

# THE VARSITY

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

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No. II.

## WORD MEMORIES.

Words that bring back the glad and peaceful hours  
That watched our frolics in the sun and shade,  
When ev'ry wind seemed whisp'ring to the flowers  
Of lovelier worlds where happier children played.

Words that recall the feelings of our youth,  
The garden where our names in emerald grew ;  
The truth we loved when fairy tales were truth,  
When god and goddess, fay and faun, were true.

The tiny words that grew from tiny acts ;  
The low love-language of the childish heart ;  
The stammer that interpreted strange facts,  
Or strove some schoolboy legend to impart.

The names our playmates gave in mossy bower,  
When Mab and Ariel for our sponsors stood ;  
Names haply borrowed from some Greek-called flower,  
Or given in praise by Love when we were good.

Nor less the words our statelier years record,  
By Fancy coined, yet bearing Reason's stamp,  
Words with which Wit has played, or Life adored,  
Slaves of the king, or servants of the lamp.

The words of men who clothe our thoughts with speech,  
Gay proverb, sparkling jest, or patriot song ;  
Words which, like sunbeams, through the darkness reach,  
Show lowly worth, or brand imperial wrong.

The words of men that walked in war's red ways,  
Or spake their fireside thoughts to child or wife ;  
The simple words that giving blame or praise  
Ring down the echoing avenues of life.

Glad words that breathe of sunshine and of morn ;  
Sweet words that on the wings of evening fly ;  
Kind words that greet the child when he is born,  
And loving words that bless us when we die.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

## EARLY REMINISCENCES.

It seems of late to have become a weakness of great minds, or of minds possessed of an established conviction of their greatness, to let the public into the secret of long-past school days,—to trace for others' benefit, instruction, and interest, the early history of the development of individualities not of common mould ; as if to give the world to know how possible it is that great and brilliant futures should be the result of ignominious pasts, and how small causes, rightly directed, may lead to great results. Perhaps proneness to autobiographical reminiscence is a pardonable conceit. In some it is. It certainly is in those whose whole lives and life-work interest us. What would we not give to be able to build from lines of Shakspeare a history of his early life ! How we would rejoice in an authentic account of Socrates' boyhood, and trace him year by year from Phaenarete's nursing of him to his unhappy fall into the matrimonial clutches of Xantippe ! But the god-

dess of history seems to have cast a veil over the early life of great men ; even Paul of Tarsus is little known, and that little not altogether authenticated as worthy of credence. But if the goddess is unkind in this, she makes up for her ill-humor by telling us all that is worth knowing—and much that is not—about the babyhood and boyhood of hosts of others not of so great importance, except to themselves. These glimpses of knowledge are valuable only when they are valuable ; which, interpreted, means that they are worthy of attention only when they attach to themselves, apart from the passing and accidental individual who happens to be the medium of intelligence, an interest which is founded on an appeal to the remembered universal or frequent experience of others. There are very few people in the world at present whose personal history we are interested in, simply because they are who they are. If a man's history is interesting in itself, if the recital of it is instructive or even amusing, we welcome it, not, however, as a rule, because it is his, but because it is worth knowing. So it is with reminiscences of school-days, of which we have of late had an overflow. These are worth reading only if they are worth telling in themselves, if they appeal to our sympathies, and especially to those sympathies founded on our own experience. Abstractly, no one cares to know that John Smith received what little education has been furnished him, at Smith's Corners, and Smythville, and at Smythe's Academy in the county-town of his county. But if John Smith can tell us anything about these important periods in his career—important to him, I mean, of course—that is worth hearing, and can tell it in such a way as to make himself worth listening to, we are glad to listen. But only then. Those who tell us tales of simple things must make their tales good in the telling. It is in the telling of simple things that one most easily becomes a bore.

Any person who has read thus far in my statement of a harmless, but, I think, reasonable, impression on the subject of the recital of school day reminiscences, will naturally suspect that I am about to enter upon a detailed tabulation of my own. I'm not. But it is not modesty that prevents the perpetration. I believe my early experiences were not more monotonous than others that have been recalled and related with even painful particularity of detail. But the very recalling of them to myself in reverie,—a recalling caused by the waste of many valuable minutes in reading a magazine-writer's account of his early school days, entirely devoid as it was of any element interesting or even amusing,—brought to my mind the pleasing fact that there is in every memory a chord which the natural and feeling recital of school-day lore never fails to touch,—that there is to all of us a common ground whereon it is pleasant to wander, arm-in-arm, as if the passing acquaintanceship of the moment were a friendship extending backwards till memory becomes a shadow,—that there is a common influence which can draw us away from the present into a happy past. I say a happy past, because in memory of early days the mind dwells more on the bright features of the picture than on the dark, which but give them greater prominence. Few of us have had a youth as unhappy as that which Anthony Trollope would have us to believe was his ; and even in his there was a ray of sunshine, if it was only the thrashing of a boy who had to be taken home to be cured.

But even were I to justify the suspicion entertained of me, that I am desirous of telling my early history, I believe there could be found material there, monotonous as it generally was,

for a story with some little of interest in it. But I cannot tell it in a way to arouse that sympathy which I ought naturally to expect. This restrains me,—doubtless to the reader's great relief. I will retain my conviction that if I could write as I would wish, I could tell a story quite as interesting to others as those of others, who have tried to take the public into their confidence, have been to me.

I believe that if I knew anything of architectural description, I could, in picturing the school-houses I have attended in Canada, show those who have the government of our school affairs in their hands a group of structures whose barren hideousness would be a better lesson in school building than all the scientific treatises with which this important subject has been for many years exclusively honored. In this alone, my experience would be of inestimable value. It would, too, justify my own ignorance in a certain direction. It would be seen how impossible was the development of the artistic in my nature amid such surroundings.

There was one of my masters whom alone a power of expression would make for me a fit theme for an interesting picture. Shall I ever forget how, for two long and anxious months, I concealed my blotted and illegible copy-book from his gaze; thinking how kind was Fate that the rascal next me—my bosom friend—should have meted out to him with monotonous regularity his daily flogging, while I escaped; and how the wrath of the monster should be thus appeased, and the saying fulfilled, that one should be taken and the other left? Or shall I ever forget the joyous day, when it was announced that old D—, with all his household gods (a queer lot they must have been), had that morning decamped for parts unknown? He left many debts, but he had one debtor. I owe him still something he is not likely to receive in this world. He was a power in my life, which I am certain he has considerably shortened. If I could trust myself to speak of him rightly, and could do so, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would make many an individual wish to stand upon his head with joy at remembrance of some far-distant timely pedagogic taking-off.

