

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

COLLEGE TOPICS

Devoted to the interests of the Students in the Universities and Colleges of Toronto.

VOL. 17.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14TH, 1897.

No. 3. 7



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TORONTO MEDS DINE.

The Annual Dinner Held in the Confederation Life—Some of the Guests Who Were Present.

In the Confederation Life Building, on Thursday evening, was held one of the most successful dinners in the annals of the Toronto Medical School, or of any other school or institution. In many ways this dinner was a new departure. For some time the Meds held their annual function at the Rossin House. The dinner did not suffer by the change. The time was 8 o'clock, and at that hour the hungry sawbones began to pour in, with here and there a distinguished guest or a member of the faculty. About 8.30 the dining hall was thrown open and the guests and faculty, attended by the committee, took their places at two upper tables. Then the years followed in order of seniority, until all were placed.

The hall presented a pretty appearance. The tables for the students were symmetrically arranged around a centre composed of a round table on which was placed the Mulock Cup. Bunting and flags ornamented the ceiling and walls, and the tables were adorned with flowers and obis-ohis. Everybody was surprised at the beauty and novelty of the menu card, which was a triumphant proof of the artistic and original conceptions of the dinner authorities. Albert Williams of the Bodega was caterer and gave entire satisfaction.

Among the guests present were His Excellency Lord Aberdeen, Hon. Edward Blake, Bishop Sullivan, President Loudon, Rev. Chancellor Burwash, Rev. Principal Caven, Dr. Reeve, and Rev. Principal Sherman.

The delegates from sister institutions were as follows:—McGill, L. L. O'Shaughnessy; Bishop's, J. McD. Ford; Trinity, G. Fish; Queen's, F. W. Birkett; Dentals, J. G. Jordan; Varsity, Alex. McDougall; Victoria, A. E. Jackson; Pharmacy, Mr. Worthington; S.P.S., F. M. Perry; London, B. L. Bryant; Athletic Association, Wm. Martin.

The committee under whose superintendence the dinner was carried out was composed as follows:—Hon. president, Dr. Adam H. Wright, B.A.; president, J. D. (Continued on page 2.)

RICHIEU AT ST. MICHAEL'S

Lytton's Powerful Drama Presented Last Evening by the Students.

SHAW AS THE CARDINAL.

A Large and Appreciative Audience Present—The Production a Great Success.

The students of St. Michael's College presented Richelieu last evening in College Hall before a large and very appreciative audience. Mr. H. N. Shaw, principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution, under whose direction the performance was given, assumed the role of Cardinal Richelieu. The play was superbly staged, and the costumes were rich and gorgeous. As for the presentation, it may safely be said that it surpassed any amateur performance given in Toronto in a long time. In every detail the greatest care had been exercised, and no expense had been spared by the Dramatic Club to make the play a great success.

As Richelieu, Mr. Shaw rendered a most artistic conception of the great cardinal. Not for a moment during the whole performance did he lose grasp of the character he was representing. His work throughout was real, and in many of the scenes he displayed a power and dramatic ability scarcely surpassed by many of the leading actors of the present time. In the Garden of Louvre scene, in particular, was Mr. Shaw's acting worthy of the greatest commendation. He reaches a height in the anathema scene which is intensely powerful and dramatic.

The robes worn by Mr. Shaw were gorgeous and costly, and have been made in the city especially for the production.

Mr. Stephen H. O'Boyle, as Baradas, gave an excellent portrayal of the scheming courtier. There is nothing amateurish about Mr. O'Boyle's acting. He is natural and at the same time pleasing and graceful. He possesses a good voice and knows how to use it. His presence also helped him in rendering his part in a manner which left little to be desired.

Mr. James Kelly made an excellent De Mauprat. This was Mr. Kelly's initial performance in a leading role, and he did remarkably well. He has a good appearance, and a clear and well modulated voice. Although De Mauprat is a very difficult part, Mr. Kelly did it full justice and deserves much credit.

In the part of Francois, Mr. Peter Devlin surely deserves special mention. He displayed an earnestness and life which immediately brought him in favor with the audience. It is to be hoped that more will be seen of Mr. Devlin in the future.

Mr. Powers, as Joseph, and Mr. McCarthy, as Louis XIII, both interpreted their parts well, and won much favor. In the feminine roles, Mr. Creedon as Julie, and Mr. Fay as Marion, were graceful, and did exceedingly well. The remaining members of the cast, Mr. McCrae as Gaston, Mr. McDermott as Brighen, Mr. Hefferan as Clermont, Mr. Lynch as Hugot and Mr. Rewan as the jailer all did the fullest justice to their parts.

Another performance will be given this evening.

The following is the cast of characters:
Baradas (the King's favorite)..... Stephen H. O'Boyle
Louis XIII, King of France..... F. McCarthy
Chevalier De Mauprat..... James Kelly
Gaston, Duke of Orleans..... Charles McCrae
Joseph (Gapuchin monk)..... David Powers
The Sieur de Brighen..... P. X. McDermott
Francois (page)..... Peter Devlin
Clermont (courtier)..... J. Hefferan
Hugot..... J. Lynch
Jailer..... O. Rewan
Julie de Montimer (Ward of Richelieu)..... M. Creedon
Marion de Lorme..... Mr. Fay
MICHELIEU..... H. N. SHAW, B. A.

DENTALS' "AT HOME."

A Very Enjoyable Function Held by the Students—Speeches at the Supper.

The annual "At Home" given by the Dental students in their new building on College street, Friday evening, was one of the most brilliant college functions held in the city in a long time. In every arrangement of the affair, the students showed that they had spared no expense or trouble to entertain their guests in elaborate style. The interior of the building was beautifully decorated with the University and the College colors, and flowers and potted plants adorned the halls and rooms on all sides.

The programme for the evening was somewhat different than that usually given on such occasions by the other colleges.

A musical programme of an hour's duration preceded the dance, which was pronounced the most enjoyable of the season. The large hall of the College was filled with a select gathering of distinguished guests, and presented a very pretty scene as the couples moved round and round to the air of the latest *deux temps*.

At the conclusion of the ball, the delegates from the various colleges were escorted to the banquet hall, where caterer Williams had a most tempting supper awaiting them. At the conclusion of the banquet Chairman Macoun arose, and in a neat little speech extended a cordial welcome to the guests. Mr. Black, of 'Varsity, in happy terms congratulated the Dents upon the success of their "At Home," and spoke of the excellent feature of combining a supper with the dance.

The position of the Dents' elegantly equipped new building, he said, should bring them in closer union with the students of Varsity. Already had they taken a prominent position in Association foot-ball, and their support to the Varsity Glee and Mandolin clubs was of the best.

Mr. Smith, of the Buffalo Dental College, followed in a speech which showed that Buffalo was well represented. He said that this was his first visit across the line, and that he was greatly impressed with the beauty of the city in general and the Dental College in particular. The fine equipments of the college and the proficiency of its work was scarcely excelled by any college in the United States. He could not but notice the great advantage of such a college function as the "At Home." Such affairs were unknown in his own college. The students were divided into a number of small societies and never held a general "At Home" such as the present one. One of the recommendations he would carry back would be the inauguration of such a function. In conclusion, Mr. Smith thanked the committee for the grand good fellowship extended him, and assured them a hearty reception to their representative in Buffalo.

The representative from the Toronto Meds, Mr. Walker, also spoke and congratulated the committee on their success.

Mr. McPhail represented Knox, and he did it well. He made the speech of the evening. He spoke of the influence of such events in promoting good fellowship and establishing friendships which often lasted even after college days, when by chance two students would settle in the same town to practise their different professions. Their acquaintance and co-operation would often result in the greatest good to the community. That Mr. McPhail's sentiments were appreciated was proven by the hearty applause which followed his speech. Mr. Cohoe, of McMaster, and Mr. Sifton, of Victoria, both made witty speeches. Dr. Willmott, representative from the faculty, spoke interestingly, and stated that he was very glad that Buffalo had sent a real American as its representative. He assured them that they would always find the heartiest welcome from the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.

At the conclusion of Dr. Willmott's speech the members of the committee each made a few remarks, after which the evening's pleasures were brought to a close by the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

The committee, to which the greatest credit is due for the success of the affair, is as follows: G. A. Macoun (chairman), W. H. Bowles, J. A. Island, Benj. J. Currie, Dr. W. Earl Willmott, A. E. Hunt, G. A. Beattie, Emerson H. Henderson, G. Ernest Holmes and K. C. Campbell.

