

elicited a whoop of pleasure from every galoot in the mob. In the last act she made a neat play and worked in that famous kiss of hers on Castle. He had her in his arms with her head lying on his shoulder, and her eyes shooting red-hot streaks of galvanized love right into his. All at once her lips began to twitch coaxingly and got into position, and when he tumbled to her racket he drew her up easy-like, and then her ripe luscious lips glued themselves to his and a thrill of pleasure nabbed hold of him, and shook him till the audience could almost hear his toe nails grind against his boots. Then she shut her eyes and pushed harder, and, oh! Moly Hoses! the smack that followed started the stitching in every masculine heart in the house. She is a thoroughbred right from the start, and the fellow that takes in her kisses is more to be envied than the haughtiest monarch that ever squatted down on a gold-plated throne.

Wagged a jaw.—The alternate contraction and relaxation of the masticatory muscles. Whether due to the masseter, digastric, mylo-hyoid and genio-hyoid or to pterygoids only, commentators differ. An unimportant point compared with the *varie lectiones*. Heinrich reads "her" for "a"; Rupertii hesitates between "his" and "its"; some read "jaws." Amid this wealth of controversial acumen, it would be idle to decide. We can only refer the student to Casaubon *ad loc.*

Upper notes.—Mus. tech. term.

Bass.—Jahn hypercritically considers "bass" inapplicable to a female voice; obtusely ignoring the fact that it is used relatively.

Racket.—Cf. "cheese the racket," "get on a racket," both expressions much used by Oscar Wilde.

Cushion.—Bill. tech. term.

Sally.—Stallbaum reads "Polly."

Rest a while.—Acc. to Zumpt, a transition from quavers to minims. To which Schewerendorf well replies, "*quo quid absurdius? Non transitio est.*"

Enchanted bird.—Allusion to the cuckoo clocks of the Swiss.

Jingled.—Onomatopoeic from Sanskrit bhā. Vide Papillon, Peile et al. *passim*.

Galoot.—Either from (a) γαλαθηνός "young," or (b) Γαλάτται. The noisy character of the Gauls is well known. Observe how strangely musical is this stanza, owing to the presence of such tender and precious words as "whoop" and "galoot."

Last act.—Cf. old colloquialism, "goode acte!"

He had . . . shoulder.—We can only conclude, as Forcellini remarks, that the Deuteragonist was taller than the Protagonist.

His.—Sc. "eyes."—Anthon, with characteristic imbecility, reads "his'n" as "more elegant." But, as Voss remarks, "*quod elegantie in hoc sit, non video.*"

Tumbled to her racket.—Unintelligible. Probably an interpolation. Porson has completely annihilated the position of Dindorf, who contended that it referred to Daphnephoric and Pyrrhic measures, danced by the Deuteragonist to the music of an accordion played by the Protagonist. The words themselves are not found in the San Francisco M.S. They are undecipherable in the Vatican Palimpsest, and are only found in the Omaha scholia.

Drawed.—Still survives in the old epics of Arkansas.

Luscious lips.—"Silurian sea." (Anon. "Idyll on Glacial Action."—'Varsity, Jan. 1882.) A brilliant example of same figure.

Nabbed hold of him.—The Harleian M.S. reads "her." The subsequent use of the word "boots," as shown by Poppo in his masterly and exhaustive treatise on this passage (4 vol. Leipzig, 1723), proves this erroneous.

Hear his, etc.—"The energy of the gesticulation is directly as the intensity of the stimulus."—Spencer. A view of the phenomena endorsed by some of the first critics of Pilot Mound.

Haughtiest monarch, etc.—Undoubtedly Sardanapalus, B.C. 876.

[NOTE.—This must be the last of the series. We have too much regard for the Censor of Customs to again thus endanger our reputation and interests.—Ed. 'Varsity.]

WON AT LAST.

"Bon soir, ma cher."

"So long, Charlie."

Winsome Lillian McGuire touched with ruby-red lips the tips of her taper fingers and flung the kiss after Vivian Featherstone as he sauntered carelessly down Blue Island Avenue. She could never bear to call him Vivian, because her brother had lost \$18 on a horse of that name, and ever afterwards it recalled a flood of bitter recollections as she thought of how Bertram McGuire came home that fateful evening and placed his boots carefully on the piano before retiring to rest in the little chintz-curtained bed that had held him since the days when he was a prattling child—the pet and pride of the family. She had seen him putting on his hat with a shoe-horn the next morning, and wept bitter, scalding tears to think that one so noble, so fly, should not know enough to get a bottle of seltzer aperient in such a time of desolation. "But he is my brother, my only brother," Lillian had said to herself, "and I will not desert him, even if he is a chump about some things." So she had gone to him softly as he stood in the front hall trying to put a number nine head into a number seven hat, and put her arms caressingly around his neck and said: "Why don't you drop on yourself, and get a soda cocktail."

She spoke the words in a tenderly tremulous voice—a voice almost

choked with the sobs that were welling up from her beautiful bosom at the thought that a McGuire should be so beautiful and yet so raw.

It was in the ripe September days following this event that she became acquainted with Vivian Featherstone. He brought Bertram home in a hack one evening, stood him up gently against the front door, and rang the bell with a tender pathos that told its own story. When Lillian went down stairs to let her brother fall into the front hall, she found in his overcoat pocket three lemons. With a woman's natural instinct she knew at once that Vivian had placed them there. "How thoughtfully kind of him," she said, as she thought of how Bertram's head would ache in the morning came over her.

They did not meet, however, until some weeks later, when a "soiree dansante" at the house of a mutual acquaintance brought them together. An introduction followed, and the usual light conversation of the ball-room was begun. Vivian spoke about the new theory of horizontal cleavage in red sandstone, and from that their talk naturally drifted to the subject of the new court house.

"I saw you going past the other day," said Vivian.

"Indeed!" was Lillian's reply; "and why should you notice me?"

"Because of the peculiar colour of the ribbons on your hat," he said.

The girl blushed deeply.

"Why do you wear lemon-coloured ribbons on a dark hat," he asked, bending over her tenderly, and taking her little white hand in his.

"Can you not guess?" was the reply. "Do you not remember the night that Bertram was paralyzed? I found the lemons in his overcoat pocket, and my heart told me who had placed them there. Is it strange that I should love one who was so kind to my dear brother?"

"And do you really love me, Lillian?" he asked in eager tones.

For answer, her little head dropped on his shoulder. He raised it gently and looked into the pure, sweet face uplifted to him. "Have I won you, my angel?" he murmured in low, earnest tones.

"I should twitter," was the girl's reply, and again her head sought his shoulder.—From "Airy, Fairy Lillian."

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The 'Varsity is published every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$1.50, in advance, and may be forwarded to Mr. A. F. LOBB, University College, Toronto, to whom applications respecting Advertisements should likewise be made.

Copies of the 'Varsity may be obtained every Saturday of Mr. WILKINSON corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

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