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The Annual Publication of the Women Graduates and
Undergraduates of University College



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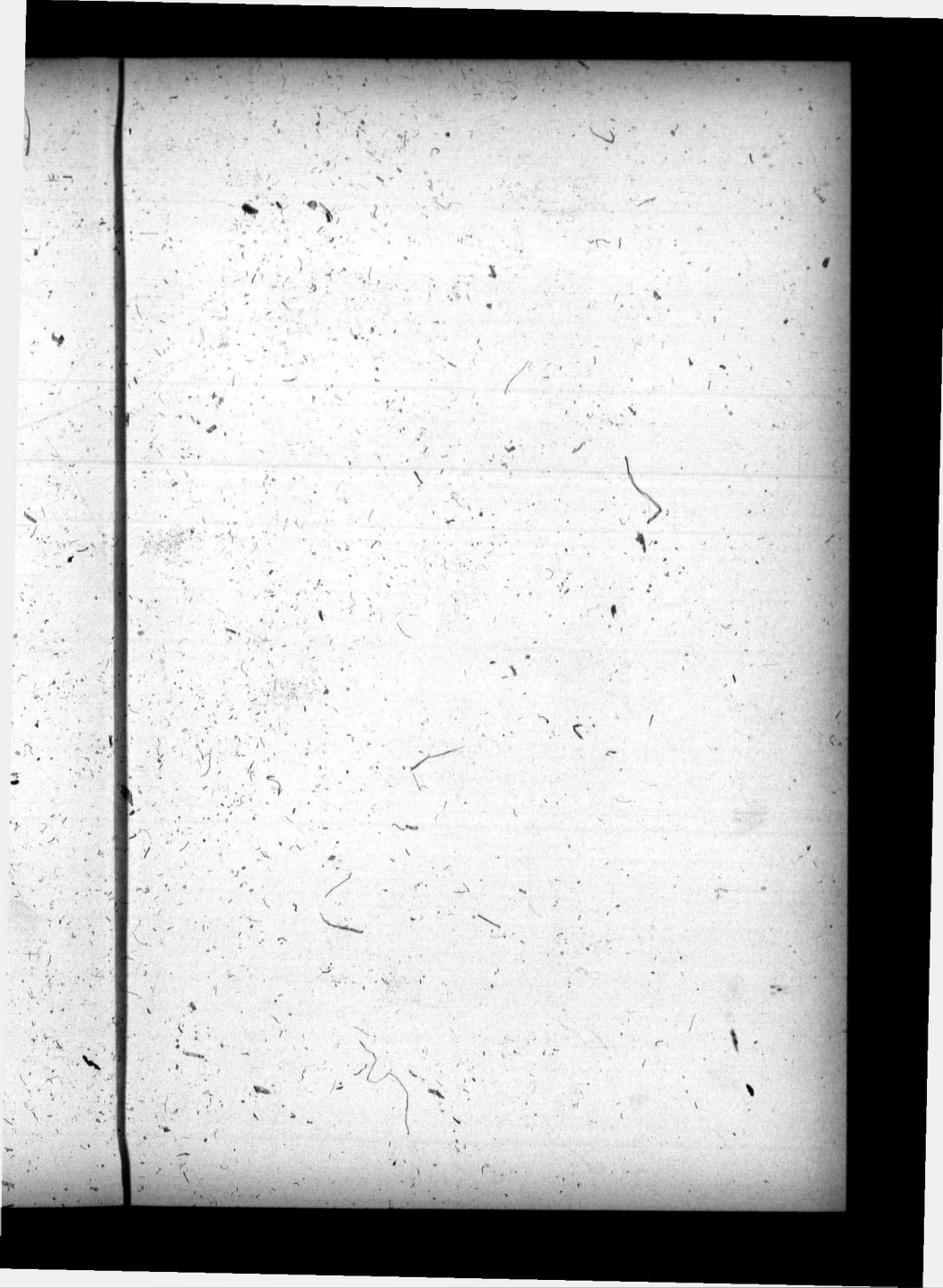
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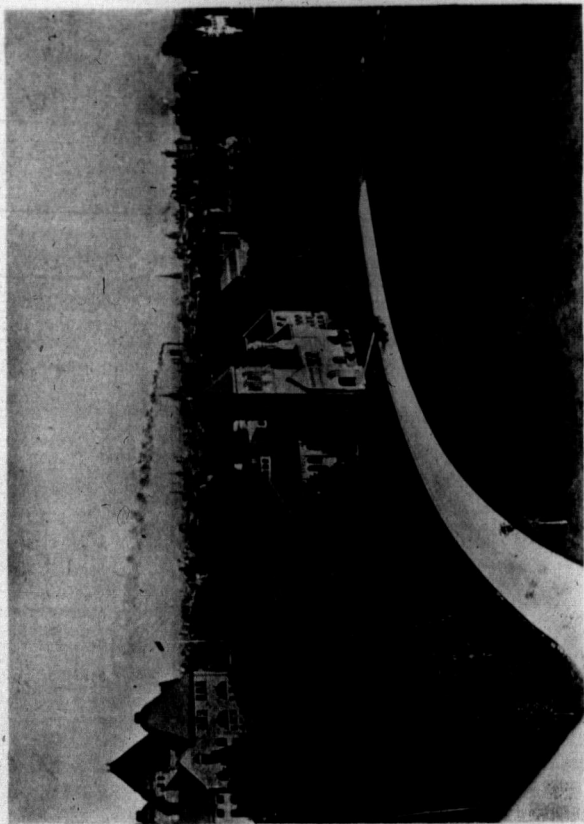
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The Library
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Vol 1

TORONTO JANUARY 1899

No 3

Women or Girls ?

 NCE when the world was young and certain sober graduates were animated juniors, there was raised in the south-west corner of University College the question as to the relative merits of the terms "college girl" and "university woman" as descriptive of the Sesame section of undergraduates. As usually happens in such arguments, no one was ultimately convinced of anything she had not believed at first; but one or two ideas, which won emphasis from the unanimity with which they were held, were on this wise:—University undergraduates form a distinct class with special privileges and responsibilities; hence some name should be theirs which would distinguish them from students of other conditions.

The terms girl and boy as applied to hearty, merry humanity, anywhere between babyhood and gray hairs, find many kindly supporters, both inside the university and outside, people who shrink from robbing youth of anything of its careless, light-heartedness even in name. But the epithet college is plainly open to objection as indistinctive of university students, through its many other applications. A lad of twelve at Upper Canada is a "college boy"; while girls' boarding schools all over the country, taking contagion from their inmates perhaps, are developing a singular disposition to change their names, and now have their cards very commonly struck Ladies' College. The term college boy or college

girl, therefore, does not distinguish the university student from a large percentage of our school children.

But if the epithet college be renounced, it is complained our "boy" and "girl" must go too. It is true. Even the most generous protractors of juvenility will not attempt the combination university boy. But, they object, it is absurd to call lads and lassies of sixteen ~~men~~ and women. The assertion makes us pause, for the title of undergraduates must not be allowed to have anything ridiculous about it. The regulations for junior matriculation state that candidates shall have "completed their sixteenth year." Sixteen then is the minimum not the average age of entrance to the university; and the "absurdity" of the name man or woman decreases in a very rapid ratio according as it is applied to the ages of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen or above. Moreover, a four years' course lies between matriculation and B.A., so that few of our men will graduate before the responsibilities of full citizenship have devolved upon them. It is lowering to our national dignity to style those whose voices direct the destiny of our country, boys. Possibly, then, the absurdity may be found to lie less on the side of the mature denomination, than on that of the low age limit of admission to our universities.

There is, however, another and a weightier view of these appellations than that of age. It is that of the connotation of the words boy and girl, man and woman. The former of course imply first youth, which the mass of undergraduates undoubtedly possess in abundance, with its light-heartedness, hopefulness and a host of other delightful characteristics. But the terms boy and girl connote more than these. They connote a state in which the most important concerns and relations of the individual are the care of others, in which the individual, being protected from many external dangers and subject to a discipline which regulates many of the details of his daily life and duty, is himself careless, irresponsible and often ignorant in regard to these matters. The special significance of the terms man and woman, the significance, that is, which makes us shrink particularly from applying them to young people, is their assumption of these sober, heavy responsibilities.

Now, what is the undergraduate's position in regard to these matters? At the private or high school a girl has her course of work mapped out for her, certain lessons set to be learned from day to day, a certain discipline to observe during school hours, which other people are at hand to enforce if she neglect it, and afterwards her home guardians, or, at boarding school her governesses, to supervise the general disposition of her leisure. She matriculates, and all these conditions are changed. During the coming academic years she has certain ground to cover in her studies, but no one prescribes for her the amount she must do each day

in her several subjects. She must plan out her own procedure in regard to her work, must even to a greater or less extent decide what she will read, what leave. She assumes responsibility for her own progress to a degree that she had never thought of at school. But the change is more radical than one merely concerned with book work. When a student from any outlying town enters the university, she probably takes quarters in a boarding house. No one there has any claim to order the details of her life for her—what care she shall take of her health, what companionships she shall cultivate, how she shall employ her leisure. She becomes responsible for all these things herself, and the experience she gains through this responsibility constitutes far weightier lessons than the philology or philosophy she acquires from lectures. Those persons who have assumed the guardianship of their own progress, their own dignity, their own well-being generally, have abandoned the status of irresponsibility and carelessness. Calling themselves by a name which infers them to be still in that station implies either that they do not realize the meaning and responsibilities of their new life, in which case they are not yet fit for it, or else that they are having recourse to a euphemism to disguise the truth from others, a childish vanity surely. In entering the university we are entering a body possessed of privileges, duties and opportunities foreign to the idea of the names boy and girl. It is wiser and worthier to face such facts fairly, and to adjust our vocabulary to them in a spirit of truthfulness. These cannot be the full development got out of university life which its conditions warrant, so long as university men and women deny their own status.

H. S. GRANT MACDONALD.

The Tale of Two Ties

"Jigglety, jagglety, jogglety, jum,
Why, bless my soul, but the Joodle is come,
Come with his cane and his high silk hat,
But my ! he's forgotten his green cravat."

—*Old Fairy Tale.*

ROMEO and Juliet were in a sad case, but here I move my pen to tell a sadder. It will be remembered that Romeo had a sweetheart before he doted on Juliet. So had my hero, but a large part of his trouble arose from the fact that he kept her on conjointly with the later.

The Christmas season of peace and good will was approaching. If we let Miss Alleyne stand for the name of the earlier, and Miss Battingfeld for the later, we shall elucidate the problem the sooner. Miss Chrissie Alleyne had gone through tender passages in her first days of "coming-out" with Mr. Corson, our hero, a fascinating young tenor in the Presbyterian Church near by. Since that time she had felt the attractions possessed by another, a banker.

The events I am about to relate took place in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-four, when knitted silk cravats were all the rage as donations to mankind. Miss Alleyne had not much time on hand for thinking out individual needs, so she lumped the two men. At first she determined to knit them both cravats exactly alike, both for economy in silk and time. But after she had bought sufficient red silk, she remembered the auburn beard of the banker. So she harked back to Eaton's and got some green.

The cravats were finished in due time, and carefully put up in dainty boxes. Just as she had finished doing them up she was called away. She afterwards addressed them from memory. When they had been dispatched she began to feel qualms of uneasiness, but too late.

In the meantime the handsome tenor's other acquisition, Miss Battingfeld, had also been seized with the popular craze for home-made neckties,

and perpetrated one in green. It so chanced that, buying her material at the same store as Miss Alleyne, she got the same as that intended for the banker.

Now, Mr. Corson was such a charming young tenor, and so gallant with the ladies, that he hated to do anything rude. Accordingly his usual Sunday evening custom was to call for Miss Alleyne, who sang in the same choir, escort her to church, and leave her at her door afterwards. Then he went quickly the few intervening blocks, and spent the remainder of the evening with Miss Battingfeld. This appeared quite proper to the said Miss B., for she knew he sang in the choir of his own church, which didn't happen to be the same as hers.

The Sunday after Christmas came. Mr. Corson had been the fortunate recipient of two ties, a red and a green. Now he hated to offend either young lady by not wearing her gift. A brilliant inspiration struck him. He would wear one, and pocket the other. Surely a good opportunity would come for changing it during his scamper around the block.

The music to be prepared was more than ordinarily difficult for that evening, and as Mr. Corson was putting the final touches to his toilet he hummed over the score. He found himself in a state of nervous tension. In his excitement he accidentally interchanged the order he had planned of wearing the ties, and tied in a neat knot the green one. He also blundered in putting the other in his coat pocket, forgetting to transfer it to his ulster.

The earliest hymn was given out, "Blest be the tie that binds." Soon afterwards the trying part of the service came for the poor man. He looked for the usual warm glance of encouragement from his early inamorata, Miss Alleyne. Instead he was met by a piteously bewildered expression, followed by a stony glare. Poor Miss Chrissie was now convinced that the banker had received like to like, and feared that he would resent it as a palpable insult.

Mr. Corson ran hurriedly over in his mind all the possible permutations and combinations to be made of the circumstances. His great fear was that Miss Alleyne had heard about his weekly Sunday finish-up at the house of Battingfeld. In his trepidation he pulled out his handkerchief to conceal his feelings till he felt calmer. Out jumped the red tie. *There* was a tableau for the initiated!

How he managed to keep up a fair amount of conversation with Miss Alleyne on the way home he never could figure out. When he left her his soul was in a tumult. Under the lamp-post that he had previously selected in his meditations on the subject, he deftly changed ties. He had forgotten which was which, or rather was too dazed to consider the fact that he already had on the proper one.

His reception at Miss Battingfeld's was far from cordial. He could not imagine what the trouble was. He supposed that he should have asked her out more frequently than his somewhat narrow means had permitted of late. The lady kept getting a trifle more chilly in her demeanor. At last the remark seemed jerked out of her—"Don't you like green as a color in ties?" He said, "Of course I do." "Well, why don't you wear the one I sent you?"

The poor young tenor blushed deeply, and after a few perfunctory expressions of gratitude, he staggered out into the street.

When next seen he was considerably thinner, having undergone an attack of brain fever, consequent on trying to unravel the tie problem. Now he can never hear that favorite old hymn without prickly sensations.

Miss Alleyne suffered in the same way, for she had worked herself into a nervous fever over the possibility of a mistake in the cravat sent the banker. He, however, appeared three days later wearing the green tie with his most self-satisfied air.

M. E. HUNTER, '98.

A Day at the Women's Residence

MY room-mate was certainly a disturbing element that morning. The breakfast bell had only partially aroused me, and I should have quickly fallen back to sleep if she had not persisted in frantic endeavors to prevent me, and, as her hurried preparations had by this time assumed the nature of a small cyclone, I was forced to rise if only to save a few of my possessions from utter confusion. Naturally I was late for breakfast, but it was too usual an occurrence to excite remark, besides was I not a senior? It was evident there were nine o'clock lectures that day, but quite regardless of such minor matters, I leisurely finished my meal and then returned to my room to write letters.

