

TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

Of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

Vol. VIII.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 2.

When You Desire to Purchase →

Diamonds, Gold and Silver Watches,
Electroplated Ware, Sterling Silver
Ware, Clocks, A1 Spoons and Forks

◆ All Lines of Goods at
the Lowest Prices
in the Trade. ◆

Coming to my show rooms being upstairs it will
pay you to inspect.



CRICKETING, TENNIS and FOOTBALL GOODS
AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Manufacturing & Repairing Watches & Jewellery
By best workmen.

G. B. Windrum, The Jeweler

31 King Street East, (upstairs).

Murray Printing Co.
13 & 15
Adelaide St. E.
Toronto

GENERAL PRINTERS
AND ENGRAVERS

TELEPHONE 1228

P. M. Clark & Son

TAILORS

— AND —

Gentlemen's Haberdashers

95 KING ST. WEST

TORONTO.

Yet after all this fact remains, the world
in general will always judge you
by your dress.

Our Business is, therefore,

Of Interest to You = = =

- .. TAILORING
- .. FURNISHINGS
- .. ROBE MAKING

Geo. Harcourt & Son

ESTABLISHED 1842

57 King Street West, - - Toronto

The Cheapest. The Best.

CHAMBERS'

Encyclopedia

A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.
Entirely New Edition. In Ten
Volumes, Imperial 8vo.

Numerous Maps and Wood Engravings.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA contains up-
wards of thirty thousand articles, and is
illustrated by more than three thousand five
hundred wood engravings, and fifty-three
colored maps.

Nearly one thousand contributors, including
many of the most eminent authorities in every
department of knowledge, have assisted in the
preparation of this work.

Prospectus on application to

ROWSELL & HUTCHISON

76 KING ST. EAST, - - TORONTO

A. CLUBB & SONS

Direct Importers
of....

... HAVANA CIGARS

...AND...

HIGH GRADE MIXTURES

Established
1878.

TEL. 993

49 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

..New Shirts..

SPRING, 1895

A Very Fine Assortment. Order now.

WHEATON & CO.

Corner of King and Jordan Sts.

**HATS and ..
FURS**

STYLES ALL OPENED UP

We keep Hats from all the best makers
in England and the States.

W. & D. DINEEN

Cor. King & Yonge Sts.

SORE FEET are caused by ill-fitting Shoes.

BUNIONS are the fruit of Short Shoes.

CORNS quite often result from Large Shoes.

— TRY OUR —

Perfectly Modelled

American Footwear

In widths and styles to fit your feet, charm
your eye, and aid you in the practice
of economy.

H. & C. BLACHFORD'S

83 and 89 KING ST. EAST

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Carpets, Oil-Cloths, Linoleums, Curtains, Draperies, etc.

34 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Tel. 563

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, Port Hope, Ont.

HEAD MASTER: REV. C. J. S. BETHUNE, M.A., D.C.L.,

With a Staff of Eight Assistant Masters.

The School is now in its 31st Year.

The Large and Handsome Buildings are Unsurpassed in the Dominion.

Pupils are prepared for the Matriculation Examination of the Universities, the Entrance Examinations of the Law and Medical Schools, the Royal Military College, the Army, Navy, etc. In the Modern Department special attention is directed to preparation for Commercial pursuits.

The school premises include upwards of twenty acres of land, which afford Ample Grounds for Play and Exercise. A spacious and handsome brick Gymnasium has also been erected.

FEES \$240 PER ANNUM. Twenty Bursaries (\$120 per annum each) for the sons of the Canadian Clergy.

For a copy of the School Calendar apply to the Head Master.

Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, M.A., D.C.L.

S. HILDA'S COLLEGE

IN AFFILIATION WITH TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

President,

Lord Bishop of Toronto.

The object of this College is to furnish Women, taking the Arts Course of Trinity University, with the best University Education, together with the great advantages of separate Collegiate life.

The full course of Lectures for the B.A. Degree is delivered at S. Hilda's by Professors and Lecturers of Trinity; students of this College have also the privilege of attending the Honour Lectures at Trinity without further charge.

Occasional students can be admitted to take special departments by application to the Lady Principal. For full particulars apply to the Lady Principal of S. Hilda's College, Shaw Street, Toronto.

Trinity Medical College

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

IN AFFILIATION WITH

TRINITY UNIVERSITY

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA.

And specially recognized by the Royal College of Surgeons of England, the Royal College of Physicians of London, the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, and the King's and Queen's College of Physicians of Ireland, and by the Cojoint Examining Boards of London and Edinburgh.

The Summer Session begins April 21st, ends June 30th. The Winter Session begins on October 1st of each year, and lasts Six Months.

For Summer or Winter Sessions announcements and all other information in regard to LECTURES, SCHOLARSHIPS, MEDALS, ETC., apply to W. B. GEIKIE, Dean of the Medical Faculty, 60 Maitland Street, Toronto.

: " VARSITY " :

A HIGH-CLASS 5 CENT CIGAR, HAND-MADE

CONTAINS THE FINEST HAVANA FILLER

☞ SUPERIOR TO THE MAJORITY OF 10 CENT CIGARS. TRY THEM AND BE CONVINCED. THEY COST THE RETAILER 4 CENTS EACH

S. DAVIS & SONS - Montreal

THE LARGEST CIGAR MANUFACTURERS IN THE DOMINION.

X D. RITCHIE & CO. X

- - (ESTABLISHED IN 1862) - -

WE ARE THE OLDEST CUT TOBACCO, AND LARGEST CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS IN CANADA

FACTS!

- THE -

"ATHLETE"

AND

"DERBY"

CIGARETTES

- ARE -

The Sweetest of the Sweet.
The Purest of the Pure.
The Finest of the Fine.
The Cheapest The Best.

. OLD CHUM .

PLUG CUT
PLUG CUT
PLUG CUT

SMOKING

SMOKING
SMOKING
SMOKING

TOBACCO

TOBACCO
TOBACCO
TOBACCO

IS

THE SMOKER'S IDEAL

.. OUR ..

DERBY

PLUG

SMOKING

TOBACCO

IS

MADE FROM

THE

Finest Virginia GOLD LEAF

W. J. McGUIRE & CO.

· 86 King St. West

IMPORTERS OF

GAS, COMBINATION

AND

Electric Fixtures**GLOBES****SHADES, Etc.**Designs and Estimates Furnished
on Application.

TELEPHONE 632

ROBERT FAWCETT...**Practical Tailor**

- 324 -

LATE

SPADINA AVENUE

Fawcett & Peterman

Opposite D'Arcy St.

351 Queen St. W.

This space will be
occupied in the
next number
by.....

?

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE**PHOTOGRAPHER**

COR. YONGE AND TEMPERANCE STS.

Fine Views of Trinity University for Sale.
Specially commended by the Faculty.**The V. Glionna String Orchestra.****MUSIC FURNISHED**For Balls, Parties, Concerts, Private and
Public Assemblies, etc.

252 ELIZABETH ST., Cor. COLLEGE ST TORONTO

Specially recommended by Trinity College,
Wanderers' Club, Granite Club,
and Athenaeum Club.**Barristers, Solicitors, etc.****JONES BROTHERS & MACKENZIE,**
Barristers, Attorneys and Solicitors

Nos. 5 and 6 Canada Permanent Bldgs.

CLARKSON JONES **BEVERLEY JONES**
GEO. A. MACKENZIEEnglish Agent, **JONAS AP JONES**
LONDON, 99 Canon St.**ARMOUR, MICKLE & WILLIAMS****BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.**

12 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

E. Douglas Armour. **A. J. Williams.**
H. W. Mickle.**McMICHAEL & McMICHAEL****BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,**
NOTARIES, ETC.

OFFICES—54 CHURCH ST.,

(Corner King Street) TORONTO.

TELEPHONE No. 640. P.O. Box 497.

JOHN CATTO & SON

IMPORTERS OF

SILKS AND HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS,
Traveling Rugs, Wrap Shawls, Fine
Hosiery and Underwear

KING STREET, OPP. THE POST OFFICE

OTTAWA, ONT.

CHRYSLER & LEWIS**BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.**Supreme Court and Departmental Agents, Soli-
citors for Union Bank of Canada. Com-
missioners for Quebec Province.**F. H. Chrysler, Q.C.** **J. Travers Lewis****BOOKS**

AT

The Dominion Book Store**SUTHERLAND'S**Translations of Text-books on hand.
286 and 288 Yonge St., TorontoNew and Second Hand. Send for New Cata-
logue of Educational and Miscellaneous Books
Students' Books a Specialty**THE WEEK**

A Journal for Men and Women.

Is published every Friday at 5 Jordan
Street, by the WEEK PUBLISHING CO.
Subscription, \$3.**THE WEEK**Is an independent weekly review of
Politics, Literature, Art, and Science,
with serial comment on the most im-
portant Canadian, English and foreign
events of the week. Not to read THE
WEEK's special and occasional cor-
respondence, editorial and miscellan-
eous articles on prominent political and
social topics is to miss some of the best
things in Canadian journalism. Its
contributors represent all parts of the
Dominion.**Frank Stubbs****Merchant Tailor****IMPORTER OF FINE WOOLENS**

8 King Street West, TORONTO

N.B.—10 per cent. discount to students.

The William Davies Co.

(LIMITED)

PORK**PACKERS**

AND

WHOLESALE PROVISIONS**24 Queen St. West,****Beachell Street**

(Cor. FRONT ST.)

AND

Spadina Ave.**What about Clams?**

For Stimulating, Nutritious, and Health-
giving Food? The juice of clams is rapidly
securing a place in popular favor. The
beneficial effects of the real clam juice for
children, nursing mothers, weak stom-
achs, or fevers being well known. It is
highly recommended by the leading pro-
fession. We have secured the control of
the sale of the celebrated Andrews Com-
pany Clam Juice, guaranteed to go farther
than any other clam juice made. Half-
pints, 25c.; pints, 50c.; quarts, 85c. Pints.
\$5 per dozen, prepaid to any part of On-
tario.

MacWillie, Bros.

= Grocers =

Corner Yonge and Richmond Sts., Toronto

TELEPHONE 326.

**Darling,
Sproatt & Pearson****ARCHITECTS**

Mail Building, TORONTO

Frank Darling, Henry Sproatt
J. A. Pearson

Trinity University Review

A Journal of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

Vol. VIII.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1895.

No. 2.

Trinity University Review.

Published in twelve monthly issues by Convocation and the Undergraduates in Arts and Medicine of Trinity University.

Subscription: One Dollar per annum, payable in advance. Single numbers, fifteen cents. Copies may be obtained from Messrs. Rowell & Hutchison, 76 King St. East, and Messrs. Vannevar & Co., 440 Yonge St.

