

Pages Missing

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1893.

No. 20.

Editorial Comments.



WITH this number the issue of VARSITY for 1892-93 ends. The editor wishes to express his thanks to those who have so freely and willingly given their time for the benefit of the paper and his sympathy with those who with equally good intentions are not able to point

to any evidence of their individual influence on its columns. We would remind the latter that men with considerable reputation as literary critics have in their capacity of editor rejected manuscripts which reaching the public through other agencies have made the fortunes of their authors. It is not unlikely that merit has been unrecognized and pure, ethereal genius chilled by editorial disfavor during the past few months. If so, let it be granted our misfortune not our fault. We have had but our own small lights to travel by, which ignorance and prejudice have lain in wait to shroud in darkness, and angels may have passed us unawares. To Mr. Biggar, Mr. McLean and Mr. Reeve, outside of the regular staff, our thanks are especially due, and we are pleased to see that the editor-elect has recognised their ability by placing them on the list of associate-editors. Where all have been so deserving it would be unfair to mention individuals, but the chivalrous staff will recognise the fitness of this slight tribute to the exceptionally good work of Miss Evelyn Durand.

We congratulate Mr. G. H. Ling, of '93 mathematical class on his appointment to a Fellowship in Columbia College, New York.

We can never express sufficiently our gratitude that the present fine weather did not occur earlier in the season. We have been saved, as it were, by fire.

In another column will be found a list of associate-editors recommended for next term. There is ability in the lot, we think, with a fair amount of time at their disposal, to run successfully half-a-dozen papers.

With Mr. J. H. Brown as Editor-in-Chief for 1893-94 THE VARSITY is an assured success, and those who hold that one function of the paper is the criticism of all measures in which the interests of the University are involved may rest satisfied that the pen will be in worthy hands. To do justice unswervingly, the editor must not have in his heart the fear of man, and we have all confidence in J. H.'s staunchness and integrity.

In selecting Mr. J. D. Webster as President of the Athletic Association the Directors have paid a just tribute

to his zealous efforts to promote the organization and have secured besides an able and impartial chairman. Mr. Duncan as Vice-President deserves the honour well, and in appointing Mr. Breckenridge as Secretary probably the best available man has been placed in that important and responsible office. What Jim does not know about athletics, from Agamemnon's time down, is hardly worth knowing. Our athletic interests are in excellent hands throughout.

The newly-elected Rugby Committee have initiated vigorous action. A notice has been posted requesting players to return as early as possible and in playing condition. An appeal is made to those who have not been connected with the club to join, and in this we see the beginning of better things. It will take time to retrieve the errors of the past, but there are now prospects that Rugby will be placed on a basis that will eventually secure for that sport the success that has attended similar methods in other games.

It would be news to those Varsity men who find a weekly refresher in Adam Rufus' sparkling columns to learn that, in our comments of last week, we were guilty of publishing untruthful "scurrol," and making statements which are a travesty on proper journalism.

We ask Adam to point to a single statement in the article he referred to, that is not strictest truth; we ask him to illustrate from the same, what he is pleased to call "scurrol." As to his last statement, if *his* articles are to be taken as a criterion of proper journalism (and we think he can not evade the point), then we express our sincere gratitude for his implication that our comments are so different from them in style and spirit as to call down his censure. Truth may be a travesty on falsehood or ignorance, but we shall continue to travesty either when occasion demands, notwithstanding Adam's objection on his own or his friends' behalf.

When Adam fills his column with lists of members elected in various clubs, if somewhat dull, it is at least substantially correct, but when he soars into the realms of criticism we are inclined to think him the original of the story which narrates how a freshman, mixing his Latin and French, read a certain motto, *sans mens in corpore sano*, and did not discover his mistake until graduation, when it was too late to remedy the evils, resulting from seven years' constant effort to render himself worthy of its personal application.

Rufus is presumably possessed of gentlemanly instincts, however, and will see the necessity of explanation or apology.

CORRIDOR SKETCHES.

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

S. J. R.

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

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

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

To the Editor of VARSITY:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our kindest sympathy is extended to his parents and friends.

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TO THE "PROFANUM VULGUS."

"The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame."
Pope's Translation of the Iliad, Bk. XI. Line 394.

The unrecorded deeds of life,
The little acts that men ignore,
Build up our race and shape it more
Than all the boasted feats of strife.

The hero from the wars may come,
And captive foes in triumph bring,
The world with all his praises ring,
The nation bid him welcome home ;

The statesman, service-grey, may kneel
The guerdon of his Queen to take,
The recompense of such as make
Their highest care the common weal ;

In wisdom's garden, night and morn,
The sage may toil that Truth's pure seed
May pass, safe-kept, unblemished,
To sons of men as yet unborn ;

Once in an age some Christ may rise
To teach to men the holier way
That leads from darkness unto day,
The narrow pathway to the skies ;

Some priest may lift himself above
The harsh restraint of sect and creed,
Fulfil in very word and deed,
The precepts of the law of love ;

The tribune, silver-tongued, may still
The angry Senate's gathering storm,
Or move, with power no schools can form,
The mob to laugh and weep at will ;

In noblest measures, gentlest speech,
The laureated bard may sing,
Faith, hope and consolation bring,
The highest lessons wisely teach ;

Born of Euterpe's priceless gift
The great composer's notes may roll.
Till, to the music, every soul
Through changing moods of passion shift ;

To mark some faith's protracted reign,
With all the genius God has given,
The architect may raise to heaven
The pillared dome or Gothic fane ;

The sculptured marble may recall
The good and great that are no more ;
E'en some Pygmalion implore,
Till, art excelled, life moveth all ;

A Titian warmth and colour give,
That fix the eye, transport the sense,
Move the rapt soul to eloquence,
And make the landscape almost live ;

Yet these are but the choice, the rare ;
Not often comes the hero-birth,
And but a handful on this earth
Unquestioned marks of genius bear.