And how shall I speak of her whom I remember as characterized mainly by a tragic mien, iron-grey hair and a leather strap? This was years ago, but the last-mentioned characteristic lives ever green in my memory. Every morning was its quality tested on me as an opening exercise, after prayers. The latter were the cause of its application. If I came late for prayers, I was made an example of lateness. If I was in time for them, I was made an example of non-attention, and that whether attentive or not. Thus is irreverence for things religious early inculcated, and thus are the seeds of scepticism sown in the childish mind. I saw her a few days ago. She is still solemn, grim and unhappy; and I had my revenge. If I could rightly tell my experience of her, I could stir up in many a mind the deepest sympathy—for me.

But I must say no more. These are not my brightest remembrances. But even in them I see a possibility of weaving a story out of commonplaces that would be read by some, and judged of kindly. I cannot weave a story, but could read with pleasure one woven of such humble material as even I could furnish. Many have attempted to tell of such things in a way to appeal to sympathy and appreciation. Few have succeeded. If I have shown that in many there are memories whose recall gives pleasure, as it does to me, I have also shown that one who by natural touches brings about that recall of the past, will not be without welcome hearers or readers.

But it must be done in a spirit founded, not on selfishness, conceit, or love of individual display—as too often is the case—but on that common human sympathy which can bind us by a common bond—the remembrance of our school-days—that period never to return except as a picture upon the tablets of memory.

W. F. W. C.

#### AGAMEMNON AT THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

O God! How patiently she stands, and waits  
Her doom, enduring for her country's sake  
Her own misfortune. For her country's sake?  
Is it for Greece that I give up her life,  
To sate the goddess' rage against our host,

And that fair winds may blow? Is Greece concerned  
To hunt my brother's faithless wife in lands  
Remote, and bring her to her husband's arms?  
Helen is fair of form, but fairer far  
In spotless beauty of the soul is she,  
Who is to die to win this painted toy.  
She shall not die! Tho' Dian still should rage,  
And hold the army here in hated calm,  
Yet shall the victim live! But then the host  
Will soon disperse, while I, with small command,  
Return unto my state, and go ere long,  
Unfamed, unsung, to cross the gloomy Styx.  
Perchance we are deceived; what we call gods,  
May merely be carved blocks of wood and stone;  
They who demand my daughter's sacrifice  
May be some jealous rival's cursed tools!  
If I could prove it so, I'd have revenge,  
I'd work great evil to the priestly ranks.—  
Who shall say what to do?—Ha! what is that?  
A light cool breeze upon my throbbing brow!  
And from the South! Then let the Priestess strike,  
Ere restless resolution change again,  
For Dian answers even now our vow.

J. M.

#### THE LETTER-BAG OF CHARON.

To Master Robert Burton, A. M., at Oxford. Deliver These.

I crave your indulgence, learned sir, for addressing you in the vulgar speech, for this our heedless age has lost the pleasant savour of Latinity wherewith your writings smack of the dainty grace of Flaccus and Tully's copious ease, holding, belike, such curious learning for impediment.

Peradventure, in this now second century since you took your walks abroad amongst men to discern their various humours, you would fain hear how fares it with a quaint and learned treatise entitled "The Anatomy of Melancholy," set forth and displayed by Democritus, Junior. Of a verity you fell among thieves, who, for a time, waxed fat on their plunder. To those lean-witted knaves who enrich their Lenten fare, the product of their own meagre understandings, by pilfering from another's garnered store, the wealth of your erudition proved a happy Golconda. But defeated in their apish simulation of graces not their own, they have put off their borrowed habit and by contrast look more hideous; while rehabilitated you have shone with fresh lustre. As for the rest, men do eat and drink as of old, marry, bury, buy, sell, plant, build, grow melancholy as gib-cats, and will do so to the end of time. For such is the temperature of our natures, received, according to sacred writ, from our first parents, that we are prone to fall into this distemper.

Yet have we seen young men of quick natural parts, whose lot had been cast in halcyon days, for no cause but to enjoy the luxury of woe, fill the pleasant places of the world with clamorous wailings, seemingly in Byronic anguish of soul. As the poet hath it—

Yet I remember when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Gnly for wantonness—

and persist therein despite scurrilous jests, flouts and sarcasms, wherefore I opine, that such were not the means to dispel the black vapours that encompassed their brainlets. Nor did they have recourse to learned leeches or poisonous quacksalvers, for no fomentations might avail, no clysters purge, nor philtres assuage this so great melancholy. But having a kind of imposthume in the head, and desirous to be unladen thereof, they eased themselves by scribbling, nor could imagine a fitter evacuation than this. Whence the whole tribe of Wertherian sorrows.

Injurious reports have reached us, learned sir, as to the suddenness of your taking off. Your calumniators and contemners hint, that having calculated your own nativity you took the best of care that your end should be timed thereby. But this,

perchance, is of a piece with the folly of the day. For hath it not been declared that—

Now (so much does madness prevail), all the world must be  
Sent to Anticyra to graze on Hellebore.

Vale.

W. H. H.

And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine,—  
Through a green wicket in the privet hedge.  
Then all was hushed again. And the silence grew  
Deepening with the twilight ; in the west  
Was one low streak of waning crimson gloom.

W. J. H.

### A ROSE IDYL.

At sunset, Leolin, with his stringed guitar,  
Crossed the smooth meadows, to where the sweep of wall  
Around the park comes down to meet the road ;  
Between the trees you saw the chimney-tops,  
Antique, of the many-gabled Hall where dwelt  
Sir Aylmer Aylmer. Leolin paused to muse.  
O'erhead the noisy senate of the rooks  
Shook the tall elms. He passed, in thoughtful mood,  
The griffin-guarded gates, and strode along  
An avenue of sounding sycamores.  
The glory of a crimson sunset flush  
Was waning, while he stood in the garden close,  
'Neath an ivied casement, thrumming his guitar,  
And sang in a mellow tenor.

Into the west the day has flown,  
Low down in the west that yet deeply glows is  
A bank of clouds on night's threshold strewn,  
Flushed with a tint as of lake-blooming roses ;  
While softly, gently, as rose-life closes,  
The light dies out in the summer sky,  
In thy rose-garden waiting, thy lover, Rose, is,—  
Love's hour is nigh.

