

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Forster Fidler Fossan Felster.

Vol. IV.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1884.

No. 2

J. E. ELLIS & CO.'S
Special Reduction!

SALE OF NEW GOODS IN
FINE WATCHES,
DIAMONDS,
FINE JEWELLERY,
BRACELETS,
BRONZE STATUARY,
STERLING SILVERWARE,
SILVER-PLATED GOODS

Best selected stock in the city. Prices lower than any house in the Trade. No fictitious discounts.

\$5.00

Saved on every Suit you order at

A. B. FLINT'S

35 Colborne Street.

Wholesale Stock of Goods to select from

IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS.

STANTON,

Late of

STANTON & VICARS,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

134 Yonge Street.

CABINETS \$3.00 PER DOZ

China Hall.

GLOVER HARRISON,

IMPORTER OF

China, Glass & Earthenware

PLATED AND FANCY GOODS,

Table Cutlery, Bust and Parian Marble,
Statuary, Bohemian Vases, &c.

94 King St East, - TORONTO.



GENTS' FUR CAPS.
NEW STYLES. FINE GOODS.

The Largest Retail Stock in Toronto.

W. & D. DINEEN,
WHOLESALE 2 KING STREET WEST.
RETAIL—COR. KING & YONGE STS.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

FOR THE HIGHER

EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES,

WYKEHAM HALL,

COLLEGE AVENUE, TORONTO.

The entire fees from 1st January to 2nd Dec will be from \$34 to \$52 including board, Laundry Expenses, Tuition in all the English Subjects, French, German, and Italian, if required, also Class-singing, Drawing and Calligraphy.

The entrance fee of \$12 charged to boarders covers all the usual expenses on admission.

Applications may be made to Miss Grier, the Lady principal.

PIM'S PRINTOGRAPH!

The Perfection of Simplicity. Highly recommended for Multiplying Copies of Manuscript, Music, &c. Most useful to Clergymen, Teachers, Secretaries and others. Price \$1.00 and upwards. Circulars on application.

PIM & COMPY, Sole Manufacturers, 61 King St. E. TORONTO.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations



THE



Yokohama Bazaar!

CHINESE & JAPANESE GOODS.

Decorations a Specialty.

College and Concert Rooms Decorated to order.

H. BELL.

98 Yonge Street, - Toronto.

JOSEPH CADIEUX,

Dealer in Choice Brands of

Imported and Domestic Cigars.

— ALSO —

CELEBRATED PACE'S TWIST,

CIGARETTES, &c.

BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

No. 392 Queen Street West.

LARGE AND VARIED STOCK



always on hand of OUR OWN MAKE.

Sizes and Half-sizes, in which are combined

Style, Solidity and Lowness of Price.

79 KING STREET EAST.

— CANADA —

STAINED GLASS WORKS.

Memorial and other Windows

— FOR —

CHURCHES, DWELLINGS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

— Estimates given. —

JOS. McCAUSLAND & SON,

76 King Street West, Toronto.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

O. B. Sheppard, - Manager.

Two nights only, FEB 12th & 13th

Her Majesty's Opera Co'y

Monday Evening, "TROYATORE."

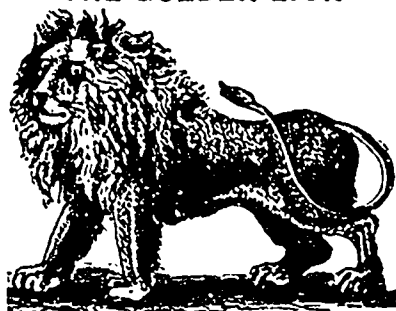
Tuesday Evening, "LUCIA."

BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN.

94 King St East, - TORONTO. February 17th, MISS EMMA THURSBY.

ROUGE ET NOIR

THE GOLDEN LION



CLOTHING HOUSE !

GENTLEMEN'S FINE CLOTHING TO ORDER.

All Wool Tweed Suits, \$12. Fine Black Suits \$19 to \$30. Over Coats to Order, \$10 to \$25

OUR FINE WHITE SHIRTS

THE EXCELSIOR

Took SILVER MEDAL at last Industrial Exhibition, and FIRST PRIZE at Provincial Exhibition at London

PRICE \$2.00 EACH OR 6 FOR \$9

Gentlemen's Underclothing.

R. WALKER & SON

KING & COLBORNE STREETS.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY,

54 & 56 Wellington St. West.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

25c.

PER DOZEN PIECES.

Surplises gotten up in a superior manner.

C. P. SHARPE.

FAIRCLOTH BROS.,

IMPORTERS OF

Wall Papers,

ARTIST MATERIALS, FANCY GOODS, &c

256 Yonge Street, - Toronto.

IF YOU WANT

A SOBBY PAIR OF

BOOTS OR SHOES,

AT A REASONABLE RATE.

---GO TO---

SNOWDEN TEMPLE

480 QUEEN ST., CITY,

AND AT

QUEEN STREET, PARADE

We make our Own Goods Neat, Stylish, Cheap and Durable, and every pair Warranted.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

SAMUEL B. WINDRUM,

(Late of London and Paris House)

AGENT AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Jewelry & Silverware

CRICKET MATERIAL.

FOOT BALLS AND

BOXING GLOVES.

STOCK NEW.

Room 4. 31 King Street East.

(Over Potter's).

GUITARS,

From \$5 to \$20. Best Assortment in Canada.

VIOLINS,

From \$3 to \$75. Largest Stock and Finest Quality in Canada.

BANJOS,

From \$5 to \$15. Best Assortment in Canada

FLUTES,

From \$1 to \$30. Largest assortment in Canada

T. CLAXTON,

MUSIC DEALER.

197 Yonge Street,

TORONTO.

BOOKS.

- Robertson's History of the Christian Church from the Apostolic Age to the Reformation 8 vols \$10.00
- History of the Christian Church, from the Accession of Henry VIII to the Silencing of Convocation in the 18th Century, by G. G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln 2.75
- Hooker's Works 2 vols 3.50
- by Keble 3 vols 4.50
- Analysis of Hooker's Eccl. Polity Book V. By Gorle 1.40
- Pearson on the Creed Bohm's Ed 1.75
- The Confessions of St. Augustin Latin 70
- English Translation 30
- The Fathers for English Readers St Augustin 10
- Heads of Hebrew Grammar Tregelles 1.00
- Barrett's Companion to the Greek Testament 1.75
- Grimm's Lexicon Novæ Testamenti 4.00
- Schmoller's Concordantive Novæ Testamenti Græcæ 1.75
- Maclear's Class Book of the Church Catechism 50
- Butler's Analogy of Religion, with Notes 50
- Blunt's Undesign'd Concurrences 2.00
- Paley's Romæ Paulinae, with Notes 50
- Natural History 50
- Evidences 50
- Sanderson's Hand-book of Theology. Being a Synopsis of Pearson, and of Hooker Book V. Compendium Theologicum, or Manual for Students in Theology. By Rev. O. Adolphus. Proctor on the Book of Common Prayer 3.00
- Turning Points of English Church History By Cutts 1.10
- Turning Points of General History. By Cutts. 1.65

ROWSELL & HUTCHISON,

78 King Street East, Toronto.

STUART W. JOHNSTON.

CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,

676 QUEEN ST. WEST,

A complete stock of Pure Drugs, Chemicals and Toilet Goods, including English, French and German Perfumes, Cosmetics and the finest lines of Toilet Soaps

A NICE ASSORTMENT OF

Hair, Cloth, Nail, Tooth and Shaving Brushes.

Special attention given to Dispensing.

Gentlemen, Remember!

Get your Spring and Summer Suits

CLEANED or DYED

KID GLOVES CLEANED

Without leaving a bad odour.

SMITH'S TORONTO DYE WORKS,

75 1/2 King Street West.

