

## L'envoi.

Come, my beloved, this useless woe,  
To the four winds of heaven throw.  
Untrammelled in mysterious bands,  
Calm-browed, with fate no more your foe,  
Yield life the living she demands.

—L. Owen.



## The Arts' Dance

The Arts' dance was a whirling success. From the very moment the first couple entered the Gym., hearts began to palpitate to the rhythm of the music of an orchestra which is reputed to have few equals in the city, and with the gathering crowd, programmes filled fast. The Gym. is noted for its smoothness of floor and therefore as an ideal place for a dance. On Thursday evening this desirable condition was enhanced to a point equalled only by the smoothness of an Old Lit. politician. To the accomplished devotee of Terpsichore this smacked of Elysium, and as the evening wore on it was not difficult to conclude that the dull care of library and classroom had been consigned to skeletonless closets, there to remain until the pleasant languor of the Friday following had worn away. The hall had been decorated by a committee, evidently chosen from the honor course in Dr. Abbott's psychology of color, and the multiplication of various official flags added to the kaleidoscopic effect of "crepe de chene" and "robe de soie" in multitudinous variety, presented a changing scene of beauty that would vie with any number of gorgeous sunsets on rippling waters.

As most everybody was there who was sufficiently interested, it will not be necessary to mention the many notables, graduate and undergraduate, who were present. The vice-regal (?) and other patronage has been mentioned in the society columns of the dailies, and there remains only a description of the supper and the dance itself. The former, in a word, was eminently satisfying—especially to Don Cowan—and the latter, though it did not break up till some 90 minutes past the wee sma' hour of one (there is no smaller hour) seemed all too short. The extras, especially those which Jno. Sherry supervised, went with a vim and all went merry as a wedding bell—which it is to be feared in some instances will follow in due course.

In brief, the Arts' dance came and went; the crowd was perfect, the floor was not sticky à la West Hall, the music tingled the veins with rhythm, the supper was diverting, sparkling eyes and ruby lips added to the merriment, and the last number ended one of the most delightful functions ever given by the Literary and Scientific Society.

W. W. Hutton.

## The Play and the Public

At the University Lecture in the Chemical Building Saturday afternoon Prof. Mavor introduced the lecturer, Mr. Clyde Fitch, as one of a number of dramatists who had as their object the evolution of the real American drama.

Mr. Fitch spoke of the theatre-going public, of the object with which the majority attended the theatre and the senseless criticisms sometimes made. People should accept plays for what they pretended to be, not complaining if the tragedy does not amuse or the light comedy does not lead to profound thought.

The characters should mould the action of the play, if it was to appeal to the hearts and minds of the audience. He had never placed a living character on the stage and did not wish to see one. His characters were in his mind years before the play was written. He thus lived with his characters, became familiar with their thoughts and actions, and the play was merely the story of some event in their lives.



## Rifle Association

The annual meeting of the University of Toronto Rifle Association will be held in University College on Thursday, Feb. 23rd, at 4 p.m. It is hoped that Col. Otter, D.O.C., and Col. Delamere will be present to address the Association. The report for the past year will be read and officers for the ensuing year elected. It is hoped that all the members and a large number of those desiring to become members will be present at the meeting. It is the intention to raise the membership of the Association to 200 if possible, so that twenty-five additional rifles can be obtained from the Government. The question of winter shooting will also be discussed.



'Tis sweet to sit alone at ev'ning calm,  
To let oblivion steal upon the soul,  
And drop into the weariest mind a balm  
Of precious healing; free, awhile, control,  
From long and careful vigil over thought,  
Unheeding all that is and all that's sought.  
And, while without the gloaming wraps the earth,

In sombre veiling, and the murmuring breeze,  
And soft bird-voices join in breathing forth  
Their nightly orisons from all the trees,  
Silent, to view with flowing heart the scene,  
Unmindful of the cares that may have been.  
'Tis thus we foster in our hearts the love  
Of Nature and her mighty God above.



Helen—You know they're twins and they agree in everything.

Alice—Yes. I notice that they make exactly the same deduction from their age.—Smart Set.