And in the pauses,  
The fountain spray splashed faint ; all else was still.

Ah, what is youth till it hath known  
How love comes, like spring, to the desolate closes ?  
For love is the blossom of youth full blown,—  
Who knows what the rose's hope ere it blows is ?  
Like love-lorn maidens of Sorosis,  
The flowery-fragrant breezes sigh ;  
Their voice to the ripe red Jaqueminots is,  
'Love's hour is nigh.'

"Ah, would," he prayed, "that a soft, sweet, half-sad sigh  
Might flutter down from her casement to my heart,  
And nestle there !" And as his love soared up,  
One star stood out in heaven,—'twas love's white star !

Out in the west one star alone,  
One lonely star that the dusk discloses,—  
Over the crimson-flushed cloud-bank throne  
Of dove-eyed twilight, who softly dozes,—  
Like a hovering butterfly that knows his  
Love hidden deep 'mid the roses doth lie,  
Seems fluttering over a meadow of roses.  
Love's hour is nigh.

He paused before the envoy, and his hand,  
Wandering idly over the strings at will,  
Wove from their throbbing chorded murmurings  
A prelude,—*mf, andante, molto legato.*

Love, look down to me 'mid thy roses,  
Languidly swaying, that fain would vie  
With—Great Scott ! Here's old Aylmer with the dog ! O, Moses  
I fly !

A great noise smote the stillness, and all the air  
Rang with a sudden shouting, and swift forms  
Fled, shrieking wildly past the gardener's lodge,—  
Its old-time casements bowered in roses, its walls

### PHYSICAL CULTURE.\*

We have received from Mr. E. B. Houghton, of this city, a copy of his book on "Physical Culture." It is intended, as its title-page indicates, as a first book of exercises in drill, calisthenics and gymnastics ; and is intended for use in colleges and schools. It has, we believe, been examined and approved by competent judges, and is authorized by the Minister of Education for Ontario.

The author takes a broad view of his subject, and makes out a strong case for physical culture as a proper and natural concomitant of intellectual development. Referring to the lack of interest taken in physical culture by those engaged in intellectual pursuits, Mr. Houghton says :

"So long as those engaged in intellectual pursuits consider that gymnastic and calisthenic exercises consist of a few crude and monotonous movements invented for the production of strength, they will not care to give them the attention they deserve. When, however, it comes to be generally known that though gymnastic and calisthenic exercises will, desirably, for the time being, divert their attention from their usual pursuits, their intellectual faculties will not lie dormant, but only be directed to another channel ; they will then be induced through the acquisition of skill and grace to find the health and strength of body which it is the ultimate aim of physical culture to produce."

Within the compass of 277 pages, Mr. Houghton has compressed a vast amount of instruction, together with much useful and practical comment thereon. He has adapted the military Squad Drill to the capabilities and requirements of schools. The book comprises two parts. The first part is for boys. It includes : Squad Drill, three series of exercises in Calisthenics, Gymnastic exercises with dumb-bells and stationary ropes. The second part—for girls—includes : a modified system of drill, Calisthenic exercises, light dumb-bell exercises, and Indian club swinging. The text is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, and the instructions are full, concise and numerous, both for teacher and pupil.

It is indeed astonishing that so little attention—and that largely spasmodic—is given to the subject of physical culture in the schools of this Province. It should as certainly find a place in the *curricula* of our schools and colleges as any branch of popular education now taught there. Now that a reliable text-book on the subject has been provided by Mr. Houghton, and authorized by the Education Department, we hope to see the claims of physical culture recognized and its practice promoted by the school authorities of the Province. The good sense of the community will assuredly support them in so praiseworthy a movement.

F. B. H.

### IN AN ALBUM.

I said when I saw the sere maple  
That joy had fore'er taken wing :  
But I found in each branch the promise  
Of all the sweet blossoms of spring.

And when the good-bye was spoken,  
I had said that the past was all dead :  
But there comes forever returning  
The vision of all that was dead.

S.

\**Physical Culture*, by E. B. Houghton ; Toronto ; Warwick & Sons, price 50 cts. ; (authorized text-book).

## THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

In studying the curriculum of the University of Toronto, one cannot fail to be struck with the fact that there is laid down therein a great deal of purely elementary work in many branches. Especially is this the case in the work prescribed for first year. A large proportion of this work appears to us unnecessary, at least as far as the University is concerned. It should be done in the secondary schools. A certain portion of it is taught there. It is a question of some importance whether or not the regular University course could not be somewhat shortened with advantage. It is very often a serious matter with many young men to have to consent to give up four years of their early life to a University course, in addition to a more or less lengthy preliminary training. It appears to us that the usual order should be reversed. Make the preliminary training longer and more complete, and the University course somewhat shorter, and also more advanced. How this may best be accomplished without sacrificing thoroughness and breadth of culture to the pressing demands of time and circumstances is a matter of some difficulty of adjustment. We prefer to leave it for settlement to wiser and more experienced heads than our own. We are, however, satisfied that with the growth of our University will come the inevitable development of a more comprehensive University system, alike adapted to our needs and wishes. But that such a consummation may be aided by a judicious education and encouragement of public opinion upon the subject we are equally certain.

We may, perhaps, be permitted to point out, with all deference to existing sentiment on the subject, some details in our present system which might be changed with advantage, and without recourse being had to revolutionary or reactionary methods. As we have said, a proportionately large period of the present University course is devoted to ordinary instruction in most elementary branches. Especially is this the case with subjects taken up in the First year. A few particulars will suffice to make good the truth of our assertion. In the department of Mathematics, the first six books of Euclid are laboriously taught to the Freshmen class. Also the elements of Algebra and Trigonometry are taught and examined upon. Now these branches should be, and indeed are, the proper work of the secondary schools. Their retention, therefore, on the curriculum of our University, is *prima facie* evidence that they are regarded by the University authorities as having been indifferently taught in the High Schools or Collegiate Institutes. But this we are not inclined to believe. Indeed we have most positive evidence that not only are these portions of the Mathematics taught, and well taught, in the secondary schools, but that the curricula of these schools go far beyond these elements. Again, in regard to Modern Languages: Much valuable time is employed in drilling students in the very rudiments of French and German. Indeed these subjects are taught from the very beginning, and to instruction in the grammar of these languages is devoted no inconsiderable portion of the time of students in our University. Other instances quite as apparent might be cited in support of our contention, but a glance at the University curriculum will fully corroborate our statements in every particular.