These few, with clearer vision blest,
See through the darkness that enfolds
The world and pierce the veil that holds
God's secrets hidden from the rest.

They too approach with firmer tread
The confines of that unknown land,
And boldly grasp the outstretched hand
By which their latest steps are led.

These cast the griefs of life aside,
The rude vicissitudes of fate,
And see beyond this mortal state
The doors of heaven open wide.

They see and know that all is well ;
Above the discord and the strife,
With which the lower world is rife,
The harmonies celestial swell.

But to the multitude these signs
Appeal not, for their spirit's eye
Is wearied with mortality
And little of the truth divines.

The humble players on life's stage
Scant breathing space, or leisure find,
The body's labour dwarfs the mind,
And toiling upward lasts an age.

What may avail the sage and saint
The victories of art and song,
If but a few from out the throng
May reach the goal, while millions faint ?

Vain to the many, prophet, seer,
Vain e'en the martyr's sacrifice,
If wholly barred to them the rise
Above the toil and misery here.

And vain their rugged life in sooth,
If not instinct in one and all,
No matter where their fortunes fall,
The deathless striving after truth.

In spite of doubts that often rise,
Still buds and flowers the hallowed seed,
The conscious race asserts its creed,
And man moves upward to the skies.

The world with woes is not out-worn,
As gold transcends each base alloy,
So ever some supreamer joy,
Outmastering grief with it is born.

What seemeth here but accident,
Flux and reflux of right and wrong,
Where days seem short and nights are long,
Is ruled by some divine intent

All may not see. We trust in faith
That forward, never backward, moves
The world, and that within us proves
The end of all things is not death.

The paths are plain the race has trod ;
The peasants' simpler instincts show
The self-same road by which they go
Whose reason crowns their childhood's God.

—A. F. Chamberlain.

On Tuesday last a number of men, representing the Glee Club and the Guitar and Banjo Club, about 20 strong left the Union Station for Bowmanville. There they gave one of their popular concerts in a hall literally packed with a very appreciative audience. The Glee Club as usual were repeatedly encored whenever they gave any of their specially college songs. The Banjo and Guitar Club upheld their reputation bravely, being recalled after every appearance. The mandolin selections and Prof. Smedley's performances were probably the most taking. After the concert, Mr. McLaughlan, father of the well-known Varsity man A. E. McLaughlan, led the way to his home and gave the boys a most enjoyable time for the rest of the evening. Dancing, music and refreshments were indulged in till an early hour. The boys were billeted around town for the remainder of the night and at 8 o'clock a. m., started back for the city.

The credit of the trip is almost exclusively due to "Buster" McLaughlan as he left nothing undone which could add to the success of the concert or to the pleasure of the men.

A special car was at the disposal of the excursionists.

The Varsity

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MARCH 29, 1893.

Shall sin ennoble? Still is all
The end but bitterness and gall?
Yet closer, fondlier is pressed
The prodigal to loving breast,
And him the mother holds most dear
Who, sinning oft, returns sincere.
Shall he, who all of sin hath known,
Of Death, who every seed hath sown,
In hopeless, withering, curs'd despair,
Not find the birth of love and prayer,
And, broken, learn 'neath scourging rod,
Through sin is suffering, and through suffering
God?" Z.

ONE NIGHT IN A BALL-ROOM.

A SUMMER IDYLL.

Ἀνδρὶ τοι χρεῶν
Μνήμην προσεῖναι, τερπνὸν εἴ τί που πάθοι.
Sophocles.

There is a time to dance.—Solomon.

It was towards the close of a blazing afternoon in August that a picturesque group of ladies and gentlemen stood on the wharf of the fair town of Viae Umbrosae, gazing out over the lake. Philosophical resignation might be seen perched on the brow of some; the faces of others expressed a stern determination to enjoy themselves in the teeth of circumstances; others, again, wore the truly Anglo-Saxon expression of "suppressed agony and intense gloom." Their garb and equipment were calculated to attract the attention of the casual observer. Some carried valises, others bore lunch-baskets of plethoric suggestiveness; while the ladies carried those small hand-bags, the contents of which are as much a matter of speculation to man as those of the mystic caskets at the Eleusinia were

to the uninitiated, or as the once dreaded majesty of the Chariot of the Sun to the curious Archaeologist.

Despite the glowing heat shed by the now almost horizontal rays of the setting sun, close-buttoned overcoats and cloaks surprised the eye on every side; and it did not need the apparition of a solitary but unmistakable dress-coat tail, which, escaping from beneath an all-too-short summer jacket, imparted to its wearer a decidedly novel, if somewhat one-sided, appearance, to inform the onlooker that these were the beauty and chivalry of the lovely town aforesaid, clad as modern civilization demanded, or as fancy dictated; that they were bound for a Calico Ball held at the neighbouring town of Elithiopolis, in honour of the Venetian Gondola Association; and that they were awaiting, with what patience they might, the arrival of the good ship *Argo*, chartered to carry them over the twenty-five miles which separated them from their destination.

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?" said the Professor, apostrophizing the tail. A faint and timid murmur, to the effect that if the gentleman could not "point a moral" he could at least "add on a tail," was heard from the critic; but the rest of his sentence, together with some unintelligible reference to the *Caudine Forks*, was fortunately lost in the hum of voices which heralded the approach of the *Argo*.

That goodly vessel presently came to anchor at the wharf; the party hastened aboard; and after some delay, enlivened, however, for those standing within a yard or two of the boiler, by the interesting efforts of the captain to open the safety-valve with a stick of cordwood, they began to move down that beautiful bay which, as every dweller in *Viae Umbrosae* knows, and does not hesitate to affirm, is far superior to the Bay of Naples.

