

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XXIV.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

NO. 7

Indian Summer

When the year is growing dull and old,
And Summer's joys have flown;
When the Summer sun is drear and cold,
And the bare trees sadly blown,
There comes a time, so calm and sweet,
Of warmer sun and wind,
And, tho' Spring's joys are not complete,
It brings unto the mind,
The brighter rays of earlier days,
Of winds that once have blown,
Of verdant shade where love was made,
Of flowers that long have flown.

When the Autumn frosts of life shall bring
The gaunt and leafless tree;
And the flowers that bloomed in Youth's glad
Spring,
On the hillside and the lea
Have vanished, and the frozen gale
Is filled with Autumn sighs,
May some soft breezes breathe a tale
Of Love that never dies:
And let the rays of youthful days,
And flowers of Hope and Love,
Revive again 'mid toil and pain,
The Peace of "a brooding dove."

N. A. McEachern.



Grigson's Gray Hairs

This is a narration of the events of two heated hours in the life of one Grigson. In the unfolding of the tale you may distinguish a piteous appeal for the establishment of a course in The Practical Affairs of Life among the curricula of the Universities of our land. Then, you will hear something of the unmanly fear of mother-in-laws—or mothers-in-law, as you please. Also I shall touch upon that parasitic growth, known as red-tape-worm, which affects the vitals of every government institution. Lastly, I must deal with the tragedy of a gentle heart rent by powerful emotions.

For Grigson's heart was gentle, and as for Grigson,

"He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."
Not that Grigson ever did any of those dreadful things. Far be it from such. The only scuttle he knew anything about was the coal-scuttle; and, as for cutting throats—well, I do believe that he did cut his own throat one morning when shaving. But we must blame that upon the sudden arrival of the telegram which announced the proposed visit of Grigson's mother-in-law to Grigson's hearth and home. And that was the historic morning upon which old G. (we call him old G. because we like him—he

was on the sunny side of forty) was required to be the unwilling star in a one-act playlet, the action of which shall herein be duly set down.

Now Grig was a learned man. You must understand that he was something very special in one of the 'ologies, and wherever the "cold pale light" of intellectuality shone, his name stood clear. But in business matters he was as a child. And Mrs. Caswall, the mother of Griggy's own dear wife, was a woman of wonderful business capacity; an executive member of ever-so-many societies, the presidential chairs of which her ample proportions had more than once adorned. Her manner was one of unflinching calmness and self-possession under all circumstances; and she heartily despised mere man in general, and particularly her son-in-law, Grigson, with his nervous, timid, shrinking ways. And concerning Grigson—well, he lived in a state of abject, chicken-hearted fear of "mother."

"Henry!" said Mrs. Caswall upon this morning of tender memory, "I have here a post-card which has been following me around the province for some time. It is from the Canadian Express Company, and states that a parcel has been sent in bond to me. I do not know the nature of the contents, but think it likely that they are some reports from the Society for the Self-Improvement of Single Ladies. I have signed the card so that the matter will not need my personal attention. Kindly look after it for me, and meet me in twenty minutes in the Bank of Montreal at the corner of Queen and Yonge Streets."

They were standing at the intersection of King and Bay streets as these words, equivalent to a command, were uttered. Grigson had been taken down-town by Mrs. Caswall as her aide-de-camp in the transaction of the excessive business which she always had to look after upon the occasions of her visits to Toronto.

Grigson, with obedient alacrity and a feeling of joy for the temporary separation from his gorgon, hastened to the Express Office which he found to be at 55 Yonge Street, and there presented the card to one of the clerks. The matter was looked up in the books.

"There is \$1.05 expressage due," said the clerk. Grigson paid it.

"The parcel is not here," was the next statement. "You will get it at the Express Department of the Customs, on Esplanade Street, near Yonge."

Grigson looked at his watch nervously, quickened his pace to the Customs Office, and made enquiry.

"The parcel is not here," said the clerk, "it has been sent to the King's Warehouse, as your card is three months' old. One door east, please."

Grigson groaned, and sought the King's Ware-