Is it unreasonable, then, to ask why the time both of Professors and students should be taken up with giving and receiving instruction in the very elements of subjects which are the proper function of the secondary schools to take charge of? We think not. Again, the privilege of matriculating at the end of the First year, by passing the first regular University examination, is, to our way of thinking, presumptive evidence that the University authorities are satisfied that students can acquire sufficient knowledge of those branches now taught in the First year, without attendance on the lectures given in them to regular students of that year, by the college Professors and Lecturers. The logical conclusion which may be drawn from these facts is irresistible in favour of amending the present curriculum by doing away with a large portion of the work now done in the First year, and insisting—as would practically follow—upon such work being more thoroughly done in the Secondary Schools.

It may not unfairly be asked by those who cannot entirely agree with us in our views on this subject: What advantages would result from the adoption of such a course as has been proposed, which would compensate for the removal of almost an entire year's work? Our answer is: (1) That the work is really not University work at all; and, also, that it would be done much more thoroughly and with better results in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, whose very existence pre-supposes the prosecution of such comparatively advanced studies. (2) That the University course might be shortened, if that were advisable, and the year gained by the relief given by the Secondary Schools could be devoted—if need be—to more advanced, and post-graduate, work, adequate provision or encouragement for which is not provided for with anything like that degree of completeness and thoroughness which we cannot but regard as most essential and necessary to the requirements of students or compatible with the dignity and standing of our Provincial University. For the lack of these, however, the University authorities must be acquitted. They have done and are doing their best to utilize the scanty means at their command for the interest of the students, and had they reasonably adequate means at their command, we are fully satisfied that they would be wisely and judiciously administered. The duty of providing this much-needed endowment rests with the Government, and the alumni and friends of the Provincial University. The duty of each is clear. That of the alumni is to press, and continue to press the claims of their *Alma Mater* upon the Government; and to arouse and educate public opinion and sympathy in its behalf. That of the Government is to acquiesce gracefully and generously in the demands of that influential and responsible body of their constituents which are represented by the authorities and graduates of the University of Toronto. Let each do their duty, and we have no fear of the result. We shall continue to do ours, and would urge upon our friends the supreme necessity of being true to the interests confided to their care.

The Editors of THE VARSITY are desirous of aiding the compilers of the forthcoming "Toronto University Song Book." With that object in view they would invite such of their readers as may feel an interest in the matter to send in lists of the best 50 standard songs which they would like to see incorporated in the Song Book, giving in each case (if possible) the names of the author and composer. Readers will please send in their lists on or before the 15th February. After that date a list of the most popular songs will be published in this paper, with the number of votes cast in favor of each. It is hoped that a large number of our readers will interest themselves in this matter, as their co-operation will greatly facilitate the work of the Compilation Committee, and also insure that all tastes are consulted in the selection of songs. Readers will please send in their lists, on or before the 15th of February, in a sealed envelope addressed to F. B. Hodgins, VARSITY Office, and endorsed, "List of Songs." Voters will also not neglect to send in their names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

## THE SANCTUM.

Showing the wholesome reverence the Freshman has for that place, opened to the few and closed to the many.

"Thou, bower of the muses bright,  
How would I long to catch one sight  
Of all thou canst to me reveal.  
Prithie what is't thou dost conceal?"  
Thus did I sigh and sigh in vain,  
Until I chanced a friend to gain,  
With whom one day I went to see,  
What there so wonderful might be.  
I found on passing through the door,  
It was a room and nothing more.  
The walls were dight with pictures bright,  
In front, behind, on left and right;  
The picture of Gladstone so wise  
Right up before my eyes did rise.  
Chairs there were also, and a table too,  
A mantel-piece so strange to view  
So carved with Greek and Latin signs,  
Only "*tempus fugit*" me reminds  
That I must wend my way homeward,  
And ne'er attempt a theme so hard.

Q. E. D.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.  
No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

## A POST-GRADUATE COURSE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—We are all well aware how necessary a post-graduate course is in connection with Toronto University. Many graduates feel that they have made only a beginning, and desire to pursue still farther their course of study, but Canada offers them no facilities for post-graduate work, and consequently they are compelled to go to German or American Universities. What is to be lamented, is not that they pursue their post-graduate course in foreign Universities, but rather that only a small percentage of those who would take up the work here if we had proper facilities, ever take it up anywhere. There are now eight graduates of Toronto University at Johns Hopkins University, hence we may safely predict that if a post-graduate course is established here, there will be a class of fifty or more. No one can deny that such a course would be of the greatest benefit to our higher education, and so the question is one of means only.

Why should not the Collegiate Institutes and High Schools do the work of the first year? Then the faculty could give to the post-graduate students the time now spent on the fresh-man class. We have many efficient Collegiate Institutes and High Schools which can easily do the work of the first year. Now that the work prescribed for the departmental examinations is identical, as far as it goes, with that for junior matriculation, it will be no harder for the schools to prepare pupils for the senior matriculation, than it was, some years ago, to prepare them for the junior.

Since the schools can easily do the work of the first year, and since the time now given to a fresh-man class of one hundred and fifty would be sufficient for the post-graduate class, I think the above plan feasible.

G. D. WILSON.

## THE CONVERSAZIONE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In the past the Invitation Committee of the Conversazione General Committee have extended the courtesy of the President and members of the Literary and Scientific Society to their annual conversazione to a number of gentlemen who have very little connection with the institution. It seems to me that the officers of the University, benefactors of our College, and prominent public men, should alone be recognized in this way. I feel assured that in this matter I voice the sentiments of the majority of University men.

GRADUATE.

## A RUSSIAN FABULIST.

Whether due entirely to enterprising literary caterers, or in some measure to that broad human sympathy that is ever responsive to the utterance of what is best in man, whatever the tongue which speaks it, of late there has certainly been deep interest taken in the literature of countries hitherto supposed to be outside the pale of culture. Turgenieff and Bjornson are almost as familiar names to us as Manzoni and Balsac. There are other writers, however, who are comparatively unknown, yet whose work has value for us both intrinsically and as indicative of national aspirations and feelings.