The stern of the boat was occupied by a merry party; a lively company held the cabin, and a giddy group ornamented the prow. A dropping fire of laughter sounded continually from stem to stern, interrupted ever and anon by a perfect volley, at some demurely malicious insinuation from she-who-must-be-obeyed; or mingled with groans of agony from those whose ears were assailed by some preternaturally ghastly fun of the Doctor's. Indeed, all went merry as a marriage bell; but by this time it was the tea bell which alone could awaken a responsive echo in every heart. Bell there was none, but a sound of rattling crockery, and a certain popping of corks formed an eloquent substitute to a company who, by this time, were "all agog to dash through thick and thin." Parenthetically, I may report the observation of our Apicius, who, in an expressive aside, remarked that it was the sandwiches which were thick, and the claret-cup that was thin; but his well known hypercritical taste caused his insinuation to pass unnoticed.

'Twas a pleasant sight to see the beaming face of the Epicure, as he gloated over a quadrant of pie, reposing on the piece of brown paper which served him for a plate; and interesting too, to watch the studied carelessness and innocent unconsciousness with which the ethereal Heloise helped herself from adjacent baskets.

"Again, again, again,—yet the havoc did not slack." Pleasant, too, it was to observe the Professor, (so called on the *lucus anon lucendo* principle), with a sandwich in one hand, a glass in the other, and a cake lying expectant on his knee

"Baskets to right of him
Bottles to left of him
Dishes in front of him.—
—Nobody wondered:"

for be it known that the principles of the Professor were of the easy, comfortable Horatian stamp; and his philosophy, on such occasions as these, was, to use his own expression, of a "hand to mouth" order. The Capitalist, too, was observed to be "staying himself with flagons, and comforting himself with apples," but it could not have been because he was "sick of love"—judging at least from the general tenor of his subsequent conduct.

At length, however, like all other earthly joys, this came to an end; and they turned to the more poetical pleasure of watching the sunset.

There can be no doubt that, while the sunsets of Canada may be surpassed by those of Italy in delicate shading and soft combination of tints, they are unequalled in their grandeur and gorgeousness. That of this evening was most glorious;—with its rich purples, and its flaming crimson and gold contrasting with the blue of the water;—and a becoming amount of sentiment and fancy was expended upon it.

The attention of the curious had for some time been directed to the erratic movements of the boat, which was describing a course exactly similar to the wavy indications of turning-fork vibrations, proudly exhibited as proof of his toils by the laborious student of Physics. Some of the tenants of the stern speculated on the probable insanity of the captain; others inferred that an effort was being made to run down the famous sea-sepent, often seen by convivial sailors of these waters.

A pilgrimage of investigation to the front established the truth of the former hypothesis; for the misguided skipper, it was found, had allowed himself to be cajoled into committing our destinies to the precarious guidance of a young lady, whose capabilities in the art of steering were, unfortunately, inferior to her zeal, and whose performance reminded one of George Elliot's—"praiseworthy intentions inadequately fulfilled.

The ancient mariner, who had thus bartered his and our peace of mind for a woman's smile, already realized how disgracefully he had been cheated in the transaction.

The most intensely black Care might be seen perched upon him; even as the toad was detected sitting by the ear of Eve, or as the head of the "subtle monkey," as Dr. Johnson calls him, may be descried over the shoulder of the Italian nobleman in reduced circumstances. One feared a repetition of a catastrophe so affectingly described in the Bab Ballads,—when, as the ship was overtaken by the dreaded Harcem,—

"The skipper he fainted away in the fore,
And he hadn't the heart for to skip any more."

Helios could not possibly have been more discomposed by Phaethon's discreditable failure as a coachee; and naturally so; for while Helios had looked on from a distance with a merely scientific interest, his modern parallel was personally present, on a boat which, after a succession of short rushes in different directions, like a hen chasing a grasshopper, finally bore down with painful rapidity, and alarming precision, upon the nearest point of land.

This brought matters to a climax.

The Philosopher, who had lately been reading the classics, vowed in a moment of panic, to sacrifice his moustache as an offering to Isis, if she would succour them; while the Professor, alone in the religious seclusion of the cabin, poured a libation of whiskey and soda:—to which pious act he afterwards ascribed their escape.

It did not appear, however, that he had poured the libation overboard, as was fitting,—an omission due, no doubt, to an imperfect acquaintance with the ancient ritual: and when subsequently taxed with this irregularity he could offer no better excuse than the authority of a pre-historic tradition,—accordingly to which, as he alleged, the water ought to be poured into the whiskey, and not the whiskey into the water.

But all this would have availed us little, and we had certainly been stuck ingloriously in a sandbank, had not Triton put his shoulder to the wheel, and Cymothoe lent more power to the elbow of Palinura.

The wheel spun round, fortunately in the right direction,—the boat traced a curve to the envy of an honour graduate in Mathematics who was on board,—took a sounding with her keel, and again went on her way rejoicing. This little incident gave the philosopher a chance to expatiate upon the inevitable consequence of committing anything whatever to the uncertain guidance of a lady; the risk of

which, said he, was illustrated by this MAIDEN EFFORT, as he might call it. But his elaboration of the argument was checked by Portia, who observed with freezing dignity, that whenever she MADE AN EFFORT, triumphant success had a habit of crowning it.

After this, of course, nothing remained to be said, and the company fell into the second of the stages into which Dickens divides all his journeys; when he remarks that a party are very noisy and merry at the beginning of a trip, very quiet about the middle, and very lively and talkative again towards the end.

The influence of the hour—(it was now 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk)—seemed to fall on everyone. The flush of the sunset faded, the twilight deepened into dark, the stars began to twinkle and little was heard but the steady rush of the boat through the water.

Not that little was said, but general conversation had ceased except in the lamp-lit cabin. In the more dimly lighted bow and stern, however, the "*lenes sub noctem sussuri*" might be heard by those for whose ears they were intended.