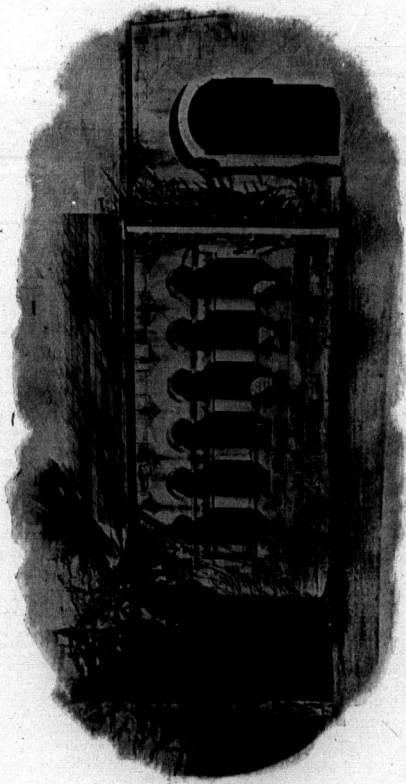
The house was very quiet until about noon, when the girls began returning from college, and made their presence heard, if not felt, in every room and corridor. Woman is naturally a social creature, so I could not be blamed for the strong inclination I felt to leave "Angel's Rest"—as my room was placarded on the door—and join the group in the adjoining "Home of the Friendless," where such interesting topics seemed under discussion. I found the occupants in various graceful attitudes about the room (the supply of chairs was not equal to the demand), arguing over the all-absorbing question of the time, the annual elections of the Women's Literary Society. As a state of quite unnecessary warmth had by this time been reached, I was relieved to hear the bell just then ring for lunch, which was a signal for the girls to unite once more in a common purpose.

At meals strict attention was given to the proper training of the freshettes who had to politely look after the wants of the seniors and take turn about in saying grace. Anyone caught smiling in the perfor-

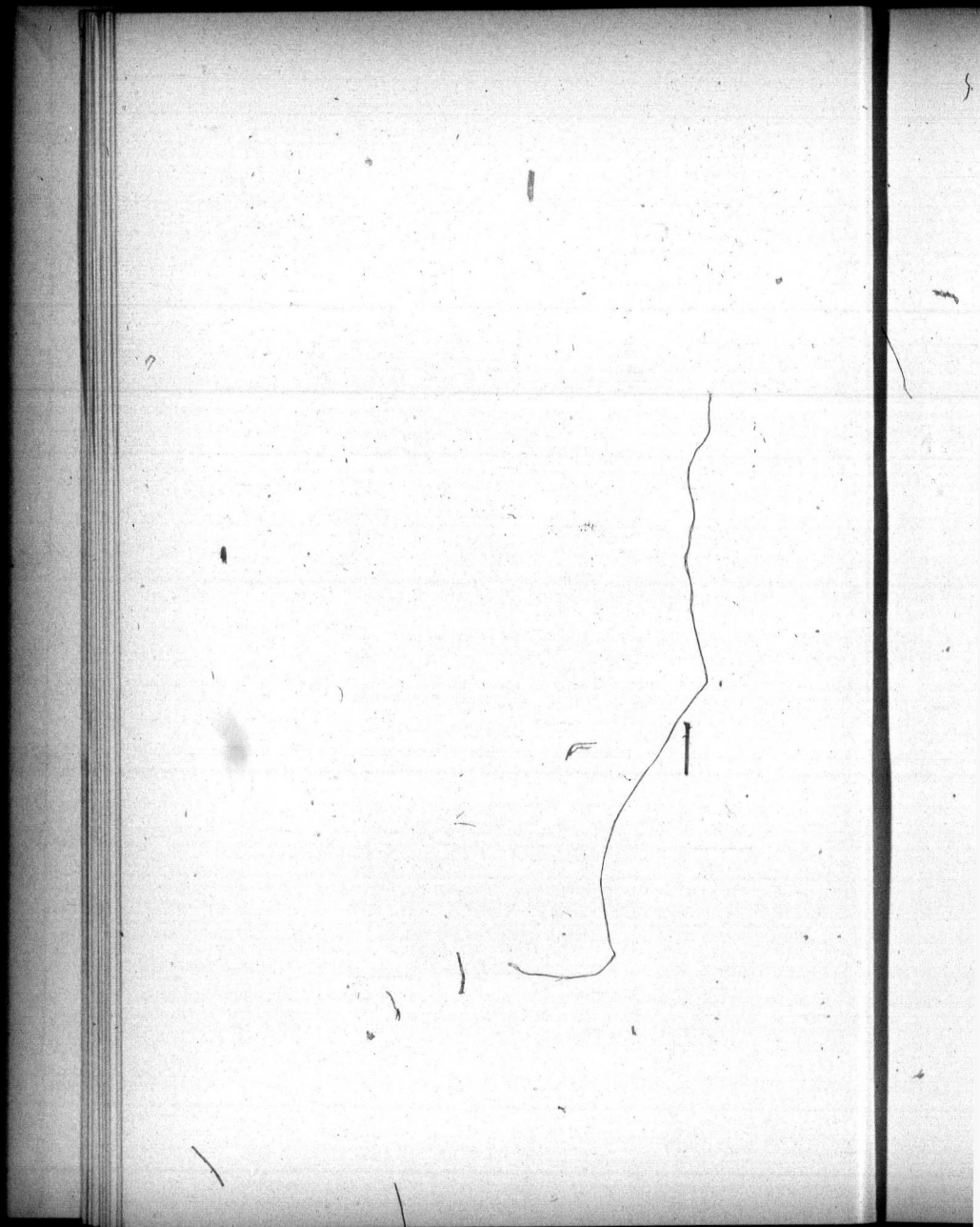
mance of that important duty was promptly fined and their desert for that day confiscated. But the system of fines was extensive, and the freshies were not the only victims. Punsters were heavily taxed, as were also those who felt compelled to give voice to their musical inspirations before 8 a.m. A good round sum had also to be paid by that wayward demoiselle who entertained more than two callers of the male persuasion during the week. I believe the House Committee (who were the Lords of Creation for the time being), reconciled this particular fine to their consciences by entering it under extra charge for use of parlor and gas on such occasions. The pitiful tale is even recorded of the desperate girl who, on the verge of bankruptcy, was forced to turn off the gas when her fourth visitor of the week remained after nine o'clock.

But we were not long at lunch, for we were students and felt it our bounden duty to hurry through meals, even though death from dyspepsia was the result. Once more work reigned, but by five o'clock even the plugs began to come out of their deep seclusion, and groups collected out on the tennis courts and in our sitting room, which was always a favorite place during recreation hours. At half-past six we had dinner, and afterwards a general good time, until most of us were warned by our studious friends that it was "truly meet, just, right and salutary," that we should return to our books. But I was so comfortably settled in a rocking chair that, strange to relate, my study table lost all charm, and I remained talking with two or three freshies, who had just entered the Residence and were anxious to obtain all the free information possible on the subject. One of them, with an inquiring turn of mind and bent on tracing everything to its "first cause," asked me who had so generously donated the necessary fund for building the Residence. I tried to recall the well beloved name of our benefactor but my memory had deserted me, and the effort to recall it only resulted in my gradually awakening from the happy dream I have just described to you. For sure I was still comfortably seated in a rocking chair, but now quite awake to the fact that it was in a boarding house and not in that castle of Spain—the Women's Residence of Toronto University.

N. C., '99.



Arcade
from
University
Building



The Second Fall

WHY do the dear hills lower
As the child becomes a man?
Why are there marshy hollows
Where the shining rivers ran?
Why is there never a garden
Where the old-time roses blow;
Why are the flowers less fragrant
Than the blossoms long ago?

Why have the woods no fairies
Why have the stars no song?
Why is our love less tender
Why is our faith less strong?
Why have we lost the visions
Our childhood used to know;
When we played on the hills and rivers
'Mid the buds of long ago?

Is it because a blindness
The years have flung o'er us all
Makes us loom up like giants
And nature appear so small?
Is it because that our senses
Grown coarse in our life as men
Have lost all the fine perception
Of a glorified childish ken?

Is it because a culture
Making us mighty of brain
Allows our heart's to wither
And our soul's clear light to wane?
Is it because in our progress
Through the tinsel world we know,
We've tasted the Eden Apple,
Since the days of long ago?

LAURA M. MASON.

A Sprig from the "Christbaum"

3 T is but the tiny end of a pine-branch, dry, and flattened and stiff —no beauty, no fragrance; but a dear little German maiden knew, when she put it into my hand at parting, that it would have a witchery of its own, to summon up, in far-away Canada, memories of happy Christmas-tide in the Fatherland.

Brave little sprig! It was a stately tree that you were plucked from, and sweet and gay was your last glimpse of the outer world. So proud must the old pine have been to act as central figure in the pretty scene, that it were preposterous indeed to imagine it sighing for the pure stillness of the woodland slope it had left, for sound of bird-song, or sight of timid fawn lingering in Autumn's soft sunshine.

Great, however, must have been the wonderment of the shapely pine, when transferred from the quiet of the hills to the bustle of the city square, where the thrill of preparation for a German Christmas moves even the matter-of-fact human strangers wandering bewildered through the glitter and gaiety of it all. Our pine tree from the still woods must have been dazed, no less, to find itself in the centre of the holiday "Fair," where myriads of booths that have sprung up in a night, transform, by sudden magic, the appearance of the city. The prosaic shops may still have their chosen few, but here, in and out, under clear, open skies, wander the eager, artless devotees of the "Weihnachtsmann," examining toys from booth to booth, devouring "Kuchen" in open view, or hurrying homeward with a precious "Christbaum," to be hidden in the room of

Christmas secrets until that night when little children who have been good may greet it with the clamor of their wondering delight.

But it was to no such limited circle of family rejoicing that our tree was carried. From the busy square it was taken to the spacious hall, from whose lofty walls looked down the marble busts of the Kaiser, his father and illustrious grandfather, and Germany's foremost poets. From the lower corridors of the great building there rises to this hall the sweet echo of girl-voices singing their favorite melody ;

"O du glückliche,
O du selige
Gnadenbringende
Weihnachtszeit !"

A school closing-day comes, and then the stranger who has had a short Indian summer of student-life with these girls, first sees the tree as it stands on the platform, ablaze with lights and sparkling ornament. Honored old pine, to end its days in the face of that throng of bright school-girls ! Surely it yearned to bend over and touch lightly the bright hair of two wee maids who stood by it in their shy reciting ; surely the grand old Christmas songs from all those pure voices must have thrilled it as never before bird-note did ; and surely the sight of those young faces, those clear, untroubled eyes, had a power to gladden beyond the fairest scene of woodland loveliness.

The spell of the scene did work strongly upon the tree, for this little dry sprig holds some of it still, and at sight of it I can cross the ocean that lies between, coax Time backward a space, and see still the little Luise and her companions as they make glad preparations for Christmas, 1891.

E. M. BALMER.

Nature's Gems

PART I

A SLEEPING, snowy city. How calm and pure! Winter was at last dethroned, and spring, sweet sunny spring, donned her coronation robes, and with smiling warmth, began anew her queenly duties. Winter, stern, sturdy winter, submitted with apparent grace, but on this night once more assuming the sway, summoned up his many workmen and bade them array his darling earth in sparkling apparel. Deep into the darkness of the night did they labor on. Soon earth's fairy form became a dream of shining light, as with skilled fingers the artist angel shook out the feathery folds, or sprinkled about his flashing jewels. The shapeless stretch of chimney-pots, man's work, was cloaked in nature's mystic splendors; the towering steeples, silent sentinels in white, the ghost-like poles, the silvery net-work of interlacing wires, all clad in spotless purity. The lonely willow wept no longer. Winter with the touch of a Midas had changed its tears to glistening diamonds. Over all, as morning dawned, the rosy blush of conscious beauty.

PART II

A wakened, dirty city. How noisy and stained. A street corner; the silent willow in the distance; a jammed, seething crowd, a dirty uplifted finger swollen about an old umbrella ferule, a tiny chirping voice "Please, man, 'ill you take this hole off un Jum's fing-er?" No response. "If you knowed how it hurted, guess you would." Ting-ting—sh—and a car switched round the corner. "Mister, Jum's awfu' hungry and hasn't had nuffin to eat but a nasty 'nanna. You hasn't any good 'nannas, has you?" Silence "P'raps you hasn't had break'ust uver?" One more effort. "Can't you talk, man? 'Cause I'se sorry for you if you can't." Ting-ting! ting-ting! and the childsh

voice was drowned in the noise of the crowd. An impatient scowl, a careless shove, an exclamation of horror and it was all over. Yes, gather up the little mangled form. See the last flutter of the blackening eyelid. Hear once more the baby whisper—"Jum—so—seepy ;—so seepy—'nannas—in—Heben."

Farewell, little angel Jum—farewell. Your frail life on earth was brief but your star shines brightly in the "blue beyond."

PART III

Earth's radiant brightness was changed to mourning. Humane winter, thinking of what he had lost and another had gained, burst forth in wailing sobs. Tears prevailed ; sunlight died ; diamonds melted in pity at the sight and the willow wept once more. Earth, so lately gay and sparkling, shrouded herself in deepest sable, and spring began her three months' rule in tears.

M. W. M.

Winter in the Backwoods

A. C. M.

COME with me from the heart of civilization, from the realm of comfort and refinement, and glance for a moment upon the other half of the world, of whose lives this half knows almost nothing. We shall winter in the backwoods of Canada;—the backwoods, geographically, because removed from the outside world by a three days' journey over rock, and snow, and ice; the backwoods, morally, because cut off from every outside influence for good, and shut in with all the natural tendencies for evil.

The little village of the backwoods, lying at the mouth of the river bearing the same name, is founded literally upon a rock, hard, bare granite, which rises in three sharp ridges, and upon which the rude homes of the lumbermen are built. A gully, filled in with sawdust until a tolerably navigable road is formed, runs through the village, and is the only street of which it boasts. With a view to personal safety, the flattest portions of the rock have been selected as residential sites; and, as a result, the huts are perched promiscuously, regardless of the fact that Euclid defined a straight line for the benefit of posterity. The large lumber mill down by the river, and the great flat monotonous yard traversed by tramways, along the sides of which are piled thousands of feet of lumber, stamp distinctively the occupation of the villagers. Beyond the river the opposite bank rises gray and barren; and the landscape of sawdust and rock, with here and there a stray evergreen, which tells of former luxuriance, looks desolate indeed.

The interior of the houses is, if possible, more dreary. In a futile effort to prevent the wind and snow from penetrating the walls, which are built of a double layer of boards with sawdust filled in between, the inside has been covered with gray tar paper, but all evidences of any other attempts at comfort, save the endless rag mats on the floor, are conspicuously absent. The houses of all but the most luxurious, boast of but

one living room, the kitchen. The others have two: the additional one being the "room" as they call it, into which the most distinguished guests only have access; and, on occasions, the daughter of the family, when a gallant youth comes to make love to her. If—as I remember it to have been the case in one family—the second daughter was also of eligible age, it became rather inconvenient for the second swain to do his wooing in the kitchen, where the assembled family congregated of an evening. Perhaps the motives of the younger daughter were not entirely unmixed when she made efforts to precipitate the matrimonial inclinations of the elder.