Among such unknown though deserving authors may be placed the Russian fabulist—Krilof, who was born into the troubled times that closed the last century. Fortunately we need not be skilled in the barbarous language of the Russian to gain his acquaintance; his work is readily accessible in a translation, which, though in prose, admirably reproduces the spirit and peculiar flavour of the original.\*

Krilof, as indeed every fabulist must be, is on most excellent terms with all lower forms of life. To point his moral against social follies and extravagances he introduces animals with all human modes of thought and human passions. The true fabulist has such a child-like sincerity that there seems to be nothing forced or unnatural in his make-believe. We follow with grave pleasure the conversation of Lion and Fox, or the musical discussions of the animal quartette composed of "The tricky Monkey, the Goat, the Ass and bandy-legged Mishka the Bear."

To the English reader the incidental pictures of peasant life and little sketches satirizing social nuisances or public grievances are of more interest than pieces that have a political purpose, for the former are as true of the America of to-day, as of the Russia which Krilof knew.

Here is one called "The Musicians" with an obvious moral.

A certain man invited a neighbour to dinner, not without an ulterior purpose. He was fond of music, and he entrapped his neighbour into his house to listen to his choir. The honest fellows began to sing, each on his own account, and each with all his might. The guest's ears began to split, and his head to turn.

"Have pity on me!" he exclaimed, in amazement, "What can any-one like in all this? Why, your choristers bawl like madmen."

"It's quite true," replied the host, with feeling, "they do flay one's ears just a trifle. But, on the other hand, they are of irreproachable behaviour, and they never touch a drop of intoxicating liquor."

On the occasion of a literary reunion, a poet who got a hearing abused the forbearance of his audience by reading a very long poem. It seemed interminable. Judge of the relief when Krilof followed with his 'Demian's Fish Soup.'

"Neighbour light of my eyes, do eat a little more."

"Dear neighbour, I am full to the throat."

"No matter, just a little plateful. Believe me the soup is cooked gloriously."

"But I've had three platefuls already."

"Well, what does that matter? If you like it and it does you good, why not eat it all up? What a soup it is! How rich! It looks as if it had been sprinkled over with amber. Here is bream; there is a lump of sterlet. Take a little more, dear, kind friend. Just another spoonful! Wife, come and entreat him."

Thus does Demian feast his neighbour Phocas, not giving him a moment's breathing time. Phocas feels the moisture trickling down his forehead; still he takes one more plateful, attacks it with all the strength he has left, and somehow manages to swallow the whole of it.

"That's the sort of a friend I like!" cries Demian. "I can't bear people who require pressing. But now, dear friend, take just one little plateful more!"

But on hearing this, our poor Phocas, much as he liked fish soup, catching hold of his cap and sash, runs away home without looking behind him. Nor from that day to this has he crossed Demian's threshold.

As a specimen of the naturalness of Krilof when dealing purely with the animal kingdom, "The Wolf and the Fox" may be quoted.

A Fox which had feasted on fowls to satiety, and had set aside a good store of spare food, lay down under a haycock one evening to sleep. Suddenly it looks up, and sees a hungry Wolf dragging itself along to pay him a visit.

"This is terrible gossip!" says the Wolf. "I cannot anywhere even find the smallest of bones to pick. I am actually dying of hunger. The dogs are malicious, the shepherd won't sleep, and I have nothing left but to hang myself."

"Really?"

"Really and truly."

"My poor old gossip! But won't you take a little hay? There is a whole haycock. I am delighted to oblige my friend." B.

\*Krilof and his Fables, by W. R. S. Ralston, M. A., of the British Museum, London, 1869.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

The feelings of paternity in men of letters are outraged by attacks on their writings. The sensibility that endows the poet with finer perceptions and emotions than fall to another's lot goes hand in hand with his higher creations. This greater susceptibility for emotion carries with it a recompense, a keener pain when wounded. Pope was seen to writhe under the malicious strictures of a Grub street reviewer. Gifford, by a savage critique in the *Quarterly*, had the credit of stinging Keats to death. Indeed, the fervent hatred excited by hostile criticism in the author is now as much a thing to be counted upon as the *odium theologicum*. It is a relief, then, to find a literary man who can keep a Jove-like serenity when harassed.

\* \* \*

In this connection the following story is told of Diderot:—

On one occasion, a young man, in true Bohemian squalor, penetrated to his study. He had the usual roll of manuscript, and preferred the usual request that the renowned Monsieur Diderot would deign to cast his eye over the work and make any notes on the margin that might occur to him. On examination it proved to be a bitter attack on Diderot's person and writings. Diderot mildly asked the meaning of bringing it for his perusal. The Bohemian replied that he thought M. Diderot might consent to buy him off with a few crowns, and added that he was starving. Forgetting the attempt at blackmail in the disclosure, Diderot replied, "I will tell you a way of making more than that by it. The brother of the Duke of Orleans is one of the pious, and he hates me. Dedicate your satire to him, get it bound with his arms on the cover; take it to him some fine morning, and you will certainly get assistance from him." The Bohemian thought it a good plan, but acknowledged that he was unknown to the Prince, and the dedication bothered him. "Sit down," said Diderot, "and I will write one for you." It was written and presented, and the author was relieved. The story will be found in Morley's "Life of Diderot."

\* \* \*

So completely do we live in the round of our own thought that it is difficult to tone down to due proportion the importance to the world of events near to ourselves. That an author, then, should think highly of his own creations is but natural, however ludicrous the display of such opinion may appear to the cold-blooded observer. Cowper aspired to the sweetest popularity—that of floating in song from the unformed lips of street singers. "If you hear any ballads sung in the streets against slavery, they are mine" he wrote a friend. It was somewhat of a shock to find that the fraternity of song were still true to the last dying words of noted criminals.

\* \* \*

In Cockburn's "Life of Lord Jeffrey" there is an amusing instance of the "consciousness of genius," to quote a gifted correspondent to our columns. Francis Jeffrey, when quite young, had the honour of assisting to his lodgings Boswell when in his cups—only more so. The eminent biographer gratefully remembered to inquire after the friendly guardian of his wayward steps. Patting Francis on the head, he remarked that he was a very promising lad, and "that if you go on as you've begun, you may live to be a Boszy yourself yet!"

\* \* \*

"Meanwhile, of course," you may have read in Alfred de Musset's clever "Story of a White Blackbird," "I did not neglect to touch upon the great subject which now occupies so many minds—the future of the human race. This problem had struck me as interesting, and in a moment I dashed off a solution of it which was generally considered satisfactory."