Meanwhile the Philosopher, wrapped in mystical abstraction, speculated vaguely on the fine-spun theories of the ancients and presently found himself idly wondering why the microcosm of that ship's company should not disintegrate into its component units, but should separate instead into a number of combinations of two—each combination being isolated from the others and sufficient unto itself—in other words, why the effusiveness, the uncertainty, the dangerously unlimited possibilities of the Dyad, should be preferred to the limit, order and decorum of the Monad. The observation of his environment caused for a moment, the heretical idea to flash through his brain, that Pythagoras and Plato, being unfamiliar with pic-nics, balls, and tennis parties, had, in their exaltation of unity, overlooked the noticeable inclination of the stream of tendency in human nature towards duality.

However, the time and esoteric meaning of the doctrine presently occurred to him: namely, that the latter philosopher, in his advocacy of the observation of the unit as a means towards the comprehension of reality, evidently implied that the unit could only be contemplated by the unit, that consequently two units were necessary; who, engaging simultaneously in mutual contemplation, and reacting reciprocally on each other, might eventually arrive at the felicity of proportionate and harmonious totality.

Conscious as the Philosopher was that this theory might not escape the captious cavillings of carping critics, yet he clothed himself with self-complacency as with a garment; feeling that, on the well-known principle of bicerd's "*Errare mehercule malo cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire*," he would prefer to go gloriously wrong in following this doctrine, than to be prosaically right in obedience to any other.

By this time, however, the lights of the town came in sight and again

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles"

became general and misrule reigned in the boat.

But when once these adventurers landed, they felt that their feet were no longer on their native heath; none were there to welcome them, none to caress; they were strangers, in a strange land.

In an indefinite, apologetic way they began to move forward in long and struggling procession, when out of the darkness bore down upon them sundry cabs and vans. Into these they clambered, not without misgivings, partially lulled to rest, however, by the leader of the expedition; who, exclaiming

"Fear not—nay, that I need not say,
But doubt not aught from this array,"

or words to that effect, gave them to understand that the cost of transportation had already been met.

And yet, when they arrived at the Hall of Terpsichore, these unspeakable varlets, their charioteers, vexed their souls with importunate clamours for remuneration. Truly the Philistines were upon them and they were in the hands of the spoiler.

Needless to say they stood and delivered; that was the only deliverance that appeared possible.

Small consolation has it that the Doctor, exhuming a fossil joke, stigmatized the path we had just traversed as the VIA DOLLAROSA.

Yet soon was it found that there was balm in Gilead and presently were their own trials forgotten in the complacent satisfaction of hearing of the woes which had visited some of their ill-fated companions.

These latter, (all gentlemen fortunately,) in childlike reliance upon the capabilities of the town hotels, had brought all their evening paraphernalia in valises to dress for the ball in Elithiopolis itself; and throughout the voyage, had not altogether refrained from turning up the nose of contempt at those less particular, though more provident ones who had arrayed themselves in their purple and fine linen before starting.

But now poetic justice meted out to these gallants their recompense and reward. A cold reception awaited them at the hotels, already filled twice over; and *miserabile dictu!* They were relegated to the commercial travellers' sample room, as a dressing apartment. And not only so, but a sickening report spread among those at the ball, that to some of the lordliest of them all, even this accommodation was denied; and that a corner of the kitchen, curtained off by blankets hung on a clothes-horse, formed the scene of their uneasy and apprehensive toilet.

But may the memory of all such scenes perish and be forgotten, and the place thereof know it no more forever. In process of time the little band was re-united in the tastefully decorated ball-room, where a motley scene was presented. As has already been mentioned, this was a Calico Ball; and consequently the wildest varieties in costumes were exhibited. The ordinary evening attire brushed the jersey and knicker-bockers of the gondolier, and the neat morning costume of many of the ladies contrasted not unfavorably with the elaborate ball-dress. Notwithstanding the heat of the night, the room was cool; the floor left nothing to be desired, and the music was by no means bad.

Indeed the doctor, after the maddening delirium of a galop with Minnehaha, was heard quoting from L'Allegro something about—"Such strains as would have won the ear of Pluto," and so on—to which the more critical Minnehaha made answer that while that might possibly be, yet her researches had never given her grounds to believe that Pluto was a good judge of music.

The ladies were considerably more numerous than the gentlemen, and consequently, in addition to other decorations, the walls were dressed with bunches of wall-flowers, and as was to be expected from the nature of the ball, the elect rubbed shoulders with those whose names never appear in *Saturday Night*.

To those whom age or infirmity prevented from joining in personally in what the late lamented A Ward calls the "messy dance," the style of saltation adopted by many, must have presented an unfailling source of interest. Men and women alike "played such fatastic tricks before high heaven" as might well make the angels either weep or laugh. Especially did that interesting relic of the ancient Scythian sports, which goes by the name of the polka, in their hands, or rather under their feet, become a lively reproduction of what we may suppose it to have been in the primitive ages of unsophisticated enthusiasm.

The glorious and immortal waltz, too, degenerated with them, into the embryotic stage of its growth which the professor says was undoubtedly indicated by Horace in the familiar lines,—

"Gaudet invisam perpulisse fossor
Ter fede terram."

But such vagaries did but add to the zest of those who, on a perfect floor, and in time with good music, were realizing the poetry of motion; an enjoyment to which, in view of the speedy approach of supper-time, were now added the sustaining pleasures of hope. We are all familiar with the cutting gibe of Mr Micawber; who, on his spouse assuring him that their son Wilkins, "meant well"; responded that he had no doubt that he meant particularly well, but that he had never known him to carry out his meaning in any direction whatsoever.

It would be harsh to apply this remark to those who provided supper at this ball. The intentions of its con-coctors doubtless did them honor, and to some extent they were fulfilled. The supper was certainly bountiful, and was largely taken advantage of. Indeed it was rumored that Lalage had been seen to go to supper three times, on each occasion with a different gentleman. Yet the general effect was not good. One was forcibly reminded of the beautiful and feeling words of the bard,—

"There curious tart and heavy bun,
Lay in dyspeptic symphony."

Indeed, to judge from the groans of sleeping victims on the way home, we might not inaptly continue to quote from the same poet:

"Few, few digest, where many eat,
The nightmare shall wind up their feet,
Each biscuit box beneath the seat
Shall seem a yawning sepulchre."

