

J. Darius Barnett.
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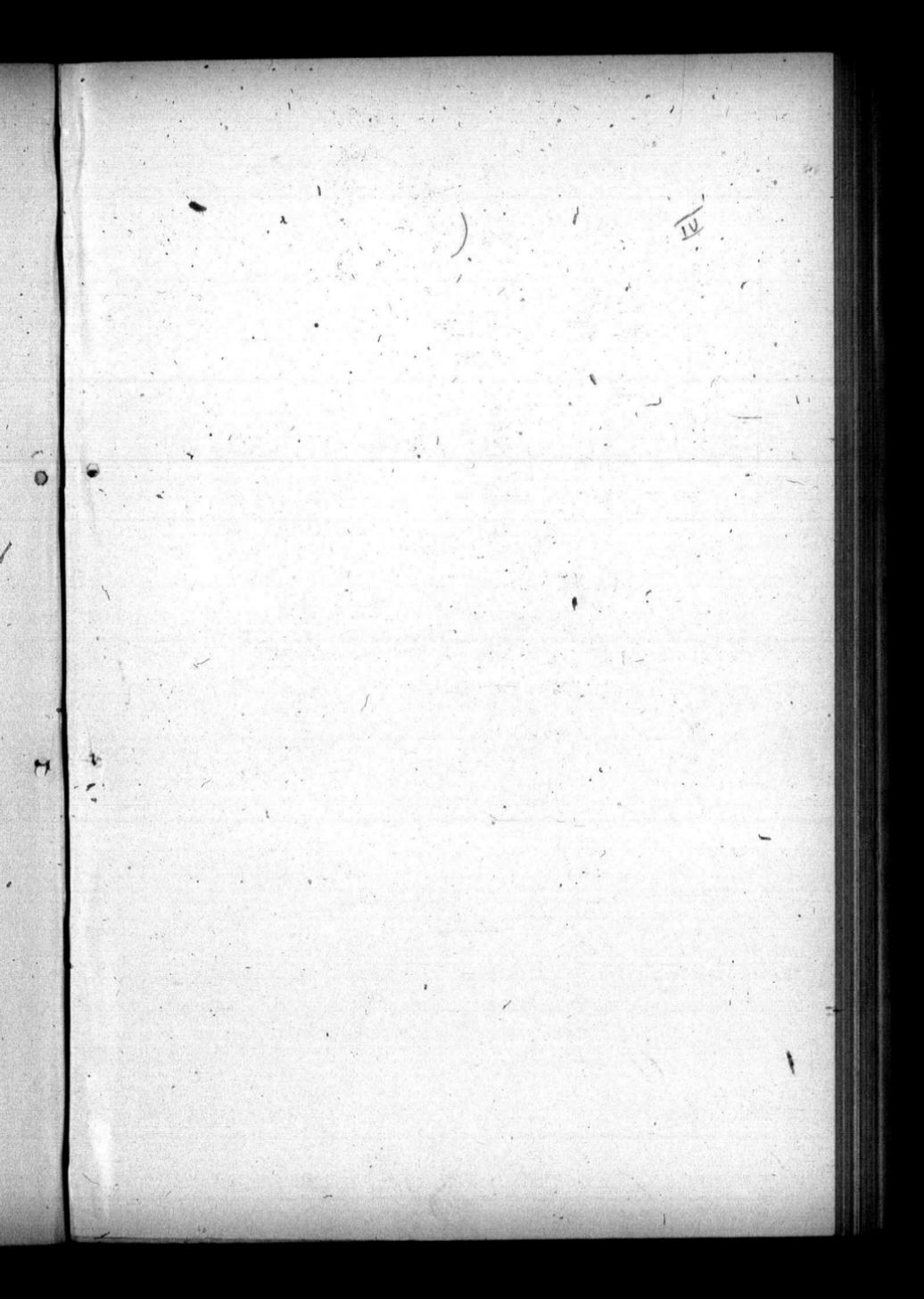
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VOL. I.

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No. 2

December 31.



HE stood looking up to the sky one winter night. The stars shining on the snow gave a cold light. He shivered. "They are all great cold worlds," he said to himself, "each forever flying round its appointed circle. And we are one of them. New Year, indeed! There is no new year; it is all one eternal year for us. Let them make their good resolutions—the harder they make them the sooner they will be broken. What difference can it make to the earth, if I, a grain of her dust, resolve to live a higher life?" He laughed at the thought.

* * *

Suddenly he was wafted from where he stood away out into Space. He was watching the roll of the ages. And as he looked at his earth sweeping round her course, he saw that each time she came to a certain point, a great glow shone all over her. And after each radiance had died away, the light she gave was a little steadier, a little stronger.

He understood. When the New Year came round, each man kindled his lamp afresh, and the whole world shone in glory. And though the light of the lamps died down, it was never so dim after each kindling as before.

* * *

Again he was back on the snowy earth, and the clocks were striking twelve. The Aurora shot up in the north, and all over the earth was a glow of hope.

MARJORIE H. GORDON.

A •New Year Prayer.



N this first hour
Of another year given
Into my power,
I beseech thee, O Heaven!

To deprive me of
All standards I have raised
For my soul but love,
All longing to be praised
For anything done,
All hopes not to be gazed
Upon under the sun.

In this beginning
Of the year, I implore from thee
Pardon for sinning,
And something to restore to me,

Through whatever pain,
Whatever mortal throe,
A pure heart again;
For 't were better I know
That my heart should cease
Than longer go
Without Thy peace.

E. A. D.

Quits.

By J.



AN August morning before sunrise, a gray, quivering river with reed-fringed banks, and not a soul in view.

Presently up the river came something brisk and commonplace. It was a fresh young oarsman in flannels, his sculls dipping swiftly in the silvery surface. He gazed curiously at the banks. Only a few cottages could be seen, far apart, sinking shyly into the ground, with the sweet briar bushes as high as they. He was murmuring meditatively to himself, "He was the first that ever burst into that silent sea," when he suddenly sighted another craft floating down stream. His bark was a comparatively smart one, which he had hired at the town below. The newcomer was a weather-beaten, green affair, broad, flat, obviously leaky, and fitted for a sail. But there was no sail in it now. It floated down stream, rocking gently at the playful touch of the breeze—the oars, a pair of rudely-cut pieces of wood, trailing behind it. It was apparently empty. No, there was a hat in the bottom, on top of a bundle.

"Jingo, the fellow's asleep—it's a bedroom!" said the College stroke softly. Then, "By Jove!"

The bundle sat up and resolved itself into a girl's figure in a faded cotton dress. A rather sleepy face looked out from under the big "cow's breakfast."

"I beg your pardon," he said gently, in the serious tone which had got him the reputation of a wag at college, "but is it often done here? To sleep on the river, I mean. I should think it charming on a hot night."

The girl regarded him a moment from under half-closed lids before she spoke. Then,

"It air," she ejaculated laconically.

Although there was a nasal twang in her speech, her voice was sweet, and there was sufficient charm about the fresh colour and wisps of golden-brown hair under the hat to interest the fun-loving College man. Her mouth, unfortunately, remained half open and her eyes half shut.

"Goodness," he went on, "how do you manage it—the gentleman below here, for example, who rents boats? He has twelve chil-

dren. Do they have each a little craft attached to the big ones of their parents?"

The girl still gazed at him from under her half-closed lids. There was a slight sparkle beneath them, if he could have seen it, but he could not.

"We fishes, some on us," she explained dully. "We has to be out nearly all night."

"Oh, fish!" he said, becoming more interested. "What kind of fish do you get?"

"Fresh fish," she said, laconically.

The College man looked at her uncertainly. The girl added:

"Some on us gets birds—waterfowl."

"Wild duck, I suppose," he said, walking into the trap.

"Naw," she drawled stupidly, "but wild geese sometimes—about this time o' day." Her lower jaw dropped, and she made a movement to take the boat on.

The College man smiled grimly, then chuckled. This would not do. He dropped the gauntlet again.

"Do you know, please forgive me, but I have taken a fancy to your racer—it is a racer, is it not? Do you find it assists the speed to have water inside as well as out?"

The girl's lips parted broadly.

"Naw," she said. "But I guess you might. Waterfowl—leastways that kind we spoke of—always feels more at home on water than on land."

The last words came from over her shoulder, as her unwieldy craft lurched down the river toward the hamlet.

"Sold again!" he murmured to himself, as he watched it. He was sufficiently a gentleman to prevent him following her, so he pulled thoughtfully up stream.

The College stroke, detained over night to make a railway connection, had intended to leave that morning for a large watering-place wonderfully near this primitive spot. Strange to say, he did not. Instead he wandered curiously about "the deserted village," as he called it, peering here into a potato field, where two women's figures bent over the hills with pans and sticks; there, where amongst a riotous group of children, an elder sister, with a dirty baby on one arm, was dividing a slice of bread and jam; again, doubtfully, behind the counter of a dim little shop.

In all these cases he was apparently simply hunting for a drink of water. At least that was what he finally asked for from the back of a tall young woman with a "cow's breakfast," who was hanging out

little red cotton shirts and blue aprons to dry on a line, and, as she turned toward him a fresh serious young face with wisps of golden-brown hair blowing about it, the College man took off his hat, in his best manner, and said :

" I hope you will pardon me. I am very thirsty. Might I have a drink of water ?"

The very slight shade of annoyance that appeared on the girl's face, as she saw who it was, disappeared almost as soon as it came ; and there was no doubt about the slight pucker of her lip as she turned away without a word toward the house, whence she came presently with a large bumper of thick glass containing water.

" It is beautifully fresh," he said, when he had tasted it.

If he intended to refer to the morning's encounter, the girl took no notice of it.

" Yes, it's some mineral," she said in the same laconic way.

" Ah !" he said, " do you find it in any quantity ? I am much interested in mining."

" Naw," she said, simply. " It don't come like that. It's jest water."

" I drink a good deal of St. Leon water when I am at home," he went on gravely ; " but I always understood that the miners had taken out all the minerals."

" Is there much brass in St. Leon water ?" she asked, simply. The College stroke felt it served him right.

" I guess there may be some," he admitted, after a slight pause, during which he shut one eye and thoughtfully held the glass up to the level of the other.

" You have a lovely country here," he said, after a while.

" Think so ?" she asked, turning to look back toward the grove of giant elms and the softly undulating fields beyond, now yellow for the harvest.

" Yes ; a painter would delight in it."

" Oh, a painter," she said, kindling ; " there was one—maw and the young ones was done—leastways they was drawed. Just a dollar apiece, and a gold frame with them. Are you one of them—portrait drawers ?"

" No, I am not," he said, calming himself. How could she, after all, be expected to know a College stroke when she saw one ? " I am not clever, I am only good."

The girl regarded him through her half-closed lids for a moment, and then asked, doubtfully :

" Be you the new Methodist parson ?"

"Yes," he said at once, "I am. I have come to take charge of the flock, sister—what may I call you?"

"I'm a Presbyterian," she said suddenly, and somewhat briskly. "I think I'll take that glass, mister. I've got to go in."

"But I shall see you again," said the reverend gentleman. "Perhaps"—

But the girl had turned away, and he was raising his hat, with his most polished bow, to her back.

So there was nothing left for him to do but catch his train, which he did, and arrived at the neighbouring town in time to keep an evening engagement of long standing. As he approached his hostess to make his bow, she exclaimed joyfully:

"So you really got back in time. I shall never say men are deceivers again. Now I shall just take one moment to introduce you to the dearest girl. You almost know each other already, I am sure."

The College man turned, and—

"No, I don't think we do," he said very softly; and then, "I can only plead to be forgiven."

Beside him stood some one in shining silk, someone with golden brown hair and wide open, fun-glinting hazel eyes; and, like a flash, comprehension came to him.

"It is I who must beg pardon," she said, "I really had you at a disadvantage. I had a picture of your College crew in my room—in that very white cottage. I was painting there for the sketch club."

"We are more than quits," he said. "If I had seen even the ghost of an easel, but—"

"The blue aprons and red shirts were too much for you," she said, laughing. "They were my landlady's. I am always one of the people when I am there. It is such a relief for a while." Then, as he held out his hand for her programme, "A Methodist parson dancing? I am afraid the good brother may be disciplined?"

He only said, softly, when he had inscribed his name in the only two vacant spaces, "I am afraid you have been drinking St. Leon water."

The Value of Society.



It is an acknowledged fact that human nature abhors solitude; and nowhere do we find this truth more heartily recognized than in college halls. Here the tendency to pursue a certain line of study, to employ all our forces in a definite direction, to labour with the same end in view, has the effect of broadening our sympathies and awakening in us a strong desire to seek companionship with our fellow-students. For, although the curriculum of study prescribed does much to lay the foundation for future knowledge in the graduate's mind, ability and scholarship, to be of practical use, must lose their narrow provincialism and gain a cosmopolitan breadth and finish.

Goldsmith tells us "people seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after"; and again we learn "it is the law of influence that we become like those whom we habitually love." Indeed, social intercourse, if rightly used, may become both a pleasure and a benefit. Since we are here at school, all living much the same life, the steady outpouring of our affections towards those whom we think worthy of our respect and confidence creates a peculiar fellow-feeling among us. Thus are formed many warm friendships, which often exert a permanent influence over our lives. Thus, too, do we grow attached to some men and women, whose society seems to have a strange fascination for us, and whose presence succeeds in drawing out all the best parts of our character. In such company our natures become transformed, and we gradually model ourselves after our chosen ideal.

Emerson aptly estimates the value of society when he says: "The delight in good company, in pure, brilliant, social atmosphere, the incomparable satisfaction of a society in which everything can be safely said, in which every member returns a true echo, in which a wise freedom, an ideal republic of sense, simplicity, knowledge and thorough good-meaning abide, doubles the value of life." Could we but appreciate and enjoy such society what might not life become?

As it is, most men long to possess the good-will of their fellow-citizens, while few openly despise nature's means to obtain it. Perhaps it is a feeling of instruction to be imparted, of encouragement to be sustained, or of lessons to be learned in the dreary school of expe-

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rience, that has much to do with this craving in mankind to seek companionship. True, it is, that comparatively few people exist who are not really fond of society of some description; and, in fact, perpetual solitude seems to be one of the greatest punishments that can be imposed upon man. Yet in order to please in society, no special talent or intelligence is required; in point of fact, the average person is infinitely more agreeable if he does not appear strikingly brilliant. Balzac evidently recognized this, for in one of his stories we find a lady warning the hero not to be too entertaining nor too luminous, but still to *let his superiority be felt*. An attentive listener, moreover, if not palpably dull, is often considered a more valuable acquisition than the very best talker. But at present it is the intellectual man that is the hero of the hour. He who can make his hearers intellectual, at least in their own imagination, is sought after and worshipped beyond all others.

Whether or not society is to prove beneficial to us will depend in a great measure on the dispositions in which we enter it. For if we consider the amount of selfishness in the world, and the evident reluctance of many persons to furnish their experiences for the good of their fellows, we cannot but question the motives which impel mankind to proffer this fellowship. Hence we are too suspicious of each other. If we go into active life, however, meaning to better and enjoy ourselves whilst helping others to do the same—to be instructed, cheered or comforted, as the occasion may allow—then society becomes truly advantageous to us.

Still, the constant high pressure under which we live has also a powerful effect on our social atmosphere. We begin and end each day in the same flurried and excited manner. Every one desires to advance his own purely personal interests; and in our over-anxiety about ourselves, we forget to treat others with that regard and consideration which our code of manners so rigidly imposes. For among the primary laws of etiquette—which even the most selfish among us do not dare to violate openly—that of love for one's neighbour occupies the first place. How true then is the remark that the source of good manners to-day is found in respect for human nature, one's own and that of others, heightened by a sense of the value of life and a desire to make the most of the opportunities it affords.

