

women who are studying medicine, we shall merely state that there is a school at London, England, for women only, which is attended by one hundred students. Perhaps our poetical and romantic notions of 'woman's sphere' may be disturbed by these statistics. It may be rather a shock to us to discover that women are not entirely composed of refinement and sensibility. Perhaps we might even go so far as to determine that our wife should never be one who was capable of curing all diseases from catarrh to small-pox, and who was on intimate terms with anatomy, physiology and pills, yet we must remember that it will probably prove an advantage to women to be able to go to those of their own sex to be cured of their diseases, and under such circumstances, our notions of sensibility and refinement must give way to feelings of a more practical nature.

EVERY year there visits us a strange season that is popularly called Indian summer—a season that is furtive as the deer. We do not know when it will come; we cannot predict exactly how long it will last, nor when it will depart. It comes like a beneficent fairy, bringing with it the mellow light, the hazy air, the tranquil feeling, and an indescribable charm. This peculiar season is known not only in America, but also in many countries in Europe. Each country has a different name for it. In Germany it is called 'Old man's summer,' because it comes late in the year, when the spring-tide beauty of the earth is supposed to have vanished. In France it is called St. Martin's summer, in other places 'After Heat,' and 'Red Heat.' The name which the Indians themselves give it is quaint and appropriate; they call it the 'Fall summer.' Under whatever different names this beautiful season may be disguised, it has the same features in every country where it is experienced at all—the strange, almost weird, yellow light, so different from the ordinary glare of daylight; the stillness of the waters, which lie placid through its continuance; the hushed sound, as though the atmosphere were heavy. Longfellow describes it in his 'Evangeline':

'Then followed that beautiful season, called by the pious Acadian peasants
the Summer of All Saints;
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.'

It would be quite impossible to describe Indian summer in prose, for there is something essentially poetical about it. When it comes we think instinctively of Robin Hood and the merry foresters of Sherwood; of the Maid Marian and Oberon; of Rosalind in the forest of Ardenne; we think of romance and chivalry, and the practical world fades out of sight for a time. Although other countries claim to have an Indian summer as delightful as ours, we can hardly imagine that they really have; we can hardly imagine that it can mean to them what it does to us. For one thing, the beauty of Indian summer is best seen and felt in the regions of the great lakes; and besides that, the beauty of Indian summer is seen to great advantage near great forests—to see the 'forest primeval,' silent and grand, flaming in yellow and red; to see the lakes stretching out, far as the eye can reach, in perfect silence; to see the hazy mist that hangs over the bosom of the great waters; only they who have seen this can really appreciate Indian summer. Perhaps, too, it gains additional charm from the fact that its cause is wrapped in mystery. We can give full play to our imagination in regard to it. We may think, as the Indians do, that it is the gift of the most kindly of their gods—the god of the south-west wind—or that in the nighttime the fairy queen holds her revels on the dew-stained grass or in the depths of the dark forest, and that her beneficent presence has scared away all that is evil during the day.

HALLOWE'EN is a festival of great antiquity, no doubt originally pagan, and afterwards transferred to the Christian calendar, under the cloak of a Christian title; just as the name Walpurgus night means the festival night of St. Walpurg, though the rites are essentially pagan. But Hallowe'en customs, like many other time-honored though practically useless observances, are falling into decay. The last one hundred years have almost swept them away altogether. An editor of Burns some years ago pathetically remarked that in the west of Scotland, in Ayrshire, where Burns locates his 'Hallowe'en,' many of the rites depicted

in it are already obsolete. These rites are, without exception, concerned with the all important question of marriage; even 'Auld Uncle John' feels the influence of the all-engrossing idea. At the present day Hallowe'en, except in some semi-civilized districts in Scotland and Ireland, is a festival for children; 'bobbing' for apples is the great rite, having for its sole aim, we need not say, the capture of the largest apple; another amusement, non-prospective of matrimony, is cracking (and eating) nuts, whence the name of the festival in the North of England, 'Nutcrack night.' Children in Wales go around soliciting 'apennies' on this night. The amusements indigenous to the New World appear to be gate-lifting and the like, amusements neither of pagan origin nor yet altogether Christian, that must speedily fall into desuetude under the increasing influence of the spirit of order and civilization.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

RESIDENCE NOTES.

The bathroom accommodation for Residence is outrageous. Two small bathrooms, one lighted by a cellar grated window, the other, in turn, by the light coming from the first; one with a sprinkler like a single nozzle, one without a sprinkler; both without gas, both without chairs, both with slimy pine floors, and dirt almost stratified on the bath in each is, to say the least, a bad state of things. There is not a lack of space for more accommodation, nor would it cost much to fit up two more baths, though four more would not be too many. 'Ye rulers that be in the 'Varsity,' imagine thirty-eight students bathing in two such wrecked bathing machines daily. We hope to see reform in that quarter without delay.

Recently an Italian harper was allowed to play in the dining-hall during dinner. Eating to slow music, or even fast music is pleasant, but our sympathetic nervous systems too readily excite movements that quicken or become slow to suit the airs that are being played. On this occasion the results were remarkable. As the air became staccato, forks fairly flew in the endeavor to keep up. As the movement moderated, becoming slow and measured, S—d was noticed stowing away large sections of pie with monotonous precision. The obese freshman was seen to weep while the touching air 'Do they miss me at home?' was being played; he afterwards was heard to remark that they didn't miss him here—no, he felt the sensation every time.

Tuesday afternoon was signalized by the advent of a large Tiber-yellow bear. The two foreign gentlemen in charge gave a general invitation to anyone present in the quad. to try a 'rassle' with his bear-ship. It was proposed to feed two or three freshmen to the bear, but the keepers said they were not quite well enough done, whereupon somebody suggested that X., of the Fourth Year, should call a mass meeting of himself and try issues with the animal. Mac. stood at a distance and courageously kicked a foot-ball in the bear's direction, but, strange to say, without even wounding the fierce monster. He felt he could do this without great danger, as the animal was muzzled. At this juncture, some of the fragile Johnny-cake from the dining-table was given to the bear, but with terrible results. After embracing a large empty packing case and waltzing frantically around the quad. for some time hugging it, the animal halted, but showed such evident signs of indisposition that its suite found it necessary to take it down town. A few stray notes were sounded on an antiquated bugle, and the cavalcade passed out at the gate.

These are the days of complex symphonies and fugues. And now we have a band in Residence. The delicate harmonies produced by grate-blowers, combs, tin whistles, banjos, and tongs, all operated on at once, can only be imagined, not described. Quiet reigned in the Residence the other night, when suddenly a door opened, tramping was heard on the stairs, and a catalogue of incongruous sounds smote upon our ears. No doubt the piece rendered was a fugue, but the theme was so abstruse and hidden that we could not detect it. Prof. Roxie is to be complimented on the energy of his band.

FOOT-BALL.

The great event in foot-ball circles, in connection with our College, is a game on the *tapis*. The first fifteen left yesterday morning for Port Hope, where they were to meet the Trinity School team. The same evening they continued their journey to Montreal.

The Interuniversity match with McGill takes place in Montreal this year, according to previous arrangement.