But the snow came, and the gray was turned to white; we bade farewell to the last boat, and we were shut in from all active communication with the "outside," as the aborigines called the world beyond the bay. With what indescribable feelings did we watch the boat as it steamed down the river, and made its way with difficulty through the already forming ice! With it went every hope we might have entertained of escape from the rocky north; and as we saw it slowly disappear until it became indistinguishable from the rocks which studded the bay, I turned away and sighed, and perhaps there was a tear. It was later, when darkness had covered the face of the waters, that I summoned courage to look out again. Something beyond in the blackness, which aforesaid had been there, was gone. It was the mariner's beacon light. Then even our ghost of hope, that, perchance, another boat might come, fled, and we realized that we were in for the winter.

When winter fairly settled in, and the ice "took," as the natives said—I never quite understood what it *took*, but I put that down to my ignorance of natural phenomena, and did not enquire—the village assumed an air of singular activity. Dog-sleighs, which were the only mode of artificial locomotion of which the village boasted, dashed to and fro, and the air rang with the shouts of the drivers and the barking of the dogs. And it may be well to mention here that the two requisites of dog-driving are the ability to shout well and to wield the whip. For dogs are not driven by means of reins, as are horses, but by a stentorian voice, coupled with a knowledge of *gee* and *haw*, and a whip. If the dogs will not be driven by this moral suasion, one must, perforce, yield himself to the caprice of the animals; and if they do not suddenly become possessed of a desire, which they immediately carry out, regardless of the inclinations of the driver, to mount a rock when he has determined to ride upon the level, so much the better for his peace of mind, and his place on the dog-sleigh.

A little girl and a small boy took out their respective dogs one day to go ariding. The dog belonging to the former had been used on differ-

ent occasions by the doctor of the village on his trips to surrounding lumber camps. The children suggested that they should trade their steeds for the time being. They did so, and when the boy became the possessor of the new dog, he began at once to flourish the whip and shout at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" The little girl objected. "Don't you beat my dog, he don't go for lickin', he only goes for pettin'?" "Whoa!" quoth the lad, and he turned and cast a look of scorn upon the little maid. "You don't need to tell me! If the doctor ever drove this dog he never went for pettin'. Hurrah!" And away he went. Certainly that time, at least, the dog didn't go for "pettin'."

What an indescribable sensation of fearsome hilarity you feel as you bound over the ground on a dog-sleigh! You are so near *terra firma* that a fall from the low coaster would not injure you; and yet you rather fear to try the experiment of tumbling, which is at all times imminent. I shall never forget a visit we paid, one fine frosty day in March, to a lumber camp three miles distant from the village. There were three of us on the sleigh, to which was hitched three dogs, one in front of the other two. We flew along a short distance over the tolerably flat portions of rock—tolerably rough would describe it better—then over the bank and onto the river, entered a creek with perpendicular rocks on either side, thence across a small lake, and into the woods. The shore of the lake was steep, so we jumped off and ran up after the dogs, and on again when we caught up, for the dogs didn't slacken their pace for an instant. Up hill and down dale in the woods we dashed, the shouts of the driver and the crack of the whip mingled with the barks of the dogs. Suddenly—and we held our breath—the dogs made a mad rush down a steep incline, stopped with a jerk that almost pitched us headlong, and—we had arrived at the lumber camp.

The shanty was a long, low building, made of logs, the cracks between which were stuffed with mud. We were ushered into a small room at the end of this building, which was dignified by the name of office. A bottle of ink and a pen which lay on the window-sill were, however, the only visible signs of the name. There were chairs for two of us, while the third balanced himself on an upturned stick of wood. A two-storied bed, built of rough pine boards, and strewn with all manner of wearing apparel, stood in the corner; a shelf on which were several suspicious looking bottles—of ink, the scaler assured us—and many dangerous looking weapons adorned the walls.

We had come for dinner, and were anxiously awaiting the summons which came presently from a man who thrust his head in at the outside door and bade us "come on." And so we came, and entered a long room, which to my surprise and delight, was decidedly clean and tidy. To the

right, as we went in, was a stove of prodigious proportions; while beyond, at the farthest side, were two long tables covered with brown oil-cloth, on one of which still lay the remains of a repast, and on the other a meal set for three.

We were bidden to "fall to." In front of each of us were set a tin plate and a basin of the same precious metal, guiltless of a handle, into which the cook poured some marvellous tea out of a boiler with a spout. Cakes, pies, biscuits, in endless variety, were on the table; and the shanty-man's fare, bacon and beans, was placed before us. We looked at one another for a moment, then "fell to" and ate with a zest, for we were undergoing the experience of a lifetime. We tasted everything, finally sighed, and said that we were ready to explore new regions.

We then visited the doggery. This was by no means, as one might suppose from the name, a place to keep the animals of the canine species. Far from it! It was nothing more nor less than the living and sleeping room of the lumbermen. The shock of stepping from the clean kitchen into this place almost overcame me. If the floor had ever been scrubbed, which was doubtful, it had certainly never seen water since the flood, and the rust which had accumulated on the stove at the same time had never been rubbed off. And the beds! I was glad we had not seen this room before dinner, else I fear that the pork and beans would have been left to grace a future meal of some brawny lumberman. They were built on the plan of the one in the office, and were ranged along two sides of the room. Gray blankets, straw which had had the original intention of a mattress, all the old boots and coats available, were mixed together on the beds in delightful confusion. The general effect of the scene was not enchanting. The dinner may have made me hungry, but the doggery didn't make me sleepy. Then we went home.

Thursday was the red letter, and in fact the only letter day of the week. We got up a little earlier on that morning, and it was no ordinary circumstance could accomplish that; there was an appearance of suppressed excitement in our very countenances. Every few moments one of us would look out of the window and scan the bay, now one broad expanse of ice. Finally, "There he is," would bring us all to the spot, and we would strain our eyes to see,—to see, too often,—that we were mistaken in the speck which we fancied was moving towards us; but to see, at length, the mail-man come within our ken from across the bay; to distinguish the dog and sleigh, and then to size up the mail-bag, a most significant part of whose contents usually belonged to ourselves. Impatiently we would watch him disappear into the only store, which was also the postoffice, wait a few moments, and then rush in to receive our coveted share. In a few hours we would watch the mail-man leave

with our letters in his bag, and then good-bye for another week to the outside world.

The population of the village was distinctly French-Canadian ; and, in the winter, decidedly feminine. The men were in the lumber woods, and only those who were in the nearest camps came home upon occasions. Then was it that merrymaking was rife among the aborigines, and joy and hilarity reigned supreme among the young men and maidens. If the stalwart lumberman demonstrated his manliness with a bumper of raw whiskey, so much better for the fun ; and verily it might be said that there were many sounds of revelry by night. The morning revealed, perhaps, the other side of the story ; but the only moral which was borne in upon the minds of the revellers was illustrated by the repeated cry of " Fill high the bowl."

There was a most remarkable absence of the " young lady " feature in the village of the backwoods. The fact that I heard a girl of seventeen spoken of most scornfully as an old maid will perhaps illustrate the truth of my statement when I say that the swains and maidens in their aspirations after love and wedded bliss rivalled the precocious love-making of Romeo and Juliet. We, in this civilized land, have at least the hope that so long as we can keep within our teens—and most of us stay there as long as possible—we shall escape the awful stigma of old maidenhood.

The social event of the season was the Sunday school concert. It was the only affair of the kind which the villagers had ever witnessed, and the audience was not critical. The children were intensely excited ; and it was with difficulty that the little girls were restrained from exhibiting their new dresses after the performance had begun. To prevent any extraordinary catastrophe befalling the entertainment, owing to the rawness of the performers, a curtain was strung in front of the platform, and manipulated by a youth who grabbed hold of one side and then marched across carrying it with him. The quality of the concert would, perhaps, not charm a Toronto audience, but our aborigines applauded to the echo. Proud fathers and mothers were there to see their children appear in public for the first time ; and, perchance, to dream of future histrionic glory : stout lumbermen were there with their best girls, for the village did not often afford this opportunity. Everybody was there. The room was crowded to the door. Several numbers occurred which were not on the program. The chairman, who was no more used to concerts than the others, announced that the first thing on the program would be a prayer by Mr. K — ; and, after waiting for a moment continued, " But as Mr. K — is not present, we shall go on to the next *piece* ! " An obstreperous boy on the platform announced quite audibly from behind the curtain,

that the next *song* on the program would be a *dance*. An ardent youth in the audience with his lady love by his side, listened very attentively to a recitation which related the sorrows of an old man who went a-woo-ing, and took a younger friend with him to help him out. The younger man carried off the maiden. The recitation ends with a soliloquy by the forsaken bachelor:—

“For a team may be better for hayin’, and plowin’, and all the rest,
But when it comes to courtin’, why a single hoss is best.”

“You bet,” came in most emphatic tones from the young man’s corner of the room. The sentiment had evidently struck a responsive chord in the youth’s heart.

But winter slowly disappeared, and with the approach of spring hope revived that we would once more behold the civilized world. It had been an unusually severe winter, and the ice was long in breaking up. Away beyond we could distinguish a very faint water line; but as yet there were at least four miles between us and the ever-broadening line which we so anxiously watched. One morning a strong north-east wind began to blow across the bay. About four o’clock a heavy mist settled down, and we saw no more that night. I was awakened in the morning by the excited exclamation, “The ice is gone!” I rushed to the window, and looked out. Instead of the white expanse of the day before, the black water was rolling and tossing and tumbling. Every particle of ice had disappeared. A fisherman on one of the islands told us afterwards that the ice had broken up and floated out within two hours. That night, when darkness had covered the face of the waters, I looked out again. Something beyond in the blackness, which aforetime had been there, was there once more. It was the mariner’s beacon light. Then our ghost of hope returned, and we watched for the *first* boat.

It came at length, after many disappointments. How many sails and masts we fancied we saw before one appeared in reality, I cannot say; but enough there were to cause us to despair. We had had no mail for three weeks, and for a time were more closed in by the water than we had been by the ice. But at last we saw a sail, and the village turned out in a body to bid the little schooner welcome as she sailed up the river. How the throng shouted themselves hoarse with joy. One needs the experience to appreciate the situation.

Ere long we bade farewell, with feelings not unmingled with regret, to our little village of the backwoods. It is but a memory now, for I have not seen the little town since; but I have not forgotten, and probably never shall, the varied experiences of that winter in the backwoods.

A Travelling Experience of 1897

IT was the last week of the Toronto Exhibition, and the Grand Trunk train was crowded with country visitors returning home with curious looking bundles. I politely tried to appear uninterested in everybody, and stared out of the window with such assiduity that a friendly old farmer, noting my evident admiration of the city scenery we were passing, proceeded to give me very interesting, if somewhat inaccurate, information about the Union Station, the River Don, and Toronto in general. I could not get my breath quickly enough to inform my eager entertainer that I had been born and brought up in Toronto, so after several vain attempts to rectify matters, I resigned myself to the requirements of the situation. My old man would occasionally fall asleep for half an hour or so, but just as I might be beginning once more to take a little healthy interest in life, he would waken up, and continue his course of instruction.

At the I. B. and O. Junction, my first estate of misery gave way to a second. I parted with my loquacious travelling companion, and resigned myself to the tender mercies of an antiquated engine, which proved to be the first used by the now celebrated Grand Trunk Railway. It was still in its primitive state of simplicity, and burned wood instead of coal. Sparks flew in all directions, so that soon all the windows of the car were closed, and I found myself in rather close quarters with six men. For a time I amused myself by watching the dancing fireworks, and thinking how the first people that saw the old engine rush past in the night must have likened it to a huge dragon vomiting fire. And truly, had the engine been really alive, it could not have been much more erratic in its movements. We rocked and swayed along on an uneven track that wound around perilously near the edge of a lake. Sometimes we almost stood still—once we actually did stand still, for no good reason so far as I could see. My fellow-passengers one by one filed out of the car, and a few minutes afterwards, when a gentle, rocking

motion informed me that the engine had started again, the men strolled in, remarking that it was a bother, this having to get out and push. We had proceeded on our journey about another mile, when a sudden crash and tearing convinced me that there was going to be a smash-up. The other passengers, however, seemed to take the disturbance very philosophically, and, when the engine came to a somewhat abrupt standstill, they sauntered out. I hardly liked to follow, but found, by carefully sticking my head out of the window, that we had just knocked down the Gooderham fence. I never learned whether the fence had moved since the train last passed, or had been put up since then in a spirit of evident faith that the old engine would be powerless to harm it.

When we got near Deer Lake, a rather merry looking old gentleman broke in upon my comparative peace of mind by inviting me out on to the back platform of the car, because, as he said, if we fell through the bridge, it would be easier to jump. I was not sure how to treat this advance, but, in my ignorance, decided that the man was a gentle joker. However, the conductor and the rest of my companions undertook to enlighten me. They said that the Deer Lake bridge was hardly safe, and, in fact, that the reason of our travelling with the old G. T. R. engine was that the other engine (there were only two on the line) had fallen through the bridge the week before.

The last shred of conventionality was gone, and I felt a melancholy comfort in telling my fears to my country friends. They laughed at my saying I should be glad to get off that train, and, when I told them my final destination, they smiled with a pity most aggravating to the person for whom it was felt. They feelingly informed me that inside of a week I should be dead with loneliness out on the quiet farm where my school-teacher friend was boarding. To my no small astonishment and consternation I learned that, after leaving the train, I should have to drive over twenty miles.

By this time we had reached the end of the line, Baptiste Station, and, although in the dark, I saw no station, I suppose it was there. There was not even a lantern to point out the situation of any tiny platform, and I stepped out into the mud at the edge of a forest. However, a man and a stage, which was neither more nor less than a "double-seated rig" appeared. Into this vehicle I was wedged between the two illustrious members of the company, the hotel-keeper and the doctor.

The way was dreary, dark, and decidedly rough. Corduroy roads were really an occasional comfort, but, for the greater part of the time, I gave myself up to melancholy reflections about what my relatives and friends at home would say, when they heard of my sudden and violent

death. However, in the meantime, I was hanging on to whatever I could grasp, and bracing myself against the seat in front. To add to the general misery it began to rain.

As we plunged into a particularly dark part of the forest, a man grasped the horse's bridle, and visions of a new form of death immediately loomed up before me. But the newcomer was simply wanting the doctor, who was needed to attend a woman dying of fever in a settler's shanty not far away. The doctor was not long gone, and when he rejoined us he said that the woman was dead.

This melancholy incident seemed to put our little company into a mood for recalling sad stories. The tale that touched me most was one of a young man who had been accustomed to carry supplies into a lumber camp, before the trains came near enough to be of any use. His horses were particularly sure-footed, and knew every yard of the dark road that even the driver could often not see. But one of the horses died, and a new one was taken on. The night was dark, the team stepped over the edge of a precipice, and the heavy load fell upon the driver, who was found alive and conscious the next morning. The would-be deliverer tried to lift the load, but he could not pull the injured man from beneath, and, after letting the heavy weight back again, he had to run three miles for the help that came only when the crushed, bruised body was past all pain, and the patient sufferer was far from the night of his agony.