The Trinity Medical College Literary Society held its annual concert last evening at the Normal School. There was a large audience present and a most enjoyable evening was passed. The following was the programme: Address, Dean Geikie; Solo, Miss Mabel DeGuerre; Mandolin Solo, Mr. Ralph Williams; Reading, Miss Bertha Sargeant, A.T.C.M.; Duet, Messrs. Walker and Wickett; Violin Solo, Miss Winnifred Skeath Smith; Song, Mr. Bert Harvey; Address, Dr. N. A. Powell; Solo, Miss A. Fieldhouse; Scene from Othello: Othello, Clifford M. Williams, Iago, J. Harry Proctor, A.T.C.M.; Solo, Alex. M. Gorrie. Accompanists Miss Mabel Tait and Mr. Norman Wright.

The concert given by the Varsity Ladies' Glee Club, in Hamilton, Friday evening, was most successful.

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TORONTO, TUESDAY, DEC. 14TH, 1897.

HEARD IN THE HALLS.

Do not forget Varsity Glee Club concert at the Massey Hall to-night. The programme will be the best ever given by the club and every student should patronize it.

At the meeting of the Varsity Lit Friday night, Nick Hinch was unanimously chosen for representative at the Queen's Conversat next week.

"Eddie" Beatty is around again at Varsity. He is still compelled to use a cane as the result of injuries received in the game Thanksgiving.

Thomas H. Furlong, M.A., gold medallist of Toronto University, and specialist in natural science, has been engaged as science master of the Markham High School.

Misses Hughes and Stovel will represent Varsity in the debate with Victoria in Alumni Hall, Friday afternoon. Their opponents will be Misses Kerr and Fife.

The Political Science Club at Varsity held a meeting Thursday afternoon. Prof. G. M. Wrong presided. An able paper on "Imperial Federation," by W. H. Alexander, '99, was supplemented by appropriate remarks from Prof. Hume and Mr. S. M. Wickett. The papers on the "Development of the British Constitution under Victoria," by G. M. Clark, '98, and the "Foreign Policy of the United States," by A. F. Goodall, '98, had to be postponed owing to the protracted nature of the discussion. They will be taken up at a special meeting of the club, to be held on Thursday next, December 16.

The following was the programme at the meeting of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Society Friday evening: Essays—J. W. Parks, Veterinary Profession; J. S. Pollard, Tetanus; G. H. Davidson, Lymphangitis Communicatus; J. Young, Mammitis in Mare; C. H. A. Stephenson, Ventral Hernia; B. W. Goff, Parturient Apoplexy; D. H. McKay, Lymphangitis; W. E. Fairbanks, Eversion. The paper by Mr. Davidson was an able one and brought out considerable discussion. At the conclusion of the programme Prof. Sweetapple made a few remarks.

Fisher, Parks and Adams will spend Christmas in their Vermont homes.

Friday was Constitution night at the Varsity Lit. Vice-Pres. Carson was in the chair, and the attendance was small. Nick Hinch was chosen to represent Varsity at Queen's Conversat. After this the new constitution was read and discussed clause by clause. Messrs. Hinch, Narraway, Shotwell, Cleland, Merritt, McKay, Munroe, Martin, Bone, Groves, Perkins and Biggar spoke during the evening, and the efforts of Messrs. Shotwell and Narraway were worthy of special mention. Mr. Shotwell's motion to hold two elections a year was not passed. The meeting adjourned about eleven.

Marguerite Hall of New York, who is to sing at the Glee Club concert, will visit Varsity on Tuesday.

The Glee Club will sing Pilgrim Choruses at St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on Sunday night.

'99 Arts is a great football year, and they don't mind letting people know it. They evidenced their public joy over the fact by having an oyster supper the other evening at which they gloated over their many triumphs. About nine o'clock a jolly little party assembled at mine host Clegg's on College Street, and sat down to a handsome little repast served in what all agreed was tip-top style. Messrs. Waldie, Armour and Alexander occupied the head of the table, and most of the Rugby and Association players were also present. After the more solid part of the repast was over, toasts were in order, and under Count Armour's able management a long list was successfully gone through. The boys then adjourned to the parlor, where songs and recitations were

given with a will, Walter Sadler officiating most satisfactorily at the piano. The gathering broke up about midnight, everybody feeling that he had had a royal time which can't come too often.

The features of the evening were the presence of the Mulock Cup and the Inter-Year Association Cup on the table, and a parody on "Hot Time," by Alexander, the long-haired poet, not to speak of the songs of Count Armour and Harry Gooderham, and Alex. Mac's "breaks."

W. J. Lakar, of the juniors, spent Thanksgiving with Messrs. Day and Cogan at Guelph, and while there entered the nine mile walk. He finished just eight minutes ahead, and won a handsome \$25 silver service. Mr. Lakar was also winner of the walking match in the last Varsity sports. The Guelph Daily Herald in speaking of him says: "He has the regular professional swing; he brings all the muscles of his body into play, and though appearing to be unnecessarily exerting himself, is in reality sparing himself." His time was one hour twenty-two minutes. The Guelphites are a little sore that "Coolin" and "Rastus" should bring a ringier into their quiet little city.

The Royal Dental Society will hold their first meeting on Monday, 6th inst. Dr. Cecil Trotter will read a paper of interest to Dental students and Dr. Capon will give an address. Music will be furnished by the college orchestra, together with vocal and instrumental solos.

A most able lecture was given in Convocation Hall recently by Hon. J. G. Bourinot, D.O.L., on "The Loyalists Makers of Canada." Dr. Bourinot, who is President of the Royal Society of Canada, is one of Trinity's most distinguished graduates. The audience, which was one worthy of the learned lecturer, comfortably filled the hall. The lecture was most interesting, and delivered in a graphic and pleasing way, that made it all the more enjoyable. Among other distinguished personages Lord Aberdeen was present, and moved a vote of thanks in happy terms to Dr. Bourinot. The Reverend the Provost briefly seconded it. Chancellor Allan occupied the chair.

TORONTO MEDS DINE.

(Continued from page 1.)

Webster, B.A.; first vice-president, J. J. Walters; second vice-president, E. J. Stubbs; hon. secretary, H. W. Spence. Committee—Fourth year, J. W. Crane, H. I. Hewish; third year, J. R. Stanley, A. S. Kitchen, J. W. Rutherford; second year, D. R. Dunlop, E. D. Carder, B.A., A. C. Campbell; first year, R. W. Leader, G. A. Gordon, G. D. Stanley, J. A. McCollum. Representatives from the Medical Society, J. C. Lindsay and F. D. Turnbull.

J. D. Webster, B.A., presided. The toast list was as follows: the loyal toast honored, the toast of Canada was proposed by A. A. Knox in a spirited and patriotic speech. Mr. George H. Bertram, M.P., responded. Mr. H. E. Clutterback proposed the toast of the University of Toronto, to which Hon. Edward Blake responded. During Mr. Blake's speech, Lord Aberdeen arrived and was greeted with loud cheers and the singing of the anthem. At the conclusion of the speech, Dr. J. E. Graham proposed the health of the Governor-General, and a hearty response was given. Lord Aberdeen replied in happy terms.

Dr. Reeve, Dean of the medical faculty, responded to a reference to the scheme of the Victorian Order of Nurses. Other toasts were as follows: "The Professions," proposed by Mr. Basil Harvey, responded to by Bishop Sullivan, Mr. John King, Q.C., and Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P.; "Sister Institutions," proposed by Mr. H. I. Hewish, responded to by the representatives of other medical colleges; "Hospitals," proposed by Mr. J. R. Stanley, responded to by Dr. O'Reilly and Dr. Dwyer; "Alumni," proposed by Mr. L. W. Lennox, responded to by Dr. Kitchen, of St. George; "Athletics," proposed by Mr. Alex. J. Mackenzie, responded to by Mr. Ralph Hooper and Mr. W. W. Martin, University gymnasium; "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. W. R. Leader, responded to by Mr. F. J. Anderson; and "Freshmen," proposed by Mr. George Ramsay and seconded by Mr. J. E. Rutherford.

A sad thing happened at the first course. Johnny Chisholm, in endeavoring to swallow a shell, became quite hoysterical, and Jimmy Couche had to perform takemehomeotomy.