GEORGE JONES,

DEALER IN

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

College Views

and Fancy Goods.

A liberal discount allowed to the Students of Trinity College.

168 Queen St. W., Toronto.

CHARLES LOGAN,

634 Queen Street West, Toronto,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

TINWARE, STOVES, LAMPS

Coal Oil and General House Furnishings.

JOBING, &c., PROMPTLY DONE.

634 Queen St. West.

THE GOLDEN HAND SAW.

DAVID CASLOR,

586 QUEEN ST. WEST,

HARDWARE.

Edge Tools Ground and Set.

JACKSON & CUSTALOE

22 King Street East,

TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

Physiognomical Hair Dressers. Facial Operators, Cranium Manipulators and Capillary Abridgers. Hair Cutting and Shaving with Ambidextrous Facility

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

The Matriculation Examination will begin on Friday, June 29th, 1883, when the following scholarships for general proficiency will be offered for competition :

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOLARSHIP OF \$200.

THE FIRST DICKSON SCHOLARSHIP OF \$140.

THE SECOND DICKSON SCHOLARSHIP OF \$100.

There will be a Supplementary Examination for Matriculation beginning on Tuesday, Oct. 2nd.

By a recent change in the Statutes, Candidates are required to pass in Classics and Mathematics and in *one* of the following departments:—Divinity, English and French.

For the subjects of these examinations and other regulations respecting Degrees in Law, application should be made to the Registrar, Trinity College.

Gentlemen intending to present themselves for any of the Examinations for the Degree of B. C. L. are requested to apply to the Registrar for a new Circular.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

IN AFFILIATION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, AND THE UNIVERSITY OF HALIFAX.

The Session begins on October 1st of each year, and lasts for Six Months.

For information in regard to LECTURES, SCHOLARSHIPS, MEDALS, &c., apply to W. R. GEIKIE, Dean of the Medical Faculty, 324 Jarvis Street, Toronto; or to Dr. J. FRASER, Secretary, 48 Yonge Street, Toronto.



CONTENTS.

CONTRIBUTED	PAGE	COMMUNICATIONS	PAGE.
Estrangement	5	Defacing Library Books.. ..	11
College Days among Ourselves	5	Change of Hood	11
Hyacinthus <i>R. F. M. W.</i>	6	TRINITY MEDICAL NOTES	11
First Impressions of Tobogganing.- <i>Thomas B. Angell</i>	8	ORION AND OTHER POEMS.....	12
EDITORIAL		EXCHANGES	13
Briefs	9	ABOUT COLLEGE	14
Whitaker Memorial.....	10		
The Gymnasium.....	10		

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Vol. IV.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1883.

No. 2.

ESTRANGEMENT.

O it is sad to see young love grow cold,
To miss the once responsive smile that glowed
Within soft love-lit eyes, and truly shewed
How strong the passion was behind the fold
Of maiden modesty, that could not hide
The longing of the fond love-stricken heart,
The yearning that the eyes alone impart,
The too fond struggle between love and pride—
Yet has that love grown cold and I could weep
For wasted passion's sake, Love's facile bow
With which he shot the leaden arrow deep
Into so fair a breast, lies idle now,
Being no further use, and he may sleep
Since cold aversion settled on her brow.

COLLEGE DAYS AMONG OURSELVES.

BY A GRADUATE.

Sociability is the enemy of grinding. Let us start out with this axiom. The college undergraduate who indulges himself in a superfluity of "going out" to evening parties, and the necessary subsequent afternoon calling, is not likely to devote himself very ardently to his Algebra or his Liddell and Scott. But in all probability the worst species of conviviality as regards grinding is that which assails the good-humoured student within doors. There always is, always was, and always will be some particular room or rooms in college where the dreary Dagon of grinding is cast flat upon his knees, and the bright-eyed, tobacco-lipped angel of beer and cheese eternally enthroned triumphant in his stead—and these ever-incense-breathing shrines are the perpetual bane and sweet ruin of the plodding prizeman. Alas for the broad-humoured undergrad. whose smiles are so sweet and whose word of welcome so hearty that they bring every tender soul to him as a candle lures the moths. And alas, still more for the allured. Yet how could they help it. Behold your well-fed second-year man, calm and comfortable in the sufficiency of a good solid tea, slowly ascending the stairs after a short romp in the music room; how steadily he enters his room, closes the door and slips the lock, places his book before him, lights his fire, shoves away the tobacco jar into a remote, obscure corner behind his lexicon, shoves his

stout fingers through his hair, knits his brows, compresses his determined lips—surely he is lost for good and all in the dream of dead poets, and the lingering music of that soft, strong, sonorous old dead tongue that men shall never forget. What vision of this little monotonous College world shall now charm away from his soul the entrancing agony of Oedipus, the deep, wise, god-like voice of Antigone, and the vast poetry, the sweet and stately imagery of the Sophoclean chorus—surely none. But anon, the eyes begin to wander, first toward the fire, then slowly, hesitatingly, longingly to the tobacco jar; great cavern of dreams, surging with immaterial mist, through which the gentle genii of kindly good fellowship are always a-grin, and apparently never frowning. The empty, dead ale bottles by his table side, discreetly ranged in their rows behind his sofa, cast up a newly suggestive, boundlessly insinuating savour of old evening chats. The great, blind, passionate face of Oedipus is dying fast, and up between him and the reader rises like a morning mist the swift vision of laughing lips, veiled about with a pathless cloud of dream-inwoven, fragrant incense, light foam and froth of clear amber lymph, and the savour of tale and song. He rises, seats himself in his arm-chair in front of the fire, wheels the book-holder round before his face, makes a desperate effort to banish the living temptations. But alas, he has lit his pipe! The thin, white-blue jets carry his eyes to the coal heap in the grate, that fascinating fire-world cut into every form of mountain, glen and palace turret, fashioned for the very enchaining of the restless fancies of men. Oedipus wanes again, dying away into indistinguishable shade, only gleaming out occasionally to startle him. The wandering hand involuntarily moves the book-rack away to give the dreamer a wider view of the fire. A sound of cheery voices calling invitations to each other out in the corridor thrills him, and a moment after he hears a clattering of active heels down the stairs, down, down to clanking stones of the buttery—it is as the sound of some merry, irresistible cheese-god rapping at the very threshold of his stomach—then a silence, and the voice of Mr. J. calls, "I say, S., come down and carry up the jug, like a good fellow." That is the death-blow to Oedipus. He is so uncommonly thirsty to-night; he feels the very froth and flavour of the beer between his teeth; in silent struggle he sucks his lips. Alas! a knock and he opens the door—a head, just a black curly head and an irresistible gleam of full laughing lips appears: "You miserable old grinder, come round and have

a glass of beer." Oedipus is dead ; the clouds are hurled away from his tomb, and everything is sweet and serene.

I have known a man to nail up on his door a placard something to this purpose : " Office hours in the evening from 9.30 till 11, at all other times engaged." But it was no manner of use. At any hour of the night you might enter and most probably find the proprietor seated at his table in a prettily furnished, soft carpeted, well pictured and carded room before a delicious fire—with his books in front of him, to be sure, but then—a fragrant cup of cocoa in one hand and a glorious, thin, crumbling, iced and chocolated slab of Greek-routing cake in the other ; no more of the grave wisdom of learning in his eyes than there is in the face of the funny-man of a Yankee newspaper in the midst of the composition of his most mirthful article. Around him you will find his friends basking in the wide sunlight of chocolate cake, or cooled by the enticing shade of the steaming cocoa. Through the cocoa fragrance oozes that other omnipotent steam, streaming from a yard of clay in a distant corner supported by one hand, while the other grasps a pewter brim-filled from the never-failing casks of the regions haunted by the gods below. Here are cooling draughts, delicious morsels, old yarns, everlasting songs—Oedipus will do very well for to-morrow morning after breakfast.