But let us also bear in mind that, with the exception of our elders, no class of men should receive so large a share of our kindness and sympathy as our inferiors. Is it not our duty to disregard the barrier which fortune has erected between us? How thoroughly the ancient Romans understood poor, weak human nature when they

placed the slave, with his *memento mori*, in the triumphal car of the conqueror! How wise, too, are the writings of great men concerning our behaviour towards inferiors; in which connection let us recall Lord Chesterfield's admonishing words:

"You cannot, and I am sure you do not, think yourself superior by nature to the savoyard who cleans your room, or to the footman who cleans your shoes; but you may rejoice, and with reason, at the difference which fortune has made in your favour. Enjoy all these advantages, but without insulting those who are unfortunate enough to want them, or even doing anything unnecessarily that may remind them of that want."

K. L. MULLINS.



A Friend Indeed.



ANY are the talented writers who have put forth their best efforts to impress on us that a girl's best friend is her mother. Far be it for me to gainsay them; but don't you think that, after all, in remembering our mothers, we often forget that there are other friends who deserve our attention, nay even more, our love? It is because I am impressed with this idea that I write and, if in any way I can make the lot of one of these tried helpers less obscure, then I have not lived in vain. You will wonder, probably, whose praises I am about to sing, which just proves my point, that the friend who should come next to our mother has no recognized place in our affections.

Yet how can we forget the one who, when button-hook and glove-buttoner are not to be found, comes to the rescue and is never too tired to clasp our gloves and button our shoes. It is very likely because these offices are performed without a murmur, that we forget that it is necessary to give love where money is not asked.

Then, too, when we are in a hurry as well as a flurry, who is it that fastens our veils, and when time is pressing, is willing to make the buttons on our coats more secure than the best thread can?—and all this without uttering a sigh, although we have only to look at the features of our helper afterwards, to see the torture that must have been undergone. Oh! that these things might not be forgotten.

I cannot refrain from mentioning an incident in my own experience, although I know that it will hurt my reputation for truthfulness. Forgive me if I leave out details. They are too harrowing. I saw one of these good creatures torn in pieces, while doing one of the above-mentioned works of charity; and I saw the careless girl for whom it was being done, laugh, while throwing the remains of her friend away.

If I had only the brilliancy of style which the subject deserves, I would not have a reader with a dry eye; but forget the rawness of diction, and remember only that I am making an appeal for your friend and for mine. Let us from this hour bind ourselves together to make the life of our common helper less painful and arduous. One last appeal and my task is done. Will you, I say again can you, forget your duty to that friend who makes your head as large as a pumpkin or as small as nature intended it to be? Forget everything else if need be, but do not forget the hair-pin.

HELEN MACDOUGALL.

Long Ago.



HIDDEN away in a corner of the County of Somewhere, there is a little village. I can not say whether it is a typical Canadian village or not, as I am not very well acquainted with the hamlets of our country; but I hope it is not, for a more uninteresting, unpicturesque place than the village itself could scarcely be imagined. Most self-respecting villages look forward to being towns some day, or even great cities; whereas the one I am thinking of is more likely to develop into a deserted village, very different, however, from the Sweet Auburn that Goldsmith has immortalized. It is situated on a hill, whence it looks down on farm-houses and ordinary country scenery.

As for the village itself, it has one main street with several small ones branching off from it; there are several houses and stores, the inevitable blacksmith's shop and post office, and last but not least, three churches. So it is not a very tiny village after all. But there is about the whole place such a lack of lively interest in anything as makes one wish to hurry away to a more cheerful scene. Also one of the churches seems to be strangely lifeless and silent. The tall spire points indeed heavenward, but the bell is silent, the doors remain closed, the dust gathers month after month with no one to brush it away.

Perhaps you wonder why I choose such an uninteresting place to write about. I will tell you. Where the main road crosses a concession, just outside the village, there is a large, low, old-fashioned house, surrounded by orchards and gardens, and it was there that two generations of children played. The last of these children spent the summer there every year. The holidays were only two months long then, but they were months to be happy and lazy in. No neglected studies haunted the little sleepers, when they closed their eyes after a happy day in the woods to dream of cranes and squirrels and the little frogs that would come up and blink at a bit of red flannel on a crooked pin.

Many were the happy picnics in the woods by the mill-pond where the children pretended to believe that wild goose-berries were all the better because they were hard to eat and pricked their mouths. There were long mounds in those woods where Indian chiefs were buried—at least, so the children were told when they would stand on one and

wonder what it was. Then would follow mysterious tales of Indian chiefs and princesses and snow-maidens and sun-flowers, until the timid ones shivered and thought longingly of their own city home where nothing suggested such uncanny topics of conversation. But the touch of homesickness soon passed away when baskets were opened and cedar branches cut to decorate the table-cloth. A fire was kindled and a pail of water hung over it on a rustic tripod where it soon began to boil merrily, unless the whole thing collapsed into the fire and they had to begin all over again. After tea songs took the place of stories until, the evening calm silenced them and the party lingered by the water to watch the sun set behind a bank of golden clouds and the moon rise slowly to light them homeward; and little feet were so tired, and little eyes so glad to close until the morrow, when they were all ready for a new excitement.

The little church did not remain closed up in those days. Every Sunday, the children crossed the orchard and attended the service there. Once the bells rang out in a joyful wedding peal, when a bride was married from the old house. Once a train of mourners followed up the aisle the remains of one who had spent her life in thinking of others, and had slipped away quietly in the night when her work was done. They laid her to rest in the shadow of the little church beside her daughter, whom she had "loved and lost awhile."

All this, however, was long ago. The children have grown up and the new generation of frogs would not know a bit of flannel from a fly. Strangers inhabit the old homestead—strangers who do not know the stories of the haunted room, and who would only look at you with an incredulous stare if you told them about the fairy rings in the grass under the great pine tree where the peacock used to roost. They would tell you there were no such things as fairies or fairy rings. But we know better, and perhaps in the future the good little spirits may revive the old village and it may yet rise to the dignity of a city, or at least part of one, a pleasant suburb, perhaps, just removed from the confusion of the city itself. Other children may climb the trees and tame the frogs, but for those who used to play there, the past with its childish joys and sorrows can never return; they have said good-bye to it forever and life with its realities has come. And so farewell to memories.

G. E.

The Gymnasium in Russia.



ANADIANS, especially the people of Ontario, possessing an educational system which has been often styled the best in the world, a system as comprehensive as it is liberal, under which an education may be obtained by any one at little or no cost, will find it difficult to understand how the great mass of the people in one of the first great European countries, namely, Russia, are densely ignorant and wholly illiterate; because they are either too poor or have not access to the institutions of learning. Yet notwithstanding this fact, educated Russians are considered to be among the most cultured and highly intellectual people in the world, and the system here described is that by which the latter obtain the greater part of their education. This article, therefore, will be almost entirely confined to a description of the life and work in the gymnasium of the Baltic Provinces.

The gymnasium may be called the backbone of the entire Russian educational system. There are, indeed, "City Schools" which are exclusively for the use of the poorer classes, where the elementary branches are taught, but these have no connection whatever with the gymnasium. The gymnasium is a combination of the Public and High Schools, and also does the work taken up in the general course of the first two years at the Toronto University.

There are eight classes in the gymnasium, exclusive of the preparatory class, each one of which may be passed in one year's study. But it is only the industrious and clever who are able to complete the full course within eight years. On the other hand, the longest time allowed for one class is two years, the *gymnasiast* not being permitted to continue his course if he is not qualified for promotion to the next higher grade at the end of that time. The fitness or unfitness for promotion of any pupil is decided by means of an annual examination of both an oral and a written character. It may thus be seen that the gymnasium does not offer an asylum for the idler or the sluggard. A further obstacle is that of age, no one being permitted to enter any class under the specified age, nor remain there above a certain age. The work taken up in each class is graded to suit the understanding and knowledge of the student. Regular and continuous attendance is also insisted upon during all

the eight classes. Should a *gymnasiast* miss one or more years, except on account of sickness, he is not allowed to proceed unless he passes the annual examination of his class and is within the age limit.

The class hours in the lower forms are from 8.45 to 1 o'clock, and for the higher two hours longer. The schools are also open six days in the week, but compensation is given for the extra day by the large number of holidays which are celebrated. The regulation length of the lesson periods is fifty-two minutes, the remaining eight minutes of the hour being taken for recreation. Of these periods, among the more advanced classes, thirty-five minutes are devoted to lecturing upon the subject in hand, the rest being utilized in questioning as to the student's knowledge of the lesson, which had been previously given. This questioning, though usually upon the prescribed work, often unexpectedly takes the character of a review. In the lower classes the time is mostly devoted to teaching as it is generally understood. The result of the daily work is marked down according to a system of bad, fair, good, and excellent, each represented by a number, and these numbers totalled up at the end of each year. Should the student not attain the required standard of excellence, he is not allowed to take the annual examination for promotion.

The work of each class is definitely marked in the curriculum, and the subjects prescribed therein are, with the exception of some of the modern languages, compulsory. From the following may be gathered some idea of the difference between the gymnasium and the corresponding schools in Ontario. The *gymnasiast* begins Latin in the first-class at the average age of nine or ten years, and Greek in the following class. Either French or German, or both, if the student so desires, are commenced at the same period, one only being compulsory. In the gymnasium for girls, which is under the same director, and often has the same teachers as that of the boys, both French and German are compulsory. In the third class the study of algebra and history is pursued, the latter being continued all through the course. The scope of the work in history comprises a general view of the ancient Greek and Roman, as well as of the mediæval and modern periods, and a minute study of Russian history. Geometry is commenced in the fourth year, by the end of which the work upon arithmetic and geography is completed. Physics is taken up in the sixth and trigonometry in the eighth class.

Great stress is laid upon general reading outside of the regular work of the curriculum. To further this, every gymnasium has its own

library, the books being of an exclusively literary character, with no text books. The books, of course, are in Russian and consist of translations from the best authors in English, French and German, as well as a complete collection of the best Russian writers, and are so graded that the student may read only such as his knowledge would permit him to understand. One book must be taken out of the library weekly, the student being at any time liable to be questioned as to its contents, by which means shirking is avoided. In the higher classes Shakespeare, George Eliot, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens and some of the great essayists are much read. By this means at the end of the course the *gymnasiast* has a good general knowledge of the best literature of the world.

As might be expected in schools under the direct control of the Government, and that Government a military despotism, the *gymnasiast* has not a great deal of freedom. His conduct both within and without the gymnasium is regulated by a number of very strict rules.

The costume worn by all male students of the gymnasium consists of a military uniform, over which is worn a gray overcoat with silver buttons. This dress is never discarded without special permission from the director. The girl student, like her brother *gymnasiast*, also wears a distinctive costume consisting of a brown dress with a black apron, which, however, she is only compelled to wear in the school room and at school functions. In the latter case she changes the black apron for one of white, and since she is not permitted to wear ornaments of any description, all her care is lavished upon this one article, which is consequently very elaborate.

While at the gymnasium, no student may attend the theatre without the director's note of permission, which is seldom refused if the play is of a high standard.

Rewards are given in every class for good conduct and excellence of work, especially of essay writing, while book prizes and certificates are awarded to all who exceed a certain standard. The gold medal, presented by the Czar, is given at graduation; but in order to obtain this reward, it is necessary to pass an almost perfect examination in the final year and have good reports in the last three, so that it is seldom won.

Corporal punishment even in the lower classes is unknown. The usual form of punishment is to compel the delinquent to remain some hours after school; or if the offence be grave, to put him in the gymnasium prison, which is a small room without either table or chair.

Imprisonment, however, is seldom necessary as it is looked upon by the student as a disgrace.

Athletic sports do not play the same important part in Russian schools as they do in those of Canada, and although dancing and gymnastic exercises are taught, they are learned as any other task, and are considered merely as a means of physical development.

While the life of the *gymnasiast* is very circumscribed, that of the university student is the reverse. He is upon terms of friendly intimacy with his professors, and is as free as it is possible for any Russian to be.

Whether from the fact that he comes in daily contact with misery and oppression, or from a naturally thoughtful disposition, the Russian student is imbued with an earnestness which is not found in his confrere of Canada. Many students, both of the university and the gymnasium, have classes at which the children of the poor are enabled to obtain the rudiments of an education which their parents are unable, owing to the exactions of the land owners, to provide.

Discussion of social problems is the usual theme at student meetings, generally held in secret, for fear of the Government, which frowns down all interference in social and political matters. It is probably this lack of freedom to be allowed openly to discuss problems of so great moment to many of them, that forces Russian students into becoming Socialists and even Nihilists.

Thus it is that some of the noblest and best men in Russia have received part of their education, passing through the gymnasium into the university, which, if they decide to have minds and thoughts of their own, apart from the opinion of the Government, is often but the threshold of a Russian prison.

PAULA LAPATNIKOFF.

NOTE.—It was rumoured last year in America that ree schools had at last been established for the benefit of the poor in Russia; but I have seen no confirmation of the report in the press. P. L.



Psychological and
Physical Laboratories,
University College

A Scene from Nature.



T is a bright June morning. I fling wide my shutters and lean out to inhale the fresh air, fragrant with the perfume of roses. The sun, already an hour old, shines upon the dewy grass, making the dew-drops glisten and sparkle like diamonds. Overhead is the clear blue sky, the beautiful sky of our Canadian summer. I wonder, as I gaze into its infinite depths, why we hear so little about its beauty. The twitter of the birds in the trees, the bright morning song near my window attract my attention. I turn from gazing into the heavens to observe the world of nature, which has wakened around me and which is enjoying this hour of quiet, before the rush and roar of the busy world of traffic and trade begin.

Soon a clear, merry whistle, a human whistle, mingles with the notes of the bird's song. On looking out, I see a bright-faced boy of about twelve years, whose brown eyes sparkle with fun, and whose whole expression betokens a glad heart. Involuntarily I smile. I am almost tempted to join his whistle, and only refrain for fear of spoiling all. Suddenly the whistle ceases; the boy comes abruptly to a standstill, and looks attentively at some object on the lawn. A robin is engaged in teaching one of her nestlings to fly. She is apparently unconscious or unmindful of onlookers. The mother-robin rises into the air, followed more slowly and reluctantly by the young bird. They alight upon the lawn to rest before undertaking a second flight. The boy follows their movement with evident interest. He is careful not to betray his presence by any sound or movement. I also am interested—in the boy as well as the birds.

Suddenly a new-comer appears on the scene and as quickly disappears. A large black cat leaps forward from some hidden corner in the hedge, seizes the poor nestling and bounds away. The boy utters an impatient exclamation, springs after the foe, but in vain. Grimalkin has already attained a position safe and secluded. The boy returns; the brightness of his face has departed, and is replaced by an expression of pain and grief. "The poor little mother!" he says in sympathetic accents, as he looks round for the mother-bird, which has also vanished. "She was right there and saw it all."

No longer whistling, and more slowly than before, he continues

his walk. This little event—the loss sustained by the mother-bird—has touched his pure, childish heart. It has been sufficient to cause him to forget his own pleasure and fun, of which he had evidently been thinking before. I too am touched with a feeling of sadness. The bright morning no longer seems as bright. In the twitter of the birds I seem to detect a minor chord which was not there before. The very sun, rising ever higher in the heavens, does not seem as beautiful as it did a moment ago. The diamond dew-drops are no longer visible. The busy outside world is waking up. A heavy lumbering cart rumbles past. With a sigh for the poor robin and a mute prayer for the bright, happy boy with his large sympathetic heart, I rise up from my window and seek some occupation whereby I may forget the little tragedy which has just been enacted before my eyes.

ETHEL M. FLEMING.

A Clever Reply.



N years gone by we had as mathematical master in the D— High School, a certain Mr. K—. Mr. K— had a pet proposition in euclid, which could be proved directly or indirectly, but which he preferred to be proved indirectly.