Rates for advertising can be obtained on application to the Manager. All subscriptions, remittances and business communications to be addressed to

J. G. CARTER TROOP, M.A., Manager,
Trinity University, Toronto.

Literary contributions or items of personal interest are solicited from the students, alumni, and friends of the University. The names of the writers must be appended to their communications, but not necessarily for publication.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

H. C. OSBORNE, *Editor-in-Chief.*

H. B. GWYN, B.A.

C. A. SEAGER.

Convocation:

J. G. CARTER TROOP, M.A.

REV. H. H. BEDFORD-JONES, M.A.

Editorial Topics.

TRINITY'S GRADUATES.

ON Tuesday evening, March 12th, a great meeting of our graduates, old and young, will be held at the University buildings to consider the best means of ensuring the cohesion of members of the University for her honour and advancement. In another column "Vox" goes into the question of Convocation's usefulness as an Alumni Society, and emphasizes the need of a radical change in that body, by which a sympathetic interest may be engendered in our young graduates. Undoubtedly there has been something lacking in the past. Trinity's sons are brimful of loyalty to their Alma Mater, and the apathetic attitude of the great body of them can only be attributed to the lack of proper organization. The meeting on March 12th is called by Convocation at the instance of a number of graduates who appreciate this want, and, doubtless, the endeavour will be pregnant of great results. It is superfluous to make a strong appeal to Trinity men in a case of this kind. The proposal is to take the necessary steps to make Convocation, which has already done so much, a genuine Alumni Society, so constituted that it must appeal to everyone who is loyal to his university. The coming meeting may mark the commencement of an era of added prosperity for Trinity, and every graduate, to whom it is possible, should make an especial point of being present. This is a time of test, for it affords an opportunity of substituting actions for words.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

THE trouble at Toronto University has reached an acute stage. Lectures have been for a time boycotted, professors have been dismissed, and the tension of the bond between authorities and students is about as severe as it well can be. A melodramatic touch was given the affair by the publication of 'Varsity' in February with deep mourning lines. It is, of course, a poor question that has not two sides, and, in view of recent developments, it

would be a grave step to express absolute approval of the cause and tactics of either party. Moreover, now that gratuitous opinions of every phase of the matter have become a drug upon the market, more outside advice would doubtless be little appreciated. It must be abundantly clear to everyone who possesses knowledge of university affairs that the more immediate causes of the trouble, viz., the question of certain appointments and dismissals, are but the last drops which have caused the pot of student-feeling to overflow. We have presented to us a spectacle not merely of seven hundred undergraduates of both sexes rising in rebellion at a fancied wrong, but staid and middle-aged graduates boldly siding with them, their blood boiling at injustices of many years' standing. A storm has been gathering at Toronto University for a long time past, and the alleged incubus which has been oppressing and restraining our fellow-students has been described in a contemporary as a total lack of sympathy on the part of the authorities with the students in their feelings of hope, and life, and aspiration. If this is really true, and a more or less general acquaintance with affairs at the provincial university has led us to believe that it is so to some extent at least, the students have our undivided sympathy. Trinity men, living under peculiarly happy conditions in this regard, have ample opportunity of judging what may be accomplished with a faculty and student-body at one on most vital points of university import, and mutually considerate of each other's feelings on matters of individual interest. The conviction is also borne in on members of Trinity that certain advantages accrue from freedom from Government influences, and from a way of good understanding untrammelled by outside interference, which, it is to be feared, has ere this many times been an obstruction in the way of mutual agreement at our sister university. THE REVIEW extends to both parties in the present trouble the earnest hope that the causes of friction may be speedily dissipated and a new and brighter epoch begun.

IGNOBILE VULGUS.

PERUSING day by day the news of the world, we read of strange and seemingly inexplicable doings of the mob. Readers of the January issue of THE REVIEW may have had some light thrown on the constitution of this peculiar phenomenon of human society. In a very readable article, we are told that a mob is a hypnotized crowd, i.e., one dominated for the time being by the fascination of some strange object or the magnified personality of a powerful man. So far as it goes, this definition seems correct; but is it complete? In the experience of all of us, crowds have become mobs, or irresponsible bodies, quite apart from the fascination of any powerful influence. To revert, merely as a psychical instance, to the now famous bye-election of the Athletic Association; a suggestion founded on precedent, formulated with a view to expediency and by a large number of voters accepted as practical and reasonable, was made by the Executive Committee to the body of the association. The rejection of the suggestion at the ballot amounted, under the circumstances, to little less than an actual vote of no-confidence in the committee, who, accepting it as such, tendered their resignations. The voters at once, in the strongest possible terms, moved an emphatic vote of confidence, the antithesis to which they had previously de

facto expressed. The committee, however, stood by their first decision, and the voters, as a further mark of confidence, made a unanimous representation to them to stand for re-election. After an adjournment for the purpose of deliberation, a portion of the committee agreed to stand again, while the remainder refused. The natural and consistent course would seem to have been to declare the consenting ex-committeemen elected by acclamation. But not at all; an extensive nomination list was taken, with the result that one of the candidates to whom the previous strong representations had been made failed to secure election. Probably no individual elector would have upheld this course of action, but as one of a mob his personality disappeared, and the veritable travesty of an intelligent election was brought to a fitting close.

A MOST acceptable donation to the natural science department of Trinity University has recently been made by Mr. G. Edmund Shaw, M.A., modern language master in

GIFTS.

Toronto Collegiate Institute. It consists of a collection of pressed plants, mostly from the State of Missouri. They were collected, mounted and labelled by the donor, and they will constitute a valuable addition to our university collections. Mr. Montgomery has also received a mineralogical collection as a gift to his department from Mr. J. Carter Troop, M.A. It comprises minerals, ores and rocks from Victoria, Australia. There are fifty specimens, and these represent upwards of thirty species, amongst which are good samples of tin ore, copper and manganese minerals and native gold. They were obtained in Australia last year during Mr. Troop's visit to that distant and interesting continent. It is earnestly hoped that many others may follow the example of these gentlemen in generously contributing to our natural science museum. Here is an opportunity to do good. Let the work be continued and increased.

THE DEATH OF MR. H. S. BUCK.

IN speaking of the death of Mr. H. S. Buck, THE REVIEW has to record another sad event. Mr. Buck was a member of old '94 and spent two years at Trinity. About two years ago his health began to fail and he went abroad. A trip to Egypt and the Holy Land failed to restore him, and on Wednesday, the 20th instant, he died at the residence of his former guardian in Parkdale. At a college meeting a resolution of condolence was passed, and THE REVIEW desires to convey along with this its deepest sympathy to the bereaved friends.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE REVIEW begs to congratulate its esteemed contemporary The Week on its handsome appearance under its new and energetic management and on the excellence and brightness of its varied contents. A journal which outlives all the vicissitudes which beset journalistic ventures in this country, and for twelve years more than holds its own, is a paper that must have roots in the soil and good cause for its existence. The Week has taken root in Canada. It fills a real and not an imaginary need. The best thoughts and aspirations of the country must have a medium for their expression, and The Week's record shows that it is the chosen medium. Free from party leanings and possessing the courage of its convictions, The Week has ever aimed to promote independence in public

life, and honesty and integrity in our legislatures. It is a standing protest against provincialism, representing as it does, by its large number of contributors and correspondents, all parts of the Dominion. In no other Canadian publication can be found the contributions of such prominent writers. The Week discusses affairs from the point of view of the nation, and not the province. This fact is abundantly recognized abroad, and the paper is constantly quoted by English and American magazines and reviews as the best exponent of the best thought and life of the Canadian people. It has just begun a brilliant series of articles entitled, "Pew and Pulpit in Toronto," of which two numbers have already appeared.

MR. GILBERT PARKER's new historical romance, "The Trail of the Sword," which is published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. this month, deals with the period in which England and France were contending for the possession of Canada. The Duke of Albemarle, Sir William Phipps, and Count Frontenac figure in the scenes.

CORRECTED IMPRESSIONS.*

SOME remarks of Mr. Balfour's at the Literary Fund Dinner of 1893 suggested to Mr. Saintsbury the shape in which these "Critical Notes" appear. They form "a kind of foreshortened review of the impressions, and the corrections of them, which the great Victorian writers had produced or undergone," in Mr. Saintsbury's case, during thirty years. The studies are not meant to be complete, but they convey an idea, accurate so far as it goes, of Mr. Saintsbury's past and present estimate of the authors dealt with. Some of the papers were published in *The Indian Daily News*, and four of the series in the *New York Critic*. None of them has been previously printed in England. The impressions occupy one chapter, and the corrected impressions another, and there are twenty-two chapters in all. Thackeray heads and Mr. Ruskin closes the procession. One pair of chapters is devoted to "Three Mid-Century Novelists," Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, and Anthony Trollope. The series includes Tennyson, Carlyle, Swinburne, Macaulay, Browning, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and William Morris.

Mr. Saintsbury, whether we agree with him or disagree, has an indisputable title to commendation for the clearness and intrepidity with which he never fails to express himself. It is our misfortune to disagree with him on several occasions, and he will not object to our following his good example in plainly saying so. Thackeray, he rightly judges, is not, in *Vanity Fair*, a writer for boys, and we admit that a manly boy will be offended with "the namby-pambyness of Amelia"; but a schoolboy with any tincture of nobleness in his composition will honour and love the heroic element in *Dobbin* without caring about his being "chuckle-headed." We part company with Mr. Saintsbury *sans phrase* when he makes what he jocularly, but we seriously, describe as the "dreadful" confession that he thinks Colonel Newcombe "a very little silly." To see the Colonel, except through a mist of almost adoring tears, is for us to be wrong on the whole subject of Thackeray. But it occurs to us, as a general remark, that Mr. Saintsbury's criticism is apt to be too much a thing of the understanding and too little a thing of the heart. To his awful heresy on the subject of the Colonel, for which, if there were a literary inquisition, we should hand him over to the secular

* Corrected Impressions: Essays on Victorian Writers. By George Saintsbury. (Wm. Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

arm without reprieve, he adds the grievous offence of being "disposed" to call Tennyson's May-Queen "trumpery." Now, Tennyson and Thackeray were men of masterly power, capaciousness, and penetration of brain, but the deepest root of genius in both was in the tender well-spring of their hearts. Respecting them, therefore, Mr. Saintsbury doth greatly err.

Except, however, in respect of their tenderness, Mr. Saintsbury does a reasonable amount of justice both to Thackeray and Tennyson. He attaches due importance to Tennyson's marvellous power of combining the charm of melodious sound with the charm of landscape beauty. "There have been poets," he says, "though not many, who could manage sound with equal skill; and there have been those, though not many, who could bring, with a few modulated words, a visual picture before the mind's eye, and almost the eye of the body itself, with equal sureness and success. But there have hardly been any, outside the very greatest three or four, who could do both these things at the same time in so consummate a fashion." That is well said.