But months go by; the snow vanishes like the smoke dreams that had no touch of reality, the hot months come with the swarm of teasing insects from the cool, moonlit ravine and the drunken, crazy pinch-bug butting the window-pane or flinging himself recklessly round the gaslit room. Still for a while these ever-gushing, genial, too-lovable mortals do little, spending the long, golden afternoons chatting under the shades of the wide oaks, dotting the grounds, or rambling through the jingling summer town, or up the ravine walks, shaded from heat and sound, or westward to the lake, the park and the Humber. The evenings go by much as before, minus the coal heaps ; but the face of Oedipus grows very little clearer—till at length the day of trial comes, and wet towels turban the careless heads, and the drink now is strong tea to keep your poor Greek-weary eyes wide open, you know, and give you a slight chance of giving some barely acceptable account of Oedipus in the day of examinations. The day is past ; a slim, shrivelled list is pasted up and down the fatal board, telling a grand total tale of vanished plugs and dead beer-bottles, and so on to the end. Mr. Z. scans the board with an unchanging face, and smiles in deathless imperturbable good humour, makes a joke and says something about doing better next time. I believe he hardly cares, great-hearted soul; his humour is too wide and sweet to let him disturb himself with a paltry pluck in some trifling subject ; and yet, during some of those glorious summer evenings, when the streets are jingling with the calmed flow of life, and the music and sound of the dance are stealing through

his windows, old age-worn Oedipus will be before him still, blank and frowning like fate, it seems to him for ever and ever. Moral—When you grind light no fire or little, a meagre smoky one perhaps that shall not tempt you ; sit with your back to it ; keep the tobacco jar fast locked in the cupboard, have no odorous beer bottles about, answer no knocks, but keep tight hold of your hair with both hands.

(To be Continued.)

HYACINTHUS.

Brightly on the walls of Sparta,
Streamed the rays of Phœbus' wain ;
From the briny baths of Ocean,
Clomb his steeds of ruddy mane.

And Eurotas sparkling, darkling,
Poured his rocky bed along,
Choirng many a Doric herd,
In a rugged Doric song.

But the reeds that waved beside him—
As the breeze began to move—
Seemed to rustle and to murmur,
Whisp'ring melting notes of love.

And no wonder, for beside them,
All the balmy spring-tide night,
Jolly Pan and all his satyrs,
Revelled 'neath the fair moonlight.

And the music of their pipings,
Tangled in the listless reeds,
Waited but the breath of morning,
To be wasted o'er the meads.

Now, from out the ancient gateway,
Poured along a laughing crowd—
Sons of Lacedæmon's heroes—
Chanting Phœbus' praises loud.

'Twas an ancient, healthful custom,
Handed from their sires of old.
That when morning brushed the hill-tops
With his waving plume of gold,

All the youth of mighty Sparta,
Should, beneath its frowning towers,
Lave them in the cold Eurotas
Bubbling 'mid its rocks and flowers.

Of these youths was one most lovely—
Laughing, rippling, sunny hair—
Eyes as blue as Jove's own heaven—
Skin as Indian ivory fair.

Cheeks that bloomed with Venus' rose,—
Graceful lips of equal glow—
Where Dan Cupid oft reposes,
Whence, 'tis said, he shaped his bow.

Yet, withal, a manly vigour
 Heightened these his other charms :
 In the ancient two-kinged city,
 None more feat at deeds of arms.

In Palæstra—nurse of heroes—
 None could better bend the bow ;
 Nor among his youthful compeers,
 Farther none the discus throw.

So upon this fatal morning,
 With the other youths he came,
 As upon the Grecian mountains,
 Woke the day in purple flame.

Then among the chrystal eddies
 Of Eurotas murmuring deep,
 Plunged the youth, and scattered from him
 All the ling'ring dews of sleep.

But as he was wand'ring homewards,
 Pious promptings filled his breast,
 To enwreath with chastest vervain,
 Great Athene's altar blest.

So to cull the pleasing off'ring,
 O'er the dewy meads he sped,
 Little dreaming of the evil
 E'en then hanging o'er his head.

Now the Archer—King Apollo—
 Loved this Lacedæmon boy,
 And to meet him and embrace him,
 Hasted with exceeding joy ;

Bearing both his lyre and quiver,
 And his mighty-sounding bow,
 And the dark and weighty discus,
 Which they both rejoiced to throw.

So the two in friendly contest,
 Pitch the heavy quoit of stone,
 Laughing each, as by the other
 Was his comrade's mark out-thrown.

But the envious Zephyr saw it,
 Straight his heart was filled with rage,
 That so wholly should his rival,
 Thus the Spartan's love engage.

For the Zephyr also loved him ;
 And when from Hesperian seas,
 In the waking of the Spring-time,
 Coming back, he kissed the trees.

Then, whene'er at sultry noontide,
 On a bank the youth lay sleeping,
 'Neath a myrtle, through whose leafage,
 Gentle rays of light were peeping.

There the Zephyr 'd sweetly hover,
 O'er that bank and od'rous bower,

And with gauzy, opal pinions,
 Fan him in his drowsy hour.

Play about his rosy temples,
 Dally with his sunny hair,
 And with soothing, soft embraces,
 Clasp his limbs so lithe and fair.

Jealousy now ceased upon him,
 All his love was changed to hate,
 Deeply in his breast he pondered,
 Working out a direful fate.

So, as once the quoit was winging
 Through the stilly air its way,
 With his angry wing he smote it—
 Marred the pleasure of the day.

For it struck fair Hyacinthus—
 Stretched him on the dewy ground—
 While from out his wounded temples,
 Gushed the blood full fast around.

Then the Zephyr all relenting,
 Sighing, trembling, hovered by ;
 While, with mournful cries, Apollo
 Seemed to rend the sunny sky.

Though he strove to staunch the life-stream,
 Flowing in a purple tide,
 Unavailing were his efforts,
 For at eve the Spartan died.

But within that pleasant meadow,
 Where the young heart's blood was shed,
 Sprung there up a lovely blossom,
 Painted of a blushing red.

And still when in early Spring-time,
 Speeding o'er the azure sea,
 Come the twitt'ring, swift-winged swallows,
 Wake the flowers on hill and lea ;

When the Zephyr mourns the sweetest,
 When the crocus bursts to flame ;
 And amid the greening branches,
 Unseen cuckoos shout their name.

Then in many a mossy dingle,
 Where in conclave sweet are met,
 Daisies sweet and snowy lilies,
 And the tearful violet.

Then this flower ambrosial-breathing,
 Named of him from whom 'tis sprung,
 'Neath the Zephyr's glowing kisses,
 Opes its bells before the sun.

For the sorrowing west wind loves it,
 Tends it as his proper flower,
 As of old fair Hyacinthus,
 Slumbering 'neath a myrtle bower.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TOBOGGANING.

There is a general and widely diffused idea that sport, in an Englishman's mind, to be truly such must include some personal risk or else destruction of something, an opinion embalmed by the light hearted Gaul in his well known characterization of the English character, "Let us go out and kill something," the latter word by its indefiniteness leaving it uncertain whether the something might not be the speaker himself. But with all this, the Englishman, in courting risk generally did so with some ulterior aim; it might be only a fox's brush, but still it was an aim. It was reserved for the Canadian branch of the English race, influenced by climate and different conditions of life, and consequently in an abnormal condition, to devise an amusement attended with the maximum of risk and the minimum of object; in fact no object at all, except the satisfaction to be derived from encountering the risk, and this particular amusement is the one known by the somewhat harsh name of tobogganing. We have had any number of descriptions of the feelings of anyone going out hunting for the first time, but none, as far as I am aware, of the first tobogganing experience; and it is this unaccountable omission that the writer, although feeling himself unequal to the task, will endeavour to remedy, offering as an excuse the plea that he writes from a full heart having just been initiated into its mysteries.