To prove that a certain thing was impossible, you were to suppose it possible, or done, and then proceed to a "reductio ad absurdum," or to an impossibility. One day a boy named Smith was sent to the board to prove this proposition. He began the direct proof. This provoked a rebuke from the master. "Mr. Smith," said he, "have I not told you that the way I wish that proposition proved is to suppose it done?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. K—," returned the ready Smith with a delightful smile; "I am perfectly willing." Whereupon he laid down his chalk and took his seat. The scholars were in raptures; and to his credit, be it said, Mr. K— was not behindhand in his appreciation of the apt retort.

ETHEL M. FLEMING.

A Love Story.

THE preacher looked down on his congregation and the familiar faces were before him. The summer sunshine filtered in through the stained glass of the windows and lay in long lines across the pews. One golden patch fell just below him, and from it there looked up to him a face which he had never seen before, but which seemed strangely familiar. The form and colouring he had not known, yet he realized that before him was the woman he had dreamed of, the woman he could truly love; and a great happiness came over the preacher.

Now he stands to give his text, and a strange thrill through him as he picks up his notes and remembers the words he has chosen. They come from his lips with an unusual tremor. "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Once more he looks at the fair young face; then turns away, as the usual well-rounded sentences and lofty words come from his lips. It is well he has his notes, he thinks. Then the emptiness of it all strikes him. The words he speaks are not the words he thinks. Again he turns. His notes are pushed away. "I will win her," he vows to himself. And then he speaks the words that are in his heart as he has never spoken them before. One power is over all, and love alone governs to all good. All things change, but love remains. God is love, and through that love it is that we live and know all good things. Love leads and guides in joy to thoughts and deeds of goodness, of purity and nobility, to fulfil the law and even to go beyond it to generosity and to mercy. Even the old men forgot their naps.

One woman walked quietly down the church steps and home alone to a boarding house. Perhaps the sermon had helped her; it would be easier now to begin again alone in the little country town where she was to begin her life as a teacher. People said the new teacher was not interesting, but the children liked her, and the trustees decided that she was a success. Some people wondered why she did not make more friends, never realizing that they had not helped her. So she grew more quiet and shy, till her school was almost her only interest. Then there came a time when her eyes seemed tired, and, at last, after a visit to the doctor, they were hidden under blue glasses. Then came the order to stop her work.

One day she sat in her room, just waiting. There was no home for her to go to,—What was she to do? Then she remembered a little circular she had laid aside a few days before. In the poor part of a big city a school was soon to be opened. There would be little reading needed there surely, but plenty of worry and small remuneration.

In September, the little teacher, with her eyes stronger but still hidden, taught her first lesson to a bunch of dirty boys and girls. The class was smaller before it was larger, it is true, but the hands began to be clean, and small children, who had never known love or kindness before, began to think of little things because, "Teacher likes it." And before long they had taken her into their homes, where she often spent an hour reading a simple story to some poor helpless creature.

The preacher meanwhile waited, and some wondered why he was gentler now. Those in trouble turned naturally to him and the lonely gained courage from him. To those who waited he said: "It is good to wait. I have waited long, and it has made me stronger and more trustful. For surely we shall at last have all good things." And always one face was in his mind, always he was seeking for that one woman whom he had once seen.

Many calls had come to the preacher, but he had always refused them. Perhaps, he thought, he was of use where he was, and he felt that he would meet the woman he sought where he had first seen her. At last there came a call from a poor part of the city; a new school had just been opened near the church, and a hard but noble task was waiting for a man who was ready to give up his life for his Master; and the preacher went. Soon he was working hard among the poor and going even into their miserable houses.

It was beside the bed of one of his old parishioners that he first met the teacher. She had been reading, but as he came in she bent down to shake up the pillow and was gone. It was late autumn then and in the dusk of the room, he had hardly seen her. After that they met often, and always each with help for the other, until he would send for her when someone was ill, and she would ask the preacher, as everyone called him, for advice.

Sometimes he had walked home with her, but it was a long time before he saw her except in the dusk. When at last he did see her face, he had known her too long and was too familiar with its outlines to think much of her mere features, and the disfiguring glasses still hid her eyes. No thought of the woman he had seen once before crossed his mind.

As the months passed by they were often together and became

more to each other, until a sweet consciousness arose in each of the help to be gained from the other, and life seemed happier to both. The days passed quickly; and, with no thought of self, each moment seemed to have its happy duty, until the image of the woman whose face he had once seen had almost slipped from the preacher's mind. He was still, however, quite unconscious that the teacher was anything more to him than a helper in the parish.

One stormy night in early spring the preacher came home tired and dispirited. He had just been paying his usual weekly visit to the jail, where the worst of men seemed gathered, and all his struggle seemed useless. Then he remembered the teacher as he had seen her last bending tenderly over a heart-broken woman. The teacher thought it worth while. If she had strength to go on, so surely had he, and above all he was not doing this in his own strength but through a Higher Power. Then came thoughts of duty. An old box of sermons caught his eye; he would take them down and look them over. He lifted the cover of the box; the first words which met his eyes were: "Love is, the fulfilling of the Law." Again he was back in the old church and one face looked up at him. Had he forgotten her? To have waited even years for that one woman, and now for the first time to realize how much the little teacher was to him! Surely he was not bound to the woman whose face he had seen, and yet, he thought, he could not honestly marry another woman unless she knew. Then must he start out to win her by confessing that he had been false to his ideal? All evening he fought the matter out and morning brought him no decision. Worst of all he must keep his promise to visit the school that afternoon and there meet the teacher with this new knowledge and this question in his heart.

The little teacher came happily to school. The last few years seemed to have slipped away from her. For had she not at last laid aside the glasses? Womanlike, she wondered what the preacher would think of her.

The children said he looked very stern as he came to the door where she met him alone. Then suddenly he grew white. "You! you!" he said, until she asked: "Don't you know me without the glasses?" And then the children had crowded round them.

That afternoon, they said, he was merrier than ever before, and always he smiled, and the little teacher was very happy too.

It was quite dark when he left her at her door; but he had told her all about it, and they are still always helping each other, even now.

C. C. BENSON.

Some Thoughts of Forty Years Ago.



DEPARTMENT of book reviews forms no part of the plan of SESAME, '98. A certain more or less educational work recently met with, however, has afforded its latest readers such edifying amusement that it seems only New-Yearly to share the entertainment with all who care to take an interest in a girl's prize book of thirty-five years ago.

The fly-leaf announces that the work was awarded at the "Half-yearly Examination, Renfrew Public School, to Miss — for proficiency in English History, June 26th, 1863," the recipient being an aunt of one of our honour philosophy women, and bearing the same name. The title page bears the comprehensive heading: "Female Happiness; or The Lady's Handbook of Life," together with the date 1854; and is faced by a cut representing presumably a happy family—one man, one boy and four women grouped about a rectangular musical instrument, whose carved decoration of angels suggests the semi-sacred parlour organ rather than a piano.

With a vigour and extent of grasp truly masculine, the author undertakes to treat of every element and every condition of both temporal and eternal happiness—which, by the way, it is interesting to note, possessed in 1854 distinction of sex, as did also education, the table of contents showing that both female happiness and female education are subjects of learned consideration. I wonder if the author did not know any women, that he wrote nothing about their felicity or training.

Part I. is concerned with Religious Culture; and besides considerations on religion in general and its relation to happiness and character, treatises on theological and devotional literature, on doctrine and liturgies, and on apologetics, includes a sketch of religious opinions, Pagan, Mohammedan, Hindoo, Confucian, etc., as well as Christian in all its branches, ending with a chapter on "Christian benevolence, Sunday-schools, distribution of religious literature, domestic servants and Christian missions." Part II. sets forth the sciences of psychology and ethics with a simplicity adapted to the intelligence of our sex. Part III. is devoted to "Intellectual Culture," etc. It embraces all the sciences and all the arts. Part IV. bears the superscription; "Social Culture, Marriage,

etc.;" and the fifth and concluding division is described as containing: General remarks on happiness, a description of the joys of heaven, and the conclusion. Yet it must not be supposed that the Renfrew public school presented its English history prize-winner with a library—not at all. The sum of the above wisdom is neatly bestowed within the covers of a green 12mo of some three hundred and forty pages.

As university women, let us look at what the learned author has to say about the intellectual exercises of our sex. Knowledge he approves with the unction of a Solomon; but a blue-stocking doth his soul abhor. "In such a dilemma, what should a judicious woman do?" he asks pathetically. "Varsity women, without exception, will agree with his premises; but the conclusion of the '50's cannot be admitted by their friends in the '90's. "There is a narrow, middle path, gentle reader," says our grave and reverend senior, "between these extremes. . . . The prominent excellences of the female mind are taste and imagination, and the knowledge sought after should be of a kind which assimilates with these faculties. Politics, philosophy, mathematics, or metaphysics do not lie in a general way within your province, and the works of Plato, Aristotle, Euclid, Newton, Malebranche, or Kant, would scarcely be deemed appropriate furniture for your libraries; because they would render you unwomanly indeed, and damp that vivacity and destroy that disengaged ease and softness which constitute the very essence of the feminine graces." Oh girls! and they are all on the curriculum. Yet I call the honour philosophy, classical and mathematical women of '98 to witness the libel; and will undertake that you shall find "disengaged ease and softness" any day indeed behind a Greek lexicon in the library, and a very soda water fountain of vivacity sparkling over Malebranche and Kant.

But to return to our mentor. The subject of history receives considerable attention at his hands, and is admitted a study profitable to edification; but even here there should be a distinction of reading for the sexes. "The species of history which describes the lives and characters of particular persons, and, is included under the name biography, is by far the most useful and interesting to a woman, because, instead of wars, sieges, victories, or great achievements, which are not so much within the province of a female, it presents those domestic anecdotes and events which come more forcibly home to her bosom and her curiosity."

The sciences are carefully tabulated with a view to their appropriateness for our consideration. Logic and pure mathematics are

pronounced not "particularly well suited to engage the female mind, which prefers rather what is practical and of immediate utility to those inquiries which involve long, patient and laborious investigation." Statics, mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, navigation and astronomy "are not likely to interest or engage the attention of ladies, except so far as their elementary facts can be learned from popular introductions, divested of mathematical formulæ, or from an attendance on short courses of lectures, illustrated by a series of interesting experiments." Chemistry might have been adapted to our capacities save for the melancholy fact that, "except as regards its mere elementary principles, . . . no real knowledge of it can be obtained without patient, personal investigation of a character quite unsuited to ladies."

But the author would not have excluded our mothers from all learning more exact than that afforded by popular introductions and short courses of lectures. He finds a becoming field for their mental activity in the study of animate nature. "Natural history," he says, "however, when considered in its widest and most comprehensive sense, is a study that may be deemed particularly feminine; and it has of late years been cultivated with uncommon attention. Entomology and botany, indeed, have been particularly fashionable, and have found a place in the amusements of the elegant, as well as the pursuits of the learned; nothing being, in fact, better calculated than these to amuse the mind, to improve the health and spirits, and to inspire at once cheerfulness and devotion." He then proceeds to a more particular eulogy of each several department of the natural sciences, suggesting suitable works for "female" reading on each, and interspersing snatches of appropriate hymns throughout.

Next our old gentleman proceeds to the culture of the imagination and a dissertation on poetry and the poets. Shakespeare, it seems, should be read, by women at least, for the moral medicine to be distilled from his leading characters. "Who," he exclaims in the course of a series of rhetorical interrogations relative to the best known of his masterpieces, "who can read or see the 'Macbeth,' and not be awed by the terrific grandeur of the bad, ambitious passions of the Thane of Cawdor's wife, by whose incentives her husband ascended the ensanguined steps of an usurper's throne?" We have had a different interpretation of Lady Macbeth's character presented to us in the course of our university career; but then the moral needed to be sought in that. Here it stands out in plain, strong red, such as the female mind can easily distinguish. Mentor's summing up of Dante may interest our modern language students. There is more of it, but the

pith is this: "His work, taken as a whole, may not unfairly be described as a gothic mass of various kinds of knowledge strangely heaped together, without arrangement, design, or perspicuity."

Leaving poetry we come to drawing and painting, which, it seems, "if there be a natural bias for them"—saving clause—"are accomplishments well adapted to the taste and delicacy of the female sex." Music also is recommended in prim phraseology as calculated to "give solace and quiet enjoyment in the many lonely and anxious hours that fall to woman's lot"; classical music being preferred to "the frivolous, ephemeral compositions which too often occupy the time of ladies, simply because they are shorter, easier and more popular." To dancing the gentleman metes out different measure under different headings; as a fine art it is considered profitable for "correcting any awkwardness of gait or gesture," but appears a grisly temptation in the ball-room; when considered, however, under the head of amusements, it is admitted in private "soirees" to have "an exhilarating influence. . . . Especially when called in to fill up the intervals of music and song; nor should even religious persons be so severe as to object to it, when conducted in an orderly and decorous manner among family friends in private society. It may well be questioned, however, whether the waltz, the polka, and some other modern dances, become the character of a modest, sedate female, in a mixed company." Our old gentleman, it would appear, was already full of years when he wrote his encyclopedia of female happiness. At least it reads as though Sir Roger de Coverley had been the wildest dance of his youth—and a very good dance too. But I wonder what he did with his partners besides—tread a measure with them?

The chapter on the fine arts closes with a diffident page on the confessedly but little known subject of "ornamental needlework." There is a real modest hesitancy in his treatment of this topic, he "being," as he says, "little acquainted with its mysteries." Yet having undertaken to treat of all subjects incidental to the happiness of our sex, he faces the difficulty like a man, helps himself out with an historical allusion or two, warns against allowing Berlin or crochet work to engross too much of our time; and sanctions wax-flower making and leather-work in moderation, as both of them pleasing and truly feminine occupations.

We will not follow the grave and reverend into his dissertation on marriage as affecting female happiness. On the whole it seems, if we want advice on that topic, we had better consult some wise woman who knows. But since discovering that he is really very old, undoubtedly still wearing a white stock in the '50's, we do not

resent his precise, would-be-Addisonian English, his rigid precepts as to how we are to be happy, nor his benevolent attempt, which he claims to have accomplished, to view "woman in her fourfold capacity—as a child of God, as a moral being, as an existence endued with intellectual capacities, and a member of human society." But we congratulate ourselves, particularly if our tastes tend to philosophy or mathematics rather than to natural science, that we live at the end of the nineteenth century rather than in the middle.



On Fads.



HERE is no accounting for tastes, we are told; and most of us care very little about the views and opinions of our neighbours. But there are some people, who can scarcely fail to attract our notice, who seem to direct all their attention and energy into one channel. They become so fascinated by some one theory or action, that for a time at least, they can think of little else; and they look at other things only in relation to their pet idea. Formerly such an idea was called a hobby, and was regarded with contempt. Nowadays it is called a fad, and is treated with respect.

The word fad, which was ignored until recently by all precise writers and speakers, has become now very popular. It is used loosely to designate almost any passing fancy or fashion. Under the title "new fads," the most nonsensical freaks are described in many of the newspapers and magazines. And faddishness has come so much into vogue, that it was asserted in a periodical not long ago, that a woman without a fad would find herself decidedly in the minority. Now this statement is, of course, untrue as well as uncomplimentary. But it is peculiar, when one looks around, to see how many people really have what the dictionary defines as "trivial fancies pursued for a time with irrational zeal."

These fads take a great variety of forms. Perhaps one of the most universal, at present, is cycling. The convenience and utility of the bicycle have been proved so conclusively, that even the most conservative people can hardly object to its use. It is the abuse of the wheel, that is condemned by many who admit that its popularity is deserved. For who does not know the bicycle fiend—the person that thinks of nothing but his cyclometer, and whose conversation is limited to his own adventures and hair-breadth escapes? Judging from the number of accidents that have been narrowly averted, one comes to believe that only a series of miracles has prevented our cities from being depopulated. Fortunately this enthusiasm, like all fads, is transient. It marks the novice; and in time this recreation, even among its votaries, suffers from the contempt that familiarity brings.

