

ASSOCIATE COLLEGES.

It is a satisfaction to me to see that at last University College is becoming the centre of a number of special schools. There is the School of Practical Science in front of it, Knox College on the right, the Baptist College to be built behind it, and the Protestant Divinity School in the Yonge street avenue, to the left of it. It is in this clustering of special schools round a central college that will give University College increased strength. And whoever agrees with what I have already said must deplore the mistake that was made some years ago when the medical schools were taken to the east end of the city. Of course they had to go where the hospital was, but no reason is obvious why the hospital was located in its present position, and not in a quarter contiguous to the college. Within late years extensive additions have been made to the hospital, and so the hope of a complete concentration of higher education in Toronto must be for a considerable time deferred.

Were the schools of medicine adjacent to the College an increased stimulus would be given to many departments of the College, and among them the natural sciences especially, on account of the number of students being thus largely augmented. In the first place there would be more complete and systematic division of the labors of the professors. As things now exist there is a professor of biology and two professors of chemistry in connection with University College; at each of the two medical schools there are lecturers on chemistry, botany and zoology—that is, the same work is done in three institutions by three men, when, if the schools were centralized the work of one professor could do what it now takes three. Were this done the principle of division of labor would then come into play: we would have these several departments specialized. Instead of three professors on biology going over the same ground one would take up botany, another zoology, another sub-departments of these, just as resources allowed. Specialized work is the great feature in the study of the natural sciences to-day—as things now are, very little of this can be done at Toronto. Look what the economy would be in the way of experiments, specimens, and apparatus.

Another great advantage is that more of the medical students would take an arts course before entering medicine, or at least they would avail themselves of partial courses in the arts department. Many of our medical students set out for the back country, or for the great North-west on completing their course. Would it not be a great advantage to both themselves and the country generally if they took with them such a knowledge of mineralogy and geology as one course of Professor Chapman's lectures in these subjects would give them? And who would not be a better physician if he had had the advantage of lectures on psychology such as those of Prof. Young? But students in medicine are at present too far away to reap any of these benefits.

And there are many minor advantages to students themselves that are attendant on centralization. A wider field for choice of friendships; with a students' quarter comes better bookstores, instrument makers, and an atmosphere of study. Brilliant

professors are drawn to such centres, and, on the other hand, numerous students are attracted by the reputation of the professors and the advantages that such centralization affords. A large and efficient library would soon be a feature of this scheme.

Is it yet too late to secure this end? I think not, if the several corporations who would have to be parties to it throw no opposition in the way. In the first place the city would have to be willing to sell its property in the east end. Perhaps the Ontario government or some of the charities of this city would purchase it on a reasonable valuation. The medical schools would next have to consent to do likewise. But in doing so the Senate of the University of Toronto would have to give both the city and the schools sites in the University land adjoining the college, and the Senate should have this end in view as a likely contingency. The Ontario government would have to come forward and increase the University endowment. But surely these are all within the sphere of the possible and, let me hope, the probable.

ARGUS.

MY FIRST ORGAN RECITAL.

(BY A VERY FRESH MAN.)

To do myself justice I must inform your readers that I am a gentleman of the first year, hailing from a quiet country district, and besides, had never seen a large organ until last Saturday. On the afternoon of this eventful day, my young lady—never mind where I got her—and myself arrived at the Convocation Hall about a quarter past three. We found it well filled, except a few rows of seats in front. A kind friend informed me that these seats were the best in the hall and had therefore been reserved for the freshmen. Seconced by the entreaties of my fair friend I proceeded up the aisle and was met halfway by a gentleman with an eyeglass, who furnished us with programmes. Having got sat down I immediately fell to studying my programme, but found it interspersed with short dissertations on ancient German poetry. Not taking honour moderns this term, I felt little of interest in these notes, and soon began to look around. The first thing I noticed was the new chair in honor of the visit of the Princess Louise, which was in the form of a small bench; behind it were some extensive decorations, which I considered entirely out of place, especially a large number of pipes. I directed my young lady's attention to the chair, but she replied that she couldn't see anything except the organist's bench. Perceiving that I had perhaps made a mistake I became silent. After a time, however, thinking that she was beginning to weary, I remarked that the president and some other officer of the society would probably soon bring in the organ. My lady friend—quite unnecessarily I thought—reminded me of the fact that I was a goose, and said it was there, hoping besides that I could see it. I replied that I had not noticed it and desired her not to speak so loud, as she was attracting attention. Hearing considerable laughter in my rear I turned around to see who was making a fool of himself. Before my curiosity was satisfied, however, I was suddenly brought to the front by a loud noise, which came from the dais. After about

ten minutes' anxious thought I came to the conclusion that the recital had commenced and that all the pipes, bench, &c., were the organ. By this time I had begun to feel a little mad with myself, and immediately became very critical, beginning at the same time to take mental notes of several faults. Amongst others I noticed some botanical and natural history illustrations on the programme which were quite uncalled for. I also would suggest that the Society appoint a handsome young man to assist the lady singers to the platform and make himself generally useful. My young lady now asked me to get her an opera glass for a few moments. Not knowing very well what this was I concluded that it must be a nick-name for an eyeglass. I therefore requested a gentleman on my left to lend me his. He eyed me rather sternly and declined. I hope the WHITE AND BLUE will find out this young man's name and publish it. The Glee Club now came upon the platform and I will dismiss its performance with the remark that the alto was very weak and there was also an entire absence of soprano. This criticism is due to somebody sitting behind me whose name I didn't know. Just as the Glee Club finished someone touched me on the back and said that a gentleman wished to see me in the outer hall. On arriving there, which I did with great difficulty, I could find no person who wanted me. I was just returning when a gentleman stepped forward and shook me very heartily by the hand, saying at the same time that he was sure he could rely on my support at the coming election. I interrupted some kind inquiries about my family by asking him if he had sent for me; he said he hadn't and I with great difficulty terminated the interview. On endeavoring to re-enter the hall I found the entrance entirely blocked, and had therefore recourse to the gallery. In the space of about a quarter of an hour I had reached as far in as the centre of the door, when I was suddenly pinned against its frame. In this position I had the exquisite pleasure of seeing my chair occupied by the young gentleman who had so kindly directed me to the outside hall. I now rapidly began to feel satisfied with the recital, and fearing that my left ear would become a permanent fixture on my skull, I shortly afterwards withdrew.

BRUTUS.

Putting confidence in an engraver has twice upset the calculations of the editor of the *Queen's College Journal*. Whether the editor of the *Journal* has a beard or not, he should surely know that the promises of printers, shoemakers, engravers and weather prophets are slightly tinged with exaggeration.

A SUBSCRIBER to the college — died a few days ago, leaving five years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave when the lid was being screwed down the last time, and put in the coffin a palm leaf fan, a linen coat, and a tannometer.

The second number of the *Rouge et Noir* is to hand: the literary side is a prominent feature.

HARVARD men are as soft on Mary Anderson, as certain nameless students were on Neilson. A report is going the rounds that at a recent performance in Boston, the eight members of the boat crew appeared on the stage as supers in order to be near the finely-figured Mary.