

See, with what a master hand he guides that fish spank up on
to the dam,
Into his basket he slips him, as quiet as a clam.

To me at least this vigorous description (despite the fact that the lameness of some of the lines is painfully apparent) recalls some of Scott's vivid and life-like battle scenes.

Not less prominent is the fervent spirit of patriotism revealed in his national poems. What more glowing panegyric on this Canada of ours has ever been penned than that in the following lines?

It is the land of the free, and the home of the brave,
'Tis Canada our home, none need be a slave.
It is here that the honest can feel it his home,
Respected, protected, his castle, his throne;
Our woods and our forests, our home the North-West,
In laws and protection our homes they are blest.
Fair daughters, our sisters, of the noble and true,
England's Queen is our mother, protecting us too,
With our prairies around us, we in wonder retrace—
Our God will protect us, protect Britain's race.
Our lakes and our valleys, our prairie, our land,
'Tis all ours and was given us by a bountiful hand;
The pastures by themselves so rich and so rare,
Vast, more extensive than any country elsewhere.

Surely the heart of every patriot must burn within him when he remembers that his is the country and his the inheritance which the poet's "winged words" are here describing. The poem "Old England," again, exemplifies the same trait, but I may be excused from quoting it on account of its length.

Such are some of the leading features in the work of this Canadian poet. The form is often defective and sometimes even grotesque: but within this exterior, uncouth as it may seem, it may be that there is a living soul. If so, I devoutly hope that some of the readers of VARSITY will find it and report, for I must confess that I am by no means certain of having discovered it myself.

FLAVIUS.

THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

[In picking up a recent copy of the *Winnipeg Daily Free Press* we noticed a poem composed by one well-known to most of THE VARSITY readers, Jay Kobb.]

Thar's many a little tragic tale
Is spun on th' thrummin' wire;
Thar's many a sob an' thar's many a song
Is sung to th' hum o' th' wire.
We know by th' hum and th' thrum overhead
Thar's some'un is born er thar's some'un is dead
As the news like th' lightnin', click! is sped
On th' telergraphic wire.

Thar's somethin' about th' yaller note
Thet the' sighin' wires send,
Thet makes a man's heart sneak up in's throat
Till he's torn th' musciled end.
Fer maybe it tells ye yer rich fer life;
An' maybe it tells ye ye've lost a wife,
Thar's th' hummin' o' peace an' th' thrummin' o' strife
On th' telergraphic wire.

Each click! click! click! strikes a note in th' heart
That either'll chord er jar;
It is either a salve to soothe a smart
Er a probe to scratch a scar.
It maybe th' honey th' busy bee sips,
It maybe th' poison from waspish lips,
Thet is dropped from th' agent's fingertips
On th' telergraphic wire.

THE CANDIDATE.

In order to show us that she is still doing business on the same old stand, Dame Nature has once more ushered in Autumn, with its clear, bracing air, with its azure sky flecked ever and anon with fleecy clouds, and with its beautiful leaves resplendent in their variegated tints. Hand in hand with autumn comes the annual election of officers for the various class societies. And as the frost changes the ordinary color of the leaves into the rich and mellow hues of autumn, so the desire for office changes the commonplace character of certain students into the urbanity and complaisance of the candidate.

A man becomes a candidate in one of two ways. One way is by having a deputation of the students wait upon him, requesting him to run. They inform him that he is the only man in the class who is fitted for the office. No one else can fill it satisfactorily. The majority of the students are in favor of him. He is the most popular man of his year. They assure him that he will have their most hearty co-operation, their utmost influence and their unanimous suffrage. After a respectable amount of hesitation, and several statements that he did not desire the nomination and does not feel fitted for the office, he accepts a nomination. When the election is over he finds that he has been defeated, chiefly by the influence and vote of the deputation that brought him out as a candidate.

The other way in which a man becomes a candidate is by being waited on by a deputation also. The deputation in this case is his own ambition. This type of candidate for the current year has been before the electors since Convocation. You soon discover that he is a candidate. Suddenly he becomes very friendly. He asks you all about your work, tells you to call around any time you would like the loan of a book or a little help. He becomes free and sociable with all the members of the class. He asks them to come up any time they are passing his den and smoke the pipe of peace and look at the family album. He lays in a copious supply of forget-me-not smiles, and wears a fresh one each day.

When you are sitting beside him at a lecture, and you inadvertently spill an imperial quart of ink from your fountain pen, it invariably falls on the new suit of clothes his pa gave him to begin his academical year with. He merely smiles, assures you in the blandest terms that it's a mere trifle and will all come out in a washing. He waits until he gets out of your presence before he showers upon your devoted head a torrent of epithets, none of which you would care to see adorning your tombstone after you have ceased to be. Were he not running for office he would get into a towering rage, and perhaps offer to "put a head on you," despite your vehement protestations that you had one on you already, that the work was entirely unnecessary on his part, and that unnecessary labor should always be avoided.

As you are walking across the lawn with the candidate and he meets a friend, he will beg to be excused as he wishes to talk to his friend for a minute about a book. The friend and the candidate become so absorbed over the book that they become oblivious of your presence, and walk off, leaving you astonished at the surpassing interest of that book. Be not deceived; they are talking about no book. They are laying their wires and adjusting handles to them for a strong pull.

These are a few of the signs by which the candidate may be known. All persons having their own interests and those of their class at heart will make it the chief aim of their existence at this season of the year to avoid the wily and festive candidate. If elected he will retain these charming qualities which endear him to one and all—if he is looking for re-election next year. Otherwise the successful candidate will assume an air of three-ply dignity as high as the invulnerable cheek of the freshman, who thinks his class is too large to be hustled.

J. CROWE, '97.