Accepting an invitation to join in an exclusively Canadian amusement, to him totally unknown, we will suppose the novice, on his way to the rendezvous, clad if as ignorant of the sport, as the writer was, in ordinary costume, whose inadequacy he will quickly discover. Trailing behind him is the toboggan, whose playful vagaries are a matter of some concern to him. Going down a slippery hill he will find it cheerfully running on his heels, at the imminent risk of upsetting him, though this alacrity is fully compensated by the reluctance it exhibits to follow up hill, except at an expenditure of labour seemingly ridiculous when exerted on a frail construction of bark. Having, as before stated, never seen the amusement of which he has some very vague ideas, he imagines it to be a quiet and sedate slide down a gently inclined plane with just enough speed to relieve the monotony, this fancy sketch being completed by the introduction of a nice flight of steps at the side to enable one to reach the top with little labor. Alas, how different the reality. On arriving at the spot he finds it to be a hillside covered with frozen snow, sloping at the angle of an ordinary house-roof. In the recognition of introductions he will perhaps unwisely leave go of the cord holding the toboggan, and will be recalled to the consciousness of this fact by an exclamation from his companion, and the sight of his toboggan sliding by itself at a rapid pace down the incline. He of course starts to recover it, and in the course of his descent is impelled by

circumstances to consider an artificial contrivance for sliding down the hill is wholly unnecessary. But it is in the ascent, after capturing the wandering vehicle, that he first recognizes its perversity. As he slowly and painfully ascending a particularly slippery portion of the hill, it will seize that opportunity for hanging back suddenly in a way that reduces him to the ignominious necessity of dropping on all fours, recovering from this, and determining to avoid the slippery parts, he plunges into a snowdrift up to his knees, and finally reaches the summit in a profuse perspiration, caused by exertion and suppressed strong language. This is the overture to the grand act. He will see a couple launch themselves down the hill to what appears imminent destruction. They will disappear in a miniature snow storm, through which they will be seen at intervals bounding wildly from one lump of snow to another, and just as he is on the point of advancing a pressing engagement as an excuse for leaving, will be invited to take a seat on one of the frail conveyances and be steered (hollow mockery) down the incline. With a somewhat sickly smile, intended to convey the idea of extreme pleasure, he assents, seats himself, and in a moment finds himself flying through space. The first sensation is of a total inversion of his inner economy, and the idea that he has been dropped off a precipice into a tremendous snow storm, he feels his senses leaving him, then there is a tremendous shock, he is flying through the air, a vague wonder flits across his mind as to whether it is his neck or his leg that is destined to be broken, coupled with an indistinct regret that he did not leave instructions with his legal adviser as to the disposal of his property (should he have any), when he suddenly feels the toboggan again. I say feels advisedly, as he strikes it with a violence that suggests a steam battering ram. Again he is urging on his wild career, and in a final shower of lumps of ice and snow that insinuate themselves down his neck and up his sleeves, and in fact everywhere, he finds to his amazement he has reached the bottom safely. "Good course that," remarks the steerer, "just a little lump in the middle." Little lump!! He remembers his flight in the air and his thought that it was a haystack or a tree stump that they had struck, but he assents meekly, and adjoined by his companion, helps to pull the toboggan up the hill again. Verily, a pilgrimage up the hill of difficulty, complicated by the uncontrollable desire of the toboggan to break from his grasp and descend the hill on its own account, exhibited most when at the most icy portion of its ascent. Wet and weary he finally reaches the summit, and is greeted with exclamations of "Wasn't it splendid?" "Don't you think tobogganing a lovely amusement?" To all of which he of course returns an assent, though qualified with many mental reservations. One point, however, he does venture diffidently to mention, viz., "Whether a ten minutes climb up a steep hill covered with ice is sufficiently compensated for by a slide down it occupying about ten seconds, although the exquisite pleasure of the

sensation of falling into space from a precipice is thrown in." They say the pleasure grows on you—there is a good deal of opportunity for it doing so, I should imagine, as decidedly the first impression is that it is a cheap and convenient method of endeavouring to commit suicide without the inconvenience of a verdict of *felo de se*.

It is with deep regret that the writer confesses the inadequacy of language to describe his feelings. He feels sure that he shall become wildly attached to the amusement, but a natural candour compels him to admit that his first experience will be classed in his mind with an occurrence of his boyhood, when a brawny youth threw him neck and heels into a deep pool of water. The sensation of utter helplessness on both occasions was precisely identical, though the tobogganing has the advantage of leaving after sensations similar to those experienced after a long day's ride when unused to the exercise. *T. B. Angell.*

Rouge et Noir.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE Contributions and literary matter of all kinds solicited from the Alumni and friends of the University.

All matter intended for publication to be addressed to the Editors, Trinity College.

No notice can be taken of anonymous contributions. All matter to be signed by the author, not necessarily, &c.

Advertisements, subscriptions, and business communications should be directed to WILLIAM MOORE, Secy-Treas., or H. W. CHURCH, Business Manager.

Terms, post paid—Annual subscription, \$1.00

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

LENT TERM, 1883.

THE Curator of the Literary Institute begs to acknowledge with many thanks the kindness of some unknown friend who sends the *Church Times* regularly to the reading room. We can assure the friend in question that his kindness is fully appreciated.

THE Rev. G. A. S. Schneider, the new Assistant Professor of Divinity, arrived in Canada during the Christmas vacation, and has begun work this term. His credentials for the work are most excellent, his theological degree being exceedingly high, and the impression he has produced, both socially and as a lecturer, is most favorable. We congratulate the council on this selection.

WE are glad to note that at the last Corporation meeting the Rev. R. H. Starr, late Rector of Kincardine, who took his B. D. degree here at last Convocation, was selected to collect subscriptions towards the Supplemental Endowment fund. We have no doubt he will meet with the success that the goodness of the cause deserves; in any case a regular sustained effort of this character is the only way to bring the legitimate claims of the college fairly before the public.

THE question of the enlargement of the present buildings, which comes up now and then in a desultory manner, will soon have to be settled definitely. Already the building is full to its utmost capacity, so that second year men who formerly were allowed two rooms, have now to content themselves with one, and should we, as is confidently hoped, have a large freshman year in the coming autumn, there would be considerable inconvenience in disposing of them. We believe the intention is to complete the quadrangle at the back, widening the passage of the lower western corridor, and throwing the rooms there now used by students into lecture rooms, but nothing definite has yet been decided.

We take the following from the *Toronto World*:—

Mr. Archibald Lampman, B. A., of Toronto, son of Rev. A. Lampman, has been appointed to the post-office department at OTTAWA. A large number of the young men who are absorbed from year to year into the civil service, aim at securing an abiding means of livelihood only, and once they enter the official precincts the noisy world hears no more about them. But with Mr. Lampman the case is different. He is one of Canada's rising literateurs, and has already done work of which her literature may be proud. If the leisure afforded him in his new sphere will give him sufficient time for the pursuit of his literary labors, he may be congratulated on his entry into the civil service. Our Canadian literature in the past has been meagre, and it may be said, barren in thought and feeling, but the promise seen in the work of a young writer like Mr. Lampman added to the now firmly established merit of Roberts, Frechette, and other young Canadians, gives reason to hope for excellent things in the near future.

We take the greatest pleasure in transferring this little tribute to Mr. Lampman's ability to the columns, which, but a short time since, he edited in such an able manner. Mr. Lampman's contributions have always been one of the most attractive features of our paper. The series of articles under the title of "College Days Among Ourselves," alone would convince any one of the real ability of their author; but when we take into consideration the other work he has already done, especially in verse, though, for the most part as yet unknown to the outside world, we can heartily endorse the hopes for his future expressed by the *World*.