Then with a number of people the very word suggests collecting. For one of the forms that faddishness has taken, is a mania for gathering together all sorts of articles, valuable and worthless, useful and

good-for-nothing. From postage stamps to libraries, and from coins to cartridge shells, nothing is slighted by the eager collector. It reminds one of children saving up buttons on a string; the buttons are kept, not for any intrinsic virtue, but to see who can get the longest string.

Whims of this sort, however, are comparatively harmless. A much more annoying kind is the "fixed idea" fad, to which some unhappy mortals are prone. They seize upon some theory that they seem to consider, for the time being, one of the chief maxims of life; and then render miserable all their friends who violate this rule.

Now, fads are said by some people to be signs of originality; but if they are to be judged by appearances, they are usually based on a lack of common sense. As a rule, it is only those who have no conception of relative importance, who are subject to these transitory fits of enthusiasm. Moreover, they encourage the tendency to treat serious subjects in a frivolous way and to make trifles seem more weighty.

But the main objection that a disinterested observer has to make is that these fancies cause great inconvenience to the faddist's acquaintances. Personal idiosyncrasies are, after all, a small matter, but one cannot help feeling sympathy for the real victims of this mania, the unfortunates who, to please the caprice of a friend are obliged to work for some fad, of which their reason disapproves, and which they dislike. Many services are thus rendered unwillingly and for no purpose. For when all is said, the only possible excuse the faddist has, is Shylock's time-worn plea "but, say, it is my humour."





View from Schloss Babelsberg,
near Berlin.
A Glimpse in Germany.

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"The Adulteration Act."

"R. WELLER,' says he, squeezing my hand very hard, and vispering in my ear—' don't mention this here agin, but it's the seasonin' as does it. They're all made of them noble animals,' says he, a-pointin' to a very nice little tabby kitten, 'and I seasons 'em for beefsteak, veal, or kidney, 'cordin' to the demand; and more than that,' says he, 'I can make a veal, a beefsteak, or a kidney, or any one on 'em as mutton, at a moment's notice, just as the market changes, and appetites wary'!"

But that was before the days of the Food Adulteration Act of either England or Canada. Now-a-days that ingenious pieman ought, according to law, to inform his customers that the interior economy of his pie is pussy, and 'not mislead them' by the "seasonin'."

It may be of interest to review briefly the steps taken by the Canadian Government to guard the consumer against the wiles of the producer or the middleman.

To this end there is found in 48-49 Victoria, Chap. 67, an *Act respecting the adulteration of food, drugs, and agricultural fertilizers, shortly called "The Adulteration Act."* In this article the scope of the Act will be shown and the manner of its enactment.

"In this Act, unless the context otherwise requires, the expression "food" includes every article used for food by man or by cattle. The expression "drug" includes all medicines for internal or external use, for man or for cattle."

"Agricultural fertilizer" means anything sold for manuring purposes at more than ten dollars per ton, and which contains phosphoric acid, ammonia, or its equivalent in nitrogen.

Knowing now the interpretation of those terms, we may learn what the law deems "adulteration" of food.

- (1) If any substance has been mixed with it so as to reduce, or lower or injuriously affect its quality or strength;
- (2) If any inferior or cheaper substance has been substituted, wholly or in part for the article;
- (3) If any valuable constituent of the article has been wholly or in part abstracted;

(4) If it is an imitation of, or is sold under the name of, another article;

(5) If it consists wholly or in part of a diseased or decomposed or putrid or rotten animal or vegetable substance, whether manufactured or not; or in the case of milk or butter, if it is the produce of a diseased animal, or of an animal fed upon unwholesome food;

(6) If it contains any added poisonous ingredient which may render such an article injurious to the health of the person consuming it.

The Act is equally exclusive in its treatment of drugs and fertilizers; but briefly—a drug is deemed adulterated if the standard of strength, quality or purity differs from that laid down in some recognized pharmacopœia, or is below the professed standard under which it is sold or offered or exposed for sale.

To the above, however, there are exceptions. For instance, anything not injurious to health may be added, if for some legitimate reason and not for fraudulent purposes. But the article must be "labelled as a mixture, forming an inseparable part of the general label, which shall also bear the name and address of the manufacturer."

"Or—When the food or drug is a proprietary article or subject to a patent in force, it must come up to the specification of the patent.

"Or—When the food or drug is unavoidably mixed with some extraneous matter in the process of collection or preparation, or when articles of food not injurious to health are mixed together and sold as a compound, if they are distinctly labelled as a mixture with name and address of manufacturer," they do not fall within the Act.

Those are laws laid down for manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers. But, of course, they don't obey the law if they can avoid it; so, in order to enforce the above and to determine when food is adulterated, a staff of analytical chemists, and also certain officers known as "food inspectors" are appointed by the Government.

These public analysts are appointed to certain districts co-terminous with the Inspection Districts of Inland Revenue, and are under the control of the Inland Revenue Department.

The head laboratories are in the west wing of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa under the supervision of the chief analyst, Mr. Thomas Macfarlane, a member of the Royal Society of Canada, and an ardent advocate for Imperial Federation.

From headquarters orders are issued to the food inspectors as to the quantity and description of article to be collected, the places of

collection, and the name of the analyst to whom these goods shall be sent for analysis.

The manner of collection of these samples is a matter requiring consideration and judgment, for if an article is found to be adulterated within the meaning of the Act, the vendor may be prosecuted; so all due precaution must be taken to prevent fraud on his part, and to keep the analyst in ignorance of the name of the vendor, so that neither fear nor favour shall be shown him.

For this purpose the Inspector procures from the vendor such articles of food, etc., as are not declared exempt from the Act, "either by purchasing them or by requiring the person in whose possession they are to show him and allow him to inspect all such articles, and to give him samples on payment or tender of the value of such samples."

The vendor must, under penalty, assist the inspector in performance of his duty.

When the officer has purchased an article, he signifies his intention to submit it to a public analyst for examination. Then a little scene sometimes occurs; the shopkeeper, evincing some slight excitement, exclaims:

"You did not tell me what you wanted it for; give it me back."

"I asked for coffee, and you sold me this."

"Do you expect pure coffee for twenty-five cents a pound? It's mixed of course."

"I did not ask for mixed coffee, and this is not labelled 'mixed.' I must forward it to the Department with the name under which you sold it."

So in spite of protests the Inspector forthwith divides the article into three parts, seals and labels each, then delivers one to the vendor, who is free to have it analyzed by a competent person of his own choice; the second he transmits to the chief analyst, who in case of dispute makes an analysis and gives the final judgment; and the third is forwarded to the public analyst of the district, unless otherwise ordered.

In the hands of the analyst it undergoes a systematic examination, to find if it comes up to the prescribed standard, and is free from deleterious matter. There is no haphazard "experimenting," as it is called by the laity, who seem to imagine fondly that the chemist puts some of the substance in a test tube, and adds whatever lies nearest to his hand, just to see what will happen. A variety of phenomena might occur without assisting the chemist in passing judgment as to the quality of his sample.

Certain standards are fixed for the various articles which come within *The Adulteration Act*, and the analyst judges by the result of his examination whether or not those standards are reached. A separate certificate is forwarded to the Chief Analyst for each sample, and on it are recorded each separate determination made; as, in the case of coffee for instance, the moisture, ash, caffeine, specific gravity of a definite decoction, the microscopic examination, etc. Then an opinion is given as to its being genuine or adulterated; and in the latter case, whether the adulteration is injurious to health or not.

The results of the work done on one class of article by all the Public Analysts are finally compiled and printed in the form of a bulletin for public distribution. They are sent to the manufacturers and vendors of, and to all those in any way concerned with the articles mentioned in the bulletin; copies of which are sent to each Inland Revenue Officer, who is expected to supply any person in his district who may require one. By this means the distribution is widespread and general.

That which was done in secret is thus published from the house-tops, with the name and address of the doer. If he has done well he is proud to see "genuine" printed after the analysis of his article; but if he has done ill, and "adulteration" is the verdict, his opinion of the Government and Public Analysts sinks to zero, and his mind is exercised to find excuses, or to explain away the taint.

The publication of bulletins is the great factor in suppressing food adulteration. Human nature is frail and prone to err, but shrinks from exposure of its errors. Its little weaknesses and innocent deceptions look so different in print; there is no apologetic smile to soften them, nor equivocal explanation to be given. They stand in the bulletin on their own merits—such cold *facts*. But it is wonderful how hot human nature sometimes becomes at such chilly sights, when it reflects that its friends and customers are gazing on the same icy statements, and are likely to be influenced thereby in their future purchases.

Beside the education of the public by means of bulletins, adulteration is discouraged by the prosecution which frequently follows. If the person accused be found guilty, he is fined; and should the adulteration be of a nature injurious to health, he is subject to a penalty of from ten to fifty dollars for the first offence, and from fifty to two hundred for subsequent infringement. The penalty is lighter where the adulteration is not deemed injurious to health, not exceeding thirty dollars for the first offence, and ranging from fifty to one

hundred for subsequent infringement. Costs are always included and confiscation of the condemned goods.

It is rather amusing to learn that some months ago Lord Rayleigh, the great English chemist of Argon fame, was summoned to the Police Court on a charge of adulterating milk, for which offence he was duly fined and cautioned. No doubt his attention is more directed to scientific pursuits than to the inspection of every can of milk going from his large dairy farm; but as proprietor he is of course responsible for his agents' delinquencies.

The following are the districts to which Public Analysts have been appointed; British Columbia, Dr. Fagan; Winnipeg, Dr. Kenrick; London, Mr. F. Harrison; Toronto, Dr. W. H. Ellis, so well known about the School of Science and 'Varsity; Kingston, Dr. Valade, whose office, however, is at Ottawa; Montreal, Mr. J. B. Edwards; Quebec, Dr. Fiset; New Brunswick, Mr. W. F. Best; Nova Scotia and P.E.I., Mr. Bowman.

The staff at Ottawa consists of Mr. Thos. Macfarlane, chief analyst; Mr. A. McGill, a graduate of Toronto; Mr. F. W. Babington and Mr. Tourchot.

EDITH M. CURZON, B.A.



Glimpses of England, France and Germany.



IN recalling the pleasures of a few months spent in Europe there are glimmerings in memory's store which, unimportant in themselves, flash forth and lighten up the whole remembrance of one's trip. The writer hopes she will be pardoned if, dazzled by their brilliancy, she does not describe, but leaves to an abler pen the more æsthetic and intellectual delights such as architecture, natural scenery and historical associations.

For some reason, Stratford-on-Avon holds the kindest place in one's affection for the old country. But the prettiest part of this famous district is Anne Hathaway's cottage. I am sure Shakespeare must have loved the walk through the waving fields, past the green hedges, over to the homely little thatched cottage, stopping perhaps at the pump quite surrounded by flowers, for a refreshing draught. An old woman over eighty years of age, the "last relic" of the Hathaway family, showed us through the house, and shaking our hands told us how she had clasped the hands of men like Holmes, Longfellow, General Grant and others, so that it seemed as if the presence of these men was even yet lingering near. The plain old bench is still by the fireside where, they say, Anne and Will spun many a lover's yarn, quite beyond the powers of biographers to disentangle.

In the church where Shakespeare is buried, one old man was earning his daily bread by taking upon strips of paper the impression of the well known epitaph on the slab over the grave. Looking around the church we chanced to read these inscriptions on the musty mildewed memorial tablets:

"What bad you saw in me, pray strive to shun
And look to home, there's something to be done."

And:—

"Here born, here lived, here died and buried here,
Lieth Richard Hill, thrice bailley of this borough.
Two matrons of good fame, he married in God's fear,
And now, released in joy, he rests from worldly sorrow."

In connection with Stratford, rather a surprising incident occurred at London. There was a young lady from Liverpool, whose papa had brought her to see the Great City for the first time, staying at an hotel with a number of Americans. Hearing them talking very



Exeter Cathedral
North side of Choir.
A Glimpse in England.

warmly about Shakespeare, she innocently enquired of me if he were an American.

On our way to Liverpool we stayed for a few days at the quaint little town of Chester, on the river Dee. The walls of the historic town are still standing and it was a great treat to walk around them, stopping off at the towers, where a fluent but ignorant guide described like a piece of wound up machinery the battle fought on the plains in the reign of William I. Being in Chester on Sunday we drove out to Hawarden, the home of the Gladstone family and had the pleasure of attending their service. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone was the Rector and conducted the service. As Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were driving home, (and the latter, although seventy-five years old, held the reins, the footman sitting behind) she turned to her daughter and enquired for the old lady whom she had driven home on the previous Sunday; but quickly espying her among the crowd, she asked her to come and drive with them, for which the old lady (apparently quite poor) seemed very grateful. Gladstone looked just like his photographs, even to the buttonhole bouquet, but he seemed to be tired of having strangers stare at him, and lift their hats as he passed.

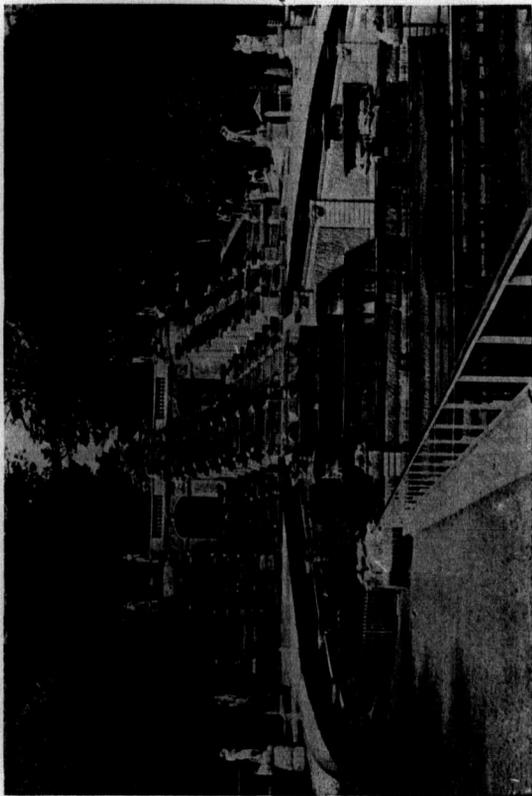
But how different from these picturesque little towns, brimful of soul stirring reminiscences, are the mining districts of England. We visited the Merton coal mines near Sunderland and were invited to explore the regions below, where we were allowed even a glimpse of the fiery furnace. We were first provided with a Davy safety lamp, which guided our faltering footsteps and served as a pass word on our return journey, for we were allowed to leave when we wished. Down, down we went in a very crude elevator called a lift, over fourteen hundred feet into the earth. Never before did we feel such black dismal darkness. It seemed even to pierce our ears. Through passage after passage we groped, all bent over, there not being room to stand erect. Occasionally we passed some men, with faces almost as dark as their surroundings, picking away at the coal rocks. The relief to get out of such a dark, damp, unwholesome country can better be imagined than expressed. These poor miners working so hard for so small pay are quite as happy and far kinder hearted than many of their better favoured brothers. They live in rows of attached cottages, built on narrow streets, which have one living room answering for laundry, kitchen, dining room and parlour. But it is here the stranger gets the ideal afternoon tea: thin bread and butter, seed cake and a refreshing cup of tea, quite as inviting as, and lacking only in the artificial formality of, our more fashionable afternoon entertainment.