I felt that what gave this story its thrilling vividness was the fact that our driver had long ago given up trying to guide our horses, and that even if there was no precipice at hand, there was an abundance of trees against which we might be dashed. However, after driving nine miles we arrived in safety at Bancroft, quite a flourishing village.

Here a farmer and my school-teacher friend were waiting to take me "home." As it was then after eleven o'clock, and we had to drive another twelve miles, we started almost immediately. Hardly was I in my place and my baggage up behind, than Jessie said: "Oh, where are they? I'm just hungry for bananas." Wondering at her eagerness, I gave her one from my lunch basket, and, with the carelessness of ignorance, handed over my last one to the farmer, who took it, and, I believe, even managed to eat it. He afterwards confessed that he had had a hard struggle, as he had never tasted one before—although he had seen them in shops, and thought them a kind of sausage.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, when, after I had given up all hope, and for some time had been harboring a secret conviction that the farmer had lost his way, we heard dogs barking and saw the flash of a lantern. I was helped down from my perch, and introduced to

somebody called Dan. This person ushered us into the house—the quaintest, cleanest-looking house I had ever seen. The room into which we entered was large, with whitewashed log walls and whitewashed rafters overhead. The floor was bare—scrubbed as white as the wooden chairs and forms against the walls. A huge fire of logs was burning in the open stoye, near which were drawn up two large wooden rocking-chairs and an old-fashioned spinning wheel. A rather sleepy-looking girl was moving around—apparently preparing a meal. At this I vaguely wondered, inwardly hoping that we were not supposed to breakfast at three. However, Jessie relieved my anxiety by saying that we were to get something to eat before going to bed, and that I had better sit down. I did so, and was wondering whether I should eventually cry or go to sleep, when I settled the question by what I suppose must have been the latter process, since I soon found myself a settler of a past century when all Canada was in a state of native simplicity and travellers were in imminent danger of losing their way in the “forest primeval.”

I. L. T.

A Retrospect

"They are flitting away, those swift, sweet years,
Like a leaf on the currant cast
With never a break in their rapid flow
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past."

STANDING as we do just upon the threshold of a new and untried life, our school days with their changeful light and shade lying far behind us, it seems a fitting time to pause for a moment and glance back through the vista of years that have flown. Were it possible to forget, not one of us would willingly let "the dead past bury its dead," even though, as memory draws the veil aside, we see joy and sorrow, victory and defeat. What a dream seems our early childhood! when surrounded by tender, loving care we felt the very joyousness of life's spring time.

"Twas as easy then for the heart to be true,
As the earth to be green or the skies to be blue;
'Twas the natural way of things."

True, even then, we had our childish troubles, but how easy it was to forget and forgive—a little sympathy, a little comfort—and life was again rose-colored. Days of blessedness, indeed! Would that we had retained that childlike faith and belief in human perfection which made them so. That trustful spirit, content to leave the unexplained mysteries too deep for comprehension, to live only in the present.

But all too soon we entered that arena of temptation and trial, the life of a great public school. Slowly dawned the realization that to live meant more than we had hitherto thought, that thorns as well as roses grew in the path, that there was no royal road to knowledge. Many sorrows were brought about by our own folly and carelessness, but that did not make it any better. The giants in the way had to be met and conquered one by one, and when the last was vanquished, collegiate life began.

The events of those years are much too fresh in the memory of each to need recalling. The merry, light-hearted life of the junior forms, the scrapes cleverly got into, clambered out of with infinite skill, the more earnest work of the higher forms ending in examination victory, when with regret and anticipation struggling in our hearts, the dear old days were over, and the arms of our "Alma Mater" opened wide to receive us.

And now we of the senior year are about to sever another tie, to break another bond, to go forth into that large school for which the past years have been but a preparation. Through the various stages we have passed—through the "Freshmen" stage, and we realize now, more fully than ever, the exhaustive ignorance which we must have displayed when armed with the wisdom of a matriculant we came down determined to subdue all things, fully convinced that we could climb the ladder of fame with ease and rapidity. Then came the second stage, when as "Sophomores," we looked askance on the incoming first year and congratulated ourselves that we were not as they. During the third stage a change came over the spirit of our dreams, and we knew that we did not know much, that so far we had not drunk the well of learning dry, nor were we in any danger of taxing the supply. And now, when the three years, with their attendant examination—when we thanked Heaven that it was not always May!—are passed, we find ourselves preparing to make our parting bow and to bid a long farewell to these student days. We feel none of the self-satisfaction of the *Freshman*, nor the arrogant complacency of the *Sophomore*, nor the mock humility of the *Junior*, but we are humble that we know no more, rather than proud that we have learned so much.

We would that it were all to do over again; and we each ask, Have I gotten all out of this university life that I should have got? Apart from purely academic training and scholastic attainment, have I been better fitted for filling that niche which I alone can adequately fill? Am I less selfish, more charitable, more tolerant of the views and opinions of others, more large-hearted and liberal minded? Am I a better *woman* than I otherwise would have been? Happy the girl who on graduation feels that she has lost no opportunity for physical, mental, intellectual, and moral improvement.

We have all received more or less benefit from the four years spent together. The world will either be better or worse for our rubbing against each other during these years. Let us then go out from college resolved to do and be that only which is worthy of ourselves, of our class, and of our "Alma Mater." "Hope will brighten coming years, and memory gilds the past."

L. K. W.

The Alumnae Association of University College, Toronto

THE University of Toronto has the fond and faithful allegiance of about two hundred women that were students in University College, and who were made Bachelors of Arts by their Alma Mater. Alma Mater and alumna are correlative: *alterum alterius auxilio eget*; hence, nearly every college has an association of its graduates.

Some of the alumnae of University College are very far from her friendly halls: a cheery letter brings tidings from a fervent worker in British India; a substantial contributor from Scotland gladdens the Women's Residence Association; a brave story from British Columbia brightens SESAME; the daily papers bring intimations of success in foreign seats of learning. Other alumnae, while still in Ontario, seldom find engaging opportunity or profitable incentive to re-visit college halls—though all have innate longings to meet again with those who read the same hieroglyphics, who solved the same antagonistic problems, who wrestled with the same May examiners, who pledged their fidelity on the same rose-hued, June day. A few alumnae are near the college, and are, therefore, often gladdened within the hallowed walls by the exquisite pleasure of a warm grasp of a friendly hand; brightened by the delightful sound of a hearty laugh; comforted by the wise advice or the sincere confidence of a sympathizer; soothed by reliving in memory the happy past—an elysium out of which time cannot drive who has entered.

Selfishness is not fostered at University College. Its alumnae are generous. Hence, those enjoying the benefits of inter-communion and congenial associations, invite reunions of alumnae, when—

"The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;" and when may be discussed relevant matters of interest and of advantage. Then, too, the spirit of refined generosity prompts the graduate more successful in life's battle, to reach a helping, perhaps a hidden, hand, especially to those in the same rank! Again—*alterum alterius auxilio eget*. Furthermore, the sunshine of generosity would brighten the sometimes cloudy life of undergraduate life. How and When are vague uncertainties that the All-generous will make certainties!

The alumnae are deeply indebted to Misses E. M. Balmer, E. Catherine Fleming, Luri Hamilton, Charlotte Ross, and Janette Street—alphabetic order—for putting into practical shape some such sentiments as above expressed; and paid promptly their first instalment, when,

invited to meet in the East Hall of University College, at 10 a.m., Saturday, November 26th, 1898, they braved a wind-fanned snow-storm. There were present Misses Mary H. Beatty, Esther de Beauregard, Evelyn Durand, Ethel G. Flavell, E. Catherine Fleming, Julia Grant, Luri Hamilton; Mrs. E. L. Hill; Misses Janie S. Hillock, Laura L. Jones, Gertrude Lawler, Bessie Lawson, H. S. Grant Macdonald, Margaret C. McGregor, Bessie R. McMichael, M. L. Menhennick, Robena E. Millar, Florence H. M. Neelands, Margaret Louise Robertson, Charlotte Ross, May Sinclair, Janette Street, Adelaide E. Tennant, Jessie White, Alice Wilson. About fifty others, unable to be present, sent their names.

Miss Luri Hamilton was elected to the chair, and ably presided over an enthusiastic assembly. Miss Janette Street was chosen secretary. Then followed the adoption of a constitution. It had been drafted by Miss Street, who received many well-merited encomiums for clear-sighted judgment and discretion, and was adopted section by section—each clause having been discussed freely and spiritedly. Membership was restricted to women graduates of University College, and the annual fee for membership fixed at one dollar. The general meeting of the year is to take place at Eastertide, when, it was thought, many would be able to be present. The voting for officers is to be by ballot, as at the University Senate elections. The clause regulating the voting was suspended, and elections were held by vote of those present, with the result:—

President—MISS CHARLOTTE ROSS.

First Vice-President—MISS GERTRUDE LAWLER.

Second Vice-President—MISS EDGAR.

Corresponding Secretary—MISS E. CATHERINE FLEMING.

Recording Secretary—MISS JANIE S. HILLOCK.

Treasurer—MISS KINGSMILL.

Academic Committee—MISSES BALMER, DURAND, DE BEAUREGARD, HAMILTON, and RYCKMAN.

The constitution will be printed and forwarded to all members as soon as possible.

If the enthusiasm of the first meeting of the *alumnæ* is any assurance of the success of the association, the welfare of the society is trebly assured. Verily—"Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."

The writer asks the indulgence of the *alumnæ* for the above poor expression of the aims of the *Alumnæ Association of University College, Toronto*.

GERTRUDE LAWLER.

Lullaby

SLEEP, baby, sleep !
The tired wavelets ripple from the bay,
Oh how the dreary lingering hours onward creep
Before the day !

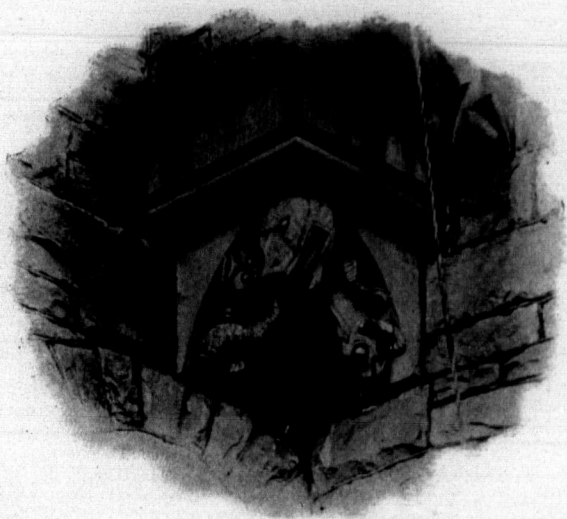
Sleep, baby, sleep !
The pale moon glimmers in the gloomy sky,
And sharply, clearly ringing o'er the darkened deep
Comes the gull's cry.

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The fishers' wives are watching on the shore,
Ah me, I know the sail for which I watch and weep
Will come no more.

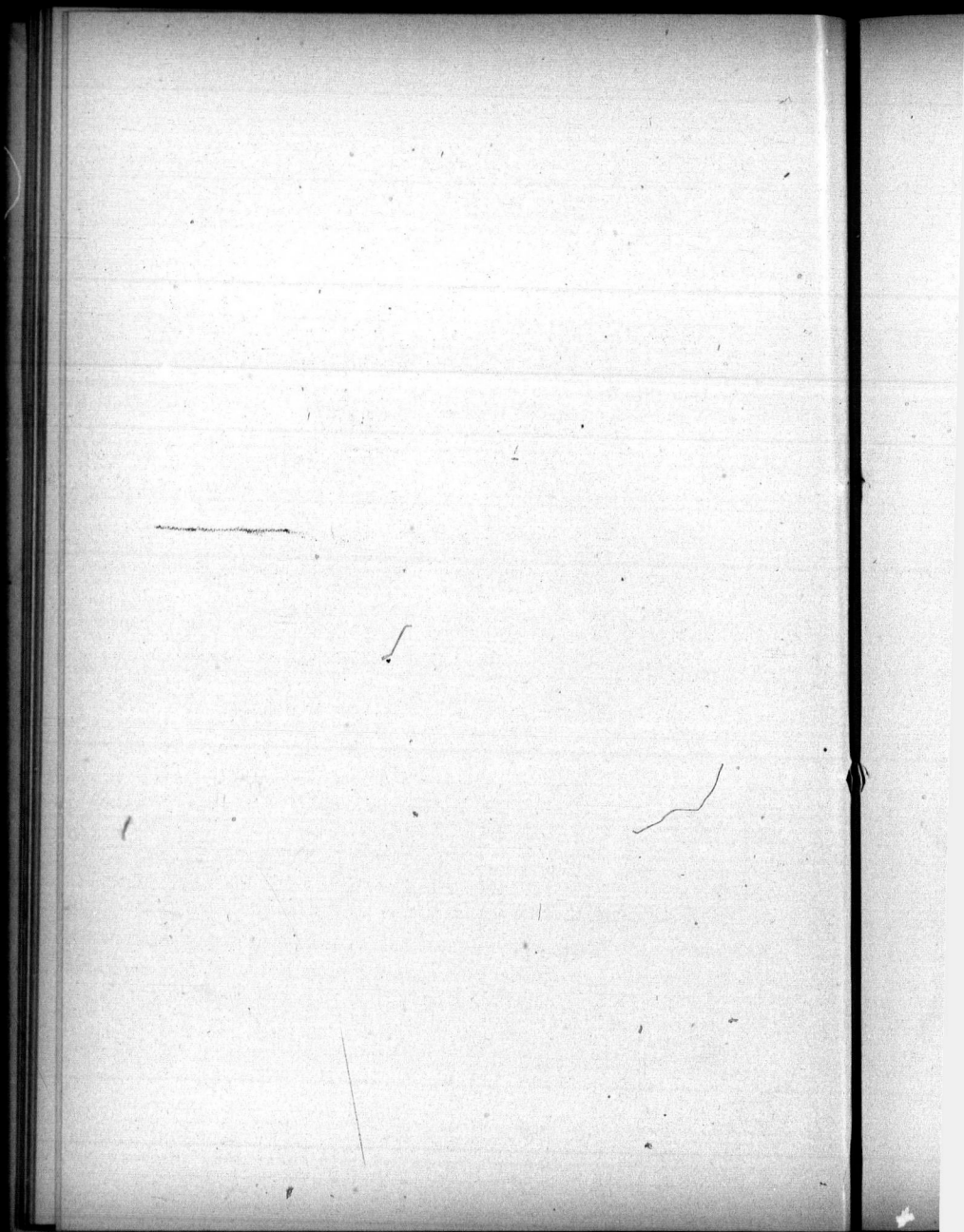
Sleep, baby, sleep !
That bitter night we said our last good-bye
As now your smiling slumber was so calm, so deep,
Unwet your eye.

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Sweet fancies wander through your dreamy head,
Lo, now the long grey mists above the waters creep,
The East grows red !

MARGUERITE E. MARSHALL, '02.



Dragons' Heads
in Physical
Laboratory



A Bit of Red Ribbon

3T was the hour between afternoon lectures and dinner when the "Trio" usually gathered in Marjorie's sitting-room "just to be frivolous," as Marjorie herself said. A small fire burned in the grate—that was one of Marjorie's hobbies—and Helen sat near by watching the flame as it flickered and flared. Her slim hands were clasped almost caressingly over her volume of Green's "Prolegomena." As Jean, the petted one of the trio, put it, "Helen always did love dry old things." The two friends were having a most animated argument, and, as was usual in such cases, Marjorie walked up and down excitedly, while Helen, cool and cynical, reclined in her low chair.