During the next course Connolly Corcoran and Kelly began playing poker with the Saratoga chips. A waiter asked Dean if he would like some *Hors D'oeuvres*, and he replied, "I never tasted horse, but I guess if the rest eat it, I will."

A broad smile diffused over Herby Hewish's face when he got his sweetbreads, and Joe Lennox ate case and all.

Deacon quailed when the game course came on and almost turned white. Later on David B. was found snoring from the effects of the lemonade, while the two Macs, Vic and Doodle, where the quietest and best behaved boys there.

During the evening McLaw and David B. distributed tracts with texts from King Solomon on them. Stubbs Smith says "Look not on the wine when it is red," so he began at gin.

The delegates from Trinity, Bishop's, McGill, Western, Queen's and the other universities and colleges were a lot of fine fellows.

All enjoyed themselves, for they were all welcome to do so. The committee put no restraint on the students. Much praise is due the president, Mr. J. D. Webster, for the success of the banquet.

Altogether there was a jolly good time, and in the wee sma' hours everyone went home full of pleasant sensations not soon to be forgotten.

Archie Woods came in pretty late, but he at once resolved to lose no time, and he, therefore, beat them all out.

J. D. Chisholm was the quietest man of the second year, while Martindale didn't take anything but water.

It is said that Messrs. McNicol and Crawford swallowed two pounds of calcium chloride before the dinner.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE DINNER.

Held in Temple Building, Friday Evening—One of the Events of the Year.

The ninth annual dinner of the faculty and students of the School of Practical Science was held in the new hall of the Temple Building, Friday evening. There was a large attendance of the students, nearly every member of the school being present. A number of distinguished gentlemen were present as invited guests, and the faculty and members of the other colleges in the city and out were represented.

The dinner, take it all together, was an enjoyable affair, and coming as it does after most of the hard work of the term is over is the more appreciated by the students. After the material part of the evening's programme had been finished, Chairman H. S. Carpenter started the flow of oratory by proposing the health of the Queen Mr. A. M. McMillan, a special student of mining, and a recent graduate of the school, in proposing the toast to Canada, referred in glowing terms to the great mineral wealth of the Dominion, from Ontario to the Klondyke. The reply was made by Mr. J. W. Curry and Prof. Coleman.

"The Local Legislature" was toasted by Mr. J. A. Stuart, who referred to the special interest taken in the development of this country by the Department of Education and Crown Lands.

Hon. G. W. Ross was given a hearty reception as he rose to reply. The school filled an important place in the Province of Ontario, although it had begun under humble auspices. It had gained ground steadily until now the attendance was the largest of any school of the kind in Canada. New departments had been added, and the practical equipment had been improved until it was second to none on the continent. Much credit was due to Principal Galbraith and his efficient staff.

Mr. Alfred T. DeLury, dean of the University College Residence, was heartily applauded for his response to the toast to Toronto University.

Other toasts were: "The Faculty," by Principal Galbraith and Dr. Ellis; "Sister Institutes" by the under-graduates representatives present; "The Engineering Profession," by Messrs. Rankin and Sankey; "The Ladies," by Mr. J. A. Duff; and "The Graduates and Graduating Class," by Messrs. J. Watson Bain and F. Perry; "Athletics," by Messrs. McIntyre, Boyd, and Korman; and "The Freshmen," by Messrs. Neeland and Gregory.

The representatives from other colleges were: University College, Jack Hobbs; Toronto Medical Faculty, W. D. Ferris; Dental College R. M. Berry; McGill University, T. McLean; Osgoode Hall, J. Montgomery.

The dinner was a decided success, and everyone had a pleasant time.

The men who did all the work were: Chairman, H. L. Carpenter; vice-chairman, Alex. T. Gray; secretary, A. G. Piper; treasurer, A. H. Smith; A. H. McMillan, W. F. Grant, G. A. Clothier, H. A. Dixon, M. B. Weeks, E. V. Neelands, and F. W. Thorold.

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"Ye Haunted Inn."

It was at the annual college dinner that Fenton, an old graduate and a leading journalist, told the following story. It is scarcely possible to interpret his manner in the recital of the story further than to mention that much of his old-time spirit flashed through his phrases, and that the reminiscence was from a period in his early life as a newspaper man when he had all his zest for adventure and relish for "scoops."

"Soon after I had graduated," began Fenton, "I became connected with a London literary paper. It was near Christmas time, and I was to write a story for the Christmas supplement. At the same time I received an offer from an uncle to spend a couple of weeks at his house in the country. The change I thought would do me good, and I could work up my story in the meantime. I packed my portmanteau and started at once. Part of the way I went by rail, part I tramped.

"It was already dark when I came upon the village, a few miles from the hall, with its low rambling houses, its corn-mill and market gardens. The north-west wind was keen, and the roofs and chimney-stacks of the old houses were whitened by an early snowfall. The inn stood isolated from the rest of the village. One could not tell at a glance the number of storeys in the old building, with so little regard to proportion were the windows distributed. This seemed uncanny to my calculating eye. The ivy vines, which hung brown and sere from gables to basement, might have obscured some of them, however. The antiquated appearance of the old structure with its projecting angles, and the droll shape of the windows with their small latticed panes appealed strongly to my sense of the romantic. An oil lamp was burning in the courtyard, and another one of larger proportions hung above the creaking sign. When I saw the quaint old English name on the sign-board I remembered the story my uncle had once told me about an old inn somewhere in the country near him. This was the very place. A hospitable light twinkled through the grated windows.

"As the road to Ludlow Hall was a long one, a keen desire to see more of the old place overcame me. Perhaps I could get the old landlord himself to recount the story. I resolved to go no farther that night, and so turned in.

"I well remember the low-ceilinged hall festooned with holly, and the logs blazing in the old-fashioned fire-place, the oaken staircase which led up into impenetrable darkness, the massive old clock, and the shadows from the fire leaping upon the opposite wall. I thought the supper exceptionally good that night, and was waited on by the landlord's daughter, who tripped lightly back and forth, and who had a saucy little face and piquant manners that were quite attractive. After the meal was over I strolled out in the kitchen, with its tiled floor and old-fashioned settles, where the landlord was brewing a bowl of punch over the fire.

"Mine host of the hostelry was a bland individual who showed a willingness to share the punch-bowl with me. I resolved to 'draw him out' but did not at first find him very tractable. Beyond allowing me the information that the house was very old, that few extensions had been made within the last century, and the bell in the old clock-tower did not toll any more, he evinced a marked disinclination to impart the secrets of the old place, which he thought might discredit his worthy house.

"However, before the evening was over I succeeded in drawing from him the story that I wanted. I don't know whether it was due to the mellowing influence of the punch-bowl or to the knowledge that being a stranger in those parts, and having come from London, I could do the reputation of the inn no harm. The hostler with a bullet-head and beery eyes had come in where the logs were roaring.

"Its main cold-to-night, maisters," he croaked, "and the wind is raising."

"Just such another night," began the landlord, "as one nigh twenty years ago when old Squire Blackburn was done to death." I lit my briar pipe and settled myself to listen. It was evidently a fascinating subject to the landlord. He told the story in his own peculiar way and with many local references which to you would seem irrelevant. It ran something like this:

"About a score or more years before old Squire Blackburn lived at Wildwood Hall. He was a kindly old gentleman, or as the landlord put it 'the maister o' Wildwood Hall was a deal clever and could ride after the hounds better than any laird' the county. He was a widower and childless. He had a brother, a blackleg, who had been disowned and driven out long years ago by his father. One day the squire was taken ill and was confined to the house for some time. During the old man's illness a reconciliation between himself and his brother took place. His brother, George Blackburn, brought two strange doctors from London, and shortly afterward the report was circulated that the old squire had lost his reason and had been placed in a private asylum. The new master at the Hall was in no way like the old Squire, George Blackburn, so dark and suspicious of everyone, was little seen by the countryside. Time went on, no more was heard of the old squire. It was Christmas time. The frost was keen and the weather bitterly cold. The landlord had bolted the door one night, and fastened the windows, and was creeping off to bed, when he heard a faint knocking

at the courtyard door. Thinking it might be some belated guest he unbolted the door. A figure was standing on the threshold. The landlord drew him into the hall and then his breath went—it was the old squire. His face was white and set and his limbs tottered under him. He had apparently come a great distance. He was greatly changed and spoke in an unearthly voice imploring the landlord to keep him; to hide him over night. There was a hunted look in his eyes and the landlord thought that his great suffering had made him daft for the time, if he had not lost his reason before. Every gust of wind that shook the great doors made him crouch and shiver. The landlord did not question him, but mixed him a hot drink. Weak and exhausted, he carried him upstairs to his room. That night a wild scream rang out from the room above, half stifled and enduring no longer than a breath. It was the cry of a man in mortal agony. The squire was found lifeless on the bed. There were signs of a struggle about the bed-clothes and finger marks on his throat. The murderer must have entered through the trap door in the roof as the windows were barred on the inside. The machinery of the law was very slow in acting and nothing was ever proven. George Blackburn was killed about a year after by a gambler, in London. All this was long ago, but the landlord averred that every year about this time, on nights when the wind blew across the moorlands from the north west, at dead of night he had often heard the same cry.