Having space to mention only a few incidents which I think inter-

esting, I must hurry across the channel and give a few first impressions of the Continent. We were in Paris on the glorious fourteenth of July and saw the beautiful city in all its grandeur. It is the day of the National Fete and the Grand Review of the French troops, and commemorates the fall of the Bastille. The pale stone buildings gave the city a radiantly clean appearance, and row after row of incandescent lights ornamented the street and fronts of large buildings, until at night you would think your childhood's dreams were realized, and that you had reached fairy land. Liberty was unrestrained. Even the policeman's authority was annulled, and cabmen were allowed to charge what they pleased. The citizens seemed proud of their freedom, for we detected little disorder and did not see one intoxicated person. The squares on the streets were filled with careless young couples dancing to street music. Care and sorrow seemed to have abandoned the city for the day. In the afternoon the troops were reviewed before President Faure.

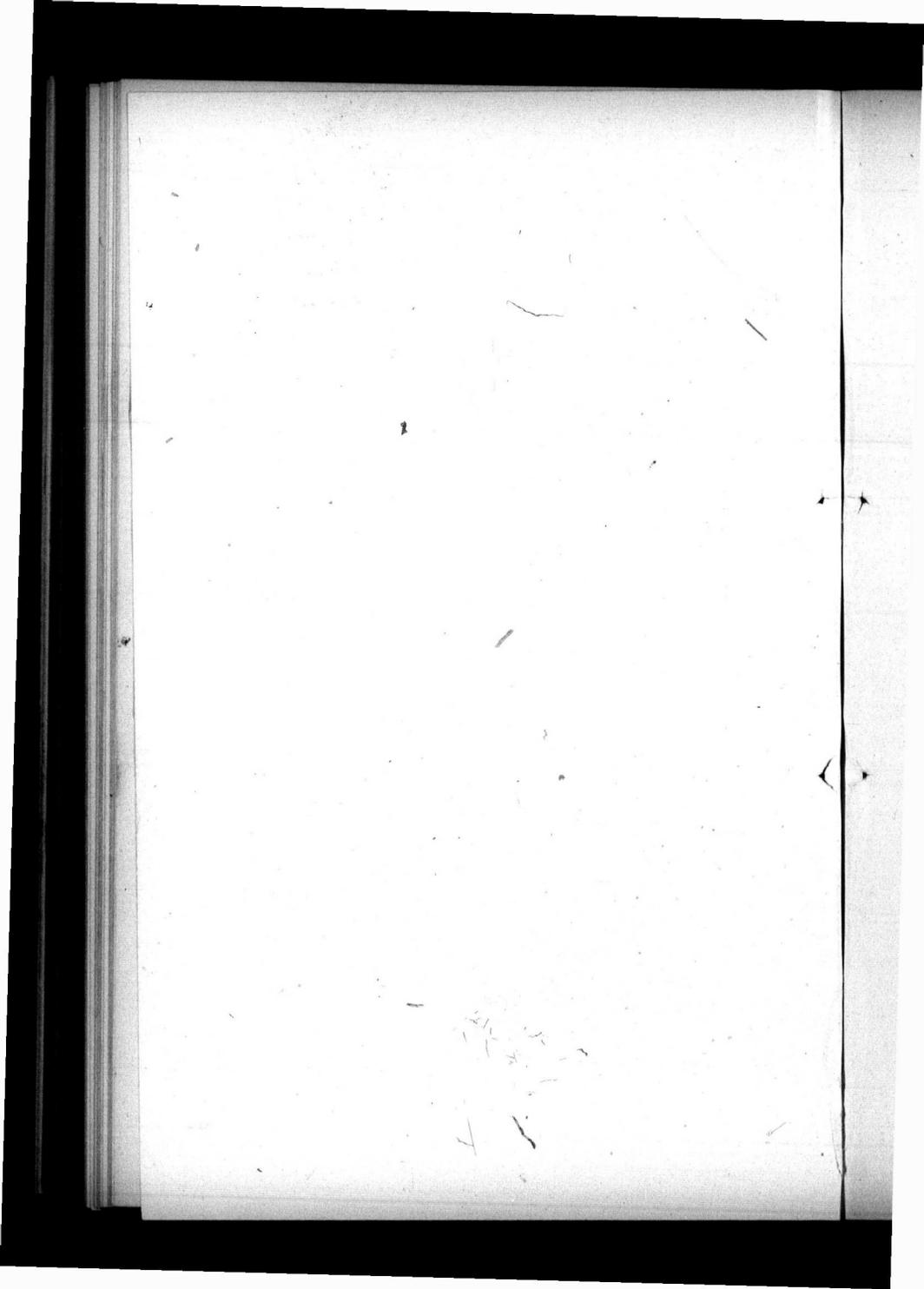
Soldiers seem the connecting link between France and Germany for both countries are filled with them. In Germany everything was strange. Even the children talked in German, and we could not understand them. In the train the conductor came to look at our tickets, and seemed angry because we did not know what he wanted. His face got very red and he talked faster and louder, until someone told us to show our tickets. I feel quite sure that all the words he used could not be found in any authorized dictionary. Queer things happened all the way from Flushing to Berlin. Little boys ran beside the train, when we were passing through stations, turning handsprings until a passenger threw out a penny, and then there was a great scramble to decide who should have it. When we arrived at Oberhausen, we were told to turn our watches on an hour. It seemed a pity to waste so much time, but we got it back on our return trip. We had our dinner here, and, being very thirsty, I wanted a drink of water, but when we said "Wasser" to the waiter he looked quite bewildered and turning to some one near, said "Ob die Dame sich baden will?" I learned afterwards that Germans as a rule drink beer with their meals, and indeed one person told me that water was used solely for cleansing purposes, and that anyone found drinking it was liable to be arrested. What odd customs there are in foreign countries!

The Sunday which we spent in Berlin seemed quite like a holiday. No one seemed able to tell us where there was a church where service was held, but perhaps we did not ask the right ones. We spent the day in the Zoological Garden. There were happy gatherings of



Cascades of
St. Cloud
in France.

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people listening to the beautiful music given by some of the best military bands. The women had their fancy work, the men their cigars, while the children amused themselves watching the animals, throwing pennies to the elephants to see them dance, or to get a ride on their backs.

The German people whom we met were exceedingly kind and courteous. They acted as if we were doing them a favour by visiting their country, and succeeded in making us very comfortable. They spoke whatever English they knew and laughed at none of our attempts to speak German, but said quite heartily "sehr gut." One day when we had been doing some shopping, as we were leaving the store, the clerk graciously opened the door saying "good-bye," which must have been the extent of his English vocabulary. At times it was awkward not to understand the language; for instance, I was invited out to luncheon, but the only member of the family who could speak English was unavoidably absent. The hostess' English was as fluent as my German, when she ventured a remark I could only smile, and vice versa. But soon growing tired of this, we contented ourselves with making motions and smiling and smiling—I never realized before what pleasant time women could have without talking.

The second day I was in Germany I fell quite in love with the country, for I saw a number of carriages with "frei" marked on them and of course thought they gave people free drives, when I mentioned the fact to someone he laughed; but I don't see why he should expect a foreigner to know that "frei" means disengaged and not "free." The drivers looked most disreputable, their liveries were so shabby, but they don't whip the horses like they do in France; and there was no haggling about the price, for there is a sort of cyclometer in the carriage which indicates how far you have driven and how much you have to pay.

The lower classes of women in Germany have a very hard time. Even there we could see traces of the Eastern customs. It is quite an ordinary occupation for a woman to carry hods of bricks up a ladder; and one day we saw a most pitiful sight: through one of the main streets of Berlin a woman and a dog harnessed together to a cart, were dragging a heavy load.

The omnipresence of the soldiers, seems to a New World mind a great restraint upon the people's liberty. Boys have to put in their term of service before they become of age. One little messenger boy in the hotel came to our room one night and asked us to take him to Canada, so that he wouldn't have to serve his time in the army. And what seemed most unlike England was, that the people were afraid to

express their own opinion about the Emperor. One night when we were dining in a beautiful beer garden, we chanced to pass some remark which might be construed as detrimental to His Majesty, when our host motioned us to speak lower, so that no one could hear or there might be trouble.

In the Forest



THE music, oh the music! In the forest grey and dim,
When the twilight lends its shadows, and the faltering
evening hymn
Of the birdies and the insects, mingles with the rustling
sway

Of the leaves and lithsome rushes, moved by zephyrs on their way.

The beauty, oh the beauty! In the forest still and bright,
When the sun sends forth his laughing beams to greet the morning
light;
When the first sweet notes of coming life are heralded afar,
'Ere from the heavens serene and calm fades the gleam of the morn-
ing star.

The stillness, oh the stillness! In the forest dull and warm,
When noontide's sultry air scarce moves each leaflet's drooping form,
When quiet reigns and woodland mirth seems loth to wake once
more,
And e'en the waters hush their voice as they softly kiss the shore.

JESSIE FORREST.

The Attic.



DEEP down in every one's heart there is a tender feeling for the attic—that simplest room of the house, the room nearest the clouds. Too often, however, this feeling is killed in the pomp and vanity of the world, and the more elaborate rooms, decked out in all their beauty, claim all the attention; and the simple, unadorned, homely one is left alone and neglected.

Some people there are—and their number is unfortunately increasing—who say they cannot understand how any one likes an attic room. How much they have missed! But it seems to be one of the signs of our material times—the attic has given place to the kitchen. What with our pure food exhibits, our whole wheat lectures, and our cooking classes, methinks we are in danger of becoming veritable Touchstones, material fools!

The attic is the only room where a man can be really alone with his thoughts, where he can think his thoughts, dream his dreams, rejoice, weep, or pray, unmolested by the gaping indifferent. We are all too much with people, and from the habit of hiding our feelings from the world, we become strangers to ourselves. In the empty whirl of city life how hard a task it is to obey Plato's injunction: "Know thyself!" To read the columns of our daily papers is enough to make the gods weep; and, still, the height of the ambition of many is to see their names figuring in the society columns, with little remarks after them that they "looked charming," that their costumes were "chic," and so forth and so forth. The innate affection for the attic in those is, I fear, almost, if not wholly, smothered—such people dread being alone.

Could all the attics speak, what tales they could tell—tales of rejoicing, of happy dreaming, of hope and of love; but tales, too, of sorrow, of weeping, disappointment and despair! Most men pass through stages of which the world knows nothing and cares less. But the room where these struggles have taken place, the room that has been, as it were, our confidant, never ridiculing our joy or our grief, becomes endeared to our hearts forever.

Again, this room being at the top of the house, appeals to us all, for naturally we are all conscious of a striving upwards, towards heaven, which is the attic of the world. This desire to be rising always may be beaten down and almost blotted out; but there it is, the expression of the Godlike that is in every man, who awaits the time,

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

So the room which is nearest heaven appeals to the best that is in each one of us. Thomas Hood, in his tender way, has expressed somewhat the same thought :

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their tender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

High up above the busy world a philosopher may sit, the companion of the clouds, nay, even of the stars, and philosophize to his heart's content. Who has not read Carlyle's description of the life-circulation of the city, which he puts into the mouth of his Clothes-Philosopher, sitting in his attic, watching the giddy whirl beneath ? That description is one of the grandest pieces of literature ever written, and contains food for meditation for a lifetime. The sage of Chelsea had felt the influence of an attic room ; and time and time again, we find his most eloquent passages descriptive of thoughts and feelings kindled by the influence of his companions—the clouds, the winds, and the stars.

Emile Souvestre, with the love of the true Frenchman for beauty, goes into ecstasies over the sublime beauty of the sunsets, and, indeed, of all nature, as viewed from his "Chambre sous les toits."

And every school child has been enticed by the freshness and genuine ring of pleasure in Thackeray's poem : "The Cane-bottom'd Chair."

"In tatter'd old slippers, that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket, perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom, up four pairs of stairs.

"To mount to this realm is a toil to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure ;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney pots over the way."

But enough ! In the literature of the Past, there are many passages, singing the praises of this upper room, which once known is loved, once loved is loved for aye. May the writers and thinkers of every age continue to sing thy praises—dear, faithful old attic !

MARY ARD MACKENZIE.

Result : Strained Relations.



HE warmth and glory of the passing August were already sobered by the shadow of nearing autumn. The lake was calm and clear. As we sat on the shore skimming stones, we talked of college pleasures, college ambitions, college friendships. It was quite incidentally Belle remarked that Jack Blank, of "ninety-odd," would be up by the steamer this evening; but the trivial mention cleared my mind for the discussion on modern vs. Shakespearean sonnets on which we had entered; for, to own the truth, my attention had been hitherto imperfect, owing to a continued sub-conscious query as to the reason for Belle's white duck skirt and new organdie waist. (Any of our honour philosophy girls will explain the psychical disturbance for you.)

Tired at last of so aimlessly spending our time, soon to fade into memory, and chancing to see the skiff lying farther up on the beach, "Belle," I cried, "I am going boating, and if you will come, we can fish."

Belle was one of those girls who never feel safe behind a horse or on the water, or, for the matter of that, almost anywhere, without a man. Stung, at last, however, by my sarcasm on a Sophomore's bravery, she consented to come, first stipulating that I should haul in and kill any fish which we might chance to catch. There was a universe of unlikelihood in that "chance," for our hook was broken and bent, and our faith slim. I promised, however, and she daintily stepped into the stern; I seized an oar and boldly shoved off. "Remember your promise," she exclaimed, as she slowly and reluctantly let out the line.

It was a perfect day for a row, and Belle's fear was fast fading. Suddenly her face blanched and her hand shook as she cried:

"A fish is on the line."

"Pull it in," I answered.

"I can't; here take it."

"You'll lose it if you don't hurry."

With much fear and trembling she got it to the side of the boat; and encouraged by me, with a superhuman effort she landed a ten-pound fish—for this is no fish story. No sooner was the creature:

safely pulled in, than it slipped off the hook and flopped awkwardly round the boat—once right into Belle's lap. With a scream she shook it off, and, on the verge of tears, reminded me of my promise. "Oh kill it, do, the horrid, slimy thing."

I racked my brain to remember what our professor in biology had told us of the vital points of fish anatomy, or even what our fencing master had said concerning a lunge with intent to kill; and I recklessly said, "Hit it on the head, here's a stick, I can't leave the oars." She hit it again and again, and still it flopped. In desperation I turned the boat for home and once more offered her advice, "Strike it on the back."

"I've struck it everywhere, and it won't die."

By this time she was dissolved in tears. An extra high leap—for it was a fish which had taken lessons in physical culture—signified the truth of her statement; and, afraid of losing our prize, I suggested shipping the rudder and securing the fish with it. This was soon done; and, with the rudder holding the fish and Belle's feet holding the rudder, I rowed homeward.