IT is with regret that we have to chronicle the fact that since our last issue a change has been made in the University Statutes by which non graduates, who have been a certain number of years in priest's orders, may, on passing certain examinations, be admitted to the degree of B. D.

The change did not pass unnoticed. A letter, signed "A Graduate," appeared in the *Mail*, which paper published a short but sarcastic comment on the alteration, saying that Trinity was making a bid for popularity by cheapening her degrees; a charge which, though galling, certainly seemed to have some foundation. In reply to this appeared a long letter from the Provost, which probably most of our readers will remember. As far as we can recollect, he defended the alteration on the ground of its conformity with the modern Cambridge practice

of giving a B. A. degree for theological honours. And this seems to us just the point. By all means have a Theological Tripos here, in which case those who wished to take that course would have to attend here on the same footing as undergraduates, but we must, as a paper representing as far as possible, graduates and undergraduates, protest against the injustice of giving to men who have spent neither their time nor their money in the college one of the highest degrees we have to offer. We venture to say that few men who contemplate taking orders will spend five years, and more than a thousand dollars, in order to take an Art course, when they know that by having a little patience they can obtain a degree ranking higher than M. A. by simply passing a few examinations. As to whether these are difficult or not has nothing to do with the question, as both graduates and non-graduates would have to take the same papers. But, supposing them both to have passed, what is there to distinguish the man who has spent his time and money in Trinity in order to get his Arts degree, from him who, perhaps, never saw the place until he came up for examination, and takes little or no interest in its welfare and prosperity.

Already protests from old graduates are beginning to make themselves heard, and the only effect of the new regulations will be to prevent graduates from proceeding to a degree in which they would not be distinguished from men who have had no University training, and to generally lower the standard of our B. D. degree, hitherto one of the best on this continent, to the level, say of the University of Manitoba, where the papers for the examination for priest's orders and the B. D. degree are identical, and each clergyman is therefore a B. D.

It was with great pleasure that we saw that at the last meeting of the Council a resolution was passed providing for the establishment of a memorial to the late Provost Whitaker. Apart from his long connection with Trinity, such a memorial is nothing more than right when we consider his position in this diocese, testified to by the fact that had he used what all considered legitimate means of influence, means which, however, his high sense of the dignity of the clerical office prevented his making use of, he would undoubtedly have been numbered in the roll of the bishops of this diocese. As to his special work in Trinity much has been written, and from all parts of the Dominion, wherever there is one of her graduates, will come testimony to its value; and this testimony is the more noteworthy when we consider that the late Provost was not a popular man. His chill and forbidding manner was more calculated to repel than attract, and yet every graduate who has had the advantage of his tuition and acquaintance will speak of him in the warmest terms of admiration, and more often than not of affection. All who have followed the history of this University since its foundation know what a hard

battle he had to fight, and all know too how nobly and well he fought it. Those who most opposed him during his lifetime are now amongst the foremost to acknowledge the inestimable value of his work in training men for the Church, and to yield their admiration to the beauty and excellence of his life and character.

We notice that the form the memorial is to take was not decided, whether it should be a scholarship, professorship or fellowship. We should venture to suggest the last. We have now several scholarships whose distinctive names are practically extinct. The fact that a man holds one is sufficient, no one cares much about what particular one it is. Something of the same objection may be urged against the second, neither would be distinctive enough. This, however, would not be the case with the last. As the first and only fellowship established in Trinity, it would have a distinctive value at the outset, further increased by the special title of "Whitaker fellowship."

Whatever may be the form for the memorial ultimately adopted, we feel confident that there will be no difficulty in providing the requisite funds. There will be very few of the many graduates who have had the advantage of the late Provost's instruction who will not cheerfully subscribe to provide a fitting memorial of one whom they learned to honour the more they became acquainted with his character.

It is absolutely necessary, in order that the mind may be preserved in a sound and healthy state, that daily a certain amount of physical exercise should be taken. In the summer sufficient exercise can as a rule be had out of doors, by walking or joining in such games as cricket and foot-ball, or in many other ways. In winter it is different, often much must be done in doors, hence the need of gymnasia. We have a gymnasium, but so badly fitted up that we might almost as well be without. The building is out of repair, not weather proof, and so cold that it is impossible to remain within it for any length of time, unless engaged in the most violent exercise. The furnishing is very incomplete, parallel and horizontal bars, single trapeze and ladder we have, but no Indian clubs, dumb-bells, single sticks, foils or gloves, no mattresses or saw dust. Something could be done to remedy this. The building might be set to rights, thoroughly cleaned out, glazed where required, the floor mended. A vaulting bar might replace the broken one that at present does service. Dumb-bells, clubs, &c., might be provided, a stand and press being fitted up to hold them. A few mattresses, and some means for keeping the place warm would also be necessary. Were these improvements made, and steps taken to ensure that the building should be swept out once or twice a week, and not let fall into a state like the present, the gymnasium would become of great and permanent use.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR.

SIRS:—Now that the contribution of books annually given by the freshmen is about to be added to the Literary Institute Library. I think a good opportunity presents itself to bring before the notice of the members the manner in which some of the books are used. There seems to be a general notion that no care need be taken of them because, "they are only Library books," and consequently they are used for any convenient purpose that turns up outside of their proper use; thus, for instance, one man in the absence of a lid for his stove makes use of a copy of Thackeray and utterly destroys it. Another receipts, and can't find a slip of paper to write out a coal percept, and appropriates the fly leaf of a book of poems. So I might mention innumerable examples of willful abuse, saying nothing of *careless*, usage which amounts to about the same thing. Another very favourite way of defacing books, is that of making comments on the margin. No doubt the gentlemen that so do, are men of high literary standard (in their own opinion) who think that they are thus benefitting future generations, but I would remind them that perhaps they over estimate the worth of their notes. However, I think it would be a good plan for all such, to buy a copy of the book which they wish to criticize, and republish it with annotations and copious marginal notes, but leave the Library books alone.

In reality when a man takes a book out of the Library he borrows it. Would any man think of borrowing a horse and returning it with his own initials or private mark branded on its shoulder? I think not.

Now, Mr. Editor, our Librarian should not be so lenient, but ought to *strictly enforce fines* for any damage whatever done to the books. I may be mistaken but still such is the opinion of

A READER.

Trinity College, January 23rd 1883.

THE M. A. HOOD.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR.

DEAR SIRs,—The Provost has lately been trying to add another improvement to the long list of those which he has already accomplished since it has been our privilege to have him among us.

This improvement was to change the velvet lining of our M. A. hood to one of silk, so that the hood would be black silk lined with crimson silk. I do not think that any unprejudiced person could question the desirability of this change. The velvet lining is heavy and easily rubbed, and, unless it is silk velvet, which is very expensive, soon fades. Besides this, velvet is not the proper material for a *graduate's* hood. I say *graduate* as distinct from a licentiate or licentiate of theology who is allowed to wear a hood of any material "so it be not silk." Thus it will be seen that silk is the peculiar material for a graduate's hood. In spite of this, the conservatism of the graduates whom he consulted on the subject has been such as to lead the Provost to abandon his scheme.

As then, we cannot have this improvement, let us see how we can make the best of what we have now, for our present hood, if properly made, which it never is, may

be very handsome. The hood is supposed to be of black silk, lined throughout with rich bright crimson velvet. Now, how is it that hardly two of our M. A. hoods are alike, while all come short of this description? Is it that, instead of silk velvet being used, we so often have ~~some~~ cotton velvet? Why, instead of the hood being lined throughout, is it simply faced with from four to six inches of velvet? Why is that, instead of rich crimson, we have poor brownish maroon or pale cardinal? It is economy! And why is it that one so often sees the hoods thoroughly shabby, put on awry or twisted and turned inside out, or hind side before? It is slovenliness! Let me ask the graduates, and this will meet the eyes of many, why they will not improve their appearance by a little more care and a little less economy? If it be said that silk velvet is very expensive, and that a hood lined throughout would bring in a ruinous tailor's bill, why, I reply, did the graduates object to the Provost's scheme, silk being much cheaper? I know that a hood lined throughout with a very good silk costs the same price as one simply faced with silk velvet, and moreover, that it is true economy to get a good hood, which will outlast three of inferior material.

