

# THE WHITE AND BLUE.

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## The White and Blue

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### THE FRESHMANS' LOVE SONG.

'Abundat dulcibus vitis.'—(EDITOR).

When day is slowly waning, and silence reigns supreme,  
And the sun is lost in the shadows, as a face fades away in a dream;

When hushed in the dark-pathed woodlands is the love song of the dove,  
My thoughts, like the needle polewards, return to thee my love.

When far in the gloomy forest by some still lake I roam,  
And, like the savage, acknowledge the birchen shade my home,  
Or borne on the ocean's bosom, the stars shining bright above,  
My thoughts, like the needle polewards, return to thee my love.

If wealth and glory and honor were showered on me from above,  
Of little account would I hold them, unless too I had thy love,  
And if poor in this world's riches 'twere my lot on earth to be,  
My thoughts, like the needle polewards, would still return to thee.

[NOTE.—The Mohammedans are said never to tread on a piece of paper left the name of Allah should be written upon it. Without professing this belief, a member of THE WHITE AND BLUE staff picked up a piece of paper, yellow with age, the other evening in the quad, with the above 'love song' written neatly upon it. Plainly it is the production of some freshman of the 'good-old-times' type, who was badly smitten for the first time. Though the average freshman would have been sure to scribble the most outrageous trash; our 'good-old-times' friend seems to have been so severely hit as to give vent to a wail worthy of a better fate than kindling an undergrad's fire in the present degenerate age.—Ed.]

### A PRACTICAL COURSE.

Strong believers in classical education ourselves, and believing fully that no modern language can quite take the place of Greek and Latin, grieved as we should be to see them thrown aside, we feel sure that the day is not far distant when our colleges will have to add a third course; call it English, literary, business, or what you will.

Let the history studied be judiciously selected; not only events and their causes and effects learned, but the philosophy of it all appreciated. Let him study the history of the Christian Church, its rise, progress, its decadence, and then its reformation, and the rise of the various Protestant sects. Let one age of English literature be compared with another; and the characteristics of each be noted; then let him also study social science, hygiene, and political economy, with especial reference to modern systems of banking and commercial business generally.

Let practical geology be taught, the names of the common stones be known,—building stones and others. Let him learn to use his eyes in his walks, and notice the lay of the land. So with botany: let the useful woods, ornamental and building be known. Drawing, frechand and mechanical, should not be omitted. Add to this book-keeping, if you must, though we believe one week's experience in an office is worth forty outside. Add other things as they suggest themselves, and you will have a course that will commend itself to many a parent, who, though able to send his son to college, does not do it, because he does not find what he wants, what seems practical in his eyes.—The Haverfordian.

### THE COLLEGE WORLD.

A COLLEGE student, in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inserted: "To charity, \$30." His father wrote back, "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

CORNELL has a base ball club, and the *Eva* hopes that the nine will see the necessity of hard work in the gymnasium during the winter, and out-door practice as soon as the spring opens. Rather severe training.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to the Amer, sir," she said.

"What to do there, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to be cultured, sir," she said.

"What are your studies, my pretty maid?"

"Chinese and Quarterions, sir," she said.

"Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"

"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said.  
—Harvard Criticon.

THERE is probably no country in the world which equals the Sandwich Islands in point of general education. For a population considerably less than that of Toronto, there are no less than 223 educational institutions, of which 16 are high schools. Up to the age of sixteen attendance at school, during the whole year, is compulsory, and the law is strictly enforced. Consequently it is a very rare thing to find a native that cannot read and write well, and does not know something about figures. In the high schools considerable attention is paid to mathematics and navigation; plane and spherical trigonometry, conic sections, etc., are taught to a very proficient class. They have, however, no practical ability, and scarcely one of them on emerging from college, a full-fledged graduate, would have brains and common sense enough to run a pea-nut stand, much less a more pretentious business.

It is a noticeable fact that, in the estimation of many young ladies, autumn leaves are much more plentiful in number, and more gorgeous in tints, in the immediate vicinity of the College than in any other place in Toronto.

KEEPSAKES are often the closing act of acquaintanceship. Two girls spend some years together at school, and part, thinking that in all the years to come they will be as fondly attached to each other as now when they exchange keepsakes, and for the first few days after separation gaze tearfully and sadly at the memento; but time heals all wounds, and presently they look tenderly at them, not so much a pledge of what shall be as a memorial of the past.