Suddenly a quick step was heard, the curtains parted, and Jean almost rushed into the room; her blue eyes were dancing with excitement, and she wore a general air of importance.

"Oh, Marjorie, I've one on you this time, something that will surprise you ever so much," and she stopped breathless.

Helen and Marjorie exchanged a smile, Jean had always been the impetuous one of their combination. Then Marjorie asked, "Well, what is your wonderful secret?"

"Just listen to this," and Jean turned her pocket inside out in a hurried search for a newspaper clipping—"McKenzie—Leonard—On Friday, the 28th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, New York, Mary Leonard to Eric R. McKenzie, late of Toronto."

Jean paused and looked up to see what impression her announcement had made. Helen smiled a little sarcastically.

"Well, she's done it at last. I thought she would though ever since I knew Eric McKenzie had gone to New York."

"Why, Helen, don't you remember how she used to poke such fun at him? I never dreamt of such a thing. But, Marjorie!"—and she turned round abruptly to where Marjorie stood at her secretary, evi-

dently looking for something—"you don't seem a bit surprised. Do you *always* know everything?"

"Well, scarcely, little one," and Marjorie smiled, "but this time you see I did."

"You always were Mary's favorite, even when we were very green freshies, and she took us under her wing and piloted us through our first year."

Jean pouted a little; she never could live up to her dignity as a senior as the other two did. Marjorie went over and stood by the fireplace, leaning on the mantle. She held what seemed to be an old letter in her hand. "Now it's all over, girls, I can tell you something I couldn't before. You remember Mary's mascot, don't you?"

Helen and Jean looked puzzled for a moment, then Jean began to laugh.

"You mean that red bow of her's, don't you, Marjorie? The one she always insisted brought her a good time. She used to plan her fancy waists so she could wear that red bow in her hair. Oh, and don't you remember the day she lost it? What a fuss we all made looking for it? Why, I remember her standing just where you are, Marjorie, and saying, 'Well, my sport's over. I can get some more red ribbon, but it won't be the same.' Wasn't she funny about it?"

"Mary always was superstitious," said Helen, coolly. "She lost that bow, though, the same day she met Eric McKenzie. If he'd been a different sort of a fellow I should have wondered if he didn't have something to do with it!"

Marjorie stopped trifling with the envelope she held in her hand and looked sharply at Helen, who, however, was still looking musingly into the fire. Just as Marjorie was about to speak, Helen looked up quickly. "I'll tell you something about that day, Marjorie, something I haven't mentioned as yet—the day Mary lost her 'mascot' I mean. You remember it was at a social evening. I was standing down at one end of the Student Union Hall talking to—well, I forget now, but I was watching a fellow who stood near. It was Eric, but I didn't know him then. He was watching something on the other side of the room very intently, and I was trying to make out what it was. He looked so serious, as if he didn't belong at a social evening. I felt that way, so I sympathized with him. Well, I tried to watch, too, but there was a big crowd, and all I could see was that red bow of Mary's dodging in and out among the heads. Every time I looked over I could see it, and yet it never struck me this man could be looking at it, too. Pretty soon little Daisy Miller came along. You remember her way—always saucy, always guying some one. Well, she stopped in front of

him, and said rather mockingly, 'Why, Mr. McKenzie, we don't often see you out on social evenings. You look lost; now isn't there some one you are dying to meet?' You know Eric's solemn way. He looked straight at her and said gravely, 'Thank you, Miss Miller. Yes, there is some one, but I don't know her name.' Daisy opened her mouth to say something saucy, but she closed it again."

"You never could make fun of Mr. McKenzie to his face," interrupted Jean. "I know, because I've tried it," and she shook her fair head vigorously.

"Well, then," Helen went on, "he asked Daisy if she would come across the hall. 'You see,' he said simply, 'I only know her by the red bow in her hair.' Again I saw Daisy start to laugh only to stop short. Then I knew that it was Mary he had been watching, and so when she told us that night about the new 'plug' she had met, I knew it was Eric, and that is why I wondered about that bit of red ribbon."

Marjorie laughed, and out of the envelope she held she drew something which she laid before Helen. "Do you recognize it?"

"The 'mascot,'" cried Helen and Jean, looking from one to the other.

"Helen wasn't far out, was she, Margie?"

"No," answered Marjorie, "she wasn't." She fingered the bow lovingly, and then looking in the mirror fastened it in her hair. "About two months ago Mary sent me this in a letter, and she told me then she was going to marry him. I wanted to tell you two, but Mary didn't want me to just yet. This morning I had a letter from her telling me that they had been married very suddenly because his firm was sending him out to Australia to look after some business, and he wanted to take her."

"Well, I never thought they would ever be married; he never paid her very much attention, and she used to make such unmerciful fun of him. Gracious, how she did go it," and at the mere recollection Jean laughed heartily.

"It's those quiet, still men, that always get what they want," remarked Helen, "and, as I said before, when I heard he had gone to New York so soon after Mary did, I suspected."

"I wonder if she is in love with him. I don't much believe it," said Jean. "She used to poke so much fun at him for being a plug, and for being Scotch, and for liking her, and, oh, everything!"

"Jean," said Marjorie, gently, "if I were you I would forget all that. If you like I'll read you part of her letter."

"You remember my mascot, don't you, Marge? Well, here it is. If I did lose it, it has brought me more than it ever did while I had it.

I've found it again, and with it something else. I am going to marry Eric McKenzie, Marge. He had it all the time; picked it up the day I lost it and kept it till now. Do you remember how you freshies laughed at me and my 'mascot'? I am giving it to you now, I don't need it any more. I am the happiest girl in God's good world."

Marjorie paused and looked up with a strangely tender smile. She didn't often look like that; it was a glimpse of another side of her nature, and before it the other two were quiet a moment. Then Helen gathered up her books, pushed back her chair, and said rather cynically, "All of this only goes to show that first impressions are not to be relied upon. Come on, Jean."

But Marjorie, left alone, took the red ribbon from her hair, and smoothing it gently looked wistfully into the fire.

CARR, '98.

The Same Old Story

3T was one of Marjorie Dering's lazy days. She was lying on the lounge, pretending to read, and wondering whether the snow-storm would keep her friends Helen and Jean from coming for a chat in her cozy sitting-room. Suddenly quick steps were heard outside, the curtains parted, and Jean Graham came into the room, her fair hair all blown about, her face looking as set and determined as her naturally merry expression would allow.

"Well, Marjorie Dering, you lazy girl! Why weren't you over at your lecture? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Marjorie looked at her lazily.

"Why, Jean, I guess you're storming as well as the weather; take off your things and go sit beside the fire. Where have you been all afternoon?"

"Down town." Jean spoke sharply, as she threw herself into the chair near the fire. "Whom do you think I saw?" she asked over the shoulder of Marjorie.

"Judging by your face, some one you don't like much."

"So it was," and Jean nodded her pretty head emphatically. "I saw Dick Cransford, and that horrid little freshette, Alice Norman."

Marjorie got up and came over to stand behind Jean's chair. "That's it, is it, Jean?" she laughed. "Don't be silly; haven't I told you before she's a great friend of his sister's?"

"Don't care," and Jean closed her lips in a straight line.

"And of course he has to be nice to her when she's here."

"Don't care," said Jean, still more emphatically.

"I dare say he has known her all his life and made mud pies with her years ago," laughed Marjorie.

"Don't care," said Jean once more.

Marjorie laughed again. "Don't be silly, Jean; you know Dick Cransford likes—"

"I don't know anything of the sort, and neither do you, Marjorie Dering. I think he's perfectly horrid."

Marjorie whistled softly and smiled to herself. Just then Helen came in.

"Why, what's the matter with Jean; she almost looks cross?"

"Nothing," said Jean, sharply.

"Don't mind her, Helen; she is just being foolish—aren't you, Jean?" But Jean would not answer.

A minute or two later she startled the two girls by turning round on them smiling—a mischievous smile it was, too.

"Girls, I am going to make him pay up for it."

"Dick?" queried Marjorie.

Jean nodded.

"Why, what ever has Dick been doing?" said Helen in surprise.

"Taking Alice Norman to the theatre. Isn't Jean a goose, Helen?"

"A little fool," said Helen, most emphatically.

"Don't care," said Jean. "I'm going to the conversat with Gerald Harcourt instead of with Dick. I got invitations from both of them just to-day."

Helen and Marjorie looked at each other. Then Marjorie said slowly,

"Don't do it, Jean."

"Yes, I will; it will be lots of fun, and you needn't look like that, Marjorie, because I've made up my mind." And Jean again nodded her pretty head very emphatically, and, putting on her wraps, went out of the room humming a merry little air.

Marjorie went back to the lounge with a little sigh.

"I wish she wouldn't. I know Gerald Harcourt better than she does, and all he cares for is for what he would call the fun of cutting Dick out."

"She will, though," said Helen. "All the higher education in the world won't ever make her rational. But don't you worry yourself, Marjorie. I know Dick Cransford better than you do—may be even better than Jean does. He'll bring her round all right, that is if he wants to, and I'm sure he does," added Helen, softly, looking into the fire.

"I hope so," said Marjorie; "it's so wretched to be quarrelling. Now, when Jack Lloyd and I—"

But Helen laughingly laid her hands over her ears, and Marjorie's face flushed red in the firelight.

Jean carried out her threat and went to the "conversat" with Gerald Harcourt. Dick wondered very much when Jean refused his

invitation, and he had felt not a little hurt at her conduct since. However, he told himself, Jean had settled it—he would take Alice Norman; she was a nice little thing. But what Jean could see in Harcourt he didn't know. Well, he would wait and see.

"Have you some dances for me, Jean?" he asked, holding out his hand for her card.

Jean's smile was very formal. "No, my card is full."

"Let me see it," said Dick, and Jean meekly handed it over; she had grown accustomed to acquiescing in his demands, and just for a minute she forgot.

"H'm, Harcourt's got five. Well, I guess he can spare me one. See, Jean, I am going to take this waltz. Is this your rendezvous?" and Jean again forgot she was angry, and meekly said, "Yes."

Before Dick's number with Jean came he had stumbled on the truth, and it was Marjorie who helped him—she and Dick were sworn friends. They had just stopped dancing when Jean passed them.

"Doesn't Jean look lovely to-night?" asked Dick.

"Yes." Marjorie looked at him curiously.

"But she'd only give me one dance, and I had to take that," Dick went on, ruefully.

"Dick," said Marjorie, quickly, "Don't mind all Jean says."

"I never did," Dick laughed.

Marjorie hesitated. "And Dick—don't dance too often with Alice Norman."

Dick looked at her wonderingly. "Why, you don't mean—?"

But Marjorie only laughed, and she moved away; and Dick, with a very determined look on his face, walked straight across to Jean.

"This is our dance, Jean. Come downstairs and let's sit it out."

"Thank you, I'd rather dance," said Jean, severely.

"But I'm so tired, Jean—do come downstairs."

Dick's smile was very winning, and Jean went, telling herself all the time how angry she was.

"Don't you think you were mean, Jean, not to save a single dance for me?" asked Dick.

"No; you never said you wanted any." Jean looked straight ahead of her; she knew if she looked at him she would smile.

"Well, don't I always want them—more than you ever give me?" and Dick looked so earnestly at Jean she was impelled to look back at him. She felt her anger dying.

"I don't know." She hesitated.

"Don't know," echoed Dick. "Why, Jean, you must know."

Jean's dimples just came into view, then they disappeared.

"Isn't Alice Norman pretty?" she asked, irrelevantly.

"Bother Alice —. Oh, yes, I beg your pardon. Yes, certainly she's very pretty—a great chum of my sister's." Dick was smiling now; he saw clearly what Marjorie meant.

"A chum of his sister's." How foolish Jean felt. Just what Marjorie had said.

The bells sounded. Jean rose with a little sigh, "We had better go upstairs."

But Dick only settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"I don't want to. I am happier here. You don't want to, either. Come and sit down again."

Jean's dimples came into view. Her eyes were laughing now, too.

"But haven't you to dance with someone, Dick?"

"Only Alice," said Dick, lazily, "and she'd rather I didn't come. She's having some fun with young Morrison. Do sit down, Jean."

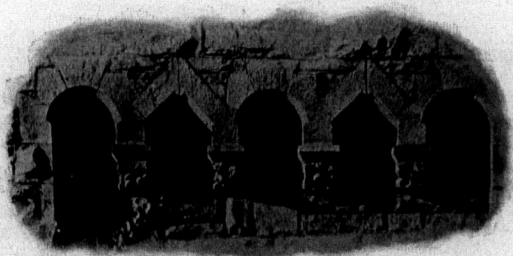
Jean smiled down at him. "But I have to dance with Mr. Harcourt,"—not very eagerly.

Dick got up then. "Well, come on, if you want to, Jean. I should think, though, three dances ought to be enough for one fellow. Why, I've only had one."

"But, Dick, I don't want to," murmured Jean, very low; but Dick heard, and was satisfied.


And upstairs Gerald Harcourt looked in vain for Jean, and Marjorie, who saw him looking, smiled and said, under her breath, "I'm so glad."

CARR, '98.



Corbel Table
from
University

A Little Girl's Trip to Scotland

 ONCE upon a time, as all stories should begin, there was a little girl who visited Scotland. There she saw some strange things, not at all the things that grown-up people see. To begin with, her expectations were different. Her mind was full of stories out of an old history, and tradition and truth were beautifully mingled in her small head, so that she expected to find a country peopled by noble knights and beautiful ladies who lived in great castles, with dark dungeons below, and who acted as if they had walked straight out of the pages of *Ivanhoe*. The ocean voyage was disappointing. She did not see an iceberg, she did not see a whale, she did see great waves lifting their crests to the skies, but they made her so sea-sick that she gladly took refuge in her berth, without caring whether she saw any of the wonders of the deep or not.

When at last land was reached her interest revived. The little village where they stayed was like nothing she had ever seen. The houses were low and small, built of stone, with thatched roofs, and in them sat weavers spinning away at their looms. The floors were made of great slabs of stone, and the little girl took the greatest interest in watching the village girls as they scoured the grey stones, and drew scrolls on the great hearthstone with chalk. She often wondered if some day she would not be able to do the same, and sometimes to her great joy she was allowed to try to make the wonderful rings of chalk herself. The little housewives were usually quite willing to let her try, for they thought that the little stranger was a very wonderful being. They liked to gather round her in the evening, and make her tell them about the strange country where she lived, and teach her to play their games.

Sometimes she was shy, and refused to play, and once she was very much frightened. All the village children were playing together, and were singing, "See the robbers passing by, my fair lady," but when it was the little girl's turn to pass by, and she was caught, and heard them sing, "Off to prison you must go, my fair lady," she ran away in terror, for she thought that at last the dungeon of her dreams was going to become a reality.