"When the landlord finished he took a long draught from the steaming bowl. I relit my pipe. Here was just what I wanted—the material for a neat little fiction. I would write it up for the Journal. It was a good story, dramatic and would work up well. I little thought there would be in it also an element of personal interest. Although I had an imagination I was materialist above all things, but I at once thought that if I could sleep in the haunted chamber the impressions received from the surroundings would act as a kind of stimulus to my imagination and the weirdness of the thing would be more vivid in my mind.

"When I notified the landlord that I wished to retire and preferred the above mentioned room he looked at me in surprise and alarm. The hostler chuckled and rubbed his horny hands together. Nevertheless a lamp was lighted and the landlord led the way. The old staircase creaked in a delightfully fantastic way and the clock slowly tolling the hour sounded like a knell. I laughed and hummed to myself.

"At twelve, 'tis the midnight hour,
The ghost glides down the corridor."

"After traversing the corridor mine host drew a key from his pocket and unlocked a door. I entered the room. A musty smell at once struck into my nostrils and I felt a cold draught of air. A dampness seemed to cling to everything. A fire was soon lighted in the grate and the landlord after wishing me 'enchanted dreams,' left me for the night.

"The room was a large one and evidently on an angle of the house; one window facing the highway, the other overlooking the courtyard. The ceiling was discolored and the plaster had fallen off in several places. Two large pines standing in vases on the mantelpiece above the fire, waved in a distinctly funeral fashion. The floor creaked ominously as I strode across to the grated window. The lamp was burning dimly in the courtyard below. The dark chimney stacks of the houses stood out in bold relief against the white background. The effect was ghostly. I would have liked to have emerged from my room to wander down the voiceless and explore all the hidden recesses of the old inn. I tapped the flooring and the oaken woodwork, half expecting to find a secret panel. After I had thoroughly inspected the room I went to bed. The fire burned on in the grate and the shadows danced on the floor. The dead limbs of the trees rasped across the window. What a jolly Christmas story I could write about 'Ye Haunted Inn.' This would be a good title I thought. But I don't know how it happened, that musty odor seemed to grow in the room till it was really noisome. As the fire slackened the shadows crept over the corners. But for all my incredulity and stubborn resolve not to feel uneasy, there came that redoubtable creepy sensation, which accompanies all nocturnal romances connected with the spirit world. This seemed absurd, and I tried to laugh it off and to go to sleep. I partially succeeded, but as I was just dozing off I imagined I could see the face of the old squire like a white blot on the darkness above the mantel-piece; the face set and the features pinched and pale. I started up and then felt ashamed that my nerves were so unsettled. The foul odor of the room was however rapidly tainting the air of romance. A dampness seemed to strike my face. Drafts of air waved the sad colored curtains till they swung out far into the room. Gradually I lost consciousness and dropped into an uneasy slumber. How long I had been sleeping I do not know, when I suddenly found myself awake, in a profuse perspiration, with my heart thumping away as if I had been exercising violently. I had the impression that something was about to happen. I had a vivid recollection of being awakened by a strange noise like that of a heavy body falling in the room above. A nameless fear took hold of me. I cast my eyes to the ceiling and the next moment my heart stood still—drops of blood were oozing through where the plaster had fallen off. They dripped on the floor beside me. They fell on the counterpane.



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And a "thousand and one things" that cannot be named in this space.

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My hair stood on end. I was transfixed with helplessness. Then I thought I heard a heavy footfall above and the next instant a pistol shot rang out. This brought me to my senses,—how deliberate the murderer was; he was making sure work of his victim. I sprang through the door and quickly traversed the unlighted passage and stumbled down the staircase. In the lower hall a door opened and the landlord confronted me. I was pale to the lips, and he looked at me as though I were a somnambulist. When I told what I had heard he woke the hostler. The three of us ascended the stairs. The landlord and the hostler were armed, so I followed behind. When we had crept noiselessly up the dark and narrow attic stairs, the door was unlocked, and as it fell back on its creaking hinges a cold gust of wind swept into the hall and nearly extinguished the lamp. The next moment I heard an inarticulate cry of horror from the landlord, and looking in saw the trap-door had become unloosened; even as I looked it was lifted for a moment by a fresh blast of wind and then fell again with a heavy thud. The frosty temperature had caused several of his best bottles, kept there for the hunting season, to shoot their corks and the floor was tinged with rich wine 'more exquisite than at feasts of the pontiffs.'

"This was my first 'scoop.'"
P. R. JOHNSON, '00, Victoria University.

A POSTER TRAGEDY.

A purple monument of bright blue bliss
Was mine, oh, green-haired maid,
When from your lips a yellow kiss
I sipped in the dark-red shade.

The ecrú moon hung on a tree;
We sat by a vertical brook;
You were a-laughing in olive-pink glee
And reading the edge of a book.

And I was singing a lavender song,
Speckled and mingled with blue;
But stopped for a moment, perhaps not too long,
And I kissed you. I took perhaps two.

By the red hills topped with golden snow,
By the trees tearing holes in the sky,
I swore the red world I would overthrow
For your love, or lie down and die.

But away from my vowing I was rudely snatched
And thrust far from you;
The color I wore with the landscape matched,
And that would, alas, never do.

And now among the blue lilies afloat,
On a sea of brown and red,
I sit on the edge of an olive-green boat
And hold my pea-green head.

—London Figaro.

A MAN'S FACE

Is the index to his character. Is the profession for which you are studying in keeping with your character? I have studied Physiognomy for 30 years, and can read your character from your face.

GEO. THOMPSON

Room 12, S. W. cor. College and Spadina

CAPUT APRI DEFERO.

Fine Old Custom, of Ancient Derivation,
Which Still Obtains at the University
of Oxford.

Christmas will see "high jinks" at Queen's College, old Oxford. Shortly after noon the dinner will be served in the great hall, which will, as nearly as possible, be a counterpart of the dinners that have been served at the same time and in the same place from time immemorial. The function has been described a score of times, but not too often to be described again.

The first dish brought to the table is a boar's head. It may be either boiled or roasted, but in any case it is decked with laurel and a lemon holds the jaws apart. Thus ornamented it is carried in solemn procession from the kitchen to the table, the procession being led by one of the officers of the college, who sings as he marches along the hall with stately step this song:—

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, master, merry be
Quotquot estis in convivio.
Chorus (in which all join):—
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish of the land;
Being thus decked with gay garland,
Let us serve auctico.
Chorus:—Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes domino.

Our steward has provided this
In honor of the King of Blas,
Which on this day to be served is
In regimensi atrio.
Chorus:—Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes domino.

The custom of the boar's head is by no means confined to Oxford. In the northern and western counties of England it is still religiously observed by conservative squires.

THE OLD REPORTER.

SOME OF THE STOCK PHRASES
USED BY HIM IN HIS TIME.Now He Has Passed Away But His Fund
of Phrases Still Remain—Those Were
Great Days in Which He Flourished
and He Made Good Use of His Oppor-
tunities—Little Labor Involved.

It is curious that the majority of people outside of newspaper offices know so little of how their favorite journal is run. The public have an insatiable curiosity to find out how this thing is made and how that thing is put together; they will study long and earnestly on complex problems of electricity and what makes this thing go and that revolve; but they never think of delving into such an esoteric and mysterious subject as "news-paperology."

Newspaper lore is beyond their comprehension as far as technicalities are concerned. In a general way there is not a man from the millionaire to the chief of the Cannibal islands but what imagines he can run a newspaper better than the editor. But they never essay the trial, and thus the public is spared seas of misery, and the newspaper man sweats on uncompilingly for the good of humanity.