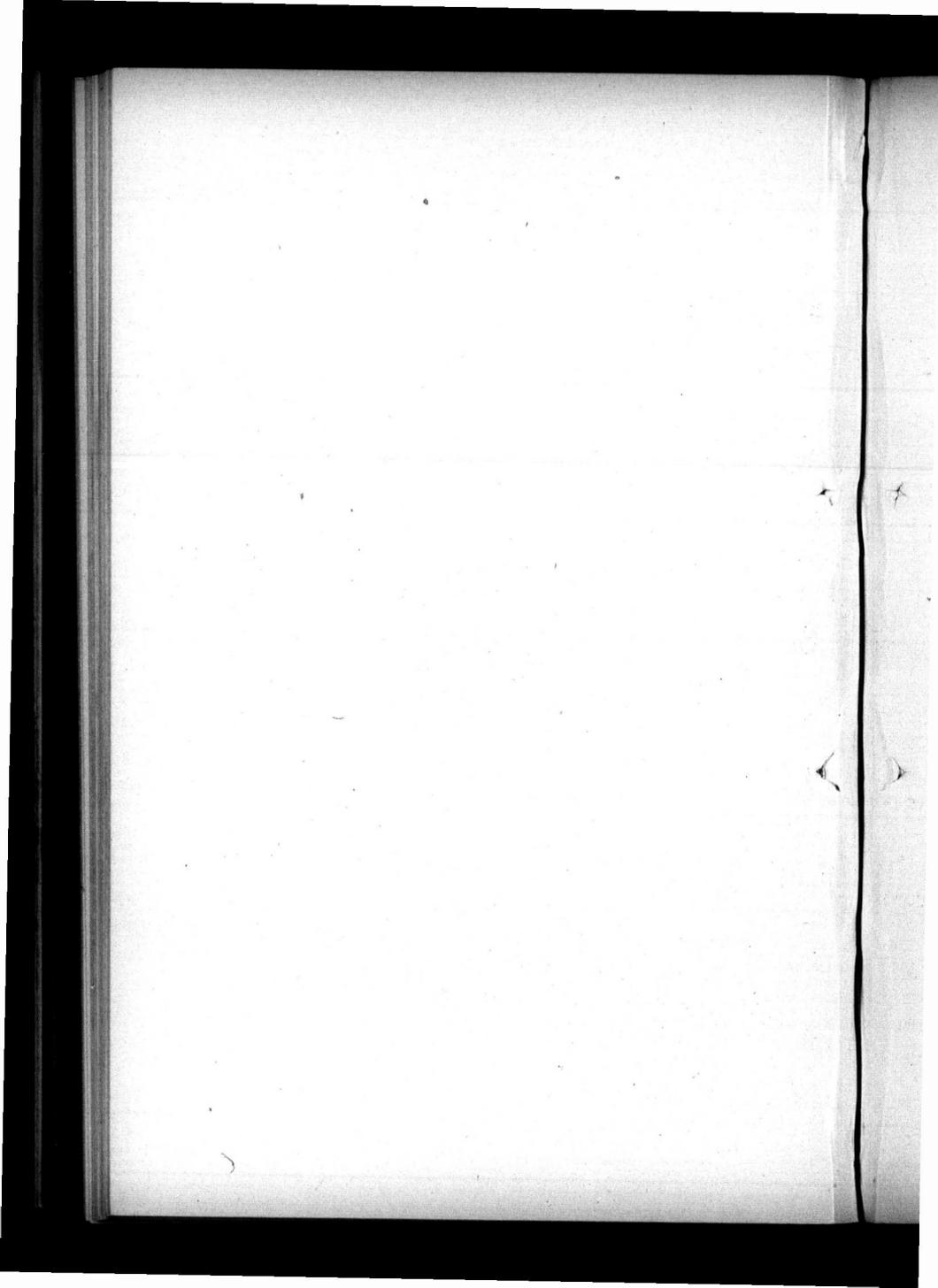
Our first sight as we approached the wharf was of a man—a college man—seated book in hand. Was it Plato's republic? His glance fell on us, a pitiful sight. He helped us land, two forlorn girls—college girls—with a fish, or rather what had once been a fish. He finished killing it and Belle sobbed with relief.

The boat presented the appearance and odour of a slaughter house; and Belle—her white duck and dainty organdie were spattered with gore. A large red mark showed where the fish had reposed for one brief moment. Hurriedly she disappeared in the direction of the cottage, hardly deigning to glance at me. Why such indignation I don't know; do you?





Where to Troll
for Ten-Pounders



A Sketch of the Women's Literary Society.



THE Literary Society is the most prominent organization among the women undergraduates of University College. Its membership does not consist of a clique, nor of any special group of students; on the contrary, according to its constitution every regular attendant at lectures is a part of it "without nomination or election." The rules governing the conduct of this body are so liberal and comprehensive that it forms the common meeting ground for those whose occupations differ considerably during the week.

Since it is our representative student body it is befitting that the Literary Society should have some distinguishing features. Some of these may be seen in the outward circumstances attending the meetings. These occasions afford the girls most of their rare glimpses into that very distant promised land, the gymnasium. On alternate Saturday evenings groups of members may be seen advancing from various directions towards the Students' Union, which hall is deserted for the time being by its usual denizens. It is noteworthy also that this is the only association among the women collegians that assembles in the evening. Here it has a distinct advantage over its sister clubs, because meetings held in the late afternoon hours are apt to be poorly attended. As for the work accomplished by the Society, it is the epitome of what is done by the various minor organizations, and embraces all sides of student life from grave to gay.

The pressure of university life seems to be getting too high when good programmes, such as are offered by the societies attached to the various departments, are scarcely given a hearing. Judging from the reports in 'Varsity, the Literary Society in connection with the men students has little interest for its members unless, there is some special discussion taking place. Fortunately our side of the house has not yet reached the stage of being bored by itself. Our bi-monthly meetings always possess interest for the undergraduates, or it may be that courtesy leads the members to see that a proper audience should receive those who are kind enough to lend their talents for our benefit. To maintain the popularity of this Society the Executive Committee always endeavours to present an attractive bill of fare to its patrons. Debates are usually on questions immediately concerned with colle-

giate life—such as: the best location for a university, the advantages of travel compared with a college course, and other problems which might arise in the minds of thoughtful students.

Again, from time to time, representations have been given from standard drama, such as scenes from "As You Like It," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Rivals." In these latter no attempt is made to compete with the acting profession. Our aim is to give selections from the best authors in such a way that they may be both instructive and amusing, while affording practice in declamation to those taking part. Musical numbers of various kinds are rendered by the members, many of whom are skilled performers, and all have the additional charm of being always willing to lend their assistance in making proceedings more interesting. Reports—literary, scientific or political—form the last staple of our ordinary programme.

There are several functions, moreover, which are the special business of this organization. The first of these, and that which confronts the President when she is still very nervous about the recently acquired powers, is the pleasant duty of welcoming the new students to their future academic home. This has always been a delightfully informal affair, one where the undergraduates, distinguished only by their badges, may mingle freely and make each other's acquaintance. When the writer was one of these buds of college society, this reception was held in the cosy parlours of the University Young Men's Christian Association, a long tea-table was spread and all the girls sat down together, with the exception of some seniors, who were officiating as waiters. But as the numbers grew larger, and the happy suggestion of inviting the wives of the professoriate of University College was adopted, more commodious quarters had to be secured, until now the East Hall, together with our own two-rooms, is not found too big.

This entertainment is highly valued among the girls for various reasons. To begin with, this is usually the first social that the new student attends in College, and therefore it makes a decided impression. This occasion also affords the best opportunity to meet those of the other years, and in the different departments; some of whom, owing to the course they are pursuing, see little of the other women undergraduates during lecture hours. We have often been accused of imitating the students of the sterner sex in all our enterprises. But surely we have here a decidedly feminine idea. If rumour speaks truth the welcome extended by the older men to the freshmen is possibly warmer, but certainly not more hearty.

The second social effort of the Women's Literary Society takes

the form of a reception held in honour of the Faculty. This is an attempt on the part of the women undergraduates to show their appreciation of the many graceful and kindly acts of the professors and lecturers in patronizing our societies and entertaining us in their own homes. The past successes of this function in bringing the teacher and pupil more closely together are certainly evidences of the desirability of such an "at home" being held. If, as is charged, too many entertainments are held under college auspices, let this be among the last to be abandoned.

The closing scenes in the Literary Society each year are generally the most exciting. I refer to the annual elections. There is always keen competition for the offices on the Executive; indeed, even at the beginning of the Easter term rumours of intending candidates begin to be heard. The interest increases until finally, on the night of the voting, the active members of the Society, that is to say, those who have paid their fees, go about button-holing those who seem pliable and inducing them to vote for their favourites. Snatches of college songs and boxes of sweets fill in the intervals of counting the ballots, while cheers greet the announcement of the names of successful candidates. Finally when the long list of offices is filled and everybody is feeling the effects of the excitement and noise, the Retiring President leaves the chair and is called upon by the Vice-President for her parting address. Thus the session of the Literary Society is brought to a close.



The Birth-gift of the Youngest Skye.



STEPHEN Skye had inherited from his father a farm in the County of Peterborough, and without having seen it, he had ventured to go thither after his marriage with Norah O'Connor, to establish their home.

He took this step because he had both confidence in his own strength and ability and a firm belief in the power of assistance which lay in his wife. They were alike young and vigorous, and alike they loved the earth, the level field, the meadow-land and hill-side. They took pleasure in the toil of cultivating the ground, they were, in short, willing husbandmen.

The farm had proved to be superior to any other in the neighbourhood, and fully justified their hope of gaining from it a livelihood. The house was happily situated on the lower slope of a pine-crowned hill which sheltered it to the north. It was made of stone, and though security and strength had been the chief aim of the builder, he must have cared instinctively for beauty, because the outline of the rough structure was very pleasing.

The new householders used their scant capital in purchasing what was quite necessary for indoor and outdoor equipment, investing as a slight reserve fund what remained. Then while Stephen busied himself in sowing the spring grain, his wife arranged their little rooms in a way that was first fitting and then as graceful and pretty as possible. The following winter was no less full of labour, for the property was overcrowded with trees, to the hewing down of which they hardened their hearts by dwelling on the good which would accrue to the survivors, and on the universal need of sacrifice.

Season by season they found in their lives an endless variety, for no sunrise ever seemed to be repeated, and each evening sky was different from the last. Their habit was to scan the east together from their chamber-window when they rose, and standing side by side with the fresh air in their faces whatever were the weather, to lift their matutinal prayer. So too at night no weariness or hunger kept them, when they were at home, from gazing forth together at the light which burned out in the west, the changing background of the pines that crowned the hill, and the falling darkness which was to them like a protection. An endless variety—for each spring day showed some

new flower in the woods, some added ear of green upon the fields. And every summer day had riper fruits and higher corn. And the successive days of autumn hung forth richer colours till all the leaves were gone. Whereon the snow time came with wealth of crystal shapes and icied designs without, and long warm nights beside the fire within.

It is true their work often had the nature of routine, but they undertook it with such cheerful minds that its distasteful elements became subdued to a subordinate harmony.

In this way the years passed, and although they realized no fortune, they lacked little of their heart's desire. Great cause of joy had come with their four children, a passionate zeal for whose welfare was the form taken by the gratitude almost too great for them to express to each other. After the birth of their eldest son, whose name was proudly Stephen O'Connor Skye, they earnestly consulted each other on what might be his birth-gift. Money to procure one of sufficient value was not at hand, but Stephen, seldom baffled, decided to bestow upon the boy the finest of his horses.

"And we will teach him from the first," cried Norah, "that it is his own, and he will love it and be led to love all creatures."

"And when this horse grows too old for work" continued Stephen, "he shall let it peacefully decline, and we'll bestow on him again the finest that we have. It will be a continuous endowment in successive horses. And I hope," he added laughingly, "it will make him love the occupation of his father."

A particularly fine harvest marked the first days of their second child, whose gift of welcome might have been some purchasable thing, had not Norah conceived another plan.

"Let us give him the birds," she said, "all the birds that share the land with us, and build their nests within our trees, they shall be his, particularly his to hear, think of and admire." And they called the boy Clement.

The children grew rapidly, showing when they were old enough remarkable appreciation of their respective gifts. Stephen became the fond associate of his horse, feeding it with regularity, gambolling about it, and lying when quite tired out with his small form stretched at ease upon its back. And Clement, taught from the beginning, displayed a marvellous skill with birds, whistling their songs and taking such interest in their lives that they rewarded him with recognition, the wild birds perching on his shoulders as fearlessly as on the branches of the trees.

Stephen and Norah meanwhile preserved the order of their life as

it had been from the first, nor did the little ones disturb in any way their mutual dependence on each other's love. And this unaltering character of their affection they emblemized in the daughter who was born to them, naming her Constance. For her birth-gift she received the little lake which was a lovely feature of the farm. Fed by a stream that leaped down the hill-side, it kept its measure of water, as Stephen pointed out to his wee girl, and let the rest pass on into the thirsting fields. The lake, which had been always full of pleasure, now became enchanted. For scarcely a day went by without a procession in pomp of children, horse and birds to its flowery edge. They fancied there was some mysterious charm about its banks to soothe their minds and rest their limbs as soon as they approached them.

Although they early learned to glide over its clear expanse in the canoes their father had constructed, they always dipped their paddles with a certain awe, far removed from fear, of this strange yielding and yet buoyant substance sometimes a transparent green or blue, sometimes molten gold beneath the sun, becoming at twilight gray and shadowy, with perhaps a silver path across it when the moon arose.

And after it had been associated with Constance, this fair-skinned, wonderful person who had been willing to be their sister, the lake became even more potent as an object of reverence.

Despite the watchful care of her mother and father, the "lady of the lake" began to develop undesirable characteristics at the end of her third year. For she had two slaves who gloried in their bondage and whose eager desire to shield her from every form of roughness, whether of wind, or uneven ground, or of the sandy strawberry, or of the uncracked nut, or of the nature of the game, or of the temper of her mind, tended to lessen for her the value of smoothness. And since they always did as she pleased, she began to think the normal order of events synchronized with her pleasure.

It was during this imminence of moral ruin that the youngest Skye joined the family. His utter helplessness in the beginning made Constance feel that she could move the world. His inability to procure anything he wanted aroused in her a sense of responsibility about his wants. And the assistance she was accustomed only to receive she learned to give. Although her elder brothers never changed their allegiance to her, they also felt the claim upon their manly strength of this new member. But the youngest Skye soon proved himself to be a doughty baby and quickly passed from a position exciting pity to one compelling admiration. He manifested his desire to be a protector, and his impressed relations grew to regard him as one of those characters who are the least susceptible to evil. As the

last of his particular circle to enter into life, he seemed to be animated by a worthy ambition to overtake the others in every line, not for the pride, but for the usefulness and joy of it.

He came at Christmas time and his birth-gift was the spruce tree. The impressiveness of the gift could only be felt by those who could see it—a large black spruce standing between the roadway and the house. It was without an imperfection; its strong straight trunk, unswerving as virtue, rose to an unusual height, and amply over the ground it spread its lower branches, gradually diminishing in breadth as they mounted the aspiring line until they sank away into the apex. And all its dark green aromatic boughs were cognizant of every wind, and ever in harmonious mood to thrill and whisper with the South, or stir with more emphatic answers to the West.

And Stephen and Norah Skye, finding in all things symbols, prayed that the life of their last child might be large, symmetrical and true like the spruce of their donation.

They had reached a period of some prosperity; their slight original reserve fund had become no mean amount; gradually they gathered about them new objects of grace and meaning, and thought of happy plans of benefit for themselves and others.

With a sense of this high tide of their life, they called him Victor, and he seemed to justify the name. His eyes were of a luminous gray with strange dark radii from the pupil to the edge of the iris, his hair was thick and tawny, and his frame was strong. Had it not been for his appearance of health and brightness, the gravity and significance of his manners even when his firm round legs had scarcely mastered the art of equilibrium, would have been alarming. He speedily grew in demand in the household, and wherever the curls of his dignified head came bobbing, auxiliary force was felt.

He shared with the others their love and delight in horses and birds and water, but his devotion to trees, and especially the spruce, was quite supreme. He had counted and named the pines upon the hill, he knew the slightest differences between the poplars that bordered the kitchen-garden, he studied the orchard like a book, could tell exactly the location of every tree upon the farm, and beneath his own spruce he sat for rapturous meditation, locking up through its cool branches like an anachronistic devotee of old tree-cult. Indeed as the lake was the resort of pleasure, the spruce became the counsel place for all the children.

As the farm-house faced directly south and the spruce tree was directly in front of it, a pyramid of shade was thrown across the grass at noon on sunny days, its apex piercing a star-shaped bed of lilies-of-

the-valley. And here when weary of play the children sat exchanging their opinions, the fragrance of the lilies comforting them in spring-time. And on such occasions, the youngest Skye was filled with an instinctive hospitality, expressed on behalf of the spruce, urgently inviting any fraternal head or foot still in the sun, further within the protecting line.