Yet it cannot be denied that this supper was a vast improvement on a collation served at a ball in the same town some years before; when, as the horrid legend runs, the fowl and game at supper were supplemented with the delicate addition of potatoes.

After supper dancing was pursued with redoubled fury. The floor was now a little clearer, and the glowing,—indeed one might almost say—perspiring hours were chased by feet flying in most approved fashion. The last dance on the programme, a galop, was one not to be forgotten. There was the usual rush of previously quiescent couples to dance the last dance; the music began at a moderate rate, then gradually increased in speed till it became fast and furious and finally stopped short in the midst of an absolutely frantic whirl.

There was a general gasp, alike of sorrow and relief, and everywhere the dancers, quite *hors de combat*, subsided into a state of exhaustion as limp as their own collars.

Then followed the usual crush at the door, the customary *mêlée* in dressing rooms, the gradual collecting of one's personal effects, the reunion of the male and female elements of the party, and the arrangement of these elements into appropriate combinations; and soon

"The lights were fled, the garlands dead,"

and all but the caretaker departed.

The pilgrim band whose wanderings are the subject of this narration soon found themselves again in their ark of refuge, the Argo, where they proceeded to survey each other

"By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning."

Dire were the ravages which a few hours had inflicted on these revellers. The Epicure especially, who brought up the rear, with his head sunk into his collar, his hair dishevelled, his moustache drooping, and his eye-glass awry, excited general commiseration.

"If thou be'st he—but oh! how fallen! how changed!"

was the apostrophe in which She-who-must-be-obeyed voiced the general sentiment of the company, many of whom, by the way, were now betaking them to the cabin, to snatch if possible an hour of troubled slumber. No "flowery beds of ease" awaited them, but pitilessly hard seats, against the discomfort of which the noses of the slumberers soon set up a ferocious protest.

But the more romantic of the party again resorted to stem or stern, whence they might gaze on the quiet water,

lighted by the fast-setting moon, and be fanned by the cool breeze of approaching morning. There again food for reflection was afforded the Philosopher; for before him sat Antony with a cigar clenched between his fast-set teeth, while Cleopatra by his side gazed pleadingly into his vacant face, and ever and anon heaved a gentle sigh. But her gaze was not potent enough to awake him from his lethargy, nor did her sighs touch a cord of pity in his breast. His head drooped, his eyes closed, and in a moment he slept like Frederick Barbarossa. The reproachful glance of Cleopatra might have penetrated the heart of a marble statute, but it could not pierce the invisible shield with which Morpheus protected his votary.

Hard by sat the Doctor and Lalage opposite to each other, their heads nodding in profoundest slumber. Contiguous to them were Heloise and the Capitalist, who for some time faithfully maintained a desultory conversation, but little by little ceased their ineffectual efforts.

She-who-must-be-obeyed and the Professor alone seemed to rise above the influence of the hour. They talked through the moonlit watches of the night, watched the day gradually breaking in the east, saw the sun rise, and still talked on. Not that they were altogether exempt from the "eating cares" of which so many folks complain—at least they were observed in the course of the night to resort to the lunch baskets and overhaul the shattered wreck of the previous evenings' repast.

What they could have found to talk of so long was a matter of considerable subsequent speculation, but the discrepancy of the information obtained from them rendered reliable conclusions impossible. The Professor alleges that they talked of Etruscan pottery and High Art, while she would have it that they had been discussing Rudyard Kipling. Whichever of these explanations, if either, may seem to anyone worthy of credence, let him adopt it. Loud were the complaints afterwards uttered by the sleepers around, who grumbled that a continual hum of conversation had intruded upon their slumbers, but little recked the culprits, wrapped in the impervious mantle of their own complacency.

Such were some of the sights and sounds which attracted the notice of the Philosopher from his coign of vantage where

*"He lay like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his overcoat around him."*

It is needless to relate how some few watched the gradual paling of the moonlight before the dawn, and waited

*"To see the glorious orb of day arise,
Resplendent in the east,"*

for such scenes, unfamiliar as they were to many then present, would I make no doubt possess no charm of novelty for the majority of my readers; while to attempt to depict the ludicrous scene of slumber and exhaustion which the sun revealed when he stole into the cabin would require the pencil of a Hogarth.

Suffice it to say that, as the bells were ringing seven o'clock, this band of adventurers landed at the wharf whence they had started, such a dilapidated group of wrecks as it is not often one's lot to behold.

But under these trying circumstances the advantages conferred by a liberal education at a university were manifest to the least observant, for it was universally acknowledged that the sons of the Varsity there present—those slaves of the lamp, inured by their long course of training beneath the petroleum-nourished luminary of the student's evenings, the midnight chandelier of the drawing-room, or the kindly-supporting street-lamp of the early morning—that they alone of the dishevelled throng retained all their brightness of appearance and vivacity of conversation.

But none of the collegians upon whose ears these honeyed words of compliment descended could fail to trace their sprightliness to the exhilarating and intoxicating effect of the company they had enjoyed—company of

which each and every fair member apparently was as accomplished

*"As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate, all nushent,
And kept her rosy terms in idle languishment;"*

nor could they fail to note the contrast between this tonic, at once so suave and so potent, and the course of wet towels, cold foot-baths, and strychnine pills, which for some of them annually blighted the merry month of May.

And so they went their several ways, fully appreciating (at least those who could understand them) the lines of Catullus, which the Professor flung after them:

*"Ac peregrino
Labore fessi, venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto."*

*"To our own home once more returned—
Wearied with foreign labor past—
In the kind bed for which we yearned,
We sink to rest at last,"*

G. A. H. FRASER.

College of Montana.