In conclusion, let me suggest that the Registrar should keep patterns of the hoods of all degrees (for the diversity is not confined to the M. A. hood), and that arrangements be made by the College with some society of ladies to furnish hoods according to these patterns, thus providing better and cheaper ones, and relieving ~~the~~ of the tailors' whims and fancies. The Lennoxville hoods are made by a guild of ladies.

Yours truly,

B. A.

TORONTO MEDICAL COLLEGE NOTES.

The subjoined paragraph appeared in a Montreal paper lately, and was copied into the *Globe* of Saturday, the 30th ult. It gives a *correct* statement of a matter in regard to which parties from various causes, have indulged in an extraordinary amount of misrepresentation.

The authorities of

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL

are placed, by the statements in some of the papers, in an entirely false position as to the part taken by their school in connection with the late trouble at the medical school in Kingston. Trinity School got a telegram from Kingston which conveyed the impression in clear language that a number of the students had virtually left the Kingston School not to return. This, with no knowledge of the disturbance or its cause, was taken as proof that there had been some trouble that had ended in this unfortunate way. Under this impression the telegram was answered, stating the conditions on which students believed to have actually left the school might be received into Trinity. These were the same as had been laid down when, on the breaking up of the old Victoria Medical School, many of the students joined Trinity. Very soon the Trinity authorities found that the telegram had somewhat misled them, and that the trouble was not ended, but in progress, and that appearances seem to indicate a possibility of its being all smoothed over. Immediately

on this being known, the students at Kingston were congratulated by letter on the improved state of things, so different from what the telegram had seemed to indicate, and they were told that the telegram would not have been answered at all, had it not been supposed that the trouble had ended, and the hope was very warmly expressed that the future of the school might be far more prosperous than the past.

"ORION AND OTHER POEMS."

There now lies upon our desk a volume of Canadian song, the first fruits of a newly risen Canadian singer, and its title is "Orion and Other Poems." We should be, indeed, unworthy the name Canadian did we not tell our readers with some measure of pride that a new singer has risen among them, of whom not we but the motherland might well be proud. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., of Fredericton, N.B., son of Rev. G. Goodridge Roberts, Rector of St. Anne's, in New Brunswick's capital, is the author of the work. The imprint is of J. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It has been too long the custom in this country to read anything of native birth with a contemptuous lip, and afterwards in pity to say a kindly word for it in a patronizing spirit. This has been especially, and lamentably the case with our great leading newspapers, who unfortunately, have more to do with the forming of literary tastes and judgment throughout the country than all our schools and colleges combined. Several discriminating newspapers have borne genuine tribute to the volume before us, but it was left to *Scribner's Magazine*, the *New York Independent*, and leading journals of the press of London, England, to tell Canada that she had in Mr. Roberts a poet of whom any country or any literature might be proud, and pointed out—as two or three of these papers did—how such a scholar and writer would adorn one of our College chairs. We verily believe had Mathew Arnold, or Tennyson, been born in Toronto, or the City of Fredericton, they might have sung their souls away, and not a corporal's guard of the public have heard of them through the Canadian press. For ourselves, we have read the leading poets of our age with some attention, and no little reverence, and we do not hesitate to put the author of "Orion" on the same seat with Mathew Arnold and the other great singers and writers of the day. And though a good many miles separate us from Mr. Roberts, the thrill of pride is not less in us; because he is of ourselves—a Canadian.

This, however, is only our opinion. We shall quote a few extracts from the volume and let the reader judge. Upon the first page we find an invocation "To the Spirit of Song." We shall quote it all. In our poor judgment the whole realm of English song contains nothing more full of the true poet's music.

— White as fleeces blown across the hollow heaven
Fold on fold thy garments wrap thy shaming limbs.

Deep thy gaze as morning's, flamed through vapours riven,
Bright thine hair as day's, that of the ether swims.
Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
Beauty, might and splendour up the Soul of Song;
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
Soul from body when lips faint and thought is strong;
Surely I have heard
The ample silence stirred
By intensest music from no throat of bird,—
Smitten down before thy feet
From the paths of heaven sweet
Lowly I await the song upon my lips conferred."

This surely is the poet's song; a speech and a music "conferred;" the true note that reveals itself as the precious stone among base imitations. The chief poem, and that which gives name to the volume is "Orion." Our readers are acquainted, we doubt not, with this old classic story; but told in brief it is this: CEnopion was the King of Chios—the same island that was shattered but two years ago by earthquake—and he had a daughter of surpassing loveliness, the "maiden lipped, snow-breasted Merope," to use Mr. Robert's words. Orion was a hunter, god-like in appearance, tall and brave, and he, loving Merope, asked her of her father, who consented to his suit on the condition that he rid his dominions of wild beasts. This the hunter did, and having accomplished his toil, came out of the mountain jungles to claim his bride. The following lines describe his coming through the golden glow of the morning:

— Meanwhile from out a neighbour gorge, which spake
Rough torrent thunders through its cloak of pines,
Along the shore came one who seemed to wear
The grandeur of the mountains for a robe,
The torrent's strength for girdle, and for crown
The sea's calm for dread fury capable."

We have made the italics. It is surely not too much to say that we have not in the whole scope of English song any greater lines than these. Then the god-like hunter comes into the presence of the king and tells him the labours he has performed.

— With skins of lions, leopards, bears,
Lynxes and wolves, I come, O King, fulfilling
My pledge, and seeking the delayed fulfilling
Of some long hopes. For now the mountain lairs
Are empty, and the valley folds secure.
The inland jungles shall be vexed no more
With muffled roarings through the cloudy night,
And heavy splashings in the misty pools:
The echo peopled crags shall howl no more,
With hungry yelpings mid the hoary firs.

Your maidens will not fear to quit by night
Their cottages to meet their shepherd lads.

We should like to quote more, for the merit in all would ask a place, but we must pass on. The king was treacherous. He told the hunter, as he poured out a cup in which he mixed a subtle "colchian drug" to

— Drink this, in pledge
Of those deep draughts for which thou art athirst,
And now I go to bid the maid be glad."

And then the hunter went down to the strand by the sea, and heavy grew

His head, and he sank back upon the sand,
Nor saw the light go out across the sea,
Nor heard the eagle scream among the crags,
Nor stealthy laughter echo up the shore,
Nor the slow ripple break about his feet.

The deep-eyed night drew down to comfort him,
And lifted her great lids and mourned for him."

Did Mathew Arnold write this, would we not stand in reverence contemplating his gifts? But we must again pass on; and no quotation can give to him who has not read the poem an idea of its wondrous beauty and great poetic worth.

And while the hunter lay there, his eyes darkened by the poison poured into them by the king, came the sea maids, "beloved of Doris fair," with "dripping tresses"—

"And their yellow hair
Fell round them while they smote their lyres and sung.

We are all made heavy of heart, we weep with thee, sore with thy sorrow,—

The sea from its uttermost parts, the night from the dusk to the morrow,

The unplumbed spaces of air, the unharnessed might of the wind,
The sun that outshaketh his hair before his incoming, behind
His out going.

But come for the night fulfills, the grey in the sky gives warning,
Then get thee up to the hills and thou shalt behold the morning."

