

lated us on the excellence of our roast pork. He owned the pig!

MEANDERINGS.

"The tradesmen in the town stood in great awe of us, with one exception, a certain tailor. This man invariably demanded payment at the most inconvenient times, and never hesitated to enter Residence to claim his just due. One cold winter's day,—arrived at our quarters out of breath, to tell us that the tailor was on his way up the avenue to pay us one of his visits. We made preparations to receive him. As he mounted the steps at the students' entrance, we poured the contents of our water-pitchers on his luckless head and shoulders. Chilled to the bone, with chattering teeth, he hastened to report the matter to the Dean. But we had forestalled him, for as he came up the Dean's steps, he received the rest of the jugs. Repulsed, wet to the skin, with icicles hanging from his clothes, he reluctantly took his departure, a wetter yet a wiser man.

"Our ingenuity was often directed against our Dean, Dr. Beaven. This august personage, in spite of his learning, was a most guileless man. It was his custom to go for a drive every fine evening after dinner, in his donkey-cart. One night, however, the donkey mysteriously disappeared. The hostler had, as usual, led it around to the Dean's door; but when Dr. Beaven came out for his drive, he found cart and harness but no donkey. No one could give any information as to its whereabouts, and, as these animals are not generally supposed to be capable of unharnessing themselves, the conclusion arrived at, was that the beast had been stolen. Dr. Beaven took a walk that evening instead of his drive; but imagine his surprise, when on going upstairs, on returning, he found his lost favourite admiring himself in the looking-glass in his bedroom. By this act, I am afraid that the men lost to a great extent the confidence of the Dean."

"What sports did you have at this time?" I asked, naturally inquisitive about the beginnings of those games, in which we have since achieved such great things.

"We played cricket now and again with the officers of the regiment, stationed in town, but we never organized a club. Our most popular games were racquets and bowling on the green. The racquet courts were situated on the avenue, and in the Caer-Howell there was an excellent bowling ground."

"They bowl there yet," said I.

"Yes," said the Chief Justice, "but it's a different game, I believe, young man."

C. C.

CHESS.

The chess tournament just finished was productive of much good play and many exciting games. The fourth year, with C. M. Keys, landed the cup and championship. The contest for the prize given to the member of the class of '00, who stood highest, was won by S. F. Shenstone, who got second place in the series.

The junior tournament, now in full swing, promises an even more interesting contest than the senior, as the players are much more evenly matched. Residence, with Messrs. Hobbs, Hill, Richardson and Coyne, will make a strong bid for the prize.

The score in the senior tournament follows:—

	WON.	LOST.
C. M. Keys.....	9	1
S. F. Shenstone.....	7	3
A. W. Keith.....	5	5
H. L. Jordan.....	4	6
— Brown.....	4	6
F. H. Lloyd.....	1	9

Matches have been arranged with McMaster and the Athenæum clubs.

C. M. KEYS, Secretary.

To the undergraduate of a literary turn of mind there comes at times, as there came to the good old Dominie of Thrums, while he was infusing his tea, a hot desire to write great books. Gavin would hurry across the Glen school-house to his desk, scribble for an hour, and then, in humiliation and disgust, fling all he had written into the fire. But to the student these moments of inspiration—as he would fain call them, though his more practical and withal more studious room-mate would call them moments of down-right laziness, flavored with a goodly portion of conceit—these moments come to him oftenest as he sits with drowsy eyes and drowsy brain before his books. Perhaps it is due to the narcotic qualities in the fumes of the midnight oil—or, perchance, in the fumes of his room-mate's brier—that he does not hurry to his pen as did Gavin, and that his "inspired ambition" seldom leaves the confines of dream-life. "It comes to nothing in the end," says the Dominie, relating his literary experience, "save that my tea is brackish." "It comes to nothing in the end," the student must generally confess, "save that the Prof. gets a 'not prepared' from me in the morning."

Such ambition has brought greatness to but very few men—will bring it to fewer still in future years. Ambition, of course, must enter largely into the make-up of every healthy youth—especially, I think, the literary youth. Indeed, men seldom cease to dream of the future, seldom desert their cloud-bound castles before they reach middle life. But when he thus sees the barrenness of the present, even the boyish undergraduate begins to doubt whether the coming years have really any very great future in store for him.

In his own town there is a law-office—a musty, old law-office, whose eight panes of window-glass (three of them cracked, and another held together by a large piece of putty in the centre!) have, in very shame, covered their faces with the accumulated dust of four or five years, to hide the unevenness of the pine-wood floor and the three round, black spots on the plaster, the resting places of that many heads, above the clients' chairs. Over there, near the window, stands a rickety desk, the pigeon-holes stuffed full of yellowish-looking papers. From the corner of it there hangs, by a piece of pink tape, a Testament. At the desk the proprietor sits the live-long day, straining his eyes in the murky light to read the local paper, or, perhaps, a portly calf-bound volume of "Revised Statutes." Yet, over that desk, in that dingy office, there hangs in a burnished frame, a parchment to prove that he was once an ambitious undergraduate, expecting, it may be, that he would some day be a great criminal lawyer, moving judge and jury at his will, or that he would enter political life and stand at the head of his nation's government. But his ambitions were of such stuff as dreams are made of.

Another University graduate, who had high literary ambitions in his student days, is now editing a country newspaper, with little to keep him from the doleful dumps save the pure love he has for that mingled odor (delicious odor, it is true!) of flour paste and printer's ink. Another classmate is wearing out bodily health and mental vigor in a classroom of careless school boys, while another is spending his life writing and reading two sermons a week for a sleepy parish. When the undergraduate of to-day sees the humble lives of these men, who, in their time, were the most brilliant men in the College, who once had proud hopes and prospects apparently bright, he may well think that perhaps his life too will prove a fizzle.

It comes then as a cheering pledge of undergraduate worth, as a welcome earnest for the future—a dainty volume of dainty verses from the pen of one of our own