\* \* \*

When I copied out the foregoing paragraph in a fair hand it was with the idea that it would find a not unappropriate, though very small pendant in what a distinguished wearer of cap and gown said to me once within two weeks of the May examinations. We had

been talking of the subjects set for the prize compositions in prose and verse,—I choose to forget in what year. "I should like very much," he said, "to dash off something for the"—I'll name no names,—"but unfortunately I haven't yet read a line of the year's work."

"Lord, Lord," said honest Jack Falstaff, shaking his head sadly, "how this world is given to lying!" My gentleman's poem or essay, or whatever it was,—I'm sure I wouldn't for anything tell you what,—had been sent to the Registrar a week before, and had not been by any means dashed off on the spur of the moment. It was not said of him *olcum et operam perdidit*, for he won the prize; and, as a matter of fact, it had been under many a midnight gas-jet his manuscript was penned, with much travail of spirit. As for his year's work, however, as I said before, I'll name no names. But I am inclined to do a little preaching on this matter.

\* \* \*

I suppose no college has been without its three or four dashing, gifted youths of the Augustan age, who were men about town first and gownsmen afterwards; insolent, self-indulgent young bloods, about whom their henchmen and toadies told so many stories which were,—well, we all know what; magnificent young princes who, with splendid generosity, wasted their substance in riotous living; who were never known to look into a book, and who voted it a bore to write on examinations, but who carried off incidentally what medals and scholarships were going. These admirable Crichtons leave after them a trail of traditions which has led many a youth into a marsh. If he is able to extricate himself he emerges sadder and, it is to be hoped, wiser.

They were men of talents, leaders, though unfortunately their influence was not thrown in with the good; their shallow souled imitators lack endurance, the stamina, the exuberant physicality intellect which made them what they were. The jackdaw in the fable attempted to fly away with a sheep, and met with no very gratifying success in his attempt to prove himself an eagle.

\* \* \*

It is one thing, most of us learn, to spend such a wonderful day of uproarious jollification as that recorded in "Tom Brown at Oxford"; it is another and a very different thing to "come into college at two o'clock in the morning" after a day like this, and read Pindar, as Blake did, "by the help of wet towels and a knotted piece of whippcord, till the chapel bell began to ring."

The men who do this sort of thing are, of course, phenomenally able and brilliant, and they do not always crush out utterly whatever of the finer strain is in them. But one has difficulty in understanding how they can retain well their own self-respect.

In conclusion, dearly beloved brethren, this *blase*, dissipated mental attitude, of which they set the fashion, which cynically affects to shrug its shoulders at so much that it sees, can have no part in the simple, manly Christianity we should all strive after. It has its roots in a pitiable vanity. And even the most foolish of us surely have it within our power to go through the world with a heart ever open to

"The beauty and the wonder and the power,  
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,  
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!"

Not with our miserable vanity holding before our faces a mirror in which we may admire only our own great consequence,—and at the same time see to it furtively with side glances of our eyes whether or not others are admiring us too, and what measure of well-merited attention we are attracting. After these few well-chosen remarks, I make my bow with *aplomb*, and retire from the pulpit in good order.

\* \* \*

"Telling the truth," the ingenious man remarked, "is easier than lying, for one thing; and, besides, I have found that you are not so apt to get caught at it."

\* \* \*

"I have noticed this, too," he continued. "Many a man with a first-class, nickel-plated college education, goes through life without knowing how to invest it."

H.H.

## UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

The 25th of February has been fixed as the date of the *Conversazione*.

Will the author of a short story signed "I Dunno" kindly send his name to the editors of this paper? •

THE VARSITY from now till the end of the academic year, may be had for \$1. This includes the Christmas and June numbers.

Another of the faculty has forsaken bachelordom, and joined the noble army of benedicts. This time Mr. Squair has set the example to his fellow-lecturers and professors.

On Wednesday afternoon, at a general meeting of the students, Mr. R. M. Hamilton was appointed to represent the college at the Annual Dinner of the McGill College students, Montreal. The dinner is to be held on the 31st inst.

MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES:—The Club met on Monday as usual. A French essay was read by Miss Eastwood, and several scenes of "La Grammaire," by Mr. Waldron. An address on Canadian Literature will be delivered some time in March by Mr. G. Mercer Adam, author of the "Algonquin Maiden." Next meeting, Selvillet.

A general meeting of the Temperance League of the Students of Toronto School of Medicine will be held in the School to-morrow evening at 8.30. Addresses will be delivered by Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., J. W. Bengough, Esq., and F. S. Spence, Esq. A cordial invitation is extended to all University men.

VARSITY readers will be pleased to learn that in a late number of the *Philadelphia Medical World*, Mr. W. B. Nesbitt, the genial *Mufti of Residence*, makes some original suggestions and comparisons in the matter of the Metric and Volumetric Systems. In the editorial discussion which follows on Mr. Nesbitt's communication, his proposals are commended as of real value to the revisers of the *Pharmacopœia*.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.—Main item—a sober realization of approaching examinations—this is not the funny term. Receptions and dinners are of the past. Dr. Teskey, in his new role, is pleasing the most fastidious. Messrs. Q. and W. are regularly on hand in the mornings. Last term the 'worthy Dean' was very anxious to see a vigilance committee appointed; it was not, but things nevertheless seem running smoothly.

A disagreement among doctors. In the matter of co ordinating English literature with the classics in the course of study at Oxford Mr. Gladstone expresses himself as "utterly deploring whatever tends to displace a classical education for those in any way capable of receiving it, and strongly disapproving all efforts in that direction." John Bright, on the other hand, declares that "the study of the ancient languages is not now essential to education, so far as the acquisition of knowledge is concerned."

The Mathematical and Physical Society met on Tuesday afternoon. The President, Mr. T. Mulvey, B.A., in the chair. It was announced that the chief essayist of the afternoon was unable to read his paper. An interesting programme, however, was presented. Mr. McTaggart read a paper on Galileo, and Messrs. Duff, Prendergast, Sparling and the President assisted in discussing his life. The speakers particularly impressed upon the audience the value of experiment in physical investigations. The President gave some experiments in electricity. Problems were solved by various gentlemen.

Hon. Will Cumback, in the *Western Christian Advocate*, advocating a chair of Political Economy as a permanent feature of every college, concludes: "The range of instruction in the department of political philosophy should be very wide, and it is a mortifying fact that, if every institution of learning in this country were to enter this field and add such a chair, with all our hosts of scholars, with all our boasted culture, the most of the department would re-

main unfilled by competent instructors. In this active age this deficiency may soon be supplied. Let us reach after the practical. The languages that are dead may remain dead; but the scholar of to-day must know how to grapple with the things that live, and that make so much, not only of his own life, but of the lives of those around him. Man must be the focal point for all this modern light."