Some people who are outside the newspaper offices do not know how much better the new reporter writes than the old reporter did. The old reporter was a glorious creature with strong traditions about Bohemianism, and with almost as strong traditions of writing which found expression in a string of set phrases, convenient and suitable for any emergency and nicely adjusted to the demands of time and space.

The old reporter's strong point was a fire. He always slung himself on a fire. If it was a small fire he generally started in something like this: "At 6.30 last evening flames were seen issuing from So-and-So's house, and Officer This and That, of such and such a station, turned in a still alarm." But if it was a big fire: "Lurid flames licked the grand structure" (you will observe that the old reporter's big fires never engaged with any form of house other than a "vast structure," a "palatial residence," or a "massive edifice.") "athwart the sky tongues of flames shot out." "the hoarse cries of the firemen were heard mingling with the crash of falling timbers," and "the fire laddies worked like Trojans." Why "fire laddies," those men who were bald-headed and had gray whiskers, and why "like Trojans," when everybody knows that the Greeks did as much and said more than the men behind the walls, only the old reporter could say.

If the old reporter could not get a fire, he liked best to reproduce a murder in such shape that all the readers of the paper would go to work with chills running down their backs. It was his custom to assure the readers that the details were "harrowing" in the extreme, and that the murder was the "most fiendish" in police annals, leading all to believe that the "police annals" were kept in great cloth-bound books like the report of the health department. "Clotted blood" was always mentioned and also the smoking revolver, although it is questionable whether revolvers smoke or have similar vices. And it was always an English bull-dog of 38 calibre. Then the old reporter would go coolly into the details of the crime, which he would explain by the use of a diagram—he was always addicted to diagrams. Diagrams was the strong point. This was before the day of the newspaper artist with his fatal habit of affixing hair to the face of the man whom the reporter has painfully described as smooth-shaven. The old reporter with his diagram was actually the first of the newspaper illustrators.

Suicides had a relish for him, giving him an opportunity to use the fetching "rash act" and to print the last letter of the suicide "couched in these terms"—always "couched." Scenes of privation were valuable at times, for then he could revel in "cheerless attics," although he knew full well that poor people live in basements instead of attics. "Wine flowed like water" at banquets and the table groaned beneath all the delicacies of the season. At weddings the "happy couple paraded the church aisle, the "blushing bride" upon the arm of the "happy groom," the "glad notes of Mendelssohn's wedding march pealed from the immense organ," and the "presents were both numerous and costly." A funeral excited satisfaction in his rugged bosom, and he was grave as a mute in description of "sorrowing relatives and friends who took a parting look at the face of the deceased." A "few appropriate words" were said by the clergyman, and after a touching rendition of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" by "the accomplished Miss Mezzo Soprano," an "immense cortege followed the remains to their last resting place." In the line of social festivities a birth gave him opportunity for jocose chronicling of the fact that: "Mr. John Jones, the popular politician, was presented with a bouncing boy by his wife yesterday. Mother and child doing well." He turned readily from mirth to grief, and having done justice to Jones' heir he could spread horror in the community by vivid reproduction of a railroad accident in which the "hissing steam mingled with the piercing screams of the imprisoned unfortunates." The burning of the cars was a "dread holocaust," and the ensuing burial of the dead

was referred to as the "last sad rites," in which "all that was mortal" of the victims "was returned to mother earth."

It was an old-fashioned, unaffected style. Its use accounts for the long life of the old reporter. He never worked his brain in devising new ways of saying old things.

Beef-steak Balm.

H. Dunlop Jarvis and Henry Munson were seniors in the early eighties. They had always despised each other with that loathing born of caste distinctions and emphasized by college politics. They had never been on the same side in anything. They had never spoken twenty half civil words to one another.

"No reason for it?" Munson had burst out when his room-mate laughed at him for refusing to represent his class—with Jarvis—in the final debate against the "Juniors." "No reason for it? I've the best of reasons. Why, blame it man, I don't see how you or any one else can stand his d—d 'sarcastic' supercilious ways. He's a thorough-going prig. He may be clever and he may not be a bad football man—but for all that he's a conceited puppy. Notice how he carries his head—you'd think he were in a sort of rarified upper air, and he's a choice walking fashion-plate, too—now, don't go off with the delusion that I despise the beggar for what he said when I wouldn't wear a dress-suit that time—that would have been cause enough—but, all personalities aside, we're opposed to one another by nature. Education only makes us feel our differences more keenly. It ought to make us hate each other more. You see, yourself—"

"Oh come, old chap," interrupted the other, "you know education oughtn't to do any such thing."

"Well it does, then, you see that yourself," continued Munson hotly. "He's an aristocrat and I'm a democrat—up to the hilt, too. I intend my whole life to be levelled at what he represents, and I don't see the use of holding off while I'm in college!"

"Go to bed, Henry, go to bed!" exhorted his unsympathetic hearer.

Jarvis rarely spoke of his pet aversion, but his dislike of Munson was none the less intense. "He's such an unlikened cub," he used to say. "He's the genuine Philistine—will be the perfect specimen of demagogue when he's properly developed. Do you remember how he said that our culture is a euphemism for educated snobbery—drawing it out in his very best style—and went on to remark that classics give the order its badge and 'shibboleth.' To him a man like Jowett is a sort of flunkey to the nobility. He thinks mathematics and physics offer the only broad and liberal education. They give one such a grasp of the gentle side of life—no needless literary decoration about them! Good heavens! I don't see what a man like that squanders his time in Varsity for. He ought to be out digging drains and making fences!"

Their attitude towards one another was well known in college. Therefore it was somewhat amazing when Jarvis came down the east corridor one morning with a St. Andrew's cross of sticking-plaster on his cheek, and meeting Munson—who had an eye like a well-used palette for brilliancy and diversity of coloring—gave him the sort of smile which is generally supposed to be confined to old friends who have not had the dullest of times the night before. Neither of them would explain the marvel. "Ask Munson," said Jarvis. "Can't tell you—girl in it" was all that could be got out of the former.

The truth was that they had been together the night before and they had not had the dullest of times. But it was none of their willing. About a quarter to eleven they were on the same Yonge street car. Jarvis was with a college girl, Miss Fanning, and the only vacant seat in the car was beside him; for this reason Munson was standing on the platform. As the latter and Miss Fanning lived on the same street, the three of them got off at the same corner, and Munson waited till the other two had walked on some half a block; he knew that Miss Fanning lived somewhere on the street and he did not want to pass them while they were saying good-night—his pride kept him from risking the imputation of spying. They had not gone two blocks eastward when something made him walk faster. A group of three whose posture and raiment stamped as of the genus "tough," stood lounging by the sidewalk. As Jarvis passed one of them seemed to have made some remark, for he halted a moment, Miss Fanning's voice was raised in a tone of frightened remonstrance. They walked a few paces further. A hoarse laugh went up from the group and some epithet was flung after them. Then Jarvis stopped short disengaged his arm from the girl's terrified clasp, and charged back upon them. Before Munson had thoroughly grasped the situation, Jarvis' hard white fist had gone home and one of the three hoodlums was staggering away, swearing horribly and spitting out blood. Munson flew over the few rods which divided them, jerking off his gloves. As he came up Jarvis had just ducked and avoided a vicious swing at his face. "Oh, I don't think so!" he murmured cool but gasping, and sent the second spinning with a smash under the ear. The third sprang upon him from behind, but Munson put two large red hands under his chin and he came away to save himself a broken neck. There followed some three or four minutes very full of fighting, and then the hater of aristocrats found himself

giving chase to a hatless member of the proletariat who finally disappeared up a back lane. When he returned to Jarvis the latter was holding another of them by the collar. The remaining warrior had taken his jaw in his hands and was groaning and whimpering forth profanity.

"This is the animal!" said Jarvis, wiping the blood from his cheek; "I fancy you'll hesitate before you remark on ladies with escorts again—you contemptible beast!" He shook him savagely.

"Perhaps he'd like to apologize," remarked Munson eyeing him interestedly.

"That's what he's going to do," said Jarvis. Miss Fanning was still standing where he had left her, looking very white; but she had said nothing. Munson took the wretch's other arm and they moved towards her like two policemen with a far-gone drunk. They flopped him down at her feet.

