

CORRIDOR SKETCHES.

The little police office was crowded. Before the magistrate stood a boy, a mere child, whose large black eyes and olive skin spoke of la belle France, his mother's land.

"Larceny, your honor," said the village constable to an inquiring glance from the Bench.

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Ah seer, we'll be so 'appy, me an' Phillip an' de liddle sister Marie, when we live wid de liddle mudder on de shanty, an' Phillipe 'e'll play de hall day de fiddel so sweet so sad, sometimes de liddle mudder she'll cry into de waters while she wash. She'll wash hall day, an' iron in de night, an' Phillipe 'e play so soft an' rock de liddle sister in de cradle by de door. Sometimes when de birds sing 'e'll play jolly too, for 'e'll be blind an' not can see de liddle mudder cry for some more when de birds sing in de tree about de shanty.

One day de fadder'll come 'ome from de drive hall bent an' ol' wid rheumatism, de mudder 'll wash hall day an' hall night now.

Bymby de fadder'll say sharp hon Phillipe to stop 'es play, an' we'll see de liddle mudder stay on de bed an' la tante Lize 'll come, an' bymby she'll say de liddle mudder dead, an' dey'll take de fiddel from Phillip an' 'ang it hon de wall. Dey'll crowd round an' cry, an' de fadder 'ell come 'ome dose night, an' cry an' cry some more.

La cousine Marie 'll come hon de shanty, an' keep de 'ouse. She'll stay a year an' be nice hall hon de time, an' de ol' fadder 'll be marry on la cousine Marie, den she'll change, an' slap de little Marie, an' sell de fiddel; an' Phillipe 'e'll sit hall day hon de sun at de shanty door, an' de liddle tear 'll run on de cheek one after one.

De ol' fadder 'll work on de toll gate, an' la cousine Marie 'll never wash all day like de liddle mudder, but de fadder'll never 'ave no money to 'iself, 'e never done buy de fiddel for Phillipe; an' when h'I'll see de pauvre Phillipe cry hall day hon de log at de shanty door, h'I'll forget hall de liddel mudder'll say to never steal, an' h'I'll go some night an' break de window hon de shop, and get de gran' fiddel dat no one ever play, an' give 'eem to Phillipe, an' 'e'll sit an' play so sweet, an' rock de cradle wid his foot.

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The constable's evidence was soon taken. The magistrate sentenced the boy to three years in the Reformatory. As he was being led past his father, the old man glanced round furtively, as if fearing the sharp eyes of la cousine Marie and slipped a big red apple into his child's hand.

S. J. R.

At a meeting of the Directorate, held Monday, March 27th, the following staff was recommended for VARSITY, for the ensuing year.

Editor-in-Chief, J. H. Brown. Arts, 94, Miss E. A. Durand, Messrs S. J. MacLean, H. P. Biggar, B. A. C. Craig, D. M. Duncan, W. M. Boulton. 95, J. L. Murray, J. A. Tucker, W. P. Reeve. 96, A. J. Stringer, D. McFayden, P. J. Robinson, E. M. Lawson. S.P.S., J. S. Dobie.

It was also recommended that two more sub-editors, one gentleman and one lady, be given to '95; that one sub-editor be given to Victoria, and two to the School of Medicine, to be chosen by themselves.

To the Editor of VARSITY:

In your last issue a "Conservative" gentleman pays me the high compliment of his censure. For obvious reasons he conceals his name, but the key-note of his mind and character is clearly sounded in the chaste grandeur of his style. From the perfect self-satisfaction that gleams in his every word it would evidently be an insult to his understanding to suggest possible improvements either in his logic or his rhetoric; nay, more, in his own remarkable English, "it would be to seriously asperse his sanity and veracity." In my freshman days I witnessed the perform-

ance of some wonderful feats in rhetorical gymnastics, but never before have I seen, and never again do I expect to see anything that even begins to approach the grotesque sublimity of the "Conservative" stylist, who, in the space of twelve short lines, contrives to bow at the shrine of an idol, to perceive in the midst of a baleful glare, to ring a knell with a blaze of fireworks, to dazzle his eyes with starry rockets, to wade through turgid seas, to stub his toes on rocks, and, in a moment, to clasp a ghostly skeleton to his breast for years.

The original letter had a weak part and a strong part. Though it seemed so then it is not true that all partyism is over; it is quite true, nevertheless, that partyism is responsible for numerous evils. The "Conservative," gentleman, however, extends the meaning of Hazlitt's epigram. It appears that he is nothing if he is not critical; it also appears that when he is critical he is nothing. He passes by the error because he suspected it was truth; he attacks the truth because he thought it was error. No one surely would wish to abolish a custom that is the source of harmless fun and the bulwark of manly character; but, after the history of the past two years, surely no fair mind can doubt that the long drawn out party system, with all its bitterness and corruption, has done far more to call forth than to repress the unmanly proclivities of the trickster and the sneak. It is well known that illustrations of its evils could easily be furnished; it is well known that party leaders themselves condemn it; it is well known, also, that two years ago the Chancellor publicly denounced it. It now appears, however, from the recent researches of a profound philosopher that these are merely the illusions of diseased intellects, and that, when he censures our political methods, Mr. Blake is either a trifler or a lunatic.

The "Conservative" critic himself unconsciously exemplifies one of the evils whose existence he thus decently denies. The little italicised slander contained in his letter is a fair specimen of the party malice of the day. In the matter of political consistency, indeed, the present writer is entirely beyond reach of the Federal writer's weapons; the students shall know, however, why those weapons were used. The "Conservative" gentleman is evidently in sympathy with a political clique; my crime consists in having refused to aid and abet the underhand scheme of the said notorious clique. W. P. REEVE.

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We announce with deep regret the death of Mr. J. A. McMurchy B.A., '92 who died at 26 Czar St. in this city on Saturday morning last.

About the First of February, Mr. McMurchy was confined to his bed with hemorrhage of the lungs. Dr. Gamble was called in and succeeded in checking the hemorrhage, but symptoms of consumption then made their appearance. This fatal disease made alarming progress, and a few weeks after his first taking sick, there was but slight hope of his recovery. Conscious of his approaching death the deceased showed that calmness and equanimity which characterized him during his undergraduate days. His strong will warded off death for weeks, but at last the end came.

While an under graduate, Mr. McMurchy took an active part in University life. Not only was he a thorough and efficient student in his department of Mathematics, but he also possessed such a strong personality and fixed determination, as to carry success in to most projects which he lent his aid. He consequently occupied high offices in the Literary Society, in the Mathl. and Physl. Society, in the Y.M.C.A., and in the class society of '92. He was also *President* of the Literary Society of the School of Pedagogy. His death is to be deplored, occurring as it did when he was about to step into a large sphere of usefulness; but although his life has been short, we believed he has lived much; for we remember that

"He most lives who thinks most; feels the noblest, acts the best."

Our kindest sympathy is extended to his parents and friends.

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