Of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Saintsbury writes with ardent admiration, but regrets that his powers of self-control and self-discipline were insufficient to rule the storm and torrent of his words. "He has always wanted discipline who never wanted music or eloquence; and the complaint that his readers sometimes find themselves floating on and almost struggling with a cataract of mere musical and verbal foam-water is not without foundation." The "impressions" on Browning strike us as faintly, yet discernibly, prophetic of a reaction from the half-honest, half-affected raptures with which it had become at one time the fashion to greet his name. "Even in his heyday," says the audacious Mr. Saintsbury, "the man (it is surely permissible to use slang of one who used so much) 'jawed' at times." Bold also is the reference to "the volume where Mr. Browning thought to make up for a not wholly perfect knowledge of Greek by calling a nymph a 'numph.'" But Mr. Saintsbury only partially negatives Browning's claims, admitting his works to be "full of a generous and indomitable spirit, free from the whining and cavilling to which poetical philosophy so often inclines." He judges Dickens severely. We have no doubt that a large proportion of what he condemns in the most popular of Victorian writers is justly describable as "strained melodramatic rant"; but there is more of the stuff of immortality in Dickens than he takes account of, and we are simply amazed at his having nothing to say of *Oliver Twist*. His courage, but not his judgment, receives fresh illustration from his remark, "I never remember having read a single book of George Eliot's with genuine and whole-hearted admiration"; and he will not be thanked by the many who retain an enthusiasm for Charlotte Bronte and her little "Jane." There is much in what he says of Macaulay to which we determindly object; but the following passage is good:—

The merit which has been allowed to his essays, that of extraordinarily vivid presentation of the subject, must be allowed here to a still greater degree, inasmuch as it is shown on a far greater scale and in much more difficult manner. With part of the period which Macaulay's history covers I happen, as has been said, to have acquainted myself in considerable detail and going to the original authorities. Nobody can possibly be more opposed to Macaulay's general views on the politics of that period than I am; and yet I am disposed to think and say, without the least conscious intention of paradox and with much deliberate guarding against it, that of no other period of English history does an idea so clear, vivid, and, on the whole, accurate present in so large a number of people, and that this is due to Macaulay. The fact is that the power of making historical methods and transactions real and living is an exceedingly rare

power, and that Macaulay had it. Since his day, we have had a numerously attended school of historians who have gone beyond even Macaulay in book-devouring, who have, as a rule, confined themselves more than he did to single periods, and who have sometimes exhausted their power of picturesque writing and their reader's patience in severely accurate detail. Not one of them, to my thinking, has achieved the success of making his period living and actual as Macaulay has. The picturesque people hide the truth with their flashes and their flourishes. The Dry-as-dust dole it out in such cut-and-dried morsels, with such a lack of art, such a tedious tyranny of document and detail, that the wood almost literally becomes invisible because of the trees.

Of Carlyle's genius for word-portraiture Mr. Saintsbury has unlimited admiration. He delineates men "with a fidelity and a vigour of biographical art beside which even Boswell, even Lockhart, are tame and shadowy." And of Carlyle's works in general Mr. Saintsbury says that "no one who ever goes to them will miss the splendours of pure literature which illuminate their rugged heights and plateaus, and that some at least will recognize and rejoice in the high air of love for noble things, and contempt for things base which sweeps over and through them." But Mr. Saintsbury makes what we consider the fatal mistake of regarding the *Latter Day Pamphlets* as exhibiting the strength instead of the decadence of Carlyle, and we have no words to express the vehemence of our disagreement with him when he discards the Carlylian version of Cromwell's character, and describes Oliver as the "man who canted against despotism his way to the headship of the Commonwealth of England, and then continued to cant as a despot to the day of his death." If Cromwell's religion was cant, what religion, we would ask Mr. Saintsbury, ever was sincere? Mr. Saintsbury startles us by the incidental application to Gibbon of the phrase "obstinate superficiality"; but on turning to another volume, to which he contributes a carefully appreciative estimate of that great historian, we are able to "correct" the impression derived from this astounding characterization by Mr. Saintsbury's own sentence:—"In the union of accuracy and grasp, Gibbon has absolutely no rival in literature, ancient and modern." This is, perhaps, extreme, but it is far nearer the truth than the extreme in the other direction.

Having been thus as frank and straightforward in our censures as Mr. Saintsbury himself, we have only to add that, having read the book from cover to cover (pp. 218), almost without laying it down, our only regret was that there was no more of it.

ON SOME TALES OF MR. KIPLING'S.

In a lonely Sussex house a number of men sat together, says Mr. S. R. Crockett in the *Bookman*. The cheerful dinner was done, the ingle flamed, and whenever one, rising, chanced to open the cottage door, the freshness of the still and breathing spring night stole in. There were among these men editors, critics, dons, and writers—modest men all, who yet had tried, each within his possible, to do something. There was talk and turmoil—the incidence of liking, the extreme dissidence of dissent. From argument they went to criticism, and, in the forecasting of the future, reputations suffered. All the while the great editor sat above them (in a smoking-jacket), as the gods sit, dividing good and evil. Finally they fell upon a new play.

They resolved to write out, each for himself, a list of the best half dozen of Mr. Kipling's short stories. The papers were folded. They were put into the hat, and the editor, well-accustomed, made out the final result. "The Man Who Would Be King" stood proudly at the head of every list,

followed by "At the End of the Passage," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Drums of the Fore-and-Aft," and I forget what other.

It is a game that any one can try, and the results may be varied from theirs. But the fact stood clear that men of book and pen read Kipling for their own pleasure; and, what is more, remember him.

Afterward they fell a-talking of the author. They recalled how he flashed upon the world, various discoverers claiming him—like a new planet with an Adams and a Leverrier on the staff of every paper.

"In Vishnu-land what Avatar?" cried Browning long ago from among the tangled bowers of "Bells and Pomegranates," when Waring took his wayward forth-going out of the ken of men—to return, not Waring, but merely Alfred Domett, a forgotten New Zealand statesman with an unmanageable epic. For Kipling, and not Domett, was to be the Avatar of Vishnu-land.

To myself the Revealer of the East was made plain one day when a curious-looking book came to me from India, bearing a strange imprint, as though Charles Dickens had been inventing names for the publishers of the Orient.

On the sandhills of Colwyn the Elder I lay and read, while a wind from the sea whipped the leaves. I found a new language. I trod among unknown allusions. The East, the skirts of which I had trod, spoke to me for the first time with authentic voice.

For Fortune was good to me. She opened the book at a Jubilee Ode, which, had a careful eye noted the image and superscription thereof, would assuredly not have been read. For who in the latter eighties would read Jubilee Odes, compound of the patriotism and the champagne of the day before yesterday?

But this ran on in other fashion. And small wonder it was that staid Anglo-Indians marvelled what snake had crept within the robustly military columns of their favorite journal, and was now hissing at them with erected crest.

"By the well where the bullocks go,
Silent and blind and slow,
By the field where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard as the dull earth hears,
The sound of the wind of an hour,
The sound of a great Queen's voice:
'My God hath granted me years,
Hath granted dominion and power,
And I bid you, O land, rejoice!'
* * * * *

"But the ploughman settled the share
More deep in the grudging clod,
For he saith, 'The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God!'
* * * * *

Thus the words came grimly, solemnly, laden with sympathy for India's inarticulate millions—hopeless, futureless, undesirous even of speech. It is possible that these words, and others in the same set of verses, are often remembered by one to whom they told of a new power beginning to be eloquent in the East, than even by the man who wrote them himself.

And there is something here which Mr. Kipling has never yet given rein to—perhaps the preaching strain in the back-ground of his soul. He "believes in God and the angels," like Colonel John Hay's prairie pioneer, and still more perhaps in the Law Inexorable which strikes once and no more. And, in that case, the preaching is sure to come.

Then the grey paper books began to pour, and we laughed and fought with the much-enduring Mulvaney, trained "tarriers and poops" with Jock, longed for London "and the stinks of her" with the Cockney Ortheris.

And we that were of the heather and the salt water were just as mad as the others. The style? queried the critic, whose duty it was to keep his head among the smother of our admiration. Bah! We did not care for the style. It was great story telling—bold, free, effortless. And we found a sentence to fling at the critic too:

"And over the bastions of Fort Amara, broke the pitiless day."

"Better that!" we cried at him.

And then, as Mr. Kipling himself might say, "there was a great silence between the howling of the jackals."

As each succeeding book came to us, it grew clearer that the romance writer of the specialist had come to us. He grasped the mechanism of life—and that not only in the Orient. On the seas he "knew the ropes." Down in the engineer's grimy Inferno who but he had been keeping an eye upon the gauges. Doctors said, "None but a doctor could have know that!" Military men claimed him as a comrade. Mr. Thomas Atkins, private in the line, declared him (with the Adjective) to be a time-expired gentleman-ranker. Newspaper men knew him for one who understood how "to fake the paper" when moribund royalty will not die, the premier will not resign, or the wires are down in the North.

Clearer than the events of our last year's holiday lived the tale for us. We opened the pages at random, and so that Mr. Kipling told of India, in a trice we were transported. Wet, weariness, and day-worry were forgotten. In a moment there was blown across our nostrils the acrid whiff of wood smoke—the danker smell of rotting leaves, and of rushing hill torrents that flow from the caverns under—the true Himalaya smell—which, as Mr. Kipling says, when once a man smells, he will surely come back even from the ends of the earth to smell it again ere he die.

Or, as it may happen, we sweltered in the flaring day-long heats on some God-forsaken Indian embankment. We rode about the pinewoods of Simla and watched the star rise over the glacier.

The compact multifarious Indies pushed and shouldered through the tranced pages—Bengali, Sikh, Pathan, men meek of countenance, ghouls fiendish of eye, ill-favoured and treacherous men with long hair from the hills of the horse thieves on the North-western frontier. We rode a foraying with the Zukka Kehl, and knew all the while that the alert police officer on the other side of the frontier was going to catch us every time. In which case we should as surely be hanged for the greater glory of Law and Order. And so it ought to be. For when will ever Mr. Kipling give a chance to the horse that never knew a bridle, and the gipsying blood that will call no man master while the world lasts? But what a new world it was, and what service and thank we owed to the caravels of the Columbus of the East, who pursued Mr. Bret Harte across the prairies and through the gulches, and bore eastward from the Farthest West the secret of its barbaric saga. The pre-Kipling generation had only to glimpse the word "Indian" at the head of an article, or upon the title of a book, to retreat with a boredom that verged upon disgust. Just as the Indian Budget, or indeed Indian discussions generally, cleared the benches in the House of Commons, so the Indian tale, suggesting tiger-shooting and blue books with an occasional Mahatma, was left alone, untended, to die on the waste. It was once indeed permitted to Mr. Marion Crawford; but editors told him not to do it again, and he wisely obeyed them. Now Mr. Kipling changed all that, and the tribes of the East spoke to us authentic, every man in his own tongue. And more than all our hearts are stirred for Tommy

Atkins, whether he might be hanged, like Danny Deever, high as Haman in the hollow square of the regiment, or whether he might finish his career in the worthiest way, as a commissaire outside the "Grand Metropole."