The happiness which seemed to distinguish this simple family had never brought about forgetfulness of other claims. It is true there was some difference between them and the surrounding country-people, but it was a difference never emphasized by the Skyes and always overlooked by the others at any time of trouble.

One of the more intelligent and companionable farmers of the region regarded Stephen as his dearest friend, and such was the confidence between them that Stephen had not hesitated to become security for his neighbour in the matter of a very large sum of money, a sum representing in fact his own entire capital.

By unforeseen disasters the farmer was rendered unable to meet the payment of the bond when it was due, and the obligation passed to Stephen. It was a severe blow, and the first of a series that spread over two years—reverses following reverses—with a regularity which made them almost expected.

It became necessary to live with strict economy, which they endeavoured to do without changing the atmosphere of their home. But although their efforts were not unsuccessful, they could not keep the care from showing in their faces; and the children noted their anxiety, connecting it with the decreased expenditure, and speaking of it privately to one another. The youngest Skye alone ventured to refer to their straitened circumstances before his parents. He told them with innocent gravity of bearing that he knew they were becoming poorer, and that he and his brothers and his sister intended to give them all the assistance in their power.

The autumn of his seventh year had been preceded by the complete failure of their crops from bad weather, and found them about to face a winter which they feared. One bleak November afternoon Stephen entered the sitting-room earlier than was his wont, and stood beside his wife, whose busy hands relaxed at once. He stooped and drew her up into his arms, asking in a tone that struggled with despair:

“What do you think of it all, my wife?”

And Norah, looking into his eyes where she had long since seen the promise of her earthly joy, where she had learned to see the promise of a joy that outlives life, answered:

"First, that since no wrong-doing led to our misfortunes they should press less heavily upon us. Next, that since we have our children and ourselves, they are not vital. Finally, that before our persevering work they must give way."

Meanwhile outside the youngest Skye was standing with his hand upon his spruce tree, thinking of their difficulties too. The ground was hard and dry, and the air was frosty. Finding that his feet were cold, he put them into rapid motion, making for the roadway. As he collided with the gate, a man who was passing in a gig, drew up his horse.

"Well, youngster!" he said, while his glance swept rapidly over as much of the farm as lay in range. He was stoutly built and apparently of middle age, with dark alert eyes and a pleasant health-cremsoned face.

"Good afternoon, sir!" responded the youngest Skye.

"That's a fine spruce you have there."

"It is."

"Upon my soul, I never saw a finer one. It's a regular landmark. 'T would be a crime to cut that down."

"I don't intend to!" remarked the child.

"You don't intend to!" exclaimed the stranger, removing his eyes from the spruce tree to the boy. "Are you the owner?"

"I am the owner."

"And of the whole estate?" the man asked, quizzically surveying the small creature.

"I am the owner only of the spruce, which was my birth-gift."

"Birth-gift!"

"What my parents gave me," the youngest Skye explained politely, "to show how glad they were to have me."

"Wouldn't you rather have had something else?"

The boy began with a quiver, "I would rather have it than——"

"All the money that couldn't buy it," interrupted the stranger with genial sympathy.

A sudden thought made the little fellow start and change colour.

"No," he said emphatically, "money could buy it."

"What, would you sell your birth-gift, meant to express your parents' love?"

"Yes," with determination.

"Why?"

"To—to—express my love, sir."

"Your parents wouldn't want you to sell it."

"No," said the child; then hesitating with a feeling of delicacy about disclosure, "but—but—they're worried about things."

The man gazed down at the youngest Skye, and after a moment's silence exclaimed:

"Well, I'll give you ten dollars for it. Ten dollars is a good sum, you know, for an ornamental tree."

"A—a—all right," cried the child, stammering in confusion.

Promptly producing a worn but bulky pocket-book, the vendee handed out the stipulated sum.

"Mind now," he said, "you can't dispose of that spruce until I send for it; but until I do, it is still your own."

"Will you please tell me, sir, when you will send for it, that I may tell my father?"

"Oh," replied the stranger, pursing his lips, "sometime early in the millennium."

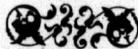
"How soon will that be, sir?"

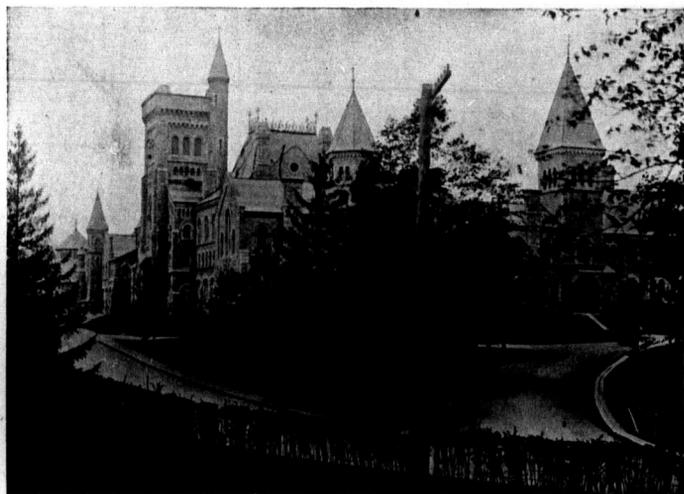
"I couldn't tell you the exact number of days, perhaps your father can. Good-by," and jerking the reins he drove on.

The youngest Skye darted up the path with his head averted from the spruce tree. He paused outside the sitting-room door to get some breath. Then entering, he said to his parents respectfully and without emotion:

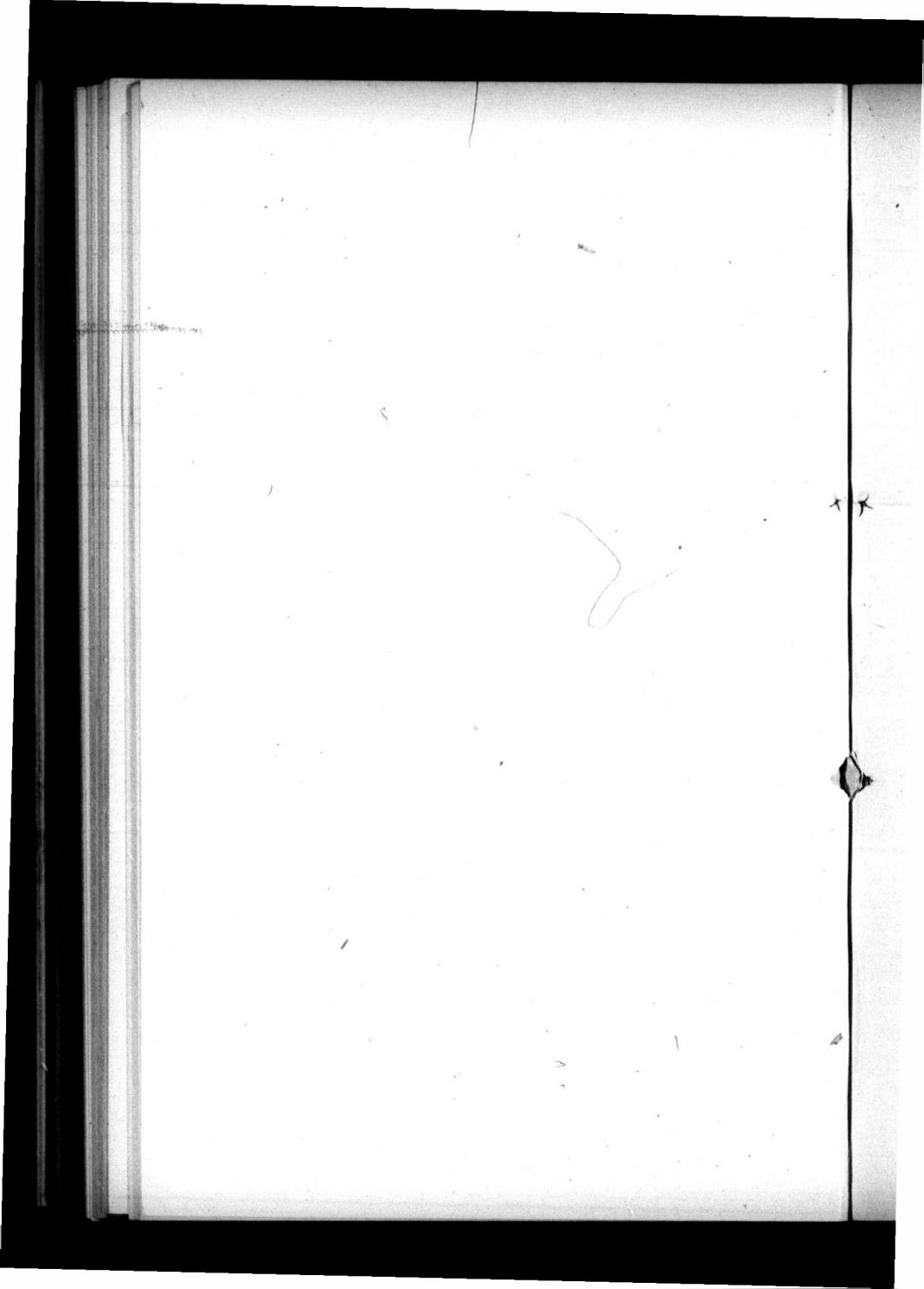
"I sold my spruce tree for ten dollars, which I would like you both to please accept, and the gentleman is going to send for it early in the millennium."

E. A. D.





59
University College,
from the South-East.



" A Little Nonsense Now and Then."

A difficult thing to keep in the Library—A cool head.

A *plucky* thing to do—Get up for an examination without cramming.

A genuine specimen of "frozen meat"—The cold shoulder.

PROBLEM IN ECONOMICS.

Professor—What classes are most dependent on the soil?

Clever Student—The washerwoman and the glove-cleaner.

A freshman wants to know whether the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands are called the Fijits. Reward for immediate answer.

Statistics of skating—Figures on the ice.

Advice for Residence men—Never leave cold for to-morrow, what you can eat hot to-day.

The most musical room in 'Varsity is said to be the room of Keys.

Professor—What does Sarah Bernhardt live on?

French Student—French rôles.

ATTENTIVE STUDENT IN TRIGONOMETRY
ON MONDAY MORNING.

Professor—Any questions this morning?

Student—What is the cosine of Noah's ark?

FRESHMAN'S NOTICE FOR BULLETIN BOARD.

Lost—between Hoskin Avenue and the Library, the key of a self-winding watch. Finder rewarded on returning to — '01.

Fellowships for Women in Four American Seats of Learning.



TO those of our women students who look upon an undergraduate course as a mere introduction to the serious work of learning, it may be of interest to learn something of the openings in a few of the universities of our southern neighbours for women graduates desirous of pursuing their studies beyond the modest limit of a B.A. More than one of our graduates, by winning a fellowship there, has made the name of Bryn Mawr College familiar to our ears already. There thirteen fellowships altogether are offered for competition among women graduates of any universities whose degrees are recognized at Bryn Mawr. Of these fellowships eleven, valued at five hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece, are divided one to each of the following subjects: Greek, Latin, English, German and Teutonic philology, Romance languages, history or political science, philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology. The holding of such a fellowship involves residence in the college and assistance in the conduct of examinations, but no other work which might interfere with the fellow's own studies. The two remaining fellowships, valued at five hundred dollars each, are designed to cover the expenses of one year's study and residence at some European university. They are open to graduate students enrolled at Bryn Mawr as candidates for a Ph.D. degree. One is awarded in the first year of graduate work, the other after two years. All these are conferred annually. In addition five graduate scholarships, value two hundred dollars each, may be awarded to the candidates ranking next to those who win the fellowships. All applications for these establishments must be made by the 15th April preceding the year for which they are desired. Last year the fellowship in German and Teutonic philology was held by a Victoria University B.A. of '91 from Cobourg, Ont.; that in history by a Toronto graduate of '96.

In Chicago University women enjoy the same privileges with regard to fellowships, etc., as men. There are eighty regular fellowships and graduate scholarships, divided into four equal groups: First, fellowships of the value of five hundred and twenty dollars each annually, out of which university fees are to be paid; second, the

same, but valued at three hundred and twenty dollars ; third, graduate fellowships equal to the fees for three quarters ; fourth, scholarships valued at one hundred and twenty dollars each. Winners of these are expected to help in the instruction of the university or of affiliated colleges, in reading the examination papers, or in the libraries, etc., the time of such service being limited to one-sixth of the fellow's whole time. Applications for these fellowships must be made by March 1st. Besides the foregoing, some half-dozen special fellowships are offered by individuals or other colleges ; but the number and value of these are not necessarily the same from year to year.

The University of Pennsylvania sets apart a special building for the graduate department for women. Women holding fellowships are required to live in residence. There are three offered annually for the term of one year each, though an appointment may be twice renewed. This year's catalogue shows that of these, one was last held by a Hamiltonian, a '95 graduate of Toronto University, and another by a Torontonian of the same class. These fellowships cover tuition fees, board and lodging, with twenty-five dollars extra. The scholarships also provide free tuition in the " Department of Philosophy," which includes subjects similar to our Arts department, for women studying to become teachers.

Wellesley College, Mass. offers thirty graduate scholarships to the value of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year to approved candidates for an M.A. degree, the annual fees for resident graduates being four hundred.

The above-mentioned establishments are all open to women graduates of universities and colleges whose standard is accepted by the institutions which offer them, such graduates being able to show evidence of sufficient scholarship and good character to secure them against the keen competition they must experience in attempting to win them. It is evident from the lists published by these colleges that the reputation of Toronto University is being well kept up by its graduates abroad ; and it is to be hoped that there are now amongst us women who will continue the honourable record that our predecessors have begun. [ED.]

The Victorian Era Ball.



WHEN Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen invited the women of the University of Toronto to take part in her fancy-dress ball which was to represent various phases of the progress made in the Victorian Era, they felt that a great honour had been done them, and that every possible effort should be made to comply with Her Excellency's request. It was indeed a memorable occasion, and the scene was well nigh indescribable; but it is perhaps possible to give a general idea of how the transformation of that great, bare building, the Armouries, into a pretty hall, filled with brightly and beautifully dressed people, was effected.

The building was divided into two parts of almost equal size, one the supper-room, the other the ball-room,—both of them walled in with white bunting. The posts supporting the bunting were decorated in pink and green, and from one to the other were hung rows of evergreen, while incandescent lights with globes of ground glass, peeping from the green, shed a soft light over all. At the north side opposite the entrance, was the dais erected for the vice-regal party. At the back of this was scenery representing the balcony of a palace, through which throngs of people, entering and leaving the dais, passed during the evening. On the dais were the chairs of their Excellencies, covered with a canopy, while at the top, in front, the screen between the three arches was decorated with evergreens and red electric lights, forming in the middle a crown with the letters V.R.I. above it, on one side the date 1837, on the other 1897. The groups of three arches in the middle of the other sides of the room were decorated in a similar manner with evergreens, and had respectively the words *Canada*, *India* and *Africa*, written upon them,—Canada occupying the side opposite the dais. All round the dancing floor were rows of steps, covered with green linen, sloping backwards towards the top, where a gallery encircled the hall. These were only the most prominent of the decorations; but every detail was so perfectly arranged that the whole appearance of the ball-room presented a scene not easily forgotten.

When the University sets entered the room, nearly all who were to dance in the fancy dances were already seated. The seats on each

side of the dais and half way down the sides of the room were occupied by them, and all the rest by the onlookers. What a scene it was! The rows upon rows of bright faces surrounded by the brilliant colours and flashing jewels presented a scene that reminded one of the pictures in the fairy tales of childhood. A short time after all the guests were seated, the vice-regal party entered, and while thousands of voices sang the National Anthem, walked slowly to the dais. The procession was formed of the heralds, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Major Denison, the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, and several other ladies and gentlemen, who took their places with them on the dais. His Excellency the Governor-General wore the full dress uniform of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Countess of Aberdeen wore white satin with ermine and court train of royal blue velvet carried by six pages.