"Oh, let him go," she entreated nervously, drawing her skirts about her and retreating from the abject creature. "I don't want his apologies. I know he'll not do it again."

Jarvis' jaw only grew more dangerous, and his nostrils drew ominously together. "Quick now—out with it you brute! Say you're sorry!" The fellow tried to rise, but was slammed down again. "I've a mind to make you lick her boots. Apologize or I'll thrash the life out of you!"

Munson was contemplating the spectacle with his hands in his pockets. "You needn't be shy about speaking now," he drawled; "you've had your knock-down."

The tough mumbled something and Jarvis let him loose with a gesture of disgust. He shambled off mouthing curses and threats increasingly audible. The three hastened to get away from him, but stopped under the first electric light. Jarvis took his handkerchief from a nasty cut on his cheek-bone. Munson's eyebrow was a dark red and drooped over an optic exceedingly luminous. "It's a good thing they don't charge extra for decorations," he said. "If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go home and doctor up."

"Can't I do something?" burst forth Miss Fanning. "I'm so grateful to you—I don't know how to express it. Our house is only a few doors from here. It won't be the least bit of bother for me to get you some liniment. Do let me!"

Munson laughed: "I'm sure it's awfully good of you to suggest it, but I couldn't let you—besides," he added sadly, "beefsteak's about the only balm that will avail in my case, and you probably don't make a practice of offering such forms of hospitality—at this hour anyway—good-night."

He was turning to go, but she appealed to Jarvis. "You make him come. He mustn't go away like that—I'd feel too mean for anything after the way he came to the rescue. There's sure to be beefsteak in the house, and all the stores are closed by now. You know he couldn't get it in his boarding-house. His eye will be dreadfully painful by morning—I know I could fix it up if he'd let me." Jarvis hastened after Munson, and hooking his arm through his, turned him back. "Better let her, old man. She wants to repay you—and indeed it's the best thing to do. You deserve good treatment after the fight you put up. I feel decidedly obliged to you—I want a chance to talk it over with you and thank you." Munson flushed, and came back.

An inherent reverence for convention and the proprieties keeps me from telling how Miss Fanning set forth a whole tray-full of bandages and sticking-plaster, and beefsteak stealthily obtained from the kitchen, and how she applied the remedies with her own fair and gentle fingers, while all three were shaking convulsively at the ludicrousness of the situation. Her mother heard their subdued hilarity with amazement and other emotions, for it was now almost midnight.

Munson began to thank her all over again with his hand on the door-knob. "You were rather hard to mend" she admitted, looking askance at the handkerchief tied across his eye "but I've brothers of my own!" They choked down their laughter for the hundredth time and went forth into the quiet night. It was about half-past one when Jarvis and Munson parted. They had sat on Munson's door-step and talked; but somebody opened a window after a time and they concluded to finish the chat on the corner. The policeman thought they had better move on. Then they had walked eleven times around the block. What they said really doesn't signify.

ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE.

Notice

When you go away on your Christmas Holidays, take a box of Ford's fine Chocolates and Bon Bons with you for the little ones at home and make them all happy and the old folks glad.

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CASH STATIONERS

ALL THE NEWS OF ALL THE COLLEGES!

McMASTER HALL.

The regular meeting of the Tennysonian Society was held Friday evening. There was an interesting programme presented. Mr. Cornish gave an oration on "Education," which showed evidence of careful thought and preparation. A flowery and eloquent oration on "Sword and Battle Field" was delivered by Mr. Gazley. The musical portion of the programme consisted of a piano duet by Messrs. ("Nip and Tuck") Newman and Watson and a guitar solo by Mr. Phipps.

The class of '99 held a rally at the residence of Chancellor Wallace on Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance of the juniors, and everyone had a good time. Mr. D. Bovington, the class president, made an address, which was responded to by Mr. Park, Theology, on behalf of the other classes. This was followed by a guitar solo by Mr. Phipps and an oration by "Rev." John Hawkins.

At the meeting of the Theological Society held Thursday evening the members had the pleasure of listening to a humorous and interesting address by Rev. Dr. Cliff, recently of Bristol, Eng. He told several things about the theological schools in England which were of considerable interest to his hearers. Chancellor Wallace also spoke briefly. The College Quartette rendered a few selections.

Mr. A. N. McKechnie, B.A., has returned from his home at Paisley, where he was called last week by the death of his sister. He has the sympathy of all the students.

Oysters were the chief articles discussed at the annual football supper Tuesday evening. The boys all had a jolly good time.

'01 held a rally at the home of Prof. A. N. Newman on Thursday, Dec. 2nd. It was strictly an informal time, and the freshmen were out in force.

"If to her share some female errors fall, Look to her face and you'll forget them all." It is supposed that when Pope wrote the above lines he had reference to the Ladies' Literary League. At any rate it is applicable. If you don't believe it, come to their literary evening next Friday and be convinced. An attractive programme has been arranged, and here it is: "Orphée aux Enfers," Miss N. D. Cohoon, '00, and Miss D. E. McLay, '00; "Evangeline," Miss O. Clemens, '01; vocal solo, Miss Pugsley; recitation, Miss M. Wallace; "The Princess," Miss B. E. Gile, '00; instrumental solo, Miss H. Eckhart; "Lady Macbeth," Miss E. N. Newman, '99; "Pippa," Miss M. A. Bailey, '98; serenade, Mouton Glee Club; "Griselde," Miss E. R. Whiteside, '98; "The Maple Leaf."

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

A very pleasant incident took place at the Mock Parliament last Tuesday night, when Mr. G. W. Howland, B.A., on behalf of the students, presented Mr. W. E. Taylor, the winner in the tennis tournament, with a silver-headed cane. Mr. Taylor replied in a very suitable manner.

The Monthly Prayer Circle met in the chapel last Saturday evening. There was a good attendance, and an appropriate address was delivered by Hon. S. H. Blake.

Mr. John Ritchie, of Century Class, has the deep sympathy of the Wycliffe students. On Tuesday last he received a telegram from his home in Halifax, bearing the sad news of the sudden death of his brother.

The Mock Parliament caused more than usual interest this year, owing to the uncertainty as to the ultimate fate of the Government, for the Independents, under the astute leadership of the member from Gorrie Bay, held the balance of power. No stone was left unturned by all parties to secure a favorable verdict. Poetic aspirants for fame were invited to compete for the vacant position of Poet Laureate, and many amusing effusions were the result. Artists of great ability depicted the hilarity of the Independents, the despairing position of the Premier (?), the efforts of the stump orator from Bantry Bay to draw adherents to the Government. The principal planks in the Government platform were preferential trade, two-cent postal rate, a railway to the Klondyke, and the establishment of an Hibernian regiment.

Tuesday evening the forces marshalled to do battle. Prof. Cody occupied the Speaker's chair. The Independents, late as usual, were received with Opposition cheers and Government groans. Mr. Harlam moved, and Mr. Kinder seconded the address, the former earnestly warning the House, "Beware of the Independents." They duly made him repent of his rashness. The opposing leaders, in most logical style, argued their respective positions, while the rank and file showed political ability of no mean order. The member for The Elbow worthily presented the Independent platform, nobly sustained by his colleagues. The logical refutation of the right of women to the franchise, by the member from Boston, will not soon be forgotten. The Government was defeated on

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a division, and the House adjourned *sine die*.

The question of the advisability of holding the annual public dinner this year caused a warm discussion at a special meeting of the Literary Society Friday afternoon. Messrs. W. E. Docker, J. E. Hand, and C. W. Holdsworth were appointed a committee to look into the matter and report at the next meeting of this society.

The proposal to establish a regular mission station at Gore's Landing is under consideration.

The Literary Society has accepted with regret the resignation of its energetic secretary, Mr. C. B. Bourne.

TRINITY TOPICS.

The Christmas examinations are responsible for the small number of events during the past week. The end of the week will, however, find them over. Term closes December 18th.

Mr. K. McEwen, '98, has come from his home in Detroit to write off his Christmas exams. Everyone, needless to say, is glad to welcome him back.

Mr. R. A. Carman, '00, has recovered from a temporary illness in time for exams. Rev. Professor Cody, of Wycliffe College, was a guest at the high table on Tuesday last.

The "Conversat," that function looked forward to with eagerness by so many of Toronto's society people, may be dispensed with this year. It will be a cause of universal regret that circumstances render this change necessary. The question will be fully discussed at the first meeting of the "Lit" next term.