"Give him a letter,
Can't do no better,

Late Troop-Sergeant-Major, an'—runs with a letter!

Think what he's been,
Think what he's seen,
Think of his pension an'
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

And the faults? To other be the ungracious task, for the drums have begun to roll, and the fever's in the blood.

Mr. Kipling may sometimes be inclined, as Mr. Stevenson says, to the heresy of Cain, in that he would let his brother go to the devil his own way. But I think that oftener he will be ready to square him up, and help him as the friendly private held Mulvaney, "to preserve his formation," till he lies down among the long grass for his longer rest. For we are inclined to think less of ourselves as it nears the sundown, and as our feet overpass more of "The Long Trail—the Trail that is always new."

If an apprentice at the writing trade may say the word, there are some verses of Mr. Kipling's which have often made him work the willinger and the worthier, so far as work he may.

"If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

"One instant's toil to Thee denied,
Stands all eternity's offence,
Of what I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

"Take not that vision from my ken,
O whatso'er may spoil or speed—
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

DREAMS.*

THOSE who have read Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," and who have had sympathetic chords touched within them by the strongly portrayed ideas in that original book will do well in reading her latest little volume.

Under the guise of dreams she presents a series of thoughts upon modern life, garbed in fantasy and cloaked in the drapery of metaphor, set off by the wild and romantic background of the Transvaal, its canons and its plains.

Some accuse her of stringing words together into intangible and moony sentences, over which certain minds dwell in a sentimental way, finding "meanings" and "truths" unknown to the author. One would suppose, upon glancing at it, that it is a book over which impressionable youths and far-away-eyed girls might heave and sigh as they imagine they see their own disordered thoughts made tangible before them at last.

But look at it more closely; beneath all, run strata of thought, sometimes radical, but always strong. They are not original, they are common to the whole thinking world, the great unsolved problems of to-day; but with her youthful ardor and intensity of feeling we are sensibly brought into touch with them, through her, as we could not be before the bare questions themselves.

She is accused, and rightly too, of vagueness, but her obscure style seldom clouds the line of thought. As the world likes the vague and hidden, if she can disguise deep and

absorbing thoughts in such a masque that people will ponder and dwell upon them, it merely throws her genius in a stronger light.

The sketches are varied; in some the language flows sparkling over the thought like a brook over the pebbles, in others gliding deep, and with all the intensity of a great stream.

Her ideas of the life of the future, such as the relations between man and woman and other social problems, are of the most advanced strain, yet they are so placed before our minds that, far from causing us irritation, they, at least, make us admire the woman who thus clothed them in such literary attire.

BY THE WAY.

WHILE talking to an old graduate of Trinity the other day, in the course of discussion on different affairs in connection with our common Alma Mater a remark was made by him which, at the time made and since, has made quite an impression upon me; in fact, being one who has always the interest of the old place at heart, the remark bothered me, and though I took exception to it on several grounds, yet I felt that the statement he had made was largely true. "Why," said he, "don't you Trinity men encourage her old grads. more than you do? Why is it that in most cases your interest in your college closes on your graduation or on leaving her halls?" The gentleman in question was, I knew, a strong supporter and energetic promoter of Convocation, and, knowing this, I saw his question might be narrowed down to "Why don't you support Convocation more than you do?" I pointed out to him, in answer to his first question, that, to my knowledge, any one who has, or has had, any connection with Trinity was always treated handsomely by the men in residence, whose hospitality, as confirmed by many, is proverbial. If a visitor was neglected it was due either to total ignorance of his identity on the part of the men or to the individual himself in not making himself known. I had him there. But he had me in the second part of his question; at least the evidence was largely in his favor, and the more he argued the more I became convinced that the majority of our graduates—the younger ones more especially—with few notable exceptions, do *not* take the interest in Old Trinity that they should. Isn't it too often the case with many of them, of taking their degree, getting the most they can out of their Alma Mater (putting aside education proper for the time), taking their departure, and the place, where perhaps they spent the happiest three years of their existence, knowing them no more?

And whose fault is it? Not *altogether* theirs. True, a great many of the more selfish "have their fun," depart, and are not seen or heard of again in connection with their college, unless it be for some purely selfish motive; the blood-suckers, if we may so term them, of an institution; we know them, we have them; they are generally of a dead beat character, but, happily, they are not in the majority. Then, again, others, when reproached on this subject of filial neglect, plead that circumstances of time and place are against them, but still these difficulties are not insurmountable. Then there are exceptions—the noble few that we hear of, or see often, and who always *show* that they have a warm spot for old Trinity. Still the fault had another side, and the implied question "Why don't you support Convocation more than you do?" showed me where it lay, and, I hope to be forgiven, for attributing part of the blame to this august body itself. "Why talk of alumni associations, Greek letter societies, and the like?" said my friend; "What need have you of them? Why,

* "Dreams," Olive Schreiner; Home Book Company, New York.

Convocation supplies all these." "It may be *intended* to do so," thought I, "but does it?" The reply was in the negative, on careful consideration. And why? Why is the said body a nonentity, as far as the majority of the students and younger grads. are concerned? Why do they know nothing about it, bar an excellent dinner, at which few can afford to be present, and some eloquent speeches on anything but Convocation delivered on that occasion. Yes, the students may be largely to blame, but the visionary character of Convocation is largely responsible for the complaint of my friend.

The strength of every university depends largely on the interest her old members or grads. take in her, and let us hope, for Trinity's sake, that those who have left us, or are about to do so, will be enabled to take that interest by the powerful body which has the means. In short, it has been a case of grave misunderstanding on both sides heretofore, and I sincerely hope that the meeting suggested by the graduates and called by Convocation for next month will be largely attended, the question thoroughly thrashed out and a new era witnessed in Trinity's existence.

Vox.

CONVOCATION

THE following letter, which explains itself, has just been sent round to all the graduates of Trinity residing in or near Toronto. Somehow or other, many of those who have left us of late years have got out of touch with the affairs of their University and have not taken the active interest in Trinity and Trinity's welfare which might reasonably have been expected of them. As Trinity needs the active support of all her friends, and especially of her graduates, the Executive of Convocation intends to do all in its power to retain a hold on them, to remove grievances, if any are felt, and to make our graduates feel that Convocation might be made to more than accomplish all that other universities attempt, by the formation of alumni associations, which, after all, never possess half the influence in the affairs of their University which our Convocation exercises in those of Trinity. The letter is as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Some seven years ago, a meeting of fifty or sixty Trinity graduates succeeded in reviving Convocation, thereby, as you are doubtless aware, affording the means of materially increasing the equipment and efficiency of our University. Active as Convocation has been in the past, however, a number of the younger graduates have suggested that the time has come when another general meeting of Trinity men should be summoned to take counsel for the further promotion of the welfare of our Alma Mater.

In accordance with this suggestion, the Executive Committee of Convocation has called a meeting of Trinity graduates, residing in or near Toronto, for Tuesday evening, March 12th, at 8.15 o'clock, at the College. It is hoped that one result of the meeting will be to make Convocation more of an alumni association than it is at present.

The freest discussion by all will be welcomed at the meeting, whether they are intending members of Convocation or not. Will you make a point of being present yourself, and of influencing all the Trinity men of your acquaintance to come also, that the meeting may be thoroughly representative?

J. A. WORRELL,
Chairman.

H. H. BEDFORD-JONES,
Clerk of Convocation.

Mr. T. W. Percyval, a leading member of Mr. Wilson Barrett's company, dined in the Hall, on Thursday, the 21st instant.

"THE MAGISTRATE."

February 15th and 16th.

WHETHER the object of the Trinity Amateur Dramatic Club is to raise money, or to provide occupation for the unemployed, we are a little uncertain; but if it is to give a really good performance, it has certainly fulfilled its mission.

The theatre taken was the Academy of Music, a pretty little house, which looked particularly pleasing when adorned with black and red draperies for the occasion.

"The Magistrate" is essentially a play for men; the ladies' parts, though excellently taken, are a good deal eclipsed by the men's. The impression which will survive longest and dearest in our minds is a picture of Osborne digging "Mr. Posket" in the ribs:—"I say, guv! you are going it!" and the mild hilarity of Pottenger's "Am I, Cis, am I?" Mrs. Cecil Gibson made a charming Mrs. Posket, and we really felt that allowances could be made for the worthy Magistrate's easy acceptance of his wife's age. This lady, a widow of thirty-six, having had only a fortnight in which to bring Mr. Posket to propose to her, "lets him off" five years of her age, and so is compelled to represent Cis, her son, as fourteen instead of nineteen. How or when the clock was put back in his case, or how his own age ever came to be concealed from the boy, is "one of those things which no fellah can understand," but on the authority of a well-known critic named Aristotle, we may pass it over as not occurring in the play. Meanwhile the "boy of fourteen" is up to all sorts of precocious tricks, teaching his step-father cards, and winning heavily from him; falling most innocently in love with his music mistress, the housemaid, etc., and keeping rooms at the Hotel des Princes, where he "goes it," in a grown-up dress suit, with his friends, and persuades the Magistrate to take advantage of Mrs. Posket's absence one evening, and "go it" there with him. Mrs. Posket has gone with her sister to "square" the newly arrived Colonel Lukyn, who was her boy's godfather nineteen years ago; not finding him at his lodging, she follows him to the same Hotel des Princes, while her son and husband are heard making merry in the adjacent room. They stay too late, and the hotel is raided by the police. Cis and Posket escape, owing to the fall of a balcony, but the others are captured after some resistance, and are informed that they will come before Mr. Posket at Mulberry street police court in the morning—tableau and sensation. The Magistrate arrives at his court in a very delapidated condition next morning, having run as far as Fulham from the police, and having had no time to change his dress clothes, or brush them either. Colonel Lukyn gets a private interview before court opens, and implores him to let off the ladies without seeing them. But Posket, having no notion who they are, forgets his own condition and lectures the Colonel upon his evil ways with the most ludicrous magisterial gravity. In a few minutes he comes back in a fainting state from court, having given his wife and the whole party "seven days hard." He was, in fact, so overcome that he could do nothing, but his most efficient clerk (McMurrich, with the red tie) had put the words into his mouth which ordinarily applied to such cases.

The knot is unravelled by Ballamy, the other magistrate, relieving them all on a technical point; whereupon Agatha confesses her age to her husband, and Cis is married to his music mistress and packed off to Canada.

So excellently was the leading part taken by Osborne that he hardly seemed to be acting at all, he was the part; it was quite a revelation after his "butler" of last year.

The whole play went off smoothly and well, and did not impress on one's mind the fact that one was looking at amateurs; in fact the general lead of the acting was dis-



From "The Globe."

"THE MAGISTRATE."

Trinity Dramatic Club.

