

The Sanctum Philosopher.



THE Sanctum Philosopher will be glad to receive any contributions that may be produced by those philosophically inclined among his readers. Short comments upon University matters, notices of books recently published, literary curiosities and the discussion of current events in the literary world will be gladly inserted. Caustic sarcasm of an impersonal nature and cynical reflections on the vanity of human life will be especially welcomed.

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The following quaint pun has been forwarded to me, accompanied, I am proud to say, by two dollars: Two Frenchmen were one day observing a passing funeral. The horse, whose office it was to draw the hearse, appeared restive, and, at length, frightened at the dulcet strains of a hand organ, took madly to its heels, "rider and hearse in one sad burial blent." "Ah, comme c'est drôle," remarked monsieur to his companion, "il a pris le mors entre ses dents."

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Alas! how often are we wounded in our *amour propre!* How often do the tenderest feelings of our nature excite the mockery of the ignorant! It was my lot last week to carry to the Sanctum a bundle of papers bearing on the title page the classic inscription, THE VARSITY. Feeling within my bosom the conscious pride of authorship, I was gazing fondly at the literary babe that nestled in my arms. When about to cross the threshold of the door that leads to Parnassus, I met a horde of urchins pouring from a neighbouring day school. "Say, mister," cried one of the foremost *gamins*, as they surrounded me, "Will you gim'me one of them *handbills*." Oh, ye gods, *HANDBILLS!*

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Many are the interesting souvenirs that have been made from portions of the débris of our great alas. The fragments of the University bell seem to have been the favorite material for their construction. Many students are wearing pieces of the old metal in the place of seals upon their watch-chains. The most unique of such souvenirs that has reached our notice is one possessed by Mr. C. A. Chant of '90. He has had a piece of the metal recast into an inkstand which is in shape an exact miniature of the old bell, shaft and wheel attached. I, myself, cherish similar trophies, a copy of Pliny, which I had out from the library at the time, and a ten cent piece that I had inadvertently carried from the registrar's table on the day preceding the holocaust. I have not yet been able to persuade myself to part with them.

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I have been pleased to see that conversation in Italian has been given a place in our new curriculum. This will truly supply a long-felt want. It is time that the one-sided system of culture which encourages the students to speak nothing more complex than French and German in their everyday life should cease. Let us reach a higher stage of polyglotticism, and let the melodious accents of Italy be heard more often in our corridors.

One of our city dailies, in talking of the occurrences of last All Hallow E'en, eulogizes the conduct of the police declaring that "to their credit, they never lost their heads during the whole disturbance." We would heartily agree with our contemporary in lauding this sublime trait in the minions of the law. Its excellence cannot be too highly extolled, when we considered how useless in a moment of tumult that demands rapid action the average policeman must find his head, we realize that it is only by an act of manly forbearance that he refrains from laying aside his think-tank till the trouble is over.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The opening meeting of this Club was held last Monday afternoon in the Y.M.C.A. Hall. There was a very large attendance, the ladies being considerably in the majority. Among the visitors were Prof. and Mrs. Ashley, and E. C. Jeffrey, B.A. The Honorary President of the Club, Prof. Alexander, presided during the presentation of the program, and the President, W. S. McLay, during routine business.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed, a large number of new members were proposed. Mr. J. H. Brown, '94, was elected Treasurer, and Miss Beauregard, first year representative on the Executive Committee.

The subject of the afternoon's study was Matthew Arnold. After an excellently-rendered quartette by Messrs Dockray, Little, Edwards and Crosby, accompanied by Mr. Parker at the piano, Miss L. L. Jones read an essay on Arnold's Lyrics. The essayist appeared to have entered thoroughly into the spirit of her subject, and the choice of language in which she clothed her thoughts added to the excellence of her essay. Mr. T. D. Dockray read one of two of Arnold's more representative poems, which served as illustrations of Miss Jones' essay.

Miss McKenzie, '92, followed with a very comprehensive essay, in which she treated the many phases of Arnold's work and character from the view point of a critic. His style, religion, and influence, as exemplified in his poems and prose writings, came under review, and were illustrated by reference to his works.

Prof. Alexander in a few words expressed his approval of the aims of the Club, and advised the members not to fail in their duty to it. As to the author under discussion he thought that his fame would rest mainly on his poetry. One achievement of his had been the introduction of a new verse for lyric poetry.

At the conclusion of Prof. Alexander's remarks, the meeting adjourned. Next Monday afternoon the meeting will be a German one, Schiller being the subject. All students in Modern Languages are cordially invited to attend.

CLASS OF '92.

The elections of the class of '92 were held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Friday afternoon, with the following result: President, J. H. Lamont; Vice President, Miss Martin (accl.) and W. M. Govanlock; Secretary, A. W. Cameron; Treasurer, F. D. Davis; Historians, Miss Hillock (accl.), V. A. Sinclair; Athletic Board, (Director) R. E. Hooper, D. P. McColl, C. S. Wood; Orator, F. E. Perrin (accl.); Poet, J. A. McLean; Critic, J. McRae; Lord High-cock-a-lorum, Coleman; Prophet, J. F. Evans.

On a Queen West car, University Professor: "Oh, ah, yes the Euclid Feed and Flour Store, I wonder if they draw their supplies over the *Pons Asinorum!*"