It was out in the North-West. He was a graduate of '8—; tall, compactly built and lithe as Cooper's ideal Indian, and had gone out in charge of a party to make a survey of the townships in the Assiniboia district. There were still a few buffalo left in the country, which afforded a scanty subsistence to two or three wandering remnants of the Cree tribe not yet destroyed by the enervating influence of civilization and degrading contact with the whites. The party had been at work about five weeks when one day they came upon an encampment of a few of these surviving children of nature. The camping ground was in a bend of one of the small rivers with which that district abounds, and adjacent to a clump of poplars which supplied the camp with fuel. Harry was struck with the convenience of the spot for a camping place, and determined to pitch his tent there that very night, provided the Indians proved friendly and his own men could be induced to do the necessary amount of extra work that day. The Indians were friendly, the men willing, and so there the party made its temporary home. What small things change the course of a life,—a word, a glance, the toss of a copper. Had those Indians proved unfriendly Harry would not have camped there. He would not have met and loved the beauty of the tribe, the chief's daughter. He would not have had imprinted on his brain the last, imploring, loving look as she died in his arms, pierced through the heart by a bullet sent on its deadly message by the hands of a jealousy maddened rival. But these events did occur. Harry could not prevent it, he was simply an instrument of fate. After that when peering through the transit, instead of seeing the distant signal he would see that last dying, pleading look. It was always before him. When he closed his eyes it became more vivid, more terribly pathetic. One night in his imagination he coupled with it a voice calling on him to follow. He could not resist. His men tried to hold him back, but with the strength of insanity he tore himself away and fled. Next morning he sent a messenger to his men from the nearest railway station, saying that he had given up surveying and was going to seek consolation in the study of theology.

S. P. S.

Annual sale of periodicals—Reading room, Saturday April 8th, 11 a.m.

The Rugby Club will soon have a constitution. This will prevent the realization of some tremendous possibilities. The hundred and fifty ladies will now be legally unable to pack the annual meeting and elect some blushing maid to the captaincy of the redoubtable fifteen.

THE TRUE STORY OF JOSH HOODLUM AND
AMANDA JONES.

DEDICATED AS A LAST PROOF OF ESTEEM TO THE
CLASS OF NINETY-FOUR.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Eve of elections. Josh discovered in his room preparing for his death; meditating on the immortality of the soul; eagerly devouring Baldwin's Handbook of Psychology.*

Josh: Baldwin, thou reasonest well! For aye
Shall live my shade, though rot this carnal clay;
For he whose mind could grasp thy lucid page,
Can never die, but lives from age to age.
Hail, immortal soul, that scornest all *Sensation!*
Divine perennial fruit of *Conservation!*
That thou shalt live I know by *Intuition.*
The fact's most clearly proved by *Apperception;*
And though on earth's soft slime thou lose *Retention,*
In heaven shalt thou obtain due *Recognition.*
I see thy progress in *Imagination.*
The vision sure is no *Hallucination;*
And if thou could'st escape from *Combination,*
Ye blessed gods, there's still *Elaboration!*
But oh! to think that all my *motor nerves,*
And oh! to think that all my *dorsal curves,*
Must be destroyed!
I feel quite sorry for my poor *medullum*
Already just above my *spinal column*
There is a chilling void.
But come, come!
Beat the drum!
For the right,
Bravely fight.
Though all the Rugby men are there,
And bruise and break me everywhere!
I know to night that I must die;
There's not to ask or reason why.

And how can man die better than facing foes so hearty,
For the sake of life eternal, and the interests of his party.

[Exit to his fate.]

SCENE 2.—Enter two city toughs.

1st Tough: I say, old chappie, whither bound to-night!

2nd Tough: To see, dear pal, Bob Brutal's bull-dog fight.

1st Tough: Bull dogs be hanged! They're tame to my
selections;

Let's go and see the Varsity boys' elections.

[Exeunt thither in great enthusiasm.]

SCENE 3. *Election hall. Earthly paradise. Hell in a corner. Celestial strains of music from Italian street piano. Heavenly fare in shape of ham sandwiches a foot thick.*

Josh: At last I've reached the awful place,

At last I see before my face

The fatal battle ground.

But ere I end my earthly race,

Ere flies my soul to empty space;

O, Heaven! on me bestow the grace

To take one look around.

Before my eyes in bloody rout,

Two mighty hosts appear;

And hark! their frenzied battle shout

Breaks loud upon my ear.

"Union forever!" is the cry,

Of those who have the right.

"On, Alma Mater, on, or die!"

Sways all the foe's bad might.

Ranged deep around yon voting door,

The stanchest heroes stand;
To break their ranks and gain that shore,
Fight hard the general band.

And lo! one man distends his crest,

I see him raise his head,

And on the shoulders of the rest

Plant firm his dauntless tread.

On, on he goes! the goal is nigh!

Alas! they close the track!

MacMillan grasps him by the thigh,

And Lash has got his back.

Boulton hugs his neck amain,

And Ketchum pulls his hair;

Around his form they tug and strain

In long and dubious war;

But down he goes! he bites the dirt!

His mighty bones are shaken!

His life is saved! He's lost his shirt!

He has his picture taken.

But now a fiercer fury glows

In Union's bold array;

Maclean now leads them on their foes

To win the doubtful day.

The hour has come! now must I fight;

Now bare my brawny arm;

Alas! my veins all run with fright,

I shudder with alarm.

But oh! be brave my trembling heart

To play your grand heroic part;

Fear not to make a valiant rush,

Fear not to meet, and pull, and crush

Yon Rugby chivalry.

Could mighty Julius Cæsar die?

Could Nelson fall, and cannot I?

Ye heavens above, forbid such shame!

Let naught be joined to Hoodlum's name,

But death or victory!

[Rushes into the contest. A moment later is brought out alive but unconscious. Everything broken except his soul which remains immortal. Sent by freight to Weybach Hospital.]

SCENE 4. *Weybach. Enter Amanda.*

Amanda: Alas! my wild infatuation!

To think Love needed Education;

Dont't talk to me of fame and learning,

They cannot satisfy my yearning.

What agony I felt in heart,

When Josh and I were far apart!