W. H. B. J. S. A. M. B. U.

tinctly above the average professional company one sees here, more especially in the minor parts. There were no "sticks," which is most creditable to Mr. Cleworth. Where all are so good it is perhaps invidious to select any one of the minor parts for special comment, but it was hardly possible to see in Seager and Rogers anything but the policeman and the hotelkeeper; their make-up and acting alike were really excellent; while McMurrich showed a demure redtappiness which we should never have expected in him. On the whole we have to congratulate the club heartily on their performance; and may assure them that they have left nothing undone which could possibly conduce to success in every way. E. W. H.

THE CAST.

Mr. Posket.....	A. B. Pottenger.
Mr. Ballamy.....	E. P. O'Reilly.
Col. Lukyn.....	H. B. Gwyn.
Capt. Horace Vale.....	E. C. Cattnach.
Cia Farringdon.....	H. C. Osborne.
Achille Blond.....	D. M. Rogers.
Isidore.....	Martin Cleworth.
Mr. Wormington.....	J. D. McMurrich.
Inspector Messiter.....	C. A. Seager.
Sergt. Lugg.....	A. L. Becher.
Constable Harris.....	J. L. Bushell.
Wyke.....	C. S. Wilkie.
Agatha Posket.....	Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson.
Charlotte.....	Miss E. Shanly.
Beatie Tomlinson.....	Mrs. Cleworth.
Popham.....	Miss Edith Heward.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

There'll be plenty of this
And plenty of that
On the night of the Trinity Conversat.

—Old Song.

AND so there was, though what is included under the category "this and that" we cannot describe at length, but will leave most of it to the imagination of those who were present on that notable occasion. The said event, long anticipated, took place on the evening of the 5th inst. and, needless to say, passed off with great *eclat*, the only drawback being that the front hall was like an icicle, which was no fault of the committee's, for whatever pulls they may have, they have none on the weather; but it did go to the hearts of the sympathetic Trinity men to see so many dimpled arms and delicate shoulders exposed to the cruel cold. Such sweet things were never intended to be kissed—by wintry blasts. Still it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good, for we observed that some gallant swains became very proficient in the art of wrapping other people up as the evening progressed, and the latter didn't seem to object either.

But excuse the digression. Nothing can keep people away from the Trinity Conversazione, and the hundreds that flocked on this occasion are a proof of this assertion; in fact, it is surprising the number of friends the old place has, and the students individually have the week preceding this great event, and how quickly they lose sight of us until something of the same kind recurs. To resume: the Decoration Committee—hard worked mortals—had transformed the front hall into a mass of multi-colored bunting and streamers tastefully arranged; and curtains, hung at intervals throughout the corridors, made charming little nooks wherein a few too short moments might be comfortably spent. In short, both the Decoration and the Floor and Seating Committees deserve great praise for the admirable way in which they performed their duties.

The proceedings were opened by the usual concert, held this time in the new gymnasium, and what could be heard above the ceaseless chatter of certain thoughtless people about the entrance was thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Evelyn De Latre Street, who has just returned from a course of study on the continent, rendered two excellent selections on the violin. Miss Lalage Fletcher sang two sweet solos in her usual taking manner. Messrs. Wyly Grier and A. O. Beardmore delighted the audience with their songs, and Mr. Martin Cleworth was inexpressibly funny in his recitations.

The concert over, dancing was commenced in Convocation Hall and in the lecture rooms of the west wing. The music and floors in all three places were excellent, but Convocation Hall was as ever the favorite gathering place. "Our Last" brought proceedings to a close about 2 a.m., and many a sweet sigh, a tender look and tone of regret bespoke the inward wish to go on. But a practical man is the Dean, and his cry of "hold," or rather "cease holding," was the signal for a reluctant departure.

The students' dens were made cosier than ever for the occasion, and between the good things supplied in the several proverbially hospitable abodes and in the dining hall by Webb, the gentle cravings were satisfied. A faded rose, a bit of lace, a handkerchief or some other sweet relic holds a prominent place on the mantels of the more susceptible and bring back fond memories of the most enjoyable event of the season. Cheer up old man! there are more to come. How many of us wish we were freshmen again!

The council of '94-'95 are to be congratulated on the successful issue of this, our great annual entertainment; especially is the worthy President, Mr. James Chappell, B.A., to be commended for his untiring efforts. It is no fault of the Invitation Committee that so many of the *elite* were absent, a circumstance commented on by many; perhaps the extreme cold had something to do with it.

THE HOCKEY SUPPER.

A SUPPER that will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to attend was that given in honor of the R.M.C. hockey team, on the 23rd inst. Trinity's cute little captain, Mr. John McMurrich, was in the chair, the worthy president of the Athletic Association on his right and Capt. Cory, captain of the R.M.C. team, on his left, while the rest of the Cadets, in the all-attractive scarlet, were scattered here and there amongst the prevalent *mufti*. Hockey playing is hungry work, and the steward seemed to be aware of the fact, for the repast was of an extra sumptuous nature, and several extra keen appetites did full justice to the now proverbial oyster soup and turkey. The toasts were four in number. In most fitting and polished language, he who is ever ready to talk, Mr. H. C. Osborne, '95, proposed the health of "Our Guests" and called for three cheers for the soldier boys. Cadet Cory responded in a few words, touching upon the many things in common between Trinity and R.M.C., and returned thanks on behalf of his team for the reception accorded them, and three ringing cheers—the Cadets know how to cheer—were given for Trinity.

The Dean was warmly received on rising to propose what he termed the health of the evening ("Our Guests," of course, excepted), viz., "The Hockey Team." In a concise speech, with the ever present vein of humor in it, he traced the victorious career of the hockey seven; touched on the circumstances attendant thereon, and made feeling reference to the final match, doubly tantalizing to him, because on

that occasion smoking was strictly prohibited. He thought the Toronto press might at least have given our men credit for the admirable showing they had made this season; they had won their group, and defeated the strongest western team in the semi-final; what other proof was wanting? Before sitting down he referred in a few well-chosen words to one of the team, Harry Southam, whom illness had deprived us of this year. Capt. McMurrich replied briefly and in his usual modest manner, thanking the members of the team for their hearty co-operation during the season; three cheers were then given for the Trinity team. "Inter-collegiate Sport" was proposed by the Rev. Mr. DePencier in a few forcible words, and replied to briefly by Cadet Hayter, who finished his speech by extending a cordial invitation to the Athletic Association to send representatives to Kingston, to partake in the open events of the R.M.C. annual sports.

And then Mr. Troop, M.A., the polished, the popular, pre-eminently the favorite of the subject of his toast (O! Troop), proposed those nearest his heart, "The Ladies," denouncing the *new* woman—horrid creature—and called feelingly upon the company to drink to woman as we used to know her, as he termed it, the old woman. Mr. Moran as feelingly replied, grew romantic, instructed intending lovers to pay their devotions to the mother, and to let the young lady be the remoter object for the time being; was evidently overcome, and talked of drinking soda water in his tea at some function.

Songs and recitations, not to forget some very amusing stories by Cadet Russell were interspersed; the unruly element was fortunately absent, and the most orderly, and at the same time most enjoyable supper came to an end about 11 p.m. (for the next day was the Sabbath), and with Metagona and Auld Lang Syne (with Pat in the centre), Cadet and Trinity man, who always seem to be at one with each other, dispersed.

College Chronicle.

ON the night of February 26th, the Editor's sanctum was suddenly invaded by a riotous crowd of ninety-three. The members of this immortal year have ever been foremost in college spirit (not to mention spirits), and, as a preventive to possible disintegration have formed an alumni club, whose chief purpose is to gather annually about the festive board and tighten friendship's bonds.

The motto adopted by this excellent society—"It's a sad heart that never rejoices"—is indicative of the ebullient youthfulness of these dignified graduates, and the officers for the ensuing year will doubtless carry out the spirit of the motto in an admirable manner. President, Ould McCarthy; Vice-President, Ould Chappell; Secretary, Ould Gwyn; committee, Ould Smith, Ould Heward (defendant in the celebrated case of Bates vs. Heward), Ould Cadwick and Ould Wragge are the officers for 1895.

The first gathering was held in room 75, upper western, and in addition to the above there were present Oulds Cattanach, Mockridge, Du Moulin, Pottenger, Baynesheed, Beckett, Seagar and Starr, not to forget Ould Cheese; "look, he stirres." Festivities were prolonged far into the morning, and the corridors rang with the voices of those who have left us far too soon. Here is an idea worthy of Trinity's loyal sons; the formation of this society and the meeting of young graduates commented on in another column are significant signs which must surely stir a response in the breasts of many who too readily drift away.

LITERARY INSTITUTE.

Mr. Chadwick, B.A., second vice-president, called the tenth meeting of the institute to order on Friday evening, February 1st. After a couple of Freshmen had been introduced, Mr. Fenning read a selection, which had the good quality of being somewhat out of the ordinary run of readings. "Compulsory Chapels" was the subject of the debate—that hoary old ghost who, "like Banquo, sir, like Banquo," will not *down*, but makes a painful and rheumatic resurrection at least once a year. For men who were speaking against conviction, Messrs. Glyn Osler and Osborne, against compulsory chapels, made forcible speeches, though, perhaps, a little ragged. In our opinion, Messrs. Little and Laurence, on the other side, made the best speeches, though the vote went against them. The latter gentlemen won, of course, on the second vote.

President Chappell was in the chair at the eleventh meeting on Friday evening, February 8th. Mr. Madill's ('97) reading was rather a relief from the comic or humorous selections generally and quite unreasonably considered necessary. He might have chosen a better subject, perhaps, than the character of Napoleon Buonaparte, but it was a step in the right direction. Mr. Chadwick settled the educational question in a short, well-written essay. The debate (on annexation) was quite interesting. Messrs. Reid and Baldwin ('97) aired their opinions (plus a good many of Mr. Goldwin Smith's) in favor of annexation, and Messrs. O'Reilly and Macdonald opposed them—not *very* forcibly, you know, being green debaters, but still very nicely. Mr. Reid made a good speech, but his seconder did not find himself *completely* at home. But courage, my boy, you will do well yet! From the body of the hall, the "old flag" was waved with might and main, a little "heresy" indulged in, and the character of "our sisters on our south" maligned in a manner evidently satisfactory to all, judging from the vote. Messrs. O'Reilly and Macdonald won the debate on both votes, though we consider that Mr. Reid's speech should have won the first vote for his side.

The twelfth meeting was about the poorest one on record. The essay was not forthcoming, though the readings were as good as usual. Messrs. Warren ('96) and Bradburn then tried to prove that the influence of the modern stage is demoralizing. The meeting considered their speeches more forcible than those of their opponents, Messrs. Colville and Shaw, though they voted for the latter on the subject itself. It is rather rough to have one's side of the question acknowledged to be the stronger, and yet have the vote on the merits of the speeches go against one.