Of course the little girl saw some of the sights that ordinary tourists see in Scotland. She saw old castles with real moats around them. She went to Edinburgh, and stood on the Calton Hill, and saw Holyrood Palace. She visited Glasgow Exhibition, and gazed with awe on the chair where Queen Victoria had sat just the day before. She climbed the Eildon Hills, and covered herself with glory by reaching the top before any of the rest of the party. But any one can tell you of the thousand and one places of interest that people visit, and perhaps in the midst of it all, you may become tired like the little girl herself. For it was not long before she tired of it all. She wanted to go home, and perhaps the most pleasant part of all her journey was the return to the little Canadian village, where she was henceforth to be an object of envy and admiration to all other little girls who had not travelled so far.

F. R. A., '02.

The Legend of the Blood-Root

LONG ago, in a shady valley, dwelt a delicate little wood-maiden, white as snow. There she played with her companion flowers in the shadows and the sunlight, ever happy and light-hearted, the most beautiful of them all. Her neighbor was a daisy with a star-like face, graceful and proud as she bowed her tall figure to salute the Evening Wind.

All day long they stood there, and the birds taught the little wood-maiden their songs, and the Evening Breeze brought messages of love from the bees and birds and flowers in the wood. When the twilight came the maiden ceased her play and was lulled to sleep by the gentle whispers of the tall pine trees. So this little maiden grew in beauty and humility, unspotted and unspoiled by the devotion of all her fellow-flowers.

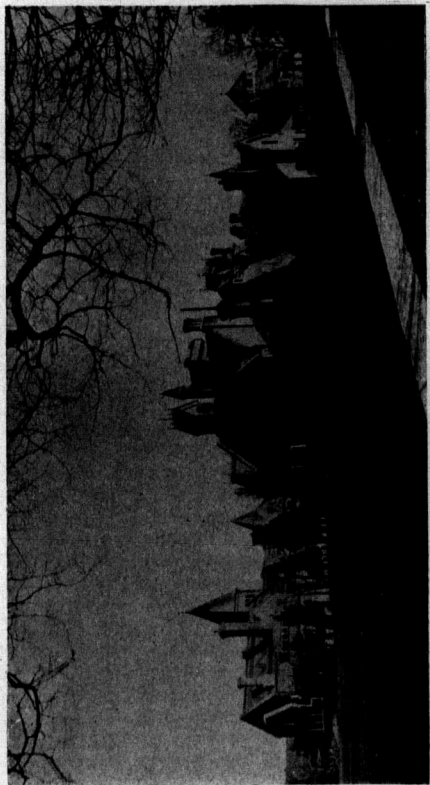
One morning when the sunlight roused her, she saw a royal flower, all purple, bending toward her in the morning light. And as the little maiden gazed at the stately form, she felt her pulses throb with feeling, as he smiled kindly at her. But as she drooped her head the morning sunshine kissed the Daisy and she awoke, and she, too, saw the Prince of Flowers standing there. Then the kingly Iris turned his head and saw the beautiful star-like face, all bathed in the morning dew, gazing at him, and again the courtly Iris smiled, but this time not only in kindness.

And the Daisy reared her head yet higher and more proudly, and rejoiced in her heart that her crown of gold was so bright in the sunlight, and her dress so pure and white in the dew, for she said within herself, and rightly, "The Prince of Flowers will see and woo me, surely," and the royal Iris did, and the Daisy was happy and forgot her little neighbor, with the milk-white face.

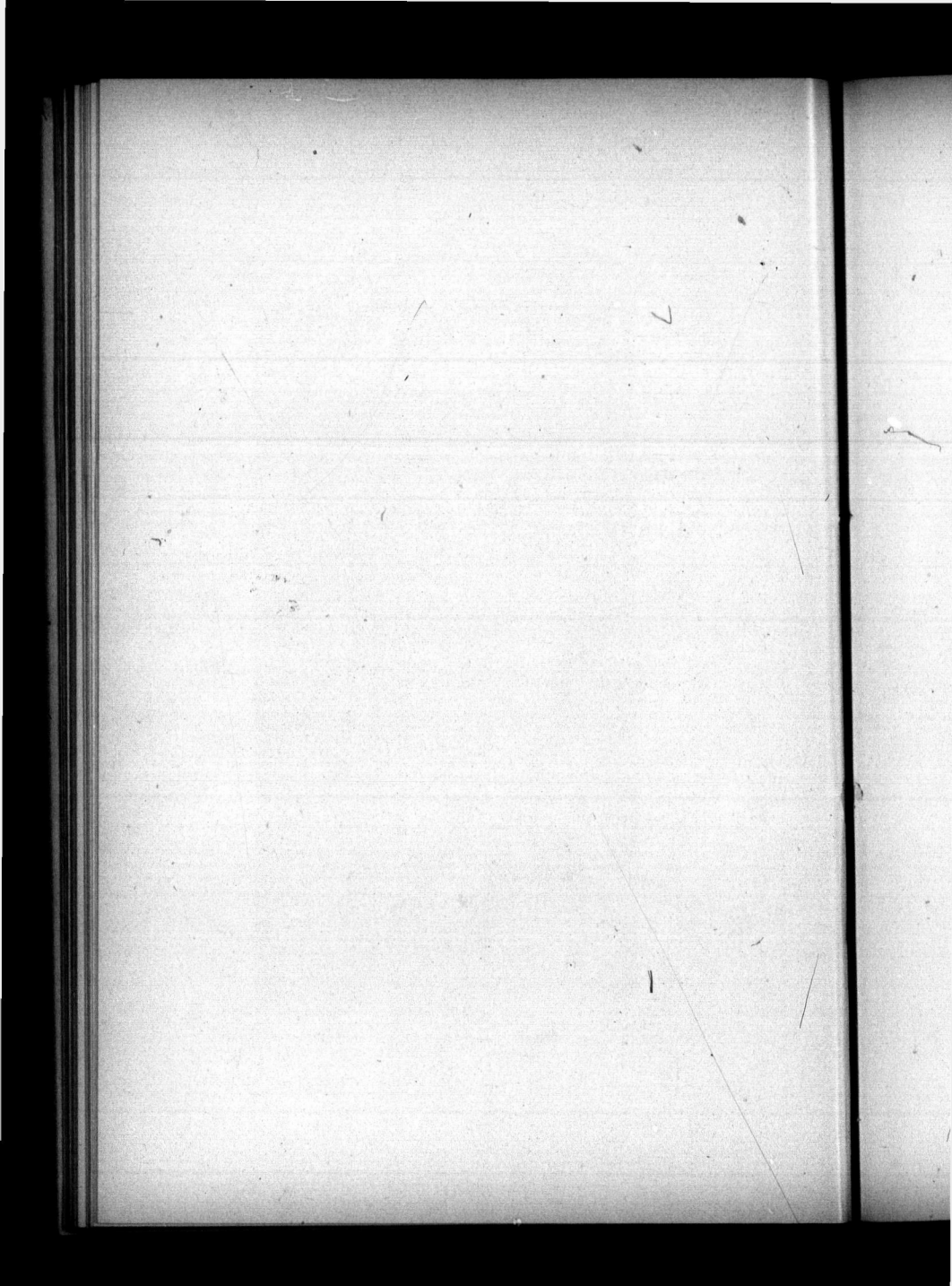
Then when the birds came to sing to their little queen Blood-Root, they found her lonely and neglected, only as they looked on the beautiful snow-white face, they saw the glorious light of her awakened soul, shining through her eyes. Then the night fell, and the little queen felt lonely and sad and wondered why, for ever before it had been her delight to watch the night creep up and the stars light their candles and shine down on her.

With the morning came the birds and bees with their messages of love, but when they reached the shady spot where she was wont to welcome them, they found, bent low beside the kingly Iris and the lovely Daisy, the dainty blossom of their queen, all beautiful. Only when they whispered to her the messages from their companions in the woods, they were no longer greeted by the happy, hopeful smile. The awakened soul had been too great a burden for the fragile flower, and as they stooped and took her up to lay her far away by the sea she had loved so dearly to hear them tell of, they saw the little root, blood-red and torn, and they knew why she had died.

W. H.



University
Building
from the Rear



Nihil

TO-DAY the amateur writer wearily racks his brain. With the courage of despair he ponders, groans, and ponders yet again, till at last he sighs, "Nothing is new;" but in the same breath cries, "Eureka! I have found it." Ah! gallant youth, seize on your pen and with unbridled eloquence dash into the unknown regions of Nothing, since there alone can be found the longed-for novelty. Apart from its freshness, the subject will prove enticing when its comparative importance has become manifest.

To render Nothing at all intelligible it is necessary to appeal first to mathematics. Look at the number 7904. Omitting 0, you reduce this to 794. Here is found the first inkling of the importance of Nothing. Admittedly 7994 is greater than 7904, as is also 7914. It would be absurd to claim that mathematically zero equals any one of the nine digits. Possessing no intrinsic worth, zero is yet useful in altering the value of any figure great or small.

The Nothing in mathematics is not difficult to conceive, for the symbol 0 gives to it a sort of tangibility. But in human experience what possible definition of Nothing can be given? Socrates himself with his group of disciples would have found difficulty in giving a lucid explanation of Nothing. "Doing nothing" is an ordinary expression with a supposed significance. But what is implied? Nothing thus used seems to mean absolute rest, which is, however, an impossibility. For even when the body seems totally inactive, the mind is more or less industrious. It is curious, too, that those conditions nearest to perfect rest—sleep and unconsciousness—are not described as nothingness. Death itself is not a state of Nothing; for, though spirit and mind are no longer at work in the body, the latter is subject to decay, and so is not at rest. With the true Nothing, then, it is impossible to deal. But this nearest approach to it in human experience, this inactivity, is worthy

of consideration. Of no importance in itself, inactivity may yet serve a purpose similar to that of zero in mathematics, that is, it may alter the value of the terms that represent the achievements of an individual.

Let fancy picture a man of action, one who never for a moment relaxes his energy, except when his "will is bondsman to the dark." He may take recreation at rare intervals, but into this very recreation he throws all his powers, for he realizes that few such opportunities are before him. Directly the allotted time for pleasure is past he resumes his labours with unabated zeal. There is no pause. Never does he permit a miserable Nothing to steal into his career. The brief respites from work cannot be called Nothings since they cause no lull in his activity. Recreation is to him but another field of labour, which he enters from a sense of duty and because nature positively objects to one uninterrupted kind of toil, whether physical or mental. Such a man, if possessed of an iron constitution, may endure this tension for years, and may accomplish in each successive year what humanity in general would be proud to claim as the work of a lifetime. Speculation is always hazardous. Yet there is a strong temptation to wonder if this man of action might not live longer, might not realize more happiness, and might not attain certainly as much distinction, and probably more, if to his series of achievements he admitted an occasional Nothing.

The most perfect picture we have of inactivity is that painted by Tennyson in his *Lotus-Eaters*. But this is inactivity to excess. An occasional zero is useful, a series of them, meaningless. Thus in human life, a prolonged condition of Nothing can produce only a nonentity. Yet sometimes in this busy world, where act follows act without cessation, the murmur must rise to the lips of many, "There is no joy but calm!" If to taste of the Lotos had meant the renewal of hope and strength for future struggles, the land would have been an Eden upon earth. But no! one taste was pernicious. The weary voyaging was better than this unending inertia.

The comparison of nonentities to the *Lotos-Eaters* is less inappropriate than the resemblance sometimes claimed between nonentities and menials or common labourers. Suppose, merely to indulge the imagination, that menials and labourers suddenly should announce themselves too proud, too noble to fill degraded positions longer, and should declare allegiance to Minerva alone, or to some such obsolete personage—witness the collapse of society. Hereafter, every man must become his own tailor, butcher, and Jack-of-all-trades. The philosopher must forsake the paths of learning, unless, in the manner of Socrates of old, he can go barefoot summer or winter and can philosophize sometimes on an empty stomach. No labourer then is a nonentity but an important factor in

society. Just as truly, the wicked man is not a nonentity, as Milton's Satan strongly testifies.

In respect of this Nothing there are four classes of men; the first scorns inactivity; the second, through the trials of poverty, makes no claim to its own just portion; while the third class obtains its own share as well as that of the first and the second; the fourth class, which is, unfortunately, very small, alone enjoys its due share, no more and no less.

All that further demands consideration in this subject of Nothing, is when is it to be used and how? Only the individual can tell the exact place to insert a nothing in his series of actions, but the condition of body and brain is the safest guide. The most pleasing manner to enjoy Nothing is out of doors, alone with nature; if the weather be unfavourable, solitude within doors is the best substitute, and it is needful that all dark, worrying thoughts give place to the sweetest day-dreams.

OUDEMIA.

The Coal Diamond

HENRY DUVIN was considered a character in Milden, even though he was not the only eccentric man known there. He was a tall man, but a habit of walking meditatively, with down-cast head, had given a perpetual stoop to his shoulders. His clothes hung loosely about him, as though they had been made for a larger man, and his hair had a rough, untidy look from frequent ruffling back from his forehead.

The pretty vine-covered cottage where he lived had been left him by his father. He was then a young man, fond of the gaiety of which young men usually are fond, but his interest had lately been quite accidentally awakened by the study of crystals. The form of the diamond had particularly attracted his attention, and he had therefore built himself a workshop, as he called it, behind the house immediately after coming into possession of this. Since the workmen had put up the shelves and placed the heavy tables no one but its owner had entered it. From that time he had begun to change into the man he now was. He had given up all forms of amusement beyond his workshop. He was doing some work for an invention he hoped to perfect, and, wrapped up in it, he found little pleasure in any thing else.

It was more than a year later that he accepted an invitation to a large dance. He seemed in very good humor; his invention, he said, was just about complete, but he would rather not say just yet what it was. His reputation for eccentricity, however, was increased by his behavior. For, about the middle of the evening, he asked one of the belles, who was wearing a necklace of beautiful diamonds, how she would like it if he told her the stones were worth no more than the coals in the furnace. The lady declared she would be heart-broken. "For then," said she, "I could care no more for them than I do for the powdered

glass which gives a glitter to the trimming of our dresses." Duvin looked surprised and a little doubtful, and left the ball a little later.

For two or three days after this he was busily engaged in his workshop, and when next he was seen his shoulders had begun to show the first signs of stoop, and the light had gone from his face. Nothing more was ever heard of his invention, and the general opinion was that he had counted on success too soon, and failed in the end.

But the truth was far otherwise. He went from the ball directly to his workshop. There he unlocked a drawer and took out a small square box. On the cotton wool in the bottom lay a pure sparkling diamond. This was the result of his year's work. With infinite care he had studied the nature of crystals. The diamond was but carbon and so was coal—where, then, was the difference between them but in the nature of the crystals? To find a means of crystallizing the one from the other was the invention he had set himself to perfect. He had given all his attention to this, and, though innumerable difficulties had been before him, he had never given up. The result had seemed possible to him, and, giving up one idea after another, he had persevered until he had made the stone which now lay in his hand. It had been returned that very day from the jeweller to whom he had sent it to be tested, with his opinion that it was a diamond of the first water, an unusually pure stone. Early in the evening, Duvin completed the paper, giving a full description of all his experiments, of all conditions necessary to produce the diamond from ordinary coal, and of the means he had used to get rid of the impurities usually to be found in the latter. The manuscript lay on the table neatly sealed, ready to be sent to a friend of his on a scientific paper, who would be ready to publish it. And now Duvin hesitated to post it, for the sake of a woman's chance remark. He decided to wait until the morning.