In a few moments the trumpets sounded the call for the first dance. It was an intricate march accompanied by the music of British national airs,—the four sections of it representing the four different parts of the Empire, North America, India and Australasia, Europe and Africa. Lady Marjorie Gordon, with Mr. David Erskine, headed the section representing North America. She was dressed to represent the forests of Canada, in white satin edged with fur, and all covered with [a silvery gauze; around the bottom of the skirt were pictured a snake fence and pine trees; on the front of the bodice was a bunch of maple leaves. On one shoulder nestled a little squirrel, and on the other was a very diminutive evergreen tree. The Indian costumes in this group were especially striking. When the march was finished, the dancers formed in twos and were presented one by one to their Excellencies.

Before the trumpets sounded again for the next group to appear, His Excellency, from the lowest step of the dais, announced a message of interest in the ball from the Queen. This was received by the guests standing, who responded by singing the first verse of the National Anthem followed with three cheers for the Queen. Then the ball went on. The next dance was the old fashioned quadrille, and the costumes represented the different periods of the Victorian Era, the first, second, third and middle, and aesthetic periods. The set representing the bridesmaids at Queen Victoria's marriage was quaint and old fashioned, and the dresses of its members quite distinct from the more elaborate court gowns that were very much in evidence during the evening. Their costume consisted of white net skirts over crinolines and laced bodices of white satin, with pink roses on the shoulders. Another set strikingly effective in this group, was that in

which the ladies wore empire gowns and large white poke bonnets with plumes and lace.

After these had been presented to Their Excellencies, and the trumpet had sounded, the third group, literature and music took the floor. Of this group, the special dance was the old English lancers. Slow and stately they were, far removed from the degenerated romping lancers of the present day. Although they were perhaps not so remarkably pretty as some of the other dances, as for instance, the minuet, or quadrille, or even the country dance, yet they allowed as much scope for grace and beauty of movement. Perhaps to one well versed in the literature of the nineteenth century, this group was the most interesting. Characters were depicted from Scott, Rudyard Kipling, George Eliot, Browning, the Drama, and the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

In the fourth group were three sets, representing science and inventions; one for electricity, one for postal progress, the other for inventions. The electricity set was hailed on its entrance by a round of applause. The eight ladies wore white satin gowns with glittering silver trimmings on the bodices. In their hands they held long staves twined round with the same silvery sheen, and bouquets of white flowers held about the middle of the staff. In their hair and on the top of the staves, were tiny electric lights. The gentlemen all wore old fashioned watchmen's costume, and held lanterns in their hands. In the centre was a Chinese mandarin with some chinese lanterns on a pole. The set for inventions was danced to represent a mill-wheel. The ladies had skirts of white accordeon plaited chiffon that in different parts of the dance were caught up imitating the sails of a wind-mill as they whirled quickly round, coloured lights being thrown on them as they danced. On the whole, this dance was perhaps the most effective, because in each set the costumes were uniform, and the mazes of the dance could be more easily followed.

The next group, art, would be interesting to the connoisseur in the subject, one set representing pictures painted in the Victorian Era, and the other famous actors in their principal characters. It was very beautiful, having the prettiest dance, the minuet, and by far the most pleasing music to my mind, as the orchestra played the ever popular "Passe Pied." The costumes were decidedly picturesque, and it impressed one rather oddly to see the various characters all dancing together. Dante was there with Beatrice, from the painting by Holliday. Napoleon and Madame Récamier were to be seen in the set from famous pictures, while Madame Sans Gêne formed part of the

set from the stage. Shylock and Portia, who were especially good, were particularly remarked upon.

The sixth group, sports and amusements, dancing Sir Roger de Coverley, had the jolliest dance of all, and they danced it with right good will. The harvesters with costumes inexpensive but by no means ineffective; the yachting set, in white and blue; the set of games, amongst which the football girl, from a distance at least, was most striking; the hunting set, the ladies wearing pink velvet coats, white satin skirts and black velvet picture hats; and the Scottish sports set, —all danced together on the floor to very lively music, formed a very happy ending to the character dances.

The dancers then all formed in procession headed by the vice-regal party, and marched into the supper-room. All the tables were decorated with flowers and silver. Three tables in the centre of the room, somewhat larger than the others, were set apart for the vice-regal party and were perfect dreams of beauty. It happened that one of these was not needed by them, and some of the University party, which entered the room near the end of the procession, were placed at it. The silver centre-piece was completely surrounded by vases of English violets and white hyacinths, making an unusually effective decoration.

The University students had been asked to form a set of lancers representing characters from George Eliot, and one other set appropriate under the heading, "Literature and Music." They decided almost immediately to undertake George Eliot's characters, and after much consideration to combine literature and music in a set of eight characters from the plays of Lytton, Sheridan Knowles, Browning, and Swinburne, and eight others from the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. After considerable progress had been made in the preparations for this set, it was found that a complete set had been formed from Gilbert and Sullivan, and the University set had to be remodelled on very short notice—all that could be done was to fill up the vacant half by characters from other dramas.

The characters from George Eliot were: *Romola*, taken by Miss Winifred Hutchison, in *Romola's* bridal dress of white and gold silk with gold girdle, train and bridal veil. *Savonarola*, by Mr. F. A. Young, in black and white costume of Dominican Monk. *Tessa*, by Miss Rosalie E. Jackson, in short reel skirt, green velvet bodice and white sleeves. *Tito Melema*, by Mr. J. L. R. Parsons, in grey velvet doublet and trunks, scarlet hose. *Dinah Morris*, from *Adam Bede*, by Miss Clara C. Benson, in grey Quaker gown, with bonnet, white kerchief and apron. *Adam Bede*, by Mr. Walter A. Sadler, in Adam

Bede's Sunday suit—black breeches and Silk hose, fancy waistcoat, black coat of the period, shoes with buckles. *The Spanish Gypsy*, in "The Spanish Gypsy," by Miss Bertha Rosenstadt, in red satin skirt, trimmed with bells and sequins and yellow bolero; white bodice and sleeves with red cap. *Don Silva*, by Mr. George H. Black, in soft black hat with white plume, crimson velvet doublet, black velvet knee breeches, white silk stockings, shoes with large buckles, frilled shirt. *Gwendolen*, from "Daniel Deronda," by Miss Blanche B. White, in archery costume of green with green velvet jacket, large green velvet hat with pale green plumes. *Erandcourt*, by Mr. W. A. R. Kerr, in morning dress of the period, Prince Albert coat and silk hat. *Caterina*, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," by Miss Agnes McNally, in white India silk gown with crinoline, white fichu, white poke bonnet. *Rev. Mr. Gilfil*, by Mr. B. Benson, in black clerical coat, black satin waistcoat, knee breeches, white lace scarf, powdered hair with queue. *Dorothea Brooks*, in "Middlemarch," by Miss M. M. Stovel, in plain grey-blue gown and white fur, hair very simply braided. *Will Ladislaw*, by Mr. A. J. Glenholme McDougal, in artist's velvet painting coat, flowered waistcoat. *Maggie Tulliver*, from the "Mill on the Floss," by Miss Alice Rosebrugh, in old-fashioned black silk dress with bell sleeves and trimmings of white lace. *Stephen Guest*, by Mr. R. Y. Parry, in black satin breeches, shoes with buckles, black stockings, evening coat, flowered satin waistcoat.

From the drama the characters were: *Virginia*, taken by Miss Clara Crane, in long white Roman gown with silver trimmings and silver girdle, and *Virgilius*, by Mr. T. A. Colclough, in white toga and crimson sandals—both from Sheridan Knowles' play, "Virgilius." *Rosamond de Clifford*, by Miss E. E. Preston, in cream silk empire gown with bands of mauve over a crimson underskirt edged with swansdown, gold girdle and crown. *Thomas a Becket*, by Mr. J. B. Hunter, in black cassock, embroidered cope and crimson beretta—both from Tennyson's play, "Thomas a Becket."

From Lytton's "Lady of Lyons" came the *Lady of Lyons*, taken by Miss Mina Lynde, in white silk empire gown with scarlet trimmings, and *Claude Melnotte*, by Mr. Ogilvie Watson, in dark blue military frock coat and trousers, faced and trimmed with cadet blue and gold, Napoleonic hat and tricolor cockade.

From "Atalanta in Calydon," by Swinburne, came *Atalanta*, by Miss M. Landon Wright, in Grecian gown of rose pink, Grecian borders in gold, gold bands in hair and gold ornaments. *Meleager*, by Mr. G. M. Murray, in white chiton, embroidered in blue and gold, blue chlamys embroidered in gold, gold girdle and fillet, white sandals.

From Tennyson's "Foresters" came *Maid Marion*, in an extremely neat costume of white and red—red skirt with white and gold band, white corduroy jacket, red vest, white cap with red quill, sleeves slashed with red. *Robin Hood*, by Mr. V. E. Henderson, in Lincoln green doublet, trunk hose, crimson cap with eagle feather.

From the "Hunchback," by Sheridan Knowles, *Julia*, by Miss May Mason, in pink silk skirt, muslin panniers and bodice, white leghorn hat with tulle and mauve plumes. *The Hunchback*, by Mr. Norman Beal, in black velvet suit, knee breeches, black cloak, black hat with plume.

From "Richelieu," by Lord Lytton—*Julie de Mortemar*, by Miss M. Northway, in yellow brocaded satin dress with petticoat and train, medici collar. *Richelieu*, by Mr. F. D. McEntee, in soutane, beretta and complete red robes of a cardinal.

From Browning's "Strafford"—*Countess of Carlisle*, by Miss A. M. Morrison, in dress with yellow satin petticoat and crimson and gold brocade train. *Wentworth, Earl of Strafford*, by Mr. J. G. Merrick, in handsome costume of purple velvet jacket, trunk-hose, velvet cloak, cavalier hat and boots.

The entourage of these sets was formed by Mrs. Ramsay Wright as a Florentine lady at time of *Romola*, with flowing robe of green and white, pearl embroidery and cap of green velvet; Mrs. Loudon as *Mrs. Davilow*, from "Daniel Deronda," in dress of black silk and lace, fichu of Brussels net, Honiton lace cap, and antique jewelry; President Loudon in academicals; Miss Grace Hunter, as *Althaa*, in black Grecian robe, relieved by white silk and gold trimming, and Mr. A. T. Hunter, as *Toxæus*, in bright blue Grecian dress, both characters from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." Professor Ramsay Wright was herald for both sets, in herald's costume of the fifteenth century—pale blue doublet and hose, and white satin tabard with the University arms.

The Women's Literary Society is greatly indebted to Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright and Miss McMicking for the kind interest and unremitting attention they have shown in the preparations. Besides the time and thought they gave to selecting suitable characters for the University sets and to designing costumes, their regular attendance at all the practices was greatly appreciated by the students. Indeed, without their aid the Society would never have been able to carry out successfully the part which it was honoured by having assigned it in this grandly conceived jubilee fête, their participation in which has proved such a great pleasure to its members.

CENTURY.

Editor's Notes.

 O the friends and supporters of *SESAME*—all good things that make for happiness, strength and wisdom this New Year! It must be with something akin to regret that every loyal British heart sees the close of 1897, with all its noble associations, all its stirring events. "For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof," says the Oriental sage; we have therefore the sanction of so wise a statesman as Solomon, for regarding the very length of our Sovereign's reign as one amongst the evidences of special Divine favour towards our empire. Those whose hearts swelled during the past year with the joy of the pæan, which rose all round the world, that Britain's children in every quarter of the globe are still one people, under one head, with one tradition of honour, justice and loyalty, cannot part indifferently with the year that has brought these momentous facts so forcibly home to them. But, though the year is now past, the truths of which it spoke remain; and it lies not alone with the British people as a nation, but with its individuals, with us University women here in Ontario for instance, to justify our share in this greatness, in these traditions, by attaining a higher level of enlightenment, uprightness and power than we have ever reached in the past. It will be a good New Year's wish then for our country, as well as for the readers of *SESAME* individually, that we Canadian women may increase in strength and wisdom, strength to rule ourselves and to serve effectively where our service is due; wisdom to know what concerns us to do, what to refrain from meddling with.

Several events of interest to the women of University College have occurred since our last issue. When we re-assembled in October, we found our cloak-room in the possession of carpenters and locksmiths. The long-desired lockers were at last being provided for our gowns, etc. For a couple of weeks after the workmen left, the room presented a most unsociable effect between lectures. Instead of gathering in knots to talk, the girls scattered themselves all round the walls, turned their backs to the room, and stood stock-still with their heads against their locker doors and distraction in their eyes. In this attitude each one tried her own *abracadabra*: One, two, three,

four to the right; one, two, three to the left; one to the right again; then stepping back with a triumphant smile—the door wouldn't open. The patent combination locks certainly kept everything behind them very secure during the first fortnight. The prime difficulty was to find the "smooth place" from which to begin to count; and it was very disappointing after you thought you had reckoned your clicks exactly each way, to find you had to begin all over again. We all experienced the irritation of being made late for lunch because we had put our rubbers in safely in the morning. However, we are long past that now, and people open combinations as though they had been born to it. . . . A column in 'Varsity specially devoted to the College Girl, and written by one of the most gifted pens of '98, kept College readers informed as to the meetings of the Women's Literary Society and other occurrences of particular interest to the women students. . . . The Ladies' Glee Club scored a decided success in its concert given in Hamilton by request. . . . A notable feature among our College publications for '97-8 has been the "Year Book," got up, of course, with particular reference to the class of '98, but containing also much of interest to all the years, including original literary work by a number of both the men and women enrolled at 'Varsity, biographical or character notes on all the seniors, and half-tones of the College societies and buildings. . . . The women undergraduates have been much gratified during the past term by the recognition of their corporate existence shown in the invitation to them of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen to take part, as representatives of their College, in the Victorian Era Ball. A special article being devoted to this function, it is unnecessary to say much about it here; but one remark may not unfittingly be made in connection with it, viz., that this invitation proves that University College women are regarded as a distinct element in our community, and that therefore their individual responsibility in maintaining the dignity of their body is evidenced beyond all debate. Their Excellencies further testified their interest in our *alma mater* by enrolling Lady Marjorie Gordon as an occasional student in English. This is the first instance of our lecture halls being honoured by the attendance of the daughter of a Governor-General, and to it we are indebted for the contribution on page 1 of this magazine.

As the precious distillation of the cinchona bark to the fevered body, (I speak as an allopath), even so is the critic to the infant magazine. Sesame is prepared to take her medicine with as few faces as possible and to get better as quickly as she can. But don't overdose

her. She had better live to outgrow her ailments than die of their remedies. Let us consider her case a moment :—some of her contributions are thoroughly sound and good, proving the excellent possibilities there are in her ; some however, it must be admitted, exhibit less vigour and development than might be deemed symptomatic of a thoroughly healthy magazine. What shall be done ?—“ Give her quinine,” croak the medicos ; but the mothers’ bustle about exclaiming indignantly, “ Nonsense ! feed the child.” And the mothers—or are they the editors ?—are right. If grads and undergrads will only write more for Sesame, they will improve their style, and give the editors a larger choice to cull from. It stands to reason that, the larger the choice, the better the selections may be. And now two words in your ear, most wholesome, most medicinal censor, by way of suggestions in the interests of the magazine :—First, when you pass judgment on us, seek out our good points as well as our bad, and tell them both with the same emphasis to the same persons—it will prove your critical ability and save you from injustice—Second, write something for the next number yourself, so as to help make the issue of '99 an advance on this. We are barely two years old, you know ; and we hope to improve with age.