The thirteenth meeting was not a bad one, though it was miserably attended. Mr. Little read "The Revenge," and did it splendidly. We wish there had been more members present, if only to get a pointer or two in reading. The debate was on the system of high school education in Canada. Messrs. Chadwick, B.A., and Martin attacked the system, but were staunchly opposed by Messrs. Wright and Wethie. The two former won on both votes. Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Wright made good speeches. The latter is a novice in the art, but makes very good speeches indeed, and will doubtless improve. Mr. Martin, we fancy, made his debut at this meeting. A feature of the evening was the presence of Mr. Robinson, B.A., a graduate of '93, and a veteran debater. He addressed the meeting for a short time.

NOTE.

There are only three more meetings of the institute this year, including the one at which the general election takes place. The attendance this term has not been good, and there are a great many members who will have to be careful

or they will lack a sufficient number of attendances to entitle them to votes, viz., four. If any one finds himself in this predicament he will have only himself to blame. We give all fair warning.

COLLEGE CUTS.

How prone is a parson, embryo or otherwise, to woman, and isn't it curious how the latter article sticks like a barnacle to *anything* in the sombre long coat and yoke collar. No wonder the susceptible deacon capitulates, throws up the sponge, and rocks the cradle in due time. Or, if he does manage to elude them, grows fat on teas and, sooner or later, assimilates too much of the "old woman" into his system!

They're having a great rumpus up in the Park at present, a roarin' time, a "loud 'un," if we may be permitted so to say. My dear fellow students, ladies, gentlemen, bucolics *et al.*, we admire your pluck; we sympathize with your noble efforts to restore the liberty trampled in the dust; we know that a worm will turn. But when the said worm becomes aggressive, and tries to eat through a stone wall, we'll put what we've got upon the stone wall every time. Perhaps you are right, the powers that be should be sifted and the chaff scattered to the wind, but, at the same time, don't you think that with you, as with all other big universities, the overplus from the plow, with their great aspirations for the pulpit, the bar, etc., might follow the said chaff, and both lie down in their native element, or, as one of the dailies aptly puts it, carry home the mortar-board and let the old hen use it for a nest. Higher education is all very well, but, like everything else, must be confined within proper bounds.

One of the gallant wearers of the Queen's Own breeches has handed *THE REVIEW* the old roll book of the Trinity company, an interesting relic of many years ago. Several names of those who are now or have been Canada's famous sons are there enrolled, one of note being that of Col. Otter, who then held the rank of Captain and Adjutant. By the way, there are still some vacancies in I. Company's ranks for some good-looking soldier boys. We are sure Pte. Reed would put them through the preliminary "hay-foot, straw-foot." If there is room in the Divinity corridor for the dancing school, surely there must be for primary military manoeuvres!

The hockey team didn't come home *alone* from Berlin. Some enthusiasts met them at Parkdale, and the said team weren't so anxious to talk of their victory (modest mortals) as to point to the other end of the car at something in petticoats. "Did we get any support in Berlin?" replied one of the all-handsome septette, "You ought to have seen the way the girls held us up; that's what put the last three goals through in such short order." And then the gallant point looked, and she looked; he sighed, and she sighed. The team didn't say much going up in the van, and Monte Carlo didn't return from the north for a few days.

The Freshmen's supper took place in the Hall on the 30th ult., and even if it does not pass down to history as the most successful of its kind, it will not be the verdant ones' fault. The menu was excellent, and no fault can be found with the brand of cigarettes. Several old faces, *not familiar* at gatherings of the kind, made their appearance, or rather favored us with their presence, which presence they succeeded in impressing upon us forcibly during the evening. The programme was rather of an irregular character, but be it said to the performers' credit, that many of them supplied a long-felt want in furnishing us with something *new*. Mr. Bushell's recitations, delivered in truly dramatic style, are a pleasant departure. The pro-

fessor of etiquette asks us to say, for the benefit of those who have apparently neglected this branch of education, that to throw food at each other is not customary, at least no precedent can be found for so doing from our limited knowledge of the manner in which the best Toronto people dine. Yes, the Freshmen of '97 are good entertainers, but the composition of the invitations was apparently rather careless and hardly done on a steel plate!

"Lunatics, lunatics," remarks our learned professor of the transcendental, as he sees a healthy band of snowshoers off for their daily tramp. Perhaps we may be forced to differ from our ever popular professor, because, it may be, we haven't as yet reached our three score years, because, being young, we have a good deal of the animal predominant as yet; perhaps some member of the band may say snowshoeing goes better with classics than philosophy. However, the devotees of the said sport must have enjoyed themselves during the late cold spell, for did not they learn the latest English stride, even though they were nearly mangled by an express train!

AT THE CONVERSAZIONE.

The light was dimly flickering,
Turned down, *perhaps* by chance;
And in a cosy corner,
Far from the whirling dance,
Seated beneath the curtain,—
Strangely, upon *one* chair,
I, looking for my partner,
Espied a loving pair.

A hand, sweet, tantalizing,
Stretched out, picked up a book,
He helped to turn the pages,
Hands touched, a thrill, a look
Flashed love; strait, pent up passion
Spoke out in shortest way,
"Be mine, my life." "Yes, darling,
B-but—wha-at—will mother say?"

And then, as always happens
In cases of this kind,
Came long embraces, kisses,—
(Love must be truly blind)—
For, waiting, chafing, eager,
I stood, to seize a chance
To speak; it came: "Excuse me,
But isn't this our dance?"

The Chapel organ is evidently laid up—probably with "grippe." We wish to goodness the choir was too.

"Hear them cheering as they're nearing," etc. We wish the gentlemen who howl this mouldy chestnut through the corridors were "*nearing*" their end. And they will be, if they don't find a new ditty.

The St. Andrew's Brotherhood convention, held in Woodstock and which lasted from the 6th to 9th inst., was a huge success. Several Trinity men attended it and give enthusiastic reports of the benefit they received from the meeting, and of the hospitable treatment they received at the hands of the people of Woodstock.

Father Episcopon intimates that his loving children will do well to get a hustle on in the matter of handing in contributions. This is a serious matter. The success of "Episcopon" depends largely upon the honest efforts of the men to fill its columns with first-class articles.

People were wondering when the vans which went to the Union Station to meet the hockey team made their triumphal way through the streets whether it was a Salvation Army demonstration or an advance contingent of the Lily Clay's company. The enthusiastic supporters of the hockey team having, probably, some doubts of any further

opportunity of celebrating a victory were making the day hideous and gathering wondering crowds by painful appeals to their auricular sensations. Alas, their instinct proved correct and a dirge would fitly take the place of their harmonious (?) peans of victory.

SPORTS.

"THE personnel of the team is almost identical with that of last year."

The above extraordinary statement appeared in the January issue of THE REVIEW. We are not prepared to account for the sporting editor's state of mind when he made so glaring a blunder, but in the interest of truth we must take this opportunity of correcting it. As a matter of fact, Mr. McMurrich alone remains, since Mr. H. S. Southam has been incapacitated for athletics through serious illness.

Space does not permit of a complete review of the individual work of this year's seven; suffice it to say that, with new material to work upon, Captain McMurrich has accomplished great things and that the team has earned the unqualified appreciation of the college for its really excellent showing this season. After the exciting game of January 26th on Kempenfeldt Bay, an excellent contest was anticipated on the occasion of the return match with Barrie, and the hopes were amply fulfilled. In a clean, pretty game of hockey, Trinity scored a victory to the tune of 11-5. At half time the score stood 6-1, and it looked as if the red and black would have it easily; but Barrie struck a rapid gait, scoring four goals in the second half, and might have done better but for the really superb work of McMurrich in goal. Boys proved, as usual, a strong tower to the Barrie team, and the play all round was excellent.

Temple, the new man, did some side-scraping for Trinity that justifies his place on the team. Fully realizing the prowess of the team against which they were to contend, but nevertheless determined to do or die, the VII. journeyed to Berlin on February 18th to play off the semi-final game with Ayr, whom the Toronto World describes as the "undoubtedly strongest team in Western Ontario." A large crowd, including five hundred Ayrites, who had to come to encourage their team by a liberal use of air, so to speak, assembled to witness what proved to be a most exciting match. At half-time the score stood 4-3 against us, but with such a narrow margin the game was anyone's as yet.

According to the Berlin papers, Trinity surprised even themselves with their wonderful winning gait in the second half. Ten games in all were scored, of which three went to the Western team, the final score thus being Trinity 10, Ayr 7. The news was received by telegraph soon after the close of the game and the silent corridors became the scene of Bedlam let loose. Two large van-loads of enthusiastic men—not to leave out George Washington—met the victors at the train the following morning and conveyed them home in triumph.

Little hope was entertained of winning the final match against Queen's. The latter had demonstrated their superiority over any Western club and at best Trinity hoped but to make a good showing. We can hardly say with truth that this hope was fulfilled, although the second half was a truer index of Trinity's form than the first. Whether it was the unusually large sheet of ice or something else, the home team seemed "rattled" from the start and showed no signs of being able to cope with the brilliant wearers of the red, blue and yellow. Fourteen goals in succession were scored by Queen's before the call of half-time, and the spectators were keenly disappointed in the game. However, Trinity always wakes up under adversity and they came on

the ice prepared to do their best. Although Queen's may not have put forth their utmost exertion in the second half, still the form shown by Trinity was distinctly in advance of that previously exhibited. Three goals each were scored, and the game from half-time till the finish was well worth going to see. It was a severe beating, but Queen's is an extraordinary opponent for a Toronto team to meet.

In speed, in stick-handling and in combination work, Queen's showed a marked superiority over teams usually seen here, and their quick way of getting down to business was too much for the red and black.

For Trinity, Douglas played the star game and Wilkie showed much pluck at cover. In the second half, the forwards, Osler, Senkler, Cosby and Temple appeared to much greater advantage and played as if their lives depended on the game.

The annual match with the Royal Military College has become in some respects the most eagerly anticipated game of the season, not only because it invariably affords excellent sport but also because it furnishes one of the too infrequent opportunities of meeting with the jovial Cadets, who are past-masters in the art of good-fellowship. Three games have now been played, of which Trinity has won two and R.M.C. one. The match, which took place in the Victoria rink on Saturday, February 23rd, caused enthusiasm and excitement, which has been too little in evidence in this season's matches. A very pretty crowd turned out to see the game, and the prevalent fair sex once more showed its predilection for the devotees of the stern science of war. Trinity's unfortunate position, however, proved not an unmixed evil, for the dogged perseverance—doubtless a result of disfavor—with which they tackled the game aided them in their determination to win.

The play throughout was fast and clean. Russell, in goal, and Cory and Cantly, on the defence, did giant service for R.M.C., while Bennett carried off the honors on the forward line. But for the first half they could not quite get their bearings, and Trinity led by 6-1. After the ten minutes' interval, however, the game took on a different aspect. Amid the wildest expressions of approbation from the balconies, the Cadets quickly ran their score up to 7 goals and the ladies' spirits rose. Trinity saw the danger just in time and put forth their best efforts. Chiefly through the supreme efforts of Patterson, Osler and Senkler, shot after shot rained on the Kingston citadel, and by the call of time three goals had been scored, making the final score, Trinity 12, R.M.C. 7. Although laboring under the disadvantage of an injured hand, Cory played a really brilliant game throughout. Douglas, for the red and black, was as usual reliable at point. Mr. Lorne Cosby refereed the game in a satisfactory manner.