The first meeting of the Modern Language Association of Ontario was held in University College Y.M.C.A. building, on Wednesday, Dec. 29th, 1886. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Honorary President, Daniel Wilson, L.L.D.; President, W. H. VanderSmussen, M.A.; Vice-President, Geo. E. Shaw, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Squair, B.A. Councillors—W. H. Fraser, B.A.; P. Toews, M.A.; J. Seath, B.A.; D. R. Keys, B.A.; F. H. Sykes, M.A.; J. M. Hunter, M.A.; R. Balmer, B.A., and E. J. McIntyre, B.A. Papers were read on the following subjects: "The Status of Modern Language Study in Ontario," "The Uses of Modern Language Study," "Methods of Teaching Moderns to Beginners," "Examinations in Modern Languages," "English Literature and Grammar." Addresses also were delivered and resolutions passed.

Princeton has made a new departure in her mode of conferring the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Literature. The applicant for said degrees must be a Bachelor of Arts from some approved college or university, and must pursue a special course of study in his department for two years, one year of which period shall be in Princeton, or a course of three years with residence outside of Princeton. The course in either case shall be under the supervision of the faculty. At his application, the candidate will be subjected to a preliminary examination, and at the conclusion of his course, a rigid examination will be required of him on the chief subject and the two subsidiary subjects which he has studied. Before getting his degrees and prior to the final examination, a thesis of not less than 12,000 words will be required of him. He also shall pay the sum of \$40 on application; \$20 at each examination and \$50 on the conferring of the degrees, all of which sums shall be expended in the expenses incurred at examination. The whole plan is modelled after the system in vogue at the German Universities.

The annual meeting of Wycliffe College Students' Mission Society was held on the evening of the 24th inst. The Society congratulated itself on having for chairman the Rev. Canon Dumoulin. On the platform were his Lordship the Bishop of Huron and Dr. Daniel Wilson. Mr. F. J. Lynch read a short, pithy paper on "Mission Work in Japan." He showed the progress made during the successive years since 1859, when the first missionary was allowed to enter that country, until last year, there were 12,000 professing Christians. He believed that Japan was the keystone of China—the land of the rising sun—and thought that greater effort should be made to Christianize it. Rev. J. Gough Brick, a missionary labouring among the Indians of the Peace River District in the Northwest Territory, related some of his experiences. Mr. Arthur Wright followed with a thoughtful paper on the missionary outlook in the home field. Bishop Baldwin then addressed the students on their preparation for engaging in the Master's work.

Classes at McMaster Hall resumed on the 4th inst. with an increase in members of one new student.

Mr. A. J. Vinissy returned, hoping to continue his studies, which have been interrupted by outside work and a recent serious illness, but found it impossible to complete the year and has left. He will come back next session.

The University friends of Mr. R. R. McKay, B.A. '85, will regret to hear that the condition of his health, which prevented his entering upon the theological course last October, is not improved, and fears are entertained lest he should lose his voice.

The regular routine of Dr. MacVicar's lectures in Christian Ethics was departed from on Monday last in an interesting and helpful address by Pastor J. Denovan, on the subject of "Amusements."

The "Cos Ingeniorum" Literary Society expect to hold their annual open meeting on Friday evening, 4th prox. The subject for debate is "Classics vs. Metaphysics," in the College curriculum.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's Hall, Jan. 26th, at 4.15 p.m. Mr. Houston presided. The subject of "Natural and Positive Law," as presented by Lorimer and by Maine, was first discussed by N. H. Russell in a paper which set forth the methods of the triters, noted some of the differences in their views, and offered some criticisms on Lorimer's views. A very interesting discussion followed. The chairman mentioned the three schools of jurisprudence in England, and briefly indicated the position of each. Mr. Logie, B.A., spoke a few minutes in reference to

Lorimer, and the position of the Utilitarian school. The theory of Rent will be presented at the next meeting by Messrs. Hodges and Higgins. The President announced that Mr. Thos. Hodgins, Q.C., had kindly consented to read a paper to the Society on an "Unpublished History of the Surrender of Canadian Territory to the United States Government in 1873." As this has never before been made public, our society will be the first to have advantage of its contents. The date for the reading of this paper has not yet been fixed.

Y. M. C. A.—One of the most interesting and profitable features of Christian work in connection with the University is the increasing interest taken in Foreign Mission work. Last Tuesday afternoon at the regular monthly missionary concert, "Work among the French" was the topic. The chairman, Mr. J. L. Gilmour, B. A., very happily introduced the subject. Mr. C. C. Owen, B.A., dealt with the state of the work among the French in Quebec. It is startling and decidedly depressing to our admiration for things Canadian, said the speaker, to know of the ignorance and spiritual poverty of the French people in Quebec. And certainly not less interesting is the work now going on in different parts of France under the direction of the McAll Mission Committee. Mr. G. S. Gale, who spent a summer in the work in the district of Belleville in Paris, gave a very interesting account of what he saw there. Mr. Nattress gave some statistics of the work done by this mission since its inauguration in 1871. As a practical outlet of their interest in this work in France, the members of the Y. M. C. A., through their Missionary committee, have already collected \$50, which is to be sent to aid in this work. Two letters to the Association from gentlemen engaged in Christian work in France were read and were much appreciated.

The usual weekly meeting of the College Y. M. C. A. was held on Thursday afternoon. The Rev. G. M. Milligan was present and delivered an address on the subject of "Christian Culture," dealing with it in such a way as to show its nature and responsibilities. Professor Maurice Hutton occupied the chair. The president commenced the service, after a hymn, by reading Psalm 23.