And then the maids cease their song, and the story progresses, never flagging in its wealth of imagery, strength of expression, its touches true to nature herself, and the soft musical voluptuousness which transports the reader.

"Memnon" is another poem—it first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*—full of the author's strength, music and grace; then we see "Launcelot and the Four Queens," of which this is the opening stanza:

Where a little trodden by-way
Intersects the beaten highway
Running downward to the river,
Stands an ancient apple tree
In whose blossoms drowsily
The bees are droning ever.

And from this on to the "Ode to Drowsiness," which is a poem of poetry's dreamland, and certainly unrivalled even by Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters." We know the risk we run of saying this; but let the uncredulous take the book and read it. We pass over "Ariadne," "Ballad of the Poet's Thought"—such a favourite with Mathew Arnold—a "Ballad of Three Mistresses," "The Flight," "One Night," "Sappho," "A Blue Blossom," and others, because space cries out that we are upon the last verge. But we cannot close without giving an extract from "The Maple":

"Oh tenderly deepen the Woodland glooms
And merrily sway the beeches,
Breathe delicately the willow blooms
And the pine rehearse new speeches.
The elms toss high till they brush the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow larch launches;
But the tree I love all the greenwood above

Is the maple of sunny branches.
Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring
Or the late-leaved linden in summer,
There's a word may be for the locust tree
That delicate, strange new comer:
But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose
When pale are the spring-time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of winter's legions."

We are glad to notice that Mr. G. Mercer Adam, with his usual excellent taste, has reproduced this latter poem in the admirable reader he has prepared for the Canada Publishing Company, as also another poem by Mr. Roberts, "Brother Cuthbert." The pity is that we have not Roberts up here. Just here, in the great centre of the Dominion, and as it ought to be the literary centre, we want him. Might it be too much to hope that our College authorities would some day see the wisdom of acting on the advice of *Scribner's Magazine*, and set apart to him a chair of English Literature in our College? He would draw all our aspiring young men around him there.

EXCHANGES.

The *Monmouth Collegian* has transgressed again. This time it is entitled "Our Martyred Hero," truly a most unenviable martyrdom to have one's virtues or vices sung in such doggerel as this.

Episcopus, we trust, still lives; the last number, which wasn't so bad after all, showed some strong signs of life. We hope that the next number will even prove more conclusively the vitality of the venerable one.

The *McGill College Gazette* though in some respects an admirable paper, still falls a good way behind what might have been expected from such an editorial staff as it supports, comprising as it does, literary professors, artists, doctors and lawyers. It is probably the old story of too many cooks, &c.

The *Spectator*, from St. Laurent's College, Montreal, is rapidly working its way into prominence in the world of college journalism. We throw this as a sop to Cerebus, wishing to propitiate the ferocious one after noticing the nasty way in which he shewed his teeth at the *Adelphian's* expense in a late number.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is a model college paper with regard to careful editing and regularity of publication; its articles as a rule being well written and interesting, while the poetry, especially that contributed by Marion Muir is in striking contrast to that class of productions in verse of which "the worst is college poetry."

We can fully understand and sympathise with the spirit that moved the editors of the *Varsity* to publish a special number in defense of the college residence. As far as we are concerned, we can imagine no more dreary existence than that of taking a college course out of residence, and in saying this we speak from experience, short indeed, but thoroughly convincing.

We have received the first number, volume one, of the *Astrum Alberti*, from Albert College, Belleville. It

is very neat in appearance, and nicely printed. The salutatory editorial certainly shews that their anagement is not lacking in assurance, and perhaps it would have been better taste to have acknowledged the source from which they obtained the apology for translating their name *Astrum Alberti*, viz.: from Byron's note to the "Maid of Athens." For the rest, the paper will probably improve with age. There is room for it.

The *Berkeleyan* has informed us that our last number "presents a less lackadaisical appearance" than of yore. This we presume implies that a certain aroma of lackadaisicalness still clings to us, but however that may be, since receiving this carefully diluted commendation for the present and appalling censure for the past, we have made a careful perusal of all our obtainable back numbers, in the hope of spotting this objectionable tone or feature, or whatever it is that has pervaded our columns in times past, but nary a *lackadais* could we find. However, we have hopes of its being brought to light before long, as a suitable reward has been offered by our management to any one finding the offensive article. For the present we must keep on the even tenor of our way until some more reliable information than the *Berkeleyan's* statement can be obtained.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

And he made them a great feast in his house, but who paid the shot no man knows, more than this, that means to do so were *found*.

The gentleman's dressing-room on the night of the conversat. presented examples striking enough to prove conclusively to any well-balanced intellect the truth of the theory of the survival of the *fittest*.

So have we heard in dim-lit corridor
The herculean trumpet's greivous roar,
And now a second brays—ye gods no more!
The first was bad enough, the last's a bore.

The dust and spider-haunted library has undergone a transformation since Professor Schneider took it in hand, and we doubt if the elderly graduate would now recognize that scene of—to him many and varied memories.

From the ashes of the defunct Choral Club hath arisen phoenix-like, another band of songsters, only it seems to perish of inanition and the sneers of a cold and heartless world that is but "fit for stratagems and spoils, and now "Men sit sad that were glad for their sweet song's sake !!!?"

A well-known and hospitable denizen of the "wilderness" has thought fit to cast in his lot with the members of the L. W. C. As he brings to them a patriarchal appearance and a stainless reputation, two characteristics much needed in that desirable abode, his reception will probably be warm.

We regret that Mr. Charles Scadding, one of the most efficient and able business managers we have ever had upon our staff, has been obliged to resign. We trust, however, that the circumstances over which at present he has no control will allow—somewhere in the not too distant future—of his acceptance of the old position.

Several members of the L. W. C. having of late expressed by their actions at least—strong predilections for protracted repose, and the inducements offered by morning chapel and breakfast seemingly having lost all their former attractiveness, the cause of this somnulance

became the subject of much discussion. As far as we ourselves are concerned, the following theory seems plausible; that the lowness of the temperature within their classic retreat during the late cold snap, led the inmates to believe that in some miraculous manner or other they had been transported within the arctic circle. This alarming state of affairs having become known, they at once proceeded to deliberate upon the best course to pursue under the circumstances. Among the various points that came up before them for discussion was the fact related by some one who had "seen it in a book" that in the Arctic regions during the winter months the night was in the habit of extending itself over an indefinite period of time. This was indeed a joyful surprise, the idea of passing the remainder of a dreary term in blissful oblivion of chapels, lectures, and all the other evils that the flesh is heir to, was too much for them, and they unanimously decided to *sleep it out*.

The Annual Conversazione, given by the Literary Institute, was held on the evening of the 1st, and was even a greater success than any given in former years. There were over 900 guests present, and had it not been for the long corridors and sitting-rooms thrown open for their convenience, the Convocation Hall would have been uncomfortably crowded. Mr. Thompson commenced the programme about eight o'clock, and sang "Toreador Song" from *Carmen*, in his usual finished manner, and was warmly applauded. Miss Nellie Hillary followed in "La Mandolinata," from the same opera. Apart from the fact that she is a great favourite at Trinity, her rendering of the song would have secured her the hearty encore she received. In acknowledgement she sang "A Summer Shower." Her voice is still of excellent quality, and her method as artistic, and manner as pleasing as ever. Mr. Hirschfelders flute solo was a new feature in the programme, and though difficult, was well performed. Mr. Schuch was in excellent voice, and sang "The Warrior Bold" effectively. Later on he sang with Miss Hillary in the duet, "Wanderer's Night Song." Miss Munro gave a piano solo, "Martha," and was loudly applauded for her brilliant execution. Mr. Phillip's, organist at St. George's, proved an excellent accompanist; he also sang "The Children's Home," with taste and expression. The Band of the Queen's Own Rifles supplied the music, which was all that could be desired. Messrs. Hudspeth, Brent, and H. C. Scadding, the members of the music committee, are to be congratulated on the arrangement of the programme, and on the successful manner in which it was carried out. Their efforts cannot be too highly appreciated by the Institute, and it is to be hoped that in the future, arrangements of this kind will fall into as competent hands. The main hall, lecture rooms, and corridors were tastefully decorated, under the direction of Messrs. Hague, Ritchie, and Rogers, who transformed these otherwise gloomy places into bright and comfortable resorts, well patronized by stray couples. The refreshment committee deserves praise for the goodly display made in the dining hall. To them, Mrs. and Miss Strachan were invaluable advisers, and the Institute is deeply indebted to these ladies for many kindnesses. It is to be regretted that there should have been any confusion in the gentlemen's dressing room, but it was brought about by the inordinate haste of two or three individuals to secure their coats, and therefore no blame can be attached to the management. An impromptu dance was given after the programme was finished, which went far towards making the evening an enjoyable one.

