

of those opposed to it on the ground that an old custom was being dethroned, by their pertinacity and eloquence the agitators won their suit. The French table was sacred to the chosen ones. Delighted with their victory, they thought, no doubt, of one day rivalling the loquacity of a typical Frenchman. But a change has come over the spirit of the French table, for what mortal would not grow sad of heart if he had but a dozen sentences in which to express his desires? How those few words are mauled! Old "*Comment ça va?*" has become like a certain "ancient" personage as "long and lean and lank as is the ribbed sea sand." And poor "*Il fait froid,*" is now only a ghastly, worn skeleton, crying with hollow voice for rest. On the faces of those of the French table is a weary look. About them, on every side, the tide of talk rises and falls. Oh, sweet, attractive, cheery chat from which they are exiled! Oh, slow-dragging term, when will it end! This is a spectator's view of the French table.

ELOCUTION has at last found a place on our time-table. The subject has already become of interest and profit. H. P. Whidden, B.A., our student professor, has won the confidence of all by showing his wisdom in modesty and meekness. His system and method of teaching commends itself to common sense; the aim being to prevent aping and preserve the individuality and naturalness of expression.

The graduating class are receiving his special attention, as their remaining days at college are few.

*(Extract from a letter.)*

SOME of us are passionately fond of mathematics, and some of us are not. I am a unit in the latter sum. Accordingly, when at the beginning of the term it was announced from the rostrum that the teacher in mathematics would be unable to meet his classes for a week or two, I, while assuming a look of commiseration, felt, to phrase it à la backwards, a kind of a sneakin' satisfaction as visions of commutations and abbreviations of that particularly odious subject pleasantly appeared. But my retribution was at hand. I had no sooner begun to congratulate myself that the hand of Providence had been laid on that particular chair when I felt the cube root of the hated grippe squarely seizing on my own "innards" and swiftly creeping by arithmetical, geometrical and tri-harmonic progressions all at once from pleura to broncha, from œsophagus to cerebrum, and soon by rapid marches which celo velo would reel in registering, seized on every cell of my unhappy body.

I adopted the usual policy: spent ten foolhardy days "fighting it off," and, in a melancholy way, "laughing it off;" stayed in two consecutive days; felt a little better on the third, and walked down as far as Queen; rode back in car--an unusual luxury for a student in my profession. I remember little of that ride; generally there are a number of pretty faces, but given the grippe, Venus and a witch of Macbeth are indistinguishable even to a young man. While waiting in a bleak wind for a transfer at the corner of Bloor and George, the fiend com-