No small additional interest was lent to the chapel service on Sunday last by the presence of the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen.

Mr. D. A. Madill, B.A., represented Trinity at School of Science Dinner and Mr. A. E. Johnston, B.A., at the Dentals.

Owing to exams no meeting of the Literary Institute was held on Friday night.

OSGOODE BRIEFS.

The Christmas exams will begin next Thursday and will last until Saturday, the 18th. They are confined to three subjects in the second and third years.

The annual meeting of the Rugby Club was one of the most enthusiastic ever held. The various offices were keenly contested.

His Honor Judge Morson is one of the most popular and enthusiastic supporters of the black and white in sports. He was elected hon. president of the Rugby Club last week.

The Literary Society "At Home" will be the principal topic in the "Lit" after Christmas. It will be held about the middle of February.

An effort will be made to get Captain "Jack" Counsell of the Tigers to play with the Hall next year, as he will be here at lectures.

Edmund S. Senkler, B.A., Trinity '97, centre half of Brockville, will be on Osgoode's back division next year. He comes to lectures next September.

\$80 fees was what the third year men here had to remove from their pockets last week for the privilege of answering third year Christmas papers.

A Bar dinner will be held in January.

Manager Church and Captain Kingston represented Osgoode Hall at the O.R.F.U. annual meeting.

Osgoode will place a good "seven" on the ice this winter. Freddie MacLennan is one of the black and white's reliables this year, and he will be assisted by Jack McMurrich, Reg Temple, Walter Henry, Graham, Burbridge and others.

Fred Tiffin, '95, 2nd vice-president of the O.H.A. is now practising at Windsor.

Fred MacLennan is one of the most popular men at the school. He wandered into the O.H.A. meeting as a delegate from Cornwall, and against his wishes was put up on the spur of the moment for the executive. He polled 31 votes, two votes from the head of the poll.

"Ernie" Bucke, '97, of Sarnia, will be missed next year. He graduates in May and will practise at Sarnia.

"Georgie" Moncrieff and Jim Noble of Petrolia are two more members of the class of '97. They are two more enthusiastic supporters of Osgoode who graduate next May.

D'Arcy Martin, M.A. of '98, is to be married in Chicago to-morrow. Congratulations are now in order.

"Hal" McGiverin, of Ottawa, who organized our Champion Rugby team of 1892-3 is getting on well in his profession at Ottawa. He is a member of Macraiken, Henderson and McGiverin, and last season captured the Ottawa city team. "Hal" still takes an interest in the boys at the Hall. Everyone is pleased to see him doing so well. He has ability and a great capacity for work.

A medal of \$25 has been donated by Principal Hoyles for an extempore speaking contest in the "Lit."

President Church, of Osgoode Hall, is arranging with the Government for a three year extension lease of Osgoode's grounds; also for using the "drill shed site."

A. R. Symons, librarian of the student's library has "Bob" Towers and "Pat" Johnston cooped up daily at present reading text-books. The former was the foremost orator at a recent student meeting. The latter is still a politician.

TRINITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The regular meeting of the Medical Society was held on Tuesday night. On this occasion the society was favored with the presence of representatives from the House Staffs of all the city hospitals.

Mr. Manley Fallis read a very interesting paper illustrative of some of the early phases of life in Muskoka, and of the difficult positions in which a new comer finds himself placed. President Hogg contributed to the discussion on this subject.

Dr. Featon followed with an excellent paper on "Convulsions in Children." Messrs. McLean, Shadd and Massey took part in the discussion which followed.

Dr. F. A. Scott, of the General Hospital, read a paper on "Pernicious Anemia." This subject was discussed by Dr. McEachren and Dr. Clarke.

The musical part of the programme consisted of an instrumental solo by Mr. McMahon, and songs by our very excellent Glee Club, which made its first appearance.

Mr. James Hogg was elected to represent this college at the annual At-Home of Knox College, on the 10th inst. James nobly upheld the dignity of the institution at that function.

Has any one seen Georgie Fish since the Toronto Med's dinner? Information will be gladly received by the secretary of the C.I.C. C. of which George was a distinguished member.

Everyone is pleased to see W. H. Rennie around the college once more.

Dr. Grasset addressed the Y.M.C.A. at its last weekly meeting.

The representative to Bishop's must have drawn his pay, as he now appears in a tile of the latest fashionable shape.

Mr. "Colonel" Robertson has desisted from his arduous labors at the Parliament Building and will renew his studies with that zeal so characteristic of him.

The college closes for the Christmas vacation on the 16th, when the Class of '99 will enjoy a well earned rest from the discussion of the Third Year exam.

"SOME DAY WE'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN."

A Romance in the Life of a Business Man.

AN IDYL OF THE HILLS.

The Story of a Life-Long Love in the Berkshire Hills—An Old-Fashioned New England Town Reunion.

The great manufacturer sat in his office, and looking through the glazed doors saw the small army of clerks who labored with the clerical work of the vast industry which had grown up under his careful supervision. Above him, all around him, the hum of the whirring machinery told in magic music the tale of accruing wealth. Twelve stories above towered the vast building, filled with complicated machinery and busy workmen. The lumbering trucks bore the products of the great factory to the transportation companies, which carried them to all parts of the world. The clearing house was flooded every morning with checks and drafts in payment for these products.

But the proprietor in his office, surrounded by all the factors of wealth, was not thinking of his fortunes. He was a man nearly forty. The clear-cut countenance, the sharp, piercing eye, with an insight that puzzled the delinquent employee and beamed kindly at the same time for his interest, betokened the intellect which was concealed beneath the high forehead over which the clustering black locks, just tinged with iron-gray, fell in curly profusion. He sat and looked out beyond the office into a past fraught with memories, the secret of which was concealed in his own heart. In his hand lay a letter, and the great manufacturer almost fondled it as he interrupted his reverie long enough to re-read its contents.

It was written in a quaint script, unlike the masculine chirography of the present, and a faint odor of some indescribable but dainty perfume came from the crushed pages. It was a simple invitation, asking him to come back to a re-union of the friends in his boyhood home in the Green Mountains. The letter was written in a woman's hand, and even now after twenty years the sight of that script caused the blood to leap faster in the noble heart seared by the trials of business, and a color like the tan of his youthful days, spread over his face until the eyes gleamed out and a glistening tear stole down his cheeks.

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W. Larter, Prop.

The invitation with the expressed wish of his heart, "Some day we'll wander back again," caused the tears to gather in his eyes like the mists that hung over the valleys of his boyhood home. The sight of that long forgotten writing brought back all the fierce flame of love so long latent, but now lambent. "Of course, it couldn't be her handwriting, she had undoubtedly married twenty years ago when he had wandered away from the peaceful valley, a poor boy seeking to look up and over the mountains to the great fortune-teeming West. But the writing was strangely like a school girl's love letter which lay yellow in the desk beside him.

When fortune came he had written back to the merry-eyed girl who waved him farewell, but no answer came, and the merchant prince had lived alone with his love for his New England sweetheart, now but a lingering memory. But it was not a memory. Had she too received a similar invitation, and would she wander back again to the dear hills, or was she dead or buried in the life of the great world that swept on unrelentingly? The merchant was a prosaic man then and he was yet, but the thought seized him and as he sat in his lonely chair at the club that night, his thoughts went wool-gathering, and as he looked into the glowing embers the past came to him in pleasant visions.

He seemed to stand again on the dew-kissed sward, by the path that led from the foothills up to the old berry patch. Above, the tow heads of the school boys and the sunbonnets of the girls bobbed merrily in the vines, while he waited for the dark-eyed girl who reached out her hand to him in confidence. As they stood together they looked away across the valley which seemed so large to them then, although but a few miles intervened between them and the dark hole in the opposite cliff, through which the icy cold river burst in a gurgling stream.

And then the scene changed. The sound of sleigh bells beat on the frosty air, and a white mantle covered the old hills. The ride to the old spelling school along the highway was taken again in memory.

The hard deal benches, the great glowing stove, and the red frocked little girl who "spelled him down," all stood out clear in the glowing embers. Yes, he would go down to the re-union, and as he threw away his cigar and walked out of the club some of the younger men wondered what made old J. look so young that night.