When morning came, he hesitated no longer. He knew that he had made an important discovery, for the experiments he had carried out would not only be of use in this case but in other branches of crystallography. By publishing his experiments in full there would be no fear of the discovery being patented and made a monopoly of by some one.

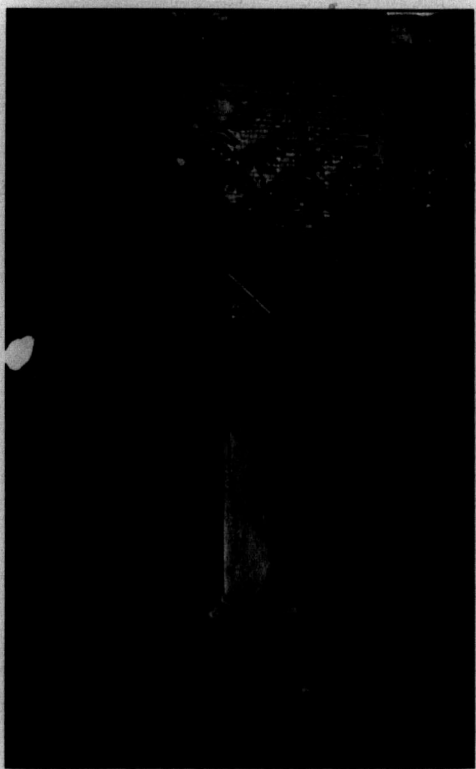
But at breakfast time the mail arrived, and with it a certain periodical which dabbled in science. This paragraph caught Duvin's attention :—

"But such discoveries do not always result in pure good. Science, truly, is advanced by every iota of truth which is given to the world, but while the commercial world is continually assisted by the study, whole trades may be ruined by it. Take, for example, a case which is now practically impossible. Suppose that by some power now unknown but reasonably economical, there should be discovered a means of turning

the carbon of coal into the carbon of the diamond. Diamonds would then be worth no more than coal, and the cost of the labor of making them from it. The diamond merchant's trade is closed to him, the diamond mines are valueless, and the miners are thrown out of employment, while all those engaged in the cutting of the stone must be paid in proportion to the value of the stones on which they work."

I have said that Duvin was considered eccentric, and perhaps it was this trait which led him now. He read no farther, but immediately decided that his discovery was likely to do more harm than good. He walked over to his workshop, carefully burnt all his manuscripts and destroyed such apparatus as he had especially prepared for his experiments. He then settled down to some other work for a couple of days, until he felt sure he could talk to people without regretting the loss of his discovery, and that is the reason why his remarkable invention was a failure.

C. C. B., '99.



The Sun-Dial
in the
Dean's Garden

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The Sun-Dial

AMONG the few relics which survived the disastrous fire of 1890, one of the most interesting and artistic is the sun-dial in the Dean's garden, which being in a rather sequestered spot is not as well-known as its historic and emblematic importance deserves.

This monument of the fire was erected by Professor Baker, and in its structure combines different parts of the old University building.

The column on which the dial stands formerly stood in the Memorial Window that occupied the north end of the old Convocation Hall. This window was erected by the undergraduates of 1866-7 in memory of those members of old "K" Company who fell in the Limeridge action. The window was always an object of interest to visitors at the University, and especially to former members of the University Rifle Company, who will be glad to know that some memento of this famous window has been preserved.

The metal of which the dial is made was part of the bell that before the fire hung high in the tower. This bell rang at the end of each lecture hour, and tolled dolefully at the beginning of each examination sitting. It was also heard each night at nine o'clock, the popular belief being that it called the resident students to their vespers. Its voice was last heard on the night of the fire as it tumbled from its home in the tower, and rang out its own death knell.

The history of both column and dial has been briefly summed up in the inscription on the plate and stylus. On one side of the stylus is engraved, "This column before the fire of February 14th, 1890, stood in the Memorial Window of old Convocation Hall, University of Toronto." On the other, "The metal of which the dial is made was part of the tower bell destroyed by fire of February 14th, 1890."

On the plate is engraved, "Ecce sonans olim mutum nunc auguror horas,"—*Behold formerly noisily, now mute, I divine the hours—a pensée* suggested by Professor Baker as conveying the changed condition with unchanged duty of the metal.

At Professor Baker's request, Professor Fairclough, now of Leland Stamford Junior University, rendered the thought into the hexameter. Classical scholars will note with pleasure that the scansion is correct.

A picture of the sun-dial is given with this issue, through the kindness of Mr. A. H. Abbot, B.A.

A. W. PATTERSON.

The Poet

A POET sang of the rustling leaves,
And crystal murmuring streams,
And rosy dawns and dewy eves
We only see in dreams :
For our brains are so busy we do not see
The beauties around us lying ;
We care not whether the tempest roar,
Or the summer winds be sighing.

But he saw nature as it was,—
The pure blue heaven on high,
The golden clouds at set of sun,
The opal tints of sky.
The winds that whispered to the waves
That washed the pebbly shore,
And told the wonders of the caves
Which sing for evermore.

He saw, he wrote, and those who read
No more their heads held low
In a weary war with Fate ; instead
Their hearts again aglow
They saw as in their youthful days
The golden sunset sky,
The meadows and the forest green,
The brook which rippled by.

• • • • •
The poet died, but his songs live on,
And shall till the end is come ;
Till the heart of the world hath ceased to beat,
Till the lips of the world grow dumb.

J. G. D., '02.

S. R. Crockett

"Upon the whole it's clear to me
That whether on the land or sea
For Christian heathen, bond or free
In England, Ireland, or Fiji,
Dominion or Dependency,
A better thing there cannot be
Than sterling Scotch ascendancy."

END surely when we glance over the men who to-day are dividing the honors of reviving the literary renown of Scotland, we must acknowledge that in the world of letters, as in every other department of life, the sons of that rock-bound isle are proving worthy of the name wherewith they are called. Stevenson, Barrie, Crockett and McLaren, form a quartette of eminent men whom any nation might be proud to claim as her own.

Samuel Rutherford Crockett is one of the most recent of these writers, whose books are becoming more and more popular. Critics have declared him to be a new Barrie, and a second Stevenson. But there is about his works a distinct personality, a breath of the heather-scented hills of Galloway, a pathos and a humor which belong entirely to himself. He has a wider knowledge of Scotch character than Barrie, though he may lack his humor, more sympathy with man, though he lack Stevenson's eye for the picturesque; and his "May Mischief" and "Winsome" are more girlish and natural than "Catriona," we feel that his characters live, move and feel, and that a man who could create such must himself be a noble man.

The son of a Galloway farmer, our author received his early education at the Free Church Institution of Castle Douglas, and after a course in the University of Edinburgh entered the ministry of the Free Church

in 1886, beginning his pastoral work in Penicuik. This charge he held till about three years and a half ago, when he resigned to give himself entirely to literary pursuits. From that Midlothian manse have come works, which for truth, sincerity and heart-stirring pathos, have rarely, if ever, been equalled. Many a son of Scotia, in some distant corner of the earth, has been warmed and cheered, has felt his pulses quicken as by the skirrl of his mountain pipes, and has blessed the man who has so faithfully portraited the virtues many, the vices few, the caution, the generosity, the dourness, and the innate sweetness of his Scottish forbears. Many might have undertaken the task and failed, because he was not a son of the soil. But Crockett's words reach the heart and fire the imagination, because they come from one who feels and realizes the truth delivered, then speaks it while all men listen and are moved by it.

If "Thrums" belongs to Barrie, and Drumtochty to McLaren, Crockett may assuredly claim Galloway as the district which he has "pegged out" for his own. Here are laid the scenes of nearly all his stories, and he has succeeded in making us *see* the heathery hills "as league after league of the imperial color roll westward like flame, as the level rays of the sun touch it"; *smell* the bog-myrtle, *hear* the burn as it ripples down the valley, and feel the mist as it rises from "behind the Duchrae and Drumglass." His power to reproduce the effect of scenery, even on the rudest nature, is wonderful, as shown in a passage in the "Lilac Sunbonnet." "He looked over. He saw the stars, which were perfectly reflected a hundred yards away on the smooth expanse, first waver, then tremble, and lastly break into a myriad delicate shafts of light as the water quickened and gathered. But the long roar of the rapids of the Dee came over the hills and brought a feeling with it, weird and remote. Uncertain lights shot hither and thither under the bridge in strange gleams and reflections. The ploughman was awed. He continued to gaze. The stillness closed in behind him. The aromatic breath of the pines seemed to cool him and remove him from himself. He had a sense that it was Sabbath morning, and that he had just washed his face to go to church. It was the nearest thing to worship he had ever known. Such moments come to the most material, and are their theology!" The description of the encounter between the pirates and the King's men is given in a few powerful strokes: "Down dropped the peak, round went the spars, the yards were braced, and away we swung through the rising lift of the harbor-bar till the wind caught us as we passed the heads, and like a sea pellock buried her nose in the heaving smother where the wind and tide meet." In his racy description of the fight, he reminds us of Conan Doyle at his best, so had he no other claim, this alone would make him famous.

His first literary venture was in 1886, when a small book of poems was published under the title of "Dulce Cor." This did not make a name for him. But his "Stickit Minister" given to the reading public seven years later, opened the heart of the English speaking world to receive its author. These sketches have a wonderful attractiveness about them. The story of "Robert Fraser," the minister, about whom there was "something which marked him out as no common man," moves us strongly. His quiet renunciation of his beloved schemes to go through the Divinity Hall, his patient endurance of his brother's arrogance, and his quiet acceptance of the inevitable fact that "e'er that"—"the calling in of the bond"—he would be flitted—awakens our keenest sympathy and keeps us silent with grief. In lighter vein is the progress of Cleg Kelly, an Edinburgh street arab, who possesses, in a marked degree, all the quickness, versatility, pluck, and staunchness of his class. There is infinite variety in the book. It now sparkles with flashes of humor, and again it is in shadow, but always natural, wholesome, and exhibiting an unbounded faith in humanity.

Earlier of execution, but later in publication is the "Lilac Sunbonnet." The scene is laid in the rural districts of Scotland. It is essentially a love story. But was the old, old story ever told in a more charming way, or under circumstances more calculated to arouse our sympathy and enlist it on the side of the youthful lovers? The heroine is Winifred Charteris. Ralph Peden, a divinity student, who comes down to Dullary to be grounded in the essentials of the Marrow Kirk, meets the beautiful wearer of the "Lilac Sunbonnet," and almost immediately they discover that *they* are "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Then we have revealed the strength and constancy of manhood and the goodness and resourcefulness of "this angel who had not quite lost her first estate." It is wondrously real. The heroine's character is subtly analyzed. She is at once a child and a woman. To the divinity student it was given to awaken her womanliness, her strong passion, and her tenderness. Here we get very near to the true inwardness of human experience; into the very sanctuaries of the heart. But they have been touched with a reticence and sincerity which shields their follies and throws their lovable and strong characteristics into bold relief. The grandmother is as fascinating as the granddaughter, whose pure unaffected naturalness wins and holds all hearts. This simple story of an honest love freely given and fully returned will be read and appreciated when more ponderous volumes are forgotten.

In 1894 followed Mr. Crockett's most ambitious work, "The Raiders," a story of wild life on the coasts of Galloway, as it was lived in the latter part of last century. It is remarkable for its brilliant descrip-

tive passages, for its many exciting incidents and thrilling adventures. The very first sentence, "It was upon Rathen Head that I first heard their bridle reins jingle clear," arrests us, and our attention is held to the end of the long story, for even his greatest admirers must admit that Mr. Crockett has rather prolonged the story.

The story is told in the first person by one "Patrick Heron," the hero, who, after many adventures, rescues his love, May Mischief, that was to be his wife. After passing through many perils, they bid their readers "A fair-guid-e'en, praying that they will take the door with them as far as it will go, and leave them thus in the firelight with only the earl's great chair for company."

If the sketches in the "Stickit Minister" be snap-shots, the characters in the "Raiders" are portraits, life size. The hero and heroine are drawn with a strong hand. He is brave, true, loyal, and likable. She is courageous, tactful, girlish and natural. The minor characters are equal to anything in the "Stickit Minister"—"Samuele" and "Eppie Thomson" being irresistible. In this, as in all his works, the descriptions are glowing and realistic. The fight at the mouth of the Great Cave, the ascent to the Robber's Fastness, and the scene at the Murder Hole, are masterpieces of word painting, as, the reflections of the hero as he went up to the "Throat of the Wolf": "I could see only a hundred yards or so above me, but overhead the thunder was moaning and rattling, coming ever closer. There was a faint blue light, more unpleasant than darkness, high in the lift. Then little tongues of crawling cloud were shooting down, as it seemed, to snatch at me, curling upward like the winkers of an old man's eye. As they came near me I hated them. As often as they approached there was a soft hissing, and the rocks grew dim and misty blue, my hands pricked at the thin fine skin between the fingers that we call webs, I had a strange prickling tightness about the brow, and my bonnet lifted."

Humor and pathos, hair breadth escapes, and daring adventure, love and hatred, failure and success, seige and conquest, are all shown with no sparing hand. The grasp of Lowland character, the mastery of the dialect, the subtle delineation of character, especially woman's, and the appreciation of all that is best and most attractive in humanity, place the author of "The Raiders" in the forefront of the writers of pure romance.

From this source have come in rapid succession "The Men of the Moss-hags," an historical novel of the days of the covenanters; "A Galloway Herd"; "Bog-myrtle and Peat"; and "Cleg Kelly." This last is a continuation of the adventures of this hero so auspiciously begun in the "Stickit Minister." For disinterested loyalty, and for an honest endeavor to live up to the light he had, commend me to "Cleg

Kelly." Like that other youth known to fame, "He seen his duty and done it." One or two short stories, principally for children, have not detracted from the fame of our author. His "Traveller's Sweetheart," published last Christmas, "The Play Actress," and a still more recent one, "The Count and Little Gertrude," are beautifully told, and show our author at his best.

Mr. Crockett's most recent works are :—"Lockinvar," a quasi-historical story, built upon the general plan of Sir Walter Scott's well-known poem. This attempt cannot be considered entirely successful, as the incidents are somewhat forced and the characters do not move before us naturally. "The Standard Bearer," which may be considered a sequel to "The Men of the Moss-hags" and "Lockinvar," and which, despite its name, is really a charming love story; "The Red-Axe," which has proved most popular, and has led to fresh demands on the author from enterprising editors, and "The Black Douglas," which is even now running in serial form, and will, we feel sure, not detract from our author's popularity.

It remains to be seen what will be Mr. Crockett's permanent place in Anglo-Saxon literature. But certain it is, that to those of Scottish descent he will always be a favorite. The literary excellence of his style, his penetrating humor, his pathos, vigor, veracity, his wonderful insight into character, and his fidelity in depicting what he sees, and above all, the wholesome, healthy atmosphere about his stories, will make them favorites so long as he continues to produce such. To some the dialect may be a drawback to the thorough appreciation of his works. But for all that, the touch of nature in them makes the whole world kin. Would it be too much to regard our author—

"As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green—
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breathes the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star."

