

"Chips,"

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EDITORIAL.

"Now, of all wild beasts to train, the boy is the worst."—*Plato.*

In presenting this, the second volume of CHIPS, we desire to express our appreciation of the encouragement given by so many, and we sincerely hope that our readers will be as well pleased with our March edition as they were with our last number, and that they will perceive the advance made, not only in the literary work, but also in the mechanical. Otherwise, we have no apologies to make, being convinced that, however profusely we rendered them, they would not rescue CHIPS from its *degraded* position.

We hear with fear and trembling that an unnamed Literary Society has been severely attacking CHIPS and endeavoring to pick it to pieces. Reform your actions, my sage children, and devote your superior intellects to a more suitable labor, for it does not require geniuses of *astounding* wisdom to tear down a building, even though it be erected by the most skilled workmen. But I regret that CHIPS could not be produced satisfactorily, and suitable to your literary palate, hewn, as they were, from the choicest literary timber. However, the reason is evident, when it is known that CHIPS is for those possessing a certain amount of brains, and so is incomprehensible to those not endowed by nature with the necessary qualifications.

Many flattering notices were given by the newspapers about CHIPS; but the most complimentary, original and unique one, was that appearing in the *Thamesville Times*. It said:—"CHIPS is a freak! It is one of your clean and polished journals, and has no pretensions towards that luxuriant verbosity and confabulatory collusiveness constitutional in the predominant literary publications of the day! We tender our contemporaneous journal our sincere congratulations." We can imagine the smile of satisfaction that illuminated the composer's face when he com-

pleted his little song, and he has our thanks, accompanied by our sympathy for him in his affliction. When an editor gets this bad it generally proves fatal!

We notice that Mr. M. F. Libby, our late English master, is a regular contributor to "The Educational Monthly." Of course English is his theme.

Mr. Chas. Hamilton, M. A., who was connected with our staff last term, is now teaching in Forest.

It is evident that our school is entering upon its most prosperous period. With its present attendance of over four hundred, with its increased teaching staff, with its recent addition and improvements, and last, but by no means least, with CHIPS, it promises to be excelled by none in the province.

Miss L. Ryckman, B. A., an honor graduate of Toronto University, and a former pupil of our school, now fills the position of English master in the Institute.

Mrs. Grace E. Denison, a contributor to CHIPS, is a talented and promising writer. She is the author of several works, her principal production being a book on European travel, entitled "A Happy Holiday." The volume is bright, original and attractive, being an entertaining descriptive narrative of travel on the Continent.

Mr. J. A. McMillan, B.A., formerly English Master of the Owen Sound Collegiate, is the latest addition to the teaching staff of our school.

The wily captain of the High School Cornet Band tried to get a little free advertising in CHIPS. He said he had a capital joke for our pages; one that would stand out like an oasis in the desert. In reply to our eager inquiries, he said that they were practising for their grand concert in April (tickets fifty cents), and one of the members could not attend these practices, so he sent a sub-to-toot!! We saw through his little scheme, and if the captain wishes to advertise his concert he will have to pay the usual five dollars.

During a confidential chat with a Toronto University "undergrad," the writer was informed that the most essential branch of study to be cultivated before attending University was the "noble art of self-defence." He said that no scholar could enjoy a successful college career unless he was "pretty handy with his fists," and should entertain no hopes of "making a mark" unless he was a heavy hitter.

We were reluctantly forced to leave a large number of meritorious contributions over to a future publication.