Mr. Milligan, in opening his address, spoke of the growth of character, also defining what he meant by culture. True culture is a true sphericity of character, and, in its widest application, of physical powers as well. The faculty of decision and manliness is an outcome of this development. No general, hard and fast rule can be laid down to guide a man in all that he should do or not do. Each individual must develop his own individuality. Many men have a marked individuality of character, but at the same time they have no finish, as it were. Let men have earnestness, enthusiasm, and above all naturalness in their actions and in their dealings with their fellows. A man, too, must have special ends in view if he would accomplish anything, and spend his time in the vain pursuit of generalities. Qualification of the various powers and functions so as to render them harmonious with one another is the great object of human education. What is your ideal in life? A high moral ideal means a humble life. A loose and undefined ideal is the surest indication of a superficiality of character. Perfection, truly, is the end and aim of life—the moral standard. But let each one bear in mind that he at no time reaches that state in this life we are living. We do not know what perfection is from our own experience, but as each becomes better he goes on realizing there is a still higher development of which he is capable. There's that in prayer you cannot find anywhere else. No good thought is without Christ. Christlikeness, the spirit of the living God, is the finish of the highest culture—its crown and glory. These are some of the thoughts Mr. Milligan gave expression to in his able address full of good advice and careful study.

Professor Hutton, in commenting on the speaker's remarks, referred to the lack of humility—a proud beginning—among the Greeks which lead naturally to the accomplishment of nothing high in a moral sense; and by a few like remarks appropriate to the subject of the evening and in further illustration of what had been said, brought to a close one of the pleasantest meetings the Association has held during the Academic year.

A large number of students were in attendance.

A business meeting is called for Friday afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock. Among other business is the appointment of delegates for the Ringston Convention.

The following books have been placed in the library since December 1st, 1886:—

Minto—Characters of English Poets.  
Gummere—Hand-book of Poetics.  
Morris, L.—Gyca, a Tragedy.  
Gruist—The English Parliament.  
Newcomb—Principles of Political Economy.  
Stubbs—Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History.  
Baldwin, J. D.—Ancient America.  
Short—North Americans of Antiquity.

Lloyd—Papers on Physical Science.  
Geological Survey of Canada, Vol. I., '85, with maps.  
Mitchell—Hebrew Lessons.  
Gill—Systems of Education.  
Edwards—Differential Calculus.  
Tennyson—Locksly Hall, 60 years after.  
Lawrie—Rise and Early Constitution of Universities.  
Fortescue—Governance of England.  
Stephen—Dictionary of National Biography.  
Taylor—Etruscan Researches.  
Friedlander—Bibliotheca Historied. Naturalis et Mathematica.  
Charles—Physiological and Pathological Chemistry.  
Muir—Theory of Determinants.  
Benjamin—Age of Electricity.  
Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. 21.  
Cooke—Chemical Physics.  
Bird—Higher Education in Germany and England.  
Conrad—Universities of Germany.  
Cambridge University Examination Papers, 183-6.  
Brockley & Friedlander—German and English Dictionary.  
Tilly—Literature of French Renaissance.  
Craw—Italian Popular Tales.  
Guerst—History of English Constitution.  
Pope, Alex., Works.  
Woodsworth's Poems, edited by M. Arnold.  
Herrick's Complete Poems.  
Barnes—Poems in Dorset Dialect.  
Wilkins—Growth of Homeric Poems.  
Also Greek and Latin Authors.  
The number of volumes in the library at the close of the year, was 28,179, 1,017 having been introduced during the year.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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Word Memories. JOHN KING.

Early Reminiscences. W. F. W. CREELMAN.

Agamemnon at the Sacrifice of Iphigenia. J. H. MOSS.

The Letter-Bag of Charon. W. H. H. A Rose Idyl. W. J. H.

Physical Culture. F. B. H. In an Album. S.

Topics of the Hour.

The Sanctum. Q. E. D.

Communications.

A Post-Graduate Course. G. D. WILSON.

The Conversazione. GRADUATE.

A Russian Fabulist. B.

Round the Table.

University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.





Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous cigarette manufacturers to cope in part the Brand Name of the "Richmond Straight Cut." Now in the eleventh year of their popularity, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original Straight Cut Brand is the Richmond Straight Cut No. 1, introduced by us in 1875, and to caution the students to observe that our signature appears on every package of the Genuine Straight Cut Cigarettes.

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DI-VARSITIES.

Prompt to come to the scratch—cats—Ea' Rats!

Chicago boasts of a citizen of fine discrimination and delicacy, who, riding in the suburbs with his best girl, passed a stable in the door of which stood a couple of calves. "See," said the young lady, "those two cute little cowlets." "Those are not Cowlets, Araminta; they are bullets." And the procession moved rapidly on.—*Ex.*

CALLING.

He called on a king in his young days,  
And wondered at sights that he saw;  
He called on two kings somewhat later,  
To see what a crowd they would draw;  
He called on three kings in his old age,  
And promised with me to go snacks,  
But now there is mourning in Gotham,  
For the other man called on four jacks.  
—*Yale Courant*

"Pants for two dollars," is the inscription on a sign in front of the Court street clothing stores. "So do I," remarked a hungry-looking tramp printer, rummaging through his pockets for a nickel.—*Ex.*

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

No longer blooms in field or meadow sere  
Bright golden rod, nor in sweet rhythm swells  
From full-leaved woods, and hidden fairy dells,

The song of birds which lately filled the ear.  
But drest in all their heavenly hue, appear  
The gentian's blue, and, like sad funeral bells,

The falling leaves I hear, in awful knells,  
Toll out the death of one more lovely year.  
Break, break, sad heart, for with this year's decease

Is linked the death of my sweet love, and how,  
Can I, in all this stillness, find the peace  
Which Nature grants to those who humbly bow

Before her throne. Sweet love, I ne'er shall cease  
To mourn the death of this fond year, I trow.  
—*Williams Lit.*

Convalescent (to doctor): "Now that I am on the road to recovery, doctor, I think you may as well send in your bill." Physician: "Not yet, sir, I want to avoid any risk of a relapse."—*Puck.*

At the Rosebud ball.—Denny (trying to be agreeable): "Don't you think the debutante is charming, Miss Laker?" Miss Laker (from Omaha): "I don't know. I ain't sat on it yet. I generally like 'em better with arms on 'em."—*Tid-Bits.*

"My dear," he whispered softly, as they seated themselves on the toboggan, "If, on the way down, I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?" "What would you do if I should refuse?" she whispered back. "I should have to let you slide," he simply said.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Ironfounder: "This strike will cost me a good many thousand dollars." Reporter: "All your men out, eh?" Ironfounder: "Yes, and there's a big lot of iron solid in the blast furnace." Reporter: "Now, when did the men strike?" Ironfounder: "While the iron was hot, of course."

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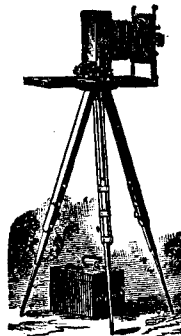
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