Who makes by force his merit known—who turns his seeming failures into "stepping stones to higher" and greater achievement, who has been blessed with clearer vision and larger view, and who uses that power as in the sight of the Giver of All, and for the betterment of humanity.

99.

Why Go to College

ANOTHER of Lady Aberdeen's kind acts of thoughtfulness was the gift from her and Lady Marjorie of Alice Freeman Palmer's book, "Why Go to College." That I may, to a very small extent, show the appreciation of those who received it and attempt to show their gratitude, let me speak of this book.

It is a helpful little book, full of wise thoughts and kindly encouragement. The advantages of College are considered not for their market value in gaining lucrative positions but rather for their ability to fit us for a life of real usefulness. The first part of the book speaks of the advantages to be gained. Education is, of course, the prime object of a University's existence, but it gives other good things. Happiness is the first of these, for, as the author says, "For full happiness, though its springs are within, we want health and friends and work and objects of aspiration. 'We live by admiration, hope and love,' says Wordsworth;" and all these things are to be found at College if they are to be found anywhere. Beauty, joyous life, and a very exhilaration in the atmosphere each adds its part. The College can also give us health, and can teach its value and how to gain it, and Mrs. Palmer quotes a formula seen in a freshman's mirror frame, "Sickness is carelessness, carelessness is selfishness, and selfishness is sin." Then College gives friendships, for there each girl can choose her companions from the girls who are most in sympathy with her, and can form those friendships which will last a lifetime and give her interests in all parts of the world. Ideals of personal character are gained. It may be, perhaps unconsciously, from the Professors whom we only see in the lecture-room, or from the other girls with whom we come into contact. A widening of interests is given, which may form interests to last through life,

to broaden the woman's thoughts and raise her from the monotony of an existence which might have been hers. "To make drudgery divine a woman must have a brain to plan and eyes to see how to 'sweep a room as to God's laws.'" Of these interests there are three mentioned; the love of great literature, the best of books of all ages; the study of nature, whose secrets and whose lessons lie all about us; and an interest in people, for the student of to-day is no recluse. And lastly, the author speaks of the enlarged conception of religion.

"The supreme end of College training," she quotes from Dr. Jowett, "is usefulness in after life."

This is but a rough outline of the essay, and yet, perhaps, one may see the advice it gives as to the use of our College years, of the possibilities they afford us and how best we may use them. Then let us remember the suggestions that are made of the friendships we form, and choose them wisely; of the ideals we create, and seek only the best; of the store of health and happiness we may lay by, and of the interests we may make for ourselves and so use these short four years that we may look back on them as years of true education in the widest sense of the words and as the means of ennobling and raising our lives for all the future years.

In conclusion, let me repeat a couple of quotations—the words above William E. Russell's portrait at Harvard—"Never forget the everlasting difference between making a living and making a life," and James Russell Lowell's words to College girls, "I have only this one message to leave with you. In all your works in College never lose sight of the reason why you have come here. It is not that you may get something by which you may earn your bread, but that every mouthful of bread may be sweeter to your taste."

SENIOR.

Ninety Years Ago

3T was a perfect autumn day in the year 1806, and the little town of York—Muddy York, as it was suggestively nick-named—looked its best. This is not saying much, however, for in those days York consisted of a few houses and stores, an old-fashioned hotel and the fort. The main street ran down to the bay, and on this particular day, a small sloop was moored at the wharf and the captain was only waiting for some passengers to come on board before starting. These were Percival Beresford, generally known as "Sandy," and his cousin, Dr. Tempest. Sandy was a little boy of twelve with curly red hair and large grey eyes. His father was a captain in the militia and only a few days before, Dr. Tempest, who had been paying them a visit, had proposed to take Sandy home with him to New Jersey, send him to school there and finally make him into a doctor like himself. After a great deal of hesitation and consideration, the father and mother consented to let him go. The few days that remained before the departure seemed to fly past, and now had come the hardest moment of all—the parting. A few hurried last words and Sandy went on board with his cousin, and the mother and father turned away with heavy hearts.

It was a long journey from York to New Jersey in the beginning of the century. It began with the trip across the lake, which took five or six hours, and it was evening before Sandy and his cousin reached Lewiston where they spent the night. In the morning they mounted on top of the stage and commenced a four days' journey across the State of New York. It was a wonderful ride for the little boy who had never been out of his native town before, and he felt as if he was in a sort of fairyland as the stage passed through golden and brown fields and woods, flaming with autumn tints. But even this got tiresome at last, and he was very glad when they reached New York city, and from there crossed by boat to the town of Perth in New Jersey.

Perth was a little town situated at the mouth of the Tara River. Dr. Tempest's house was a large old-fashioned one about two miles up the river, and here Sandy lived quietly for about six years. Every day he walked to school in town and studied and played with the other boys until afternoon. Often at lunch-time they would go down to the wharves and watch the big shipping vessels unloading, or wade out into the salt water in search of clams and oysters. The Canadian boy was a great favorite with the others. He was always good-natured and would do anything for his companions. There was only one point about which there ever rose serious disputes. Sandy was a loyal Canadian and loved his home passionately, though quietly, and his grey eyes would sparkle dangerously when anything disparaging was said about Canada. One day he fought a boy several years older than himself, because the latter had sneered at Little York and called it a mud-hole. Since then the subject had been carefully avoided.

During the six years, he had grown from a careless, merry little boy into a tall, good-looking young man. His hair had grown darker and his bitterest enemy could not say it resembled carrots now. His eyes were still the same true, Irish, grey eyes that seemed to look straight into your heart. He had been studying medicine under his cousin's instruction but did not really care for it, and had begun to think seriously of giving it up, when something happened which put that and almost everything else out of his mind.

America quarrelled with Great Britain and decided to invade Canada. New Jersey was one of the States that opposed this step and would send no help, so there was less excitement there than in other places and news came slowly, as from a far country. When the first reports came, Sandy thought of his home. His father was a captain in the militia, and if York were attacked — How he wished he was at home! When he asked his uncle's permission to go, however, Dr. Tempest refused, saying that he could do no good if he did go, and he was much better and safer in New Jersey. But Sandy's military instinct was aroused, and he seemed to hear his mother's voice calling him until he could stand it no longer and resolved to go on his own responsibility. So one day in March he went to town fully determined not to return.

When he crossed to New York and heard the people talking, he realized for the first time what a serious war it was that had been going on for nearly a year. He heard the defeat of the Americans at Queens-ton Heights fiercely and angrily discussed, and news of a projected attack on York, which made him bitterly regret that he had not gone home at the very first rumour of war. He might be too late now, but he would go at any rate. In the morning, he mounted the stage, and

commenced the long tedious journey. The road was the same that he had travelled nearly seven years before, only then he was a happy child, now he was a man. Instead of the beautiful autumn landscape he had passed through before, now there was only a dull grey sky, bare fields, leafless trees. The days seemed interminable; every halt for the night or even for a meal or changing horses made him restless and miserable. He would lie awake at night thinking of his home and father and mother, and wishing that he had never been sent away. His thoughts drifted on in troubled dreams. He imagined himself in the town of York, which was in possession of the Americans, and the people turned on him calling him "Traitor!" and would have killed him; then the scene faded and he saw only his mother smiling a welcome and saying she knew he would come. Then he awoke and another weary day had begun. For six days the journey lasted and then they arrived at Lewiston.

The next thing was to find some one to take him across the lake. The regular vessels had all been stopped on account of the war and it was with great difficulty that he persuaded a man to take him across in a small sail boat. He heard at Lewiston that a force of two thousand men had sailed a few hours earlier for the purpose of attacking York. He passed the seven or eight hours that elapsed before he reached home in a sort of stupor, then he awoke. His heart beat wildly, and then sank with a sickening fear, as the sound of guns came across the water, the man who had brought him over, was terrified, and insisted on landing him at a little place some miles east of the town. Here he hired a horse and twenty minutes' hard riding brought him at last into the town. Hurrying along the deserted streets, he saw the doors of houses standing open and no one inside, and wondered if his mother would be at home, or whether she had left the town with the other women and children. At last he reached the house, the door was open like the others, but in the hall stood his mother. Her's was the face that had welcomed him in his dreams. In an instant he was off the horse and in her arms. He stayed only a minute, the sound of the guns again startled him, and he reminded her that he must go to his father. Then he was off again, galloping in the direction of the fort where six hundred men were trying to defend it against two thousand. He saw at first only the confusion and the smoke, then made out the American ships and the enemy, surrounding and overwhelming the little force of loyal men. He was hurrying on, close to the fascinating scene when suddenly a tremendous explosion shook the ground. The magazine had been blown up. If the Canadians could not keep the town they could, at least, destroy the ammunition, so the match was set. The smoke slowly cleared away, but

Sandy was gone. There was an officer carrying some one away from the ruins. He laid down, and tried to bring back the life. His face was full of surprise and bitter pain and sorrow. In its features the younger face was like it and the hair was auburn ; the eyes that slowly opened were deep and grey and a voice we knew said brokenly :

" Father! I have found you at last. I will never go away again. Why don't you speak? Aren't you—glad?—" the eyes closed again, and then—the voice went on "tell mother I—".

That was all. The voice faltered, was silent, and our Sandy was dead. He reached the end of his journey, which was not very long after all. Perhaps it is well that he could not see the American flag floating over the home that he loved. There, cover his face, and come away, the tumult cannot trouble him now. His rest is won.

GRACE EVANS.

College Functions ; Reminiscences

(With the writer's humblest apologies to Mr. Hood)

I

WITH tired step and slow,
With footballs weary for rest
A maiden moved in her maidenly frills
Trying to seem at her best.
Walk ! Walk ! Walk !
In the line of the long promenade,
And ever and ever as they stalk
She keeps up the fusillade.

II

Talk ! Talk ! Talk !
While the band keeps playing on !
And talk, talk, talk,
Till ideas all are gone !
It's oh ! to be a plug
And never leave one's book,
Where maiden at learning may tug,
—If this is society's look !

III

Talk ! Talk ! Talk !
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Talk ! Talk ! Talk !
Till the eyes grow heavy and dim !
Course and year and plan,
History, truth, fiction,
Till there's nothing left to enlighten the man,
—Which brings a slight restriction !

IV

Oh, men, with sisters dear !
Oh, men, with mothers and wives !
It is not leather you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Walk ! Walk ! Walk !
In the trail of the long promenade,
Yet gently she smiles in spite of the miles,
She walks with each silent lad.

V

Talk ! Talk ! Talk !
Her labor never flags ;
And what are her earnings ? A dreary wait,
For a father or brother that lags ;
Or a rush through the park, all in the dark,
To a boarding house so forlorn,
—She can hardly sleep, her regret's so deep,
For lessons unlearned next morn.

Nonsense continued

What Sheridan said of wine may be applied to joking—"the best to enjoy is that which you crack at another person's expense."

The Sinking Fund—List of Women's Residence subscribers.

It is said that literary women ought to wear book-muslin.

Professor of Economics—What are ground rents?

Second Year Lady—The effects of an earthquake.

The United States—England and America.

The athletic exercise indulged in by the ladies is mainly jumping to conclusions.

A dental student in recommending artificial teeth remarked that the person must make up his mind ever after to speak in a falsetto.

Medical students when wishing to bone anything up are said to use a skeleton key.

Professor of Economics—Why would the normal state of a colored gentleman in India be one of want?

Fourth Year Student—Because he would be an Indi-gent.

It is said by resident students that the way to make gloves last twice as long is to wear only one at a time.

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Editorial Notes

ANOTHER year is almost gone, and SESAME wishes you the best of all good things for the one to come. 1898 has not been a year all of happiness nor yet of peace. We have had wars and rumors of wars, and tales of sorrow and suffering have been ringing in our ears, but these later days show a brighter prospect. There is more of love and less of jealousy between the nations. Words of peace, as becomes the time of the Child of Peace, are in the air, and may peace come to us all. May the year of 1899 begin with a clean page to be filled with records of noble deeds, and the putting down of all that is small and mean—in very truth a Happy New Year.

A short sketch of "Why Go to College" is printed in this number of SESAME, but, as the editors of the magazine of the women of Toronto University, we should like to add our thanks to Lady Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie Gordon for their thoughtful remembrance of us and for the trouble they have taken. But it has ever been Lady Aberdeen's way to think for others and not to spare herself. . . . We are very grateful, too, to the graduates for their present to us this autumn. We were delighted to hear that a parcel of vases, jugs, spoons, etc., had been sent by them to the Woman's Literary Society. For many years to come it will save our unfortunate friends and relations the embarrassment of refusing or the trouble of having to lend us all sorts of needful things for our social affairs. But this is only one of the many kindnesses which the graduates have shown us and which keep the women of the University, whether they be graduates or undergraduates, so much in sympathy with each other. . . . The chief innovation of the year has been the Hallowe'en social evening, which we hope will become an annual affair, for the good of the First year girls, of course. The plan was suggested only a few days before the magic night, but the enthusiasm shown was so general that the arrangements were quickly made and successfully

carried out. Some seventy of us met in the Guild Hall. The gasoline stove was of peculiar structure; each of its four rings had a method of lighting and burning quite its own, but finally they all blazed up, and a delicious smell of molasses toffee filled the room about 8 o'clock. The good old-fashioned games were in full swing until the toffee was ready to pull, and after that everyone's hands were too sticky for anything else. A last, long "Sir Roger" and the Varsity call ended a happy evening. Some of the people we passed coming home are, I believe, still anxious to know why a girl's school passed up Yonge street about 10 o'clock on October 31st. . . . Golf holds its sway at the University at last. One wonders that a club has not been formed before, when one considers how well suited the University grounds are for the game, and the very general popularity which the pastime has won for itself. Among the women students it has not been much taken up, but no doubt next year will show more women members in the club. . . . Two new clubs are being formed among the women graduates and undergraduates. The first of these is the Alumnae Association, spoken of elsewhere; the second is the Grace Hall Memorial Club. There is so little we can do to show our love for one who is no longer with us, but the club will do its share to remind us of a faithful fellow-student, to remind us of one who, though a universal favorite, was most respected and most admired by those who knew her best. The plan of the club is to form a library for the use of those women students who cannot provide themselves with all necessary books. Mrs. Hall wishes that her daughter's books should be a help to some one; they have, therefore, been taken as a nucleus for the library, which will be added to by the women leaving the University, who may wish to give their books or money for the purchase of others. A sum of money was at the disposal of the Woman's Literary Society for the purpose of purchasing a book-case, and through the kindness of one of the professors a handsome one was bought, and now stands in the reading room. . . . The proposal that each graduating class should leave behind it a memorial has certainly met with general favor among the women. The favorite idea seems to be that of replacing the window of the men who fell at Ridgeway, which was destroyed in the fire. We sincerely hope that some such plan may be successfully carried out.

As SESAME again makes her appearance, she pleads for your kind consideration, and once more on the score of her youthfulness, for she is but three years old. She is ready to take her just due "like a man," however, and may she have that friendly criticism, which, while showing her defects, may help her to correct them in the future.