The position of the second VII. is a very peculiar one, indeed. With but one actual win to their credit, and that against an inferior team, they leaped into the semi-finals of the Toronto Junior League, in which they were defeated by the narrow majority of three games.

On February 5th the second teams of Toronto University and Trinity met, the former winning a close game by 8-6. A protest, based on an infringement of the T.J.L. rules regarding qualified players, was allowed, and Trinity's second VII. proceeded to the semi-finals. The game with Victoria Colts resulted in a defeat by 4-1 which ended a triumphant career in the Junior League.

It will be noticed that the relative positions of the teams engaged are fairly close, the defeat by the Victoria Colts being the worst suffered by Trinity.

A win by 7-1 was scored in a friendly match against Oakville on the College rink, and the return game in Oak-

ville resulted, after fifteen minutes' extra time had been played, in a draw, 3-3. Captain Bain speaks highly of the treatment received by his team at the hands of the Oakville men.

NOTES.

THE REVIEW feels called upon to protest against the attitude of the daily papers on Trinity's position in the O.H.A. series. Some of these journals have not hesitated to affirm that the red and black crawled into the finals by the back stairs in consequence of being placed in the first round with Barrie and Hamilton, instead of with the various Toronte clubs. This arrangement was made for the purpose of giving Trinity a week's respite after the opening of the term before meeting their first opponents, and if the result has been unsatisfactory to other clubs Trinity is not to blame. The teams of the first round were defeated and Trinity secured a bye, which opened the way to the semi-final with Ayr, the conqueror of the Western group. Upon the Berlin rink, in a close and exciting game, the collegians defeated the Western champions by 10-7 and proceeded to the finals with Queen's. Undoubtedly Trinity suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the very superior team from Kingston, although the papers gave the vanquished scant credit for their desperate game in the second half; but what of the back stairs? In the city group, Toronto University and Osgoode Hall met in the finals, the former winning, and shortly afterwards, in the Inter-Collegiate League, Trinity defeated Osgoode Hall, 14-11. Thus it would appear to the disinterested that the city championship virtually rested between Toronto University and Trinity, and, in face of the fact that the former sustained a slightly more severe defeat at the hands of Queen's than the latter, it seems distinctly unjust to state that Trinity reached the finals owing to an unfair advantage.

We hope in the next issue of THE REVIEW to give a succinct account of the season's play, and a brief review of the performances of individual members of the team.

The Toronto end of the Inter-Collegiate Hockey League is making slow progress with its ties. One match only has been played, viz., Trinity vs. Osgoode, resulting in a victory for the former 14-11. The game was an interesting one, well contested throughout, and if we are favored with ice the Collegiate League may yet furnish some excellent sport for lovers of the game. As we go to press, Toronto and Trinity may be playing off. This should undoubtedly be one of the most interesting matches of the season.

J. H. Douglas, Trinity's brilliant point, is at present *hors de combat* and it is doubtful if he will be able to take his place against the wearers of the blue and white.

The secretary of the Athletic Association has been for some time past in correspondence with Mr. George Lippincott, of Haverford College, Haverford, Pa., the object in view being an international inter-collegiate cricket match. It is at present proposed to send an XI. representative of Toronto and Trinity Universities to play in Philadelphia a team picked from Harvard, Pennsylvania and Haverford. A game such as this should excite the deepest interest, and, should the present scheme materialize into an annual international match of our great cricketing colleges, the game would receive a stimulus of the strongest possible kind.

THEOLOGICAL AND MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

A public meeting for the discussion of social problems was held in the dining hall, on Monday evening, February 18th, when a most interesting address on "The Small Boy, and What to Do With Him," was given by the Rev. T. Geoghegan, of Hamilton; Mr. J. J. Kelso and the Rev. Robert Kerr, rector of St. George's, St. Catharines, also addressed the meeting. The chair was taken by the Dean.

Rev. C. L. Ingles conducted a devotional meeting in the chapel, on Monday, February 25th, at 8 p.m.

There will be three more meetings of the Association this term:—

Monday, March 11th, at 7.15 p.m., in lecture room 2, when a paper will be read by Mr. H. B. Gwyn, B.A.

Monday, March 18th, at 8 p.m., in Convocation Hall. Public Missionary Meeting, addresses by the Lord Bishop of Moosonee and others.

Monday, March 25th, at 3 p.m., in lecture room 2. Annual Business Meeting and the Election of Officers, etc.

PERSONAL.

Father Episcopon expects *every man* to do his duty.

Rev. Loukes, M.A., a graduate of this university, revisited alma mater for a short time this month.

We are delighted to learn that H. S. Southam is recovering from his severe illness, which has kept him about seven weeks in bed.

With deep regret we learn of the death of Canon F. L. Osler. We desire to express our hearty sympathy to all connected with him.

Mr. Glyn Osler has left college with "grip." The spiteful malady seems to be fixing its eye upon some of the best men we have. We hope to see Mr. Osler back again soon.

The Dramatic Club were gratified to receive tangible marks of the public's appreciation of their efforts in the shape of requests to perform in other places, notably Montreal.

As appears in another column, the Royal Military College hockey team spent Saturday evening and Sunday in college. Mr. Russel's stories and Mr. Stairs' songs formed a leading feature of Saturday evening's entertainment.

Mr. Moran, the popular officer of the Royal Military College, was a welcome guest at the supper on Saturday, February 23rd. Messrs. Ross Hayter and J. W. Osborne also accompanied the team, and delighted their Trinity friends by their presence.

There is something in the air here apparently fatal to dogs. He of the startling laugh trotted a rickety specimen of the canine race into the Divinity corridor lately. The "purr" did not wait to die, as our dogs usually do, but had the good sense to clear out. Good-bye little "Sob," thou commandest our deepest respect.

That wanton sprite, Jack Frost, seems to have resolved to do as much mischief as possible of late. Together with his "fidus Achates" *la grippe*, he played sad havoc in college. Several poor chaps spent a couple of dismal days in bed. Most of them are about again, however.

VANNEVAR & CO., BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS

Publishers and Importers of High School, Medical and University TEXT BOOKS

The special attention of the Students of Trinity University is directed to our very large stock of Educational Books of all kinds.

440 YONGE STREET (Opposite Carlton Street), TORONTO, ONT.

INCORPORATED
1886.

Toronto Conservatory of Music.

HON. G. W. ALLAN,
President.

In affiliation with Trinity University.

Artists and Teachers Graduating Courses
Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals
Equipment, Staff, and Facilities complete
Students receive a Thorough and Artistic Musical Education by most
Eminent Instructors and Approved Methods
... PUPILS RECEIVED AT ANY TIME

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION

H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal

Elocution, Oratory, Voice Culture, Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics,
Physical Culture, Literature, etc.

NEW CALENDAR now ready, giving full particulars of all
departments of instruction. Mailed free

Edward Fisher, Mus. Dir., cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Av.
TORONTO.

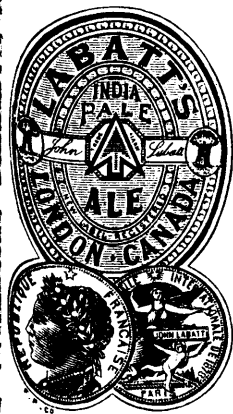
Mention this paper.

FRANCIS SIMPSON

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

*Oysters, Fruit, Fish, Game,
Poultry, Vegetables.*

756-758 Yonge Street



**JOHN LABATT'S
London Ale
and Stout**

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the
Most Wholesome Tonics and
Beverages Available

Nine Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals
and Eleven Diplomas at the
World's Great Exhibitions

JAS. GOOD & CO.
Agents, TORONTO



Mason & Risch

PIANOS



Over 5,000 Now in Use

P. BURNS & CO.

ONLY IMPORTERS OF

THE CELEBRATED SCRANTON COAL

Head Office: 38 King St. East,
Telephone No. 131.
Office and Yard: Yonge St. Dock,
Telephone No. 190.
Office and Yard: Corner Front and
Bathurst Streets,
Telephone No. 132.
Branch Offices: 388 1/2 Yonge Street,
Telephone No. 141.
572 Queen St. West,
Telephone No. 139.
Private Residence:
Telephone No. 133.

Best Quality Cut and HARD WOOD Always on Hand. Special
Split and Long . . . Rates for Cut and Split

BEST STEAM COAL IN THE MARKET.

HEAD OFFICE **38 KING STREET EAST.**

OFFICES { 548 QUEEN WEST
390 YONGE ST.

Orders Promptly Attended To.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

Telephone Communication Between all Offices

WHY EATON BROS. OWEN SOUND ALE
... IS THE BEST IN CANADA ...

Because they use the Choicest East Kent Golding Hops; because the Ale is
brewed by a celebrated English Brewer, and by far the most import-
ant of all, because the water from the spring that supplies the Brewery is acknowledged
by Analysts to be the very perfection of purity.

PRICE, 75 cts. per dozen Pints; \$1.20 per dozen Quarts, Toronto. Bottles to be returned.

WM. MARA, 79 Yonge St. (3rd Door North of King Street)
Telephone 1708

TRIBBLE'S PERFECT FITTING FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS ARE THE BEST—53 KING STREET WEST.

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL
WYKEHAM HALL
COLLEGE AVENUE
TORONTO
FOR YOUNG LADIES

Michaelmas Term begins Sept. 2; Christmas Term, Nov. 10; Lent Term, Feb. 11; Trinity Term, April 22.

Application for prospectus or for admission may be made to
MISS GRIER,
 Lady Principal.

The accommodation for boarders is comfortable and healthful.

W. R. Ross. T. G. Barrington.

W. R. ROSS & CO.
PLUMBERS, GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS.

Dennick's Block, 734 Queen Street West

CONFECTIONERY

CHARLOTTE RUSSE,
 ICES, JELLIES, TRIFLES,
 PYRAMIDS, SALADS.

Made to order for evening and other parties.
 Our Luncheon parlors are complete in every respect.

Genuine VIENNA BREAD a Specialty.
 Wedding and other Cakes Made to Order.

GEO. COLEMAN

Telephone Call 247. 111 King St. West.

W. H. LAKE

DEALER IN

Hardware, Earthenware, Woodenware,
 House Furnishing Goods

608 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO
 Telephone 5293.

Telephone 5259

R. FLETCHER

Plumbing, Tinsmithing & Gas Fitting

Manufacturer of and dealer in

Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishings

ETC.

Agent for Gurney's Stoves and Ranges

A complete stock of Fittings for Gurney's Stoves constantly on hand.

FURNACES AND STOVES

Moved, Cleaned and Fitted Up.

All orders promptly attended to.

142 & 144 DUNDAS ST., - TORONTO

CHAS. S. BOTSFORD

504, 506 & 506½ Queen St. West.