When he arrived at the little village through which a great railroad dragged its screeching trains he got off a little uncertain, but recovered himself when the gray-haired stage driver said "hello John," in the most familiar manner, just as if he had not seen him last, twenty years ago. The old man told him all the changes in the little valley, as he drove him up the old familiar road to the great village hall where the re-union was being held. To his surprise the hall was built on the old berry patch. He entered the hall. It is needless to tell of the warm handshakes and the reminiscences, but something yet was lacking. At the noon hour the bankers, the business men, the comely matrons who "had wandered back again," picnicked on the green sward. In the confusion the Western manufacturer felt strangely out of place until a tall comely woman, still beautiful, came up to him and asked him if he would dine at her table. He turned, and there stood before him the black-eyed little girl grown to womanhood.

"Why, Alice," but the greetings can be imagined. A half an hour later as he sat by her side and heard the story of twenty years of the lives and deaths, the births and marriages of his boyhood companions he remembered that he had not yet asked her anything about herself. So happy had he been in her presence, so forgetful of the past, that he did not know that she had lived her lonely life in those green clad hills within the sound of the rushing river. So with the embarrassment of a fifteen-year old boy he asked:

"And you, are you—married yet, Alice?"

And the great liquid brown eyes turned up to him as they did once in girlish confidence, and the answer was,

"No, John, I have been waiting for you." D. A. C.

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KNOX "AT HOME."

The Function Friday Evening a Great Success—Number of Distinguished Guests Present.

It was a wise move that the Knox College students made when they decided to hold their annual social function during the fall instead of the spring term. This was made manifest by the jolly time enjoyed by those who had the good fortune to be present at the At-Home held Friday evening. In more respects than that of time was the affair an innovation, and the Knox men showed themselves to be the most generous of hosts, for their guests were entertained without money and without price. When it was decided some weeks ago by the Literary and Theological Society that an At-Home would be held in place of the usual "Conversat," a good many students wondered what the difference was between the two.

They learned Friday night. The difference is \$1.50. One pays that price to escort his best girl to a "Conversat," but at the same function, disguised under another name, it costs nothing. Perhaps this was the reason why there was such a large attendance, but it is more probable that the reputation of the Knox men for hospitality stood them in good stead on this occasion. At any rate every one present enjoyed his or herself. The interior of the picturesque old edifice was literally covered with gay bunting and festoons of many-colored flags, while amid the bright colors, the colors of Knox stood out prominently. The different rendezvous were daintily draped and afforded an excellent place to snatch an all-too-short interview with a pretty girl, freed from the moment from the watchful eyes of her chaperone. A tasteful little programme showed the guests the arrangements that had been made for their entertainment. It was as follows:

Chorus, Knox College Glee Club; song, Mr. W. J. Knox; duet, Miss Grant and Mr. Gorrie; solo, cornet, Bert Plant; song, Miss Lilli Kleiser; Scotch ballad, Mr. Alex. Gorrie; Descriptive Glee, Knox College Glee Club; song, Miss Janet Grant; duet, Miss Kleiser and Mr. Knox; song, Mr. Gorrie; male quartet, Messrs. Gorrie, Murray, Knox and Anderson, (a) The Faded Violet, (b) The Vow.

A series of stereopticon views were also given which embraced a number of interesting scenes. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the orchestra began to play and the promenade programme began to the inspiring strains of El Capitan.

The ladies, under whose patronage the affair was given, were Mesdames W. Mortimer Clark, J. K. Macdonald, Caven, MacLaren, Robinson, Ballantyne. These ladies received the seven hundred and fifty or eight hundred guests in the library as they arrived.

The officers of the Literary and Theological Society, upon whom devolved the labor of preparation, were: President, R. W. Dickie, B.A.; vice-presidents, A. G. Sinclair, B.A., J. C. Smith, B.A.; recording secretary, T. R. Robinson, B.A.; corresponding secretary, F. S. Winch, M.A.; treasurer, H. J. Prichard, B.A.; orator, Geo. Kendall; secretary of committees, J. W. Little, B.A.; councillors, A. W. Hare, A. H. McLeod, C. M. Barber.

LAW AS A PROFESSION.

The Lord Chief Justice of England Gives His Opinion.

In a recent issue of Youth's Companion the Lord Chief Justice of England, better known in this country as Sir Charles Russell, the great advocate discusses the subject of "The Bar as a Profession," giving his views as to preparation and as to the qualities essential to success. We give below an epitome of his paper.

Originally the bar was recruited from the aristocracy and well educated because of the prejudice against trade and because somewhat of the conceit of learning. The opportunities to wealth which trade now offers have somewhat removed this prejudice however, for the bar does not offer the same opportunities. It promises only distinctions and adequate means for those who bring to its pursuit the necessary qualities of mind and character. That talent which shows itself in smartness and facility of speech does not so surely as of old destine a youth for the bar. Glibness of speech is no guarantee of success in the practice of the law. Facility of speech is not capacity to speak. A man may have nothing to say and say it with grace and ease, but the Lord Chief Justice observes that he has never known any man who had something to say which was worth saying who, whatever his difficulties of utterance or natural poverty of language may have been, has not been able to say that something forcibly and well. "Clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction." In this connection it is interesting to observe that one who was considered, while at the bar, such a master of eloquence sets so little store by the quality in others. It is the unfit man who fails, he says. A man with suitable natural gifts, accompanied by industrious patience, he has never known, who did not in time have his opportunity at the Bar and his success.

The considerations which ought to determine the choice of the Bar as a profession, the Lord Chief Justice enumerates as follows: I. The love of the profession for its own sake, so that the aspirant may bear up during the necessary years of watching and waiting until his opportunity comes. Success, he says, is rarely and still more rarely safely,

reached at a bound. II. Physical health and energy, for the pursuit of the profession of the law involves long hours of close confinement, often under unhealthy conditions. He has known only two men of weak physique who achieved marked success, namely the late Sir George Mellish and the late Lord Cairns. III. Clear-headed common sense added to competent legal knowledge. This he places far above grace of imagination, humor, subtlety even commanding power of expression, although these have their due value. But this is essentially a business, a practical age. IV. The ability to wait. As said above, success rarely comes at once, and his lordship thinks the youthful wearer of the forensic toga may consider himself fairly lucky if, after three or four years at the Bar, he is making enough to keep body and soul decently together. "But," he says, "I do not desire to take too gloomy a view. If a man really has the love of his work in his heart, and has the spirit of a worthy ambition within him, he will find it possible to live on little during his years of waiting and watching, and will find it possible to acquire that little by the exercise in some direction of his energy and ability." In this connection he speaks of dining in frugal fashion, when a struggling junior of four years' standing as the guest of two able young barristers, who were almost in the depths of despair, one of whom was considering the question of migration to the Straits Settlements, and the other was thinking of going to the Indian Bar. But they finally concluded to fight it out, and one of them became Lord Herschell, twice Lord Chancellor of England, and the other was Mr. William C. Gully, Q.C., now Speaker of the House of Commons. If the young aspirant for the Bar has the qualities above enumerated, success is, humanly speaking, certain.

In taking up the subject of the necessary preparation for the Bar, he says, "In considering the character of such preparation, regard ought to be had to the legitimate outcome of success, viz., a career in Parliament and on the Bench." He mentions, first, a university training and a university degree, but as a word of warning so that his meaning may not be misunderstood, he says: "A university career is not an end, but a means only to an end." It is not the battle of life, but only the equipment for it. The profession of the law has one peculiarity in which it differs from all others, viz., That there is no such thing as knowledge which is useless in this profession. The lawyer cannot know either too much or too many things. So much as to general knowledge. As to the special training for the Bar, which usually begins when the university career ends, he speaks of the law schools, and then says: "But the real work of education in law, as, indeed, in other fields of knowledge, is the work of self-education pursued conscientiously and laboriously by the man who endeavors to get at the principles of the law, and who does not content himself merely with skimming the surface." He suggests a short clerkship in a lawyer's office for the experience before entering upon active practice. As a special subject of reading for the Bar, Lord Russell recommends the "Corpus Juris Civilis," or the body of the Civil or Roman law, for, as he says, a great body of our law finds its source in the Roman law, and in the "Corpus Juris" the law is presented systematized in a way for which our English law has no parallel.

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G. N. LUCAS & SON

Steam Dye Works, Tailors, Etc.

388 1/2 YONGE ST.

Gentlemen's clothing cleaned, dyed, turned and repaired
Kid Gloves cleaned. City orders called for and delivered.

PHONE 161