

it, and saying that you've dropped me, and that I've been cut out by a freshie, and—"

"That will reflect more on my taste than on you," I said consolingly.

"I don't believe you have got any taste," said Flo.

"I used to be a devoted admirer of you, anyhow," I objected, "and I might be yet, if—"

"If I'd let you flirt with half-a-dozen other girls at the same time, I suppose."

"Miss Waine is a dear friend of my sister's," I said hotly, "and I promised I would look after her when she came up."

"You're a success at keeping promises," said Flo, sarcastically. I began to study her programme—which, I suppose, was not a proper thing to do.

"Oh, you poor girl!" I ejaculated, "so that old idiot Claverhouse has got you on a string! I should think that if ever a man was constructed by Providence to bother a girl to death, that—"

"Give me that back," she cried, angrily. "Really, Jack, you're getting rude."

"That was intended for sympathy," I replied. "They are very much alike, sometimes, I know. But do you really want that chap for the next number?"

"Certainly I do," she said, crushingly, "anything for a change."

The Couchee-Couchee was over, ages ago, so we rose and returned to the hall. Claverhouse bore down upon us, beaming like an arch-angel. I was so interested in him that I forgot to watch the violet eyes.

"Flo," I said, at the last instant, very softly—and sincerely, "you understand about that Waine girl, don't you?"

"You're not jealous of her, surely?"

Flo turned and looked at me for a moment. "No, I'm not jealous," she said, frankly; and the violet eyes laughed. A laugh is the most inscrutable thing a girl can do.

I departed, and fought for Miss Waine's refreshments. She informed me, quite naively, after the second dish of ice-cream and after sampling all the cake, that I was "awfully dull this evening;" the chief reason being that I rashly expressed an admiration for Flo Tenyss's eyes. Miss Waine's, I believe, are blue. Her hair is her strong point, though—and her nerve. Claverhouse came up and buttonholed me in the cloak-room. "Congratulate me, old boy," he said, "Miss Tenyss has accepted me;—and, for heaven's sake, keep it dark."

"Poor girl!" I said, automatically; "if ever a man was constructed—er—was to be congratulated, you are." He looked a little staggered, but I shook hands so warmly he could not but be satisfied. Then, too, he is another Philosophy man.

Miss Waine had no reason to complain of my dullness on the way to her home that evening. I do not often tell lies, but when I do, I flatter myself I can do it artistically. I have been thrown in her society a good deal since then, and really her hair is very fascinating. I fancy she fancies I am in love with her. I am not though; I am only mad. And I am waiting till Miss Tenyss is "disengaged."

CATULLE.

A very pleasant and successful At Home was given Saturday afternoon by Messrs. J. S. Martin, '97, and J. M. Stevens, '97, in their rooms at 36 St Patrick St. Mrs. Sheridan, who has become so popular as a chaperone, received the guests in her usual pleasing manner. D'Alesandro's orchestra discoursed music during the afternoon, and Williams served the refreshments in his customary efficient style. Under such pleasing circumstances it is unnecessary to state that all enjoyed themselves immensely. The following ladies and gentlemen were honored by receiving invitations: Miss Anderson, Miss Crane, Miss C. Crane, Miss Clapp, Miss Langrill, Miss Millar, Miss Thornton, Miss Webb, Miss Williams, Miss White, and Messrs. Grahame, Hill, Hobbs, Holmes, Millar, McWilliams, Smedley, Wilson and Woodworth.

i.

As representative of your journal, Mr. Editor, a few days ago I walked down to Osgoode Hall to collect some data that might be of interest in reference to the University in her early days. I wandered through the mazes of that great building till a heavy door, labelled "Q.B.D. Judges—Private," barred my passage. On entering I found myself in the presence of the Hon. Chief Justice Armour, a graduate of our University in 1850. I stated my mission briefly, asking him for some reminiscences of his undergraduate career.

"Reminiscences," said the Chief Justice, laying down his pen and facing me, "I am afraid that you have come to a very poor person for reminiscences. Nearly fifty years have passed since I passed out of the halls of Toronto University, and naturally I have forgotten nearly everything that would interest you."

"Besides," he continued, "the conditions of university life have so changed since my time, that what we did then would be of very little interest to the student of to-day."

I assured him, feeling certain that the readers of VARSITY would bear me out, that the earlier the period of his college course the more interesting anything, which he would relate to us concerning it, would be to the present generation of undergraduates.

"Well, I suppose, that there are certain things in a man's life which he would never forget, however old he might live to be. If I can call any of them up before me on the moment, I shall certainly be most happy to allow you to make use of them."

"The University buildings were in my day situated somewhere about the site of the present Parliament House. Here was the Residence, but most of our lectures were delivered in the old Parliament buildings, vacated at the time of the union of the Provinces in 1841. There were some fifteen men in Residence (not so far from the number of men at present in Residence, I believe). My graduating class in 1850 was not very large, containing eight men, I think. The class-lists would be contained in a page or two of the ordinary University Calendar, itself quite small.

"As for student organizations, such as the Literary Society, these were practically unknown. There was no regular gymnasium, the nearest approach to one being an ill-lighted room, in which we used to box. You must not imagine, however, that we were unable to enjoy our college life, without all these many advantages with which the student of to-day is familiar. There was not a very great deal of discipline at the time. Toronto was a very small place and as a result the doings of the student were much better known to the general population than they are now. People then looked upon our pranks in a somewhat different light than we would now, no doubt. I remember, particularly well, one Guy Fawkes' Night, which we decided to celebrate in fitting style. Of course, in those days the means of communication were very poor, and it was by no means as easy to be provided from home with what you might want on special occasions. Impecuniosity was, moreover, one of the essential characteristics of the student then as now-a-days. So on this particular night, when we desired to procure the materials for a dinner, we were left pretty much to our own resources. With the dinner as an end, in view, then, we divided our party into several contingents, and on gathering together again, found that we had in our possession, a small pig, two turkeys, chickens and ducks, in addition to the other concomitants of a feast. Even the table-cloth and napkins were there, borrowed from a convenient clothes-line. I think that our knives and forks were procured from the Steward in a legitimate way. At any rate the dinner passed off very successfully. One of our guests congratu-