Importer of General Dry Goods

MEN'S FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS and LINOLEUM,
 WINDOW-SHADES and GENERAL
 HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

CHAS. S. BOTSFORD

QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO

VERY DISAPPOINTING.

"So the old man is disappointed in Charles?"

"Yes; he sent him to college and thought he'd amount to something, but all they could make of him was a Greek professor."

A CONVINCING PROOF.

An old man went into a life insurance office and asked to be insured. The company asked his age. His reply was ninety-four.

"Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the company.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Why, you are ninety-four years old."

"What of that?" the old man cried.

"Look at statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."

A MORE APPROPRIATE PLACE.

"Tommy," said Mr. Figg, sternly. "I hung a motto in your room to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard."

"Yessir."

"I find that it has disappeared."

"Yessir."

"What did you do with it?"

"I—I took it down to the deaf an' dumb orphan asylum."

CONTRITION.

Mistress (angrily)—"Bridget, I find that you wore one of my décolleté ball gowns to the Hack Drivers' ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Bridget (meekly)—"Oi wus, mum; Oi wus!—and me young man said, as if Oi ivir wore sich an indacent dress in public ag'in, he'd break our ingagemint."

Zigzam—"Are you able to live within your income, Bigzig?"

Bigzig—"Yes, Zigzam, I am; but, to tell the truth, I have to borrow money to enable myself to do it."

Teacher—"Now, Johnnie, can you tell me the name of the most precious metal?"

Johnnie hesitated, whereupon the teacher suggestively fumbled with his watch chain. Johnnie caught on and yelled out:

"Brass."

— THE —

Largest Catering Concern

AND

WEDDING CAKE HOUSE

IN CANADA

FINEST GOODS SHIPPED WITH CARE TO ANY PART OF THE DOMINION.

Estimates on application for any Class of Entertainment.

HARRY WEBB

447 YONGE STREET

W. A. ASHELFORD'S

Livery and Sale Stables

726 and 728 Queen St. West

(Merner's Old Stand)

TORONTO, - ONT.

HACKS AND COUPES

Boarding Horses a Specialty

Telephone 1525

Cabs.

THE VERRAL
OMNIBUS AND BAGGAGE

TRANSFER CO.

Our Agents will be found on all Trains and Steamboats entering the City.

Baggage transferred to and from all parts of the City.

Telephone No. 969

BAGGAGE OFFICE, UNION STATION

IF YOU WANT

Good Work and Prompt Delivery

TELEPHONE **1127** AND HAVE THE

Parisian Steam Laundry

WAGGON CALL AND GET YOUR LAUNDRY.

SPECIALISTS IN FINE LAUNDERING

BRANCH OFFICE—93 YONGE ST.

Phone 1496.

E. M. MOFFATT, Manager.

COOPER'S

Gents' Furnishings

576 QUEEN STREET WEST

Established 1874

Ten per cent. discount to all Students

Caldwell & Hodgins

248 and 250 Queen St. West

COR. JOHN STREET



IMPORTERS AND DEALERS

IN

TEAS,

COFFEES,

WINES,

SPIRITS

AND

CHOICE GROCERIES

Every Requisite for Cold Collations
while Camping or Yachting

To Students

FINEST - IMPORTED - GOODS

All Cut. Superior
Workmanship.

LOWEST CASH PRICES

THOMAS H. TAYLOR

TAILOR,

518 Queen Street West, Toronto

GARDEN, FIELD, FLOWER AND TREE

SEEDS

Sterling worth and quality have made

SIMMERS' SEEDS

The most popular brands. Sow them
and you will use none but

SIMMERS' SEEDS

ALL SEEDS MAILED FREE

On receipt of Catalogue Prices. Please send
your address for a Seed Catalogue;
Free on application.

J. A. SIMMERS, Seedsman

147, 149 and 151 King St. East

TORONTO

SMOKE . . .



GOLDSTEIN'S MIXTURE . . .

COOL, FRAGRANT, DELICIOUS

To be had only at

WM. GOLDSTEIN & CO.'S

115 King Street West

JAMES WILSON

THE

LEADING BAKER

AND

CONFECTIONER

OF TORONTO.

497 and 607

YONGE ST.

THE NEAREST DRUG STORE

STUART W. JOHNSTON

724 Queen St. West and

287 King Street West.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

THOS. CHANTLER,

701 Queen Street West, Toronto

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, PICKLED

TONGUES, ETC.

Daily orders sent for.

**B
B
B** CURES
BAD BLOOD

This complaint often arises from Dyspepsia as well as from Constipation, Hereditary Taint, etc. Good blood cannot be made by the Dyspeptic, and Bad Blood is a most prolific source of suffering, causing

BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,
Eruptions, Sores, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters really cures bad blood and drives out every vestige of impure matter from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. H. M. Lockwood, of Lindsay, Ont., had 53 Boils in 8 months, but was entirely cured by 3 bottles of B.B.B., and is now strong and well. Write to him.

CHARLES ARNOLD

THE . . .

NEW . . .

YORK. . .

FLORIST

506 Queen Street West.

WEDDINGS, PARTIES, FUNERALS, ETC., Supplied
at Short Notice. Choice Roses a Specialty

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

ACCOUNT BOOKS,
OFFICE SUPPLIES,
BOOKBINDING,
STATIONERY

Agents for the Wirt Fountain Pen.
Get the best. Gives absolute
satisfaction.

THE BROWN BROS. (LTD.)

64-68 King St. East - - Toronto

**PLAY LAWN . . .
TENNIS . . .**

Don't buy a Racquet until you have
seen the "SPALDING" Racquets.

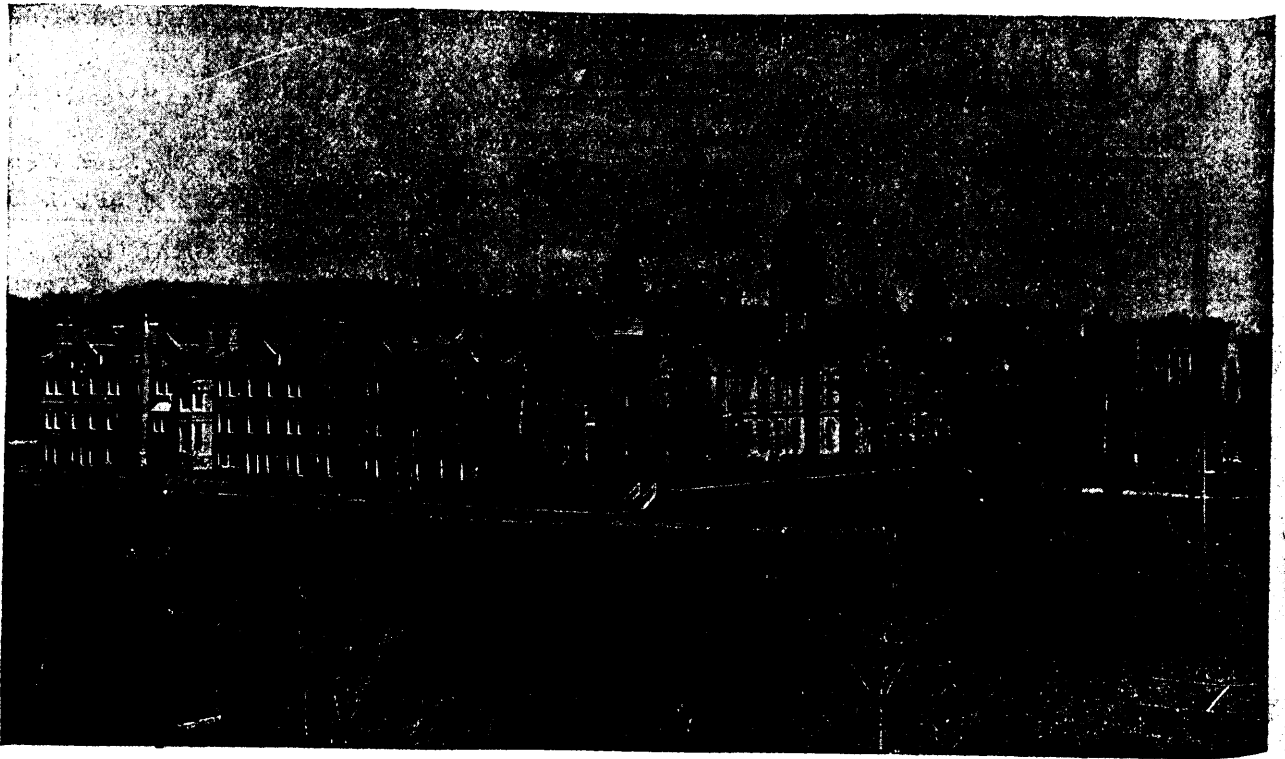
They are perfection, and cheap.

Sold only by . . .

P. C. ALLAN

35 KING ST. W., - - TORONTO

McLennan & Son
Artists in Stained Glass
76 King St. W. Toronto



: Trinity University. :

Faculty of Arts In proceeding to the Degree of B.A., students may select one or more fully equipped Honour Courses in the following branches: Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Physical and Natural Science, Theology, and Mental and Moral Philosophy and History.

Matriculation Examination At this examination, held in July, nine Scholarships are awarded on the result of the Pass and Honour Examinations:—

The Wellington Scholarship in Classics of \$275 (\$80 and three years' tuition free).
 The Wellington Scholarship in Mathematics of \$275 (\$80 and three years' tuition free).
 The Bishop Strachan Scholarship in Classics of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).
 The Burnside Scholarship in Mathematics of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).

The Dickson Scholarship in Modern Languages of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).
 The Dickson Scholarship in Physical and Natural Science of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).
 The Burnside Scholarship in English and History and Geography of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).
 The Pettit Scholarship in Divinity of \$235 (\$40 and three years' tuition free).

In addition to the above, a Scholarship in Mental and Moral Philosophy will be awarded at the end of the Second Year, entitling the holder to one year's free tuition.

The Matriculation Examination may be taken at the various High Schools and Collegiate Institutes in the Province, or in the Convocation Hall of the University. A Supplemental Examination is held in October, in the Convocation Hall only. Pass Candidates must take Latin, Greek (or its substitutes—see Calendar), Mathematics, History, Geography, and English.

S. HILDA'S ARTS COLLEGE FOR WOMEN IS IN AFFILIATION.

Faculty of Medicine The Examinations in the Faculty for the Degree of M.D., C.M., are held in March. The following Medical Colleges are affiliated: Trinity Medical College, Toronto; Women's Medical College, Toronto; The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston.

Faculty of Law The Examinations of this Faculty for the Degree of B.C.L. are held in June.

Faculty of Music The Examinations in this Faculty for the Degree of Bachelor of Music are held in April. In affiliation is Toronto Conservatory of Music. Calendar, with full particulars, also Notice Forms, etc., etc., should be obtained from the Registrar, address Trinity University, Toronto.