

SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

The twitt'ring swallows have taken
 Leave from the tower to-day,
 To sunny lands they are flying
 From winter cold and grey.

And Studiosus packs his "grip,"
 In vain demur and frown,
 For, far away from his mother
 He hies to the gloomy town.

'Mid the sunny glow of spring,
 The swallow turneth back,
 And Studiosus comes again
 Home for the Easter "Vac."

A gloomy thing there lies between,
 From fear is neither free—
 "Exam." for the Studiosus,
 For the swallow, 'tis the sea.

Translated from Fleigende Blatter, A. A. Macdonald, U. C. College.

TWO SUNSETS.

The wind is cool and crisp, giving one a pleasant relaxation from the enervating summer heat. The grass has that peculiar rich green shade, so restful after the grey hue of summer dust. Overhead the sky frowns black in heavy rolls as of battle clouds. Down, down, from the zenith still that same dark frown, like that of genius, awfully pregnant with meaning, till just before the horizon is reached a rich crimson gash, between the fretful black-blue sea and the massy ebon clouds, shows the pressure of old Sol, the essence that vivifies the whole. One solitary vessel lies clear-cut on the horizon, and coming in on the white-tipped waves, anchors at our feet, where the waves break into a myriad tiny jets of spray on the old broken piers.

Again the sun is setting, but after a languid, Italian day. The sky for the most part is a serene azure, but, for some distance above the horizon, is flecked with "wracks" of clouds, which unite in large masses as they approach the horizon. But, kissed by the sun, they have a tinge combining the softest crimson and the deepest gold, which renders them so spiritual as to give one the idea of the greatest purity and the greatest excellence. But the sun leaves them, and lo! they become startlingly gross, and we turn from them in pain. BLETCHER LAUDER, '94.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

We must congratulate Victoria on the style and tone of the *Acta*.

The University of Michigan chorus, numbering 300 voices, has been invited to sing at the choral celebration, which will be given at the opening of the World's Fair next May. A few of the bolder spirits of our own musical organizations propose to place a chorus in the field for the same event.

College journalism is well developed in Toronto. In turning over the exchanges that pile our table we see the *Trinity Review*, *College Times*, *McMaster Monthly*, *Knox College Monthly*, *Acta Victoriana*. The last two with our own weekly gives Toronto University three papers, which is the average for a university of the size.

Harvard has made application for 7,000 square feet for its intended exhibit at the World's Fair. The authorities should see that at least an exhibit be made of photographs of our different buildings. University College has been described by the eminent novelist, Black, as "the only college building in America worthy a place in the classic streets of Oxford."

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

As far as our Association champions are concerned the football season closed in Pittsburg last Thursday, the American Thanksgiving Day, and the closing was one quite worthy of the previous record made by Varsity at home. The team left Toronto at noon on Wednesday, arriving in Pittsburg at 7 a.m. Thursday. In the morning a game of Rugby was witnessed, between Holy Ghost College and the P. A. C. Reserves, which afforded an opportunity of comparing the American and Canadian systems. The comparison, on the whole, was anything but favorable to the former system, our boys failing to appreciate the sport to be derived from forming a factor of a huge writhing mass of human flesh, the apparent object of which was to crush to death the luckless victim whose misfortune it might be to have possession of the ball.

Varsity's match with the Pittsburg Association team took place in the afternoon, on Exposition Park. About one thousand spectators witnessed the game, and, judging from their applause, they were highly delighted with the Canadian style of playing football. It would naturally be expected that, after a tiresome night's travel, Varsity was in poor condition for a hard game. Such, however, was not the case, as the score, seven to two, would clearly indicate. Our readers have too often seen Varsity win to require to be told the story of how the Pittsburg aggregation were, individually and collectively, made the centres of numerous and rapidly shifting circles. As a Pittsburg paper expresses it, the home players were completely outclassed, both in speed and stamina. The following is a personnel of the teams:—

Pittsburg.—Goal, Attwell, I.; backs, Powell, Attwell, T.; halves, Radcliffe, Buick, Attwell, J.; right wing, Worrell, Crooks; centre, Wardle; left wing, Waldron, O'Brian.

Varsity.—Goal, Porter; backs, Stuart, Breckenridge; halves, Duncan, Goldie, McArthur; right wing, McDonald, Lingelbach; centre, Thomson; left wing, Murray, Govanlock.

Of the seven goals taken by Varsity, four were put through by Murray, two by Thomson, and one by Lingelbach. At half-time the game stood three to two in Varsity's favor. During the second half Varsity secured four more points, while their opponents seldom gave Porter anything to do.

One of the most pleasant features of the trip was the meeting of the members of the team with Mr. Franklyn McLeay, of the Wilson-Barrett Dramatic Company, which performed at the Duquesne Theatre during Thanksgiving week. Mr. McLeay, the only American member of Mr. Barrett's Company, is an old Varsity man. Graduates of '87 and '88 will remember him as a very clever student in the departments of Moderns and Metaphysics. He was also an active participant in athletics, being in his time a prominent member of the Association football team and champion quarter-mile runner of the College.

Several of the boys remained in Pittsburg over Friday night to see "Pharaoh," the greatest of Mr. Barrett's plays, and they felt amply repaid for doing so. The following notice in the *Pittsburg Post* will give our readers an idea of the part taken by Mr. McLeay in "Pharaoh": "The most remarkable stage character ever seen here was that of 'Pennu,' the bat, the king's fool and 'Arni's' friend, as portrayed by Mr. Franklyn McLeay, the American actor of Mr. Barrett's company. No better piece of work was ever seen on a stage. Horrible in his deformity, noble in soul, grand in his devotion and love, and perfect in voice, elocution and fidelity to his difficult part, his was a creation that will never be forgotten by those who saw it."

Messrs. Manning, Hodges and Cliffe, whom the boys had an opportunity of meeting after the performance, proved that acting was not their sole virtue. The last contingent of the Varsity eleven left Pittsburg with the best of feeling for the histrionic art in general, and Mr. Franklyn McLeay in particular.