a little below the steps prepared to give those men from Science a warm reception. There was a second fierce shout, and then came the swish, swish of snowballs. On the battle raged, neither side yielding an inch. Some plunged into the thick of it, others cooler-headed hung on the outskirts, made hard, icy snowballs and shot with unerring aim ; for instance, into the mouth of a man just opening it to shout. A few veterans who had been through other wars carefully removed their coats and fought in their shirt sleeves. It was difficult to tell on which side our sympathies were enlisted. As five Science men bore one lone Arts' Freshman to the ground and washed his face with snow in no gentle manner, a Sophomore was heard to murmur : " Oh the wretches, the villains, isn't it cruel," again, " Just look at that man, isn't he hitting beautifully worth six of Arts," and now came that decisive moment, that tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune when one side or the other must give way, and, alas, that it had to be Arts ; for just as the besieging party found themselves hard pressed, up came the Fourth Year men to the rescue, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground. Arts slowly retreated, then gathering all their strength Science rushed up the steps and took possession of the fort. And now in strange and wonderful attire torn gowns, limp collars, tangled hair, these gallant warriors stand, and lifting from their heads their battered hats or what remained give forth a mighty yell for Science. It was a great battle, and from those of us who were privileged to view the contest were heard such remarks as "Wasn't it thrilling?" "Wouldn't you like to have been a man for once?" All honor to Arts who fought against overwhelming numbers, and would have won, had it not been for the enemies' reserve force. As for