UNDERGRADUATES

AND
FRIENDS

of the University will confer a favour on the management of

"ROUGE ET NOIR"

by patronizing our advertisers.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT

is allowed by them and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. ALLAN,

MANUFACTURING

CONFECTIONER

AND PASTRY COOK.

Pronounced by the Trade to keep the Finest Assortment and Purest Confectionery in the Dominion.

PLEASE CALL. Observe the address,
3 & 4 REVERE BLOCK,
KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

SHEFFIELD HOUSE.

ROBINSON & BROTHER,

WATCHES, CLOCKS,
AND FINE JEWELRY.
SILVER & ELECTRO-PLATED
WARE, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CRICKET MATERIAL,
FOOT-BALLS
AND LAWN TENNIS.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.
15 King St. West, - Toronto.

WILLIAM MARTIN,
DEALER IN:

Groceries & Provisions,
WINES & LIQUORS.
696 QUEEN STREET WEST,
(Opposite Niagara Street) Toronto.
Handsome Presents Given with Tea.

WILLIAMS'

CHINA & GLASS SAMPLEROOM,
476 QUEEN STREET WEST.
CHINA TEA SET.
DINNER SET.
HALL & PARLOR LAMPS.
PLATEDWARE CUTLERY.
TABLE GLASSWARE &c.

G. & J. MURRAY,
IMPORTERS OF
LAMP + GOODS.

Dealers in Canadian and American Coal Oil,

Pulley Hall Lamps,
Bracket Lamps,
Bronze Lamps,
Chandeliers,
Globes, Chimneys,
Reflectors, &c.

224 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

R. J. HOVENDEN,

RESO PAINTER, &C.,

DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Glass Brushes, Colors
and Painters' Sundries of
every description.

88 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO.

THE ENTERPRISE

— FOR —

Students' Blank Books

— GENERAL —

STATIONERY

BIRTHDAY AND EASTER CARDS.
FANCY GOODS, ALBUMS,
TOYS, ETC., ETC.

WALL PAPER,
New and Choice Designs.

QUEEN 546 WEST,

Special Discount to Students.

F COOPER'S
GOLDEN

SHIRT FACTORY,

OCCEIDENT HALL

COR. QUEEN & BATHURST STREETS.
TORONTO.

IMPORTERS OF FIRST CLASS

GENTS' FURNISHING.

Shirts made to order a specialty.

Directions of Self-measurement sent on application
Special prices to orders of half a dozen.

Olerical Collars made in any style.

N.B.—Liberal terms to the clergy.
A discount of 10 per cent. for cash to all students.

THE LADIES OF THE
Church Embroidery Guild

Are prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Church Embroidery. Altar Linen, Colored Stoles, Linen Vestments, Alms Bags, Altar Frontals, Desk and Dossal Hangings, Etc.

Apply to The President,
173 Gerrard Street East

BOOKS! BOOKS!

Second-hand College Books
Bought, Sold or Exchanged
at Sutherland's Dominion Book Store,

288 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

LIVERY, HACK AND COUPE STABLES.



In Connection with Telephone from all parts of the City.

R. BOND, - TORONTO.

J. W. BLAIR,

DEALER IN

Fruit & Confectionery,

FLOWERS & VEGETABLES
CANNED FISH AND FRUIT
555 QUEEN STREET WEST,
TORONTO.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS,	DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA,	DROPSY,
INDIGESTION,	FLUTTERING
JAUNDICE,	OF THE HEART.
ERYSIPELAS,	ACIDITY OF
SALT RHEUM	THE STOMACH,
HEARTBURN,	DRYNESS
HEADACHE,	OF THE SKIN,

And every species of diseases arising from
disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH,
BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

GEO. CONSTABLE

450 & 452 QUEEN ST WEST,

TORONTO.

Confectionery, Cakes & Pastry

Of Finest Quality Constantly on Hand.

BREAD

FRENCH & ORDINARY,

Delivered daily throughout the City.

Ornamental Confectionery,

Wreaths, &c.,

— IN LATEST DESIGNS —

WEDDING CAKES TO ORDER

And sent per Express.

Jellies, Creams, Russes, &c.

MRS. M. E. BOURKE,
College Stationery,

NEWSPAPERS, CHRISTMAS AND
FANCY GOODS.

672 Queen Street West.

PETERKIN BROS.,

Wood Engravers & Designers,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Window Cornices,

Cornice Poles,

Mirrors,

Looking Glasses,

Picture Frames,

Picture Mouldings, &c.

Re-Gilding, Map Mounting and Stretch-
ing Show Cards a Specialty.

— WHOLESALE AND RETAIL —

71 QUEEN STREET WEST,

TORONTO

Geo. Harcourt & Son

MERCHANT TAILORS

— AND —

ROBE MAKERS

— HAVE —

REMOVED

THEIR BUSINESS TO

109 King St. East,

OPPOSITE THE CATHEDRAL.

GODARD & ELGIE

(LATE GODARD & CALLISTER),

UPHOLSTERERS AND

FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE
IN STOCK.

95 AND 97 YONGE STREET.

The "ROUGE ET NOIR" is Printed by

R. G. McLEAN

13 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

All Descriptions of Job Work promptly
and properly executed.

R. M. GIPSON,

PAINTER.

Glazier and Paperhanger,

EXPRESS VNS FOR HIRE.

Special attention given to orders from
Students of Trinity College.

495 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Caldwell & Hodgins,

COR. JOHN & QUEEN STS.

IMPORTERS OF

WINES, SPIRITS,

— AND —

CHOICE GROCERIES.

ALL THE LEADING BRANDS OF
ALES AND PORTERS.

Camping Supplies a Specialty.



RAWBONE'S PATENT

"Climax" Skate.

The most Perfect Skate ever produced. No
loose nuts, bolts, clamps, or keys employed in
its mechanism.

L. Rubenstein, Champion Skater of Canada,
uses the "Climax" exclusively, and has pro-
nounced it perfect for all kinds of skating.

The Rawbone Gun and Manufacturing Company,
(Limited),

81 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

Factory: Yonge St., Toronto.

HARRY A. COLLINS,

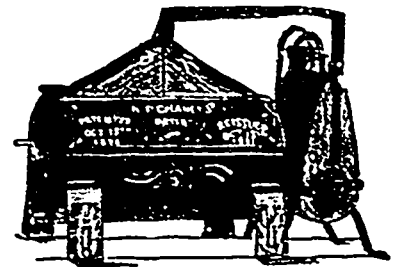
90 YONGE STREET.

Special Prices for Students

— IN —

Students' Lamps, Cutlery and
General Room Furnishings.

90 YONGE STREET.



N. P. CHANEY & CO.

Feathers and Mattress Renovators

230 KING STREET EAST.

All kinds of Feathers and Mattresses cleaned.

Mattresses, Beds or Pillows for Sale.