

Rev. Arthur Baldwin expressed the admiration he had always felt for Toronto University, because of the fact that her standards are high, and her work thorough.

Professor Goldwin Smith received an ovation, on rising, and was listened to with rapt attention as he made a masterly plea for truer culture and loftier ideals.

"The Ladies," was proposed by Mr. Cunningham, '02, and responded to by John McKay, '99. Then the President left the chair, and W. H. Alexander, Chairman of the Dinner Committee, did the honors, first proposing the "Undergraduate Guests," which was well responded to by Messrs. J. A. McCallum, of Queen's; G. Rannie, McGill; G. D. Carder, Toronto Meds.; W. G. Smith, Victoria; H. C. Griffiths, Trinity; B. H. Robinson, Pharmacy, and Mr. Simpson, McMaster University.

"Athletics," proposed by Mr. A. Snell, and responded to by T. A. Russel and J. G. Inkster, and "The Press," proposed by W. H. Alexander, and responded to by W. A. R. Kerr, of VARSITY.

In the intervals, the programme was varied by a duet, by Count Armour and J. R. Meredith, two splendid violin solos by Mr. Beardmore of the S.P.S. The far-famed Med. "Doodles," McDougall, sang two coon songs, and Tommy Russell told that oft repeated tale which never grows old, of the prowess of "Jesse's youngest boy," David. When the wee sma' oors were come, and gone, and the cocks were crowing for the middle watch of the night, we wended our way homeward, well pleased with ourselves, and prouder than ever of our Alma Mater, and sure that the brightness of the blue and white will never grow dim while Canada is a nation, and her sons are true-born men. All honor to the Faculty, who so heartily supported and helped on the movement, the President and Executive of the Literary Society, to the Committee, every one, and especially Messrs. Alexander, G. W. Ross, S. A. Dickson, H. McLean, A. McDougall, J. L. Allan, and J. T. Richardson, who gave so much time and thought to its realization; to the graduates, who turned out so loyally, to the Editors of VARSITY, and *College Topics*, and to everyone who, in whatever way, helped towards the success of the Dinner, and the re-installation of "Esprit de Corps," under the Blue and White.

COMO.

#### LITERARY NOTE.

THE RED AXE. By S. R. Crockett, author of "The Gray Man," "Lochinvar." With 26 illustrations by Frank Richards. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.50. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Limited, 1899.

In "The Red Axe," Mr. Crockett has left his native land and dialect for foreign parts, and we like him no less in exile than we did at home. There is a peculiarly fascinating air of mystery and black art about the folk and fashions of the Middle Ages at all times, and this is intensified by the fact that Mr. Crockett has avoided the beaten track of cast-iron knights and pink-wax ladies, and made his women especially much more human and so much more interesting. Indeed all of his characters are delightful, from the grotesque and

daft-wise fool and the jovial men-at-arms to the uncanny wizard chemist and the learned doctor of law.

To be more definite, "The Red Axe" is an adventure story of the German robber dukes of three centuries ago, when gentlemen "lived by the saddle," and the strongest hand ruled the widest land, until a stronger came. The opening scene, where the foraging duke comes riding home by torchlight, is typical and striking; the frowning tower above the muttering burg, the long howl of the home-coming blood-hounds making honest burghers quake in their beds, and bringing an answering bay from the great russet brutes in the kennels, in anticipation of their fearsome food. Then the procession comes in sight, a reckless pour of riders, some with strange-eyed women held before them in the saddle, and a rabble of half-grown lads and lasses kept at a jog trot by the pricking spears of the jolly companions. Then follows the brief trial in the courtyard, and it is here that the story begins.

Looking down from the Red Tower, the lonely little outcast son of the hereditary executioner sees a little girl about to be thrown to the dogs, and saves her life by threatening to throw himself down if this is done. It is from the lives of these two that the author weaves a wonderfully beautiful romance in the midst of most gruesome surroundings. Helene is a lovely character, but delightfully human and womanly; and accordingly becoming unreasonably jealous of a certain emerald-eyed maiden, she sadly perplexes poor Hugo, who vows "that God never made anything straight that he made beautiful. . . . And of all the pretty tangled things he has made, women are the prettiest, the crookedest—and the most distractingly tangled."

The story closes with a magnificent climax. Helene is tried for witchcraft, before a rejected suitor, a veritable fiend incarnate, and most iniquitously condemned to death, in spite of the wild indignation of the people. With a fine sense of the fitness of things, the judge orders Hugo Gottfried as hereditary executioner to carry out the sentence; if this is not done, he intimates that his Black Riders would enjoy her companionship. Only one loop-hole apparently remains, and that is a sacred law of the States' Council, known to the emerald-eyed maiden alone. And will she tell it? We certainly shall not, for that would be telling indeed, so the reader must just find out for himself, and take our assurance that it will be worth his trouble.

#### FUIMUS.

Dreams of the summer day! how soft ye fell,  
On curly heads, slumbering in hillside glade,  
Where flecks of sunshine chequered with the shade,—  
The haunt that squirrel and woodchuck loved so well!  
Adown the dim recesses of the dell,  
With fairy footsteps craftily ye crept,  
Light cobwebs that o'erspread us while we slept,  
And gleamed with glories past our power to tell.  
The hill is far away; for us no more  
The timid wild things rustle through the brush,  
Or break the spell of the deep noon-tide hush,  
With tiny paws pattering o'er cone-strewn floor,  
No longer now we dream; for thought and things  
Have robbed us of our loved imaginings.

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.