And now, when home they've brought my boy,

My pain is greater than my joy.

I find that Varsity ways are tough,

I find that Varsity men are rough;

They broke his leg, they smashed his arm,

They brought his shapely face to harm.

They blacked his eyes, they cracked his nose,

They pounded him from head to toes;

And this was done, you recollect,

By men who train the intellect!

I may be dull, but do the Muses

Preside o'er thumps, and blows, and bruises?

I may be blind, but does the light

Of culture shine that men may fight?

Then down, I say, with reason's feast,

When reason makes a man a beast.

Then burn your universities,

When they become menageries;

And since the wise no breeding ken,

Let's all be fools and gentlemen.

Dear Josh and I are now above

All learned thoughts, for we have love;

And soon with purest joy we'll fill

The little house upon the hill.

W. P. R.

FINIS.

LAURA SCHIRMER-MAPLESON OPERATIC
CONCERT CO.

Four performances will be given in this city at the Academy of Music, Friday Matinee and night and Saturday Matinee and night, March 31st and April 1st.

The extraordinary importance of the occasion as a social as well as a dramatic event will be readily appreciated. Mme. Mapleson has a beautiful face and magnificent figure. Her range of voice embraces two and a half octaves. Her high notes are wonderfully brilliant; her low ones are full and sympathetic. She has won flattering plaudits in the old as well as in the new world. She was born to sing and act, and does both with as much simplicity and ease as she performs the act of speaking. Her voice flows as freely as a bird's. She has appeared in grand opera in England, Germany, Russia, Italy and Turkey and has sung before royalty in St. Petersburg, Berlin and Milan. She has twice sung before the sultan of Turkey, receiving from him on each occasion ten thousand piastres in gold. The balance of the company—which is without doubt one of the strongest concert companies ever put together—comprises very eminent artists. Including Mlle. Thea-Dorri, prima donna contralto of the Milan Opera house and Royal Italian Opera,



Convent Garden; Herr Berthald-Barron, primo tenor, from the German and Italian opera houses; Signor Luigi Viviani, who, for the past fifteen years, has occupied the position of primo basso at all the principal Italian opera houses, not only in Europe, but also in South America. Last winter he was engaged by Messrs. Abbey & Grau, and shared the role of Mephistopheles and other bass roles with the world-famous Edouard de Reszke. Herr Jacques Friedberger, solo pianist, has achieved great distinction in his art. As a boy in Vienna his pronounced talent attracted such attention as to gain for him the envied position of court pianist to the emperor of Austria; later he conducted the Beethoven symphony concerts. He now excels, not only as a solo pianist, but in the difficult art of accompanying and conducting. It is rare that we find those two distinct branches united. The concerts will be under the immediate patronage of his Excellency the Governor-General.

Friday afternoon, March 31st, and Saturday evening, April 1st.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Piano solo, "L'invitation a la dance" (Weber-Taussig), Herr Friedberger; duet, "Io voglio il piocer" (The pleasures of youth) Faust (Gounod), Signor Berthald-Barron and Signor Viviani; solo, "Figlio mio" (My lost son) (Prophete) (Meyerbeer), Madlle. Thea-Dorri; air, "Qui s'degno" (In these holy walls) (Flauto Magico) (Mozart), Signor Luigi Viviani; air, "Les Hirondelles" (The Swallows) (Tito Mattei), composed expressly for Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson; solo, "Cavatina" (Lombardi) (Verdi), Signor Berthald-Barron; duet, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows" (Old

English) (Horn), Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson and Madlle. Thea-Dorri.

PART II.—The entire third act (garden scene) of Gounod's immortal opera, "FAUST," with complete scenery, costumes, properties and stage effects, and the following exceptional cast: Marguerite, Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson; Siebel, Madlle. Thea-Dorri; Martha, Madlle. De Soria; Faust, Signor Berthald-Barron; Mephistopheles, Signor Luigi Viviani; Conductor, Herr Friedberger.

Friday evening, March 31st, and Saturday afternoon, April 1st.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Piano solo, "Hungarian Gipsy Melodies" (Taussig), Herr Friedberger; duet, "Solo profugo" (Lost proscribed) (Martha) (Flotow), Signor Berthald-Barron and Signor Viviani; solo, "O mio Fernando" (Favorita) (Donizetti), Madlle. Thea-Dorri; solo, "Se oppressi cgnor" (Vengeance is vain) (La Juive) (Halevy), Signor Viviani; waltz, "La Fadette" (Tito Mattei), composed expressly for Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson; solo, "Spirito gentil" (Favorita) (Donizetti), Signor Berthald-Barron; quartette, "Un di se ben" (Rigoletto) (Verdi).

PART II.—Second Act of Flotow's celebrated opera "MARTHA," with complete scenery, costumes, properties and stage effects and the following exceptional cast: Lady Henrietta, Mme. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson; Nancy, Madlle. Thea-Dorri; Lionel, Signor Berthald-Barron; Plunkett, Signor Vivian; Conductor, Herr Friedberger.

Director, Col. Henry Mapleson, of London; Sole Manager, Fred C. Whitney.

A mass meeting of the lady undergraduates was held to discuss the adoption or non-adoption of crinoline. The meeting was called to order amid cries from the back seats to "whoop it up." No decision was arrived at as the meeting was hopelessly divided on the skirt question.

The Princeton Dramatic Club are preparing to present a new play entitled "Julius Cæsar."

The new Law School building at Cornell University, to be known as Boardman Hall, was formally opened a few days ago.

The Pennsylvanian is nine years old, the *Harvard Crimson* twenty-one, the *Princetonian* sixteen, and the *Yale News* fifteen.

MRS. INNOCENT—Doctor, my husband was talking in his sleep last night about cold hands. What would you advise?

DOCTOR OLDBOY—Keep him at home from the Club in future.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in the hands of the Editor by Monday night

FRIDAY, MARCH 31ST.

Ladies' Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 1 p.m.
Jackson Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Mathematical Physical Society.—Room 16, College Building 3:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1ST,

Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2ND.

Bible Class.—"Christian Contentment," Phil. 4: 4-13. Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D.D., Wycliffe College, 3 p.m.
Gospel Service.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4:15 p.m.

MONDAY, APRIL 3RD.

S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4TH.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 8.30 a.m.
Class of '96 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Reading Room, 8.30 a.m.
Y.W.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5TH.

Bible Class.—Rev. Dr. McTavish's class for Bible Training. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

The annual meeting of the Engineering Society, takes place next Friday evening, at which the officers for the ensuing season will be elected.

As the Thursday afternoon meetings have been closed for the term, it is earnestly desired that as many of the students as possible will attend the service on Sunday afternoon at 4.15 p.m.

We feel it our duty to supplement "A Blockhead's" statements with regard to the vote cast at the past election, with a statement of the actual facts. The vote for Curator was: Stewart, 165; McPherson, 107.

The following have been elected as officers of the Wyciffe Literary Society: Hon.-President, Mr. H. J. Cody, M.A.; President, Mr. W. E. G. Dryer; first Vice., W. E. Scott; second Vice., W. McLean; Sec'y. W. H. H. Sparks; Treas., H. Robinson; Curator, J. M. Stevenson; Councillors, W. Robertson, T. R. Foames and D. Smith.

S. P. S.—The following poem is contributed by a second year man. The other years will probably not understand the allusions:—

A Herald of Spring is on the wing
In the shape of a mountain bird
Which warbles and whistles the live-
long day
Till Fiddles e'en can't be heard.

The refusal of the Glee Club to assist in the production of Antigone proved a momentary set-back, but the classical association has by no means given up their project. A meeting was held on Friday afternoon at which it was decided to call on the graduates and under-graduates for a volunteer chorus, and it was reported that forty-two names had already been obtained. It was arranged to hold a meeting next week when Mr. Torrington will go over some of the music with the chorus.

CRICKET.—A meeting of the University Cricket Club was held on Thursday, the 23rd, with President McKenzie in the chair. The object of the meeting was to organize the club and arrange for matches during the coming season. After some discussion it was decided to procure blazers for the players. The following schedule of matches was arranged:—

East Toronto, May 25th.
Parkdale, May 27th.
W. C. College, May 30th.
Rosedale, May 31st.
Hamilton, June 2nd.
Ridley College June 3rd.
Trinity Univ., June 5th and 6th.
Galt, June 8th.

A committee consisting of prominent University graduates and Senators has been formed for the purpose of securing for the University a sui-

table memorial of our late president, Sir Daniel Wilson. It is probable that the memorial will take the form of a life-sized picture, which it is hoped will prove the nucleus of a portrait gallery of our chief executive officers.

NATURAL SCIENCE.—The annual meeting of the Natural Science Association was held Friday afternoon, with the president, Mr. Millar, in the chair. The report from the special committee showed that the McMurrich medal was awarded to Mr. S. Silcox, and that the Cawthorne medal was awarded to Mr. F. B. Allan; that the prize for the best botanical collection was awarded to Mr. C. C. Stewart, and the other prize was divided between Messrs. Currie and Lawson. The election of officers resulted as follows:—president, Dr. W. Miller, (acclamation); first vice-president, T. McCrae, B. A., (acclamation); second vice-president, D. L. Campbell; secretary, P. W. Currie; treasurer, W. A. McLaren; curator, C. J. Lynde; fourth year representative, F. B. Kenrick; third year representative, C. W. McLeay; second year representative, T. A. Bell. This was the last meeting of a very successful year.

Y. M. C. A.—The annual elections for Y. M. C. A. took place at the last regular meeting for the term, on Thursday, 23rd. inst. The following officers were elected: 1st. Vice-Pres., G. Arnold; 2nd. Vice Pres., A. Rearson; Rec.-Sec., J. A. Clark; 2nd. year counsellor, A. Tovell. At the previous meeting, J. H. Boom had been elected by acclamation for President, J. L. Murray, for Treasurer, and A. T. Tye for S.P.S. Counsellor. The report of the Committee appointed to nominate a General Secretary was accepted, C. R. Williamson, the retiring President, being the choice. Reports from the various Committees for the past year were presented and adopted; also the Treasurer's report and that of the General Secretary. The following were chosen as the executive of the Canadian College Mission Board: Rev. J. McP. Scott, Prof. Hume, R. U. McPherson, LL.B., the President, General Sec., convener of the Missionary Committee, with Messrs. J. Griffith and T. Dodds. The retiring President then vacated the chair, calling on the President elect, Mr. J. H. Brown, who in a few earnest words, stated his hesitancy in accepting the position to which he had been elected, his determination to devote his best interests to the work, and his earnest desire for the prosperity of the Association. Before the meeting closed, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the retiring General-Secretary, Mr. J. McNichol, for the devoted and active interest with which he had filled that

position for the past two years. The Association feels assured that with two such able, energetic, disinterested, influential men at its head as Mr. Brown and Mr. Williamson its success for 1893-94 is assured.

Members of the Association who have not yet paid their fees are requested to pay them at once to the Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Knox.

A meeting of the gymnasium committee was held last Friday at which much important business was transacted. The secretary was instructed to send for the apparatus which will be here this week. It will probably take about two days to place it all in position. The swimming tank is already finished and can be filled at any time. Mr. Hare, the college gardener, has been given the position of caretaker, an appointment which will, no doubt, give general satisfaction. Those who have paid their subscription of \$5 will be admitted for this term. Next year there will be a statutory fee of \$3, but this will not be imposed upon those who pay their \$5 this year. This may seem a slightly awkward arrangement but it was found to be necessary as several payments must be made immediately. As soon as the apparatus is placed in position there will be a grand, formal opening in which a number of prominent athletes have promised to take part. One of the chief attractions promises to be a bowling match between teams captained by President London and Professor Baker.



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