

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Forstter Fdelster Forsan Felfeter.

Vol. VII.

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No. 6.

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WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

The subject of this article occurred to me in the following manner: I had paid the cabman, who had brought me to the railway station, his precisely correct fare, and he had held the money as a matter of course, in the palm of his horny hand, and demanded "what was that for," as though there was no such thing in the world as a table of cab-fares, and I had replied by entering into the demand and supply question in general, more especially on its bearing in connection with street locomotion, which I find is a better plan than using strong language, and has more effect. When I had finished a rather elaborate dissertation on this subject, which I hope enlarged his mind, I showed him the table of distances, which convinced it. He climbed up slowly into his perch, the fear of the law alone preventing him from indulging in a personal assault, and grunted out "you, a gentleman!" There was, no doubt, by his tone and manner that the sentence was elliptical, and meant that I was not a gentleman. This circumstance afforded me food for reflection, and set me thinking upon what a gentleman is supposed by different classes of people to be, and what not to be. I am afraid that this term "gentleman" is generally applied by the lower

classes to those of their superiors who are most lavish and extravagant. Rarely is an instance to be found in which the parvenu who scatters his money broadcast, does not meet with a greater meed of respect than is doled out to the scion of a once noble but now decayed house; but let him only become prudent, and he is likely to meet with unpleasant comparisons. "He, a gentleman!" "Noa, noa," says Hodge, "there's nothing like blood"—except money. The middle classes—by which everybody means the class that is below him—are very tenacious of this title. "A gentleman of my acquaintance," they say, instead of a "friend of mine," as it is expressed by the class above them. Upwards in the social scale the word gets many a new meaning, but the leading idea is still that of pecuniary superiority. In cities the term is considered somewhat fanciful, and is certainly less cared for. The "gent" is not indignant at being so designated, he thinks it short—he does not know *how* short—for gentleman.

In society a man, who was otherwise unexceptional and possessed of all the virtues, would certainly be deprived of this honorable name were he to violate any of the various forms that etiquette has made imperative, and which are regarded as the correct thing. A man of high title may do, however, pretty much as he likes. He certainly may commit an incredible amount of vicious actions without losing this designation. One of the most profligate princes who ever sat on the English throne, was denominated by "society" of that day, the first "gentleman" in Europe. When therefore we hear ourselves or others proclaimed to be "gentlemen," or "no gentlemen," we should consider, before being flattered or annoyed, who says it, and what he or she is likely to mean.

"He a gentleman—oh, dear no," says the rector's wife, "The man's a dissenter."

What is a gentleman? still remains unsolved. Its definition in Johnson's lexicon, "to be a man of birth," satisfies no one, and least of all perhaps the men of birth. The poet, indeed, seems to know most about the matter when he writes how rare it is to hear

"Without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."

TRIBLE'S Perfect-Fitting French

CRISMUSS AT CEDAR CRICKS.

Twar long o' Big Buck river
On the banks o' Cedar Cricks
Whar the boys war left to winter
To peel and haul the sticks.

Ther war only four in the shanty
Bill and the boss, and me,
And a half-breed Injine woman
To cook and work fur the three.

Me and Bill and the Injine
Had wintered there afore
And cut up lots o' timber
Still thar wus plenty more.

But the boss must ha' got some noshun
Fur he stayed wi' us that year
Tho' the shootin thar warn't easy
Arter they skeert the deer.

He used ter be kinder decent
And liked by the boys as a rule
But this year he war a' cranky
And obs'nite most as a mule.

But the Injine she took to 'um
Right from the very first
And war allus tryin to please 'um
As often as she durst.

Fur he seemed ter wanter be lonely
And kep well away from the rest
Tho' he used ter be mortal able
To tell a yarn wi' the best.

But ther warn't no pleasin the youngster
Work hard as ever we might
So Bill and me detarmin'd
To kick at work one night.

'Twar gettin cold and colder
And the days war gettin dark
The mash, it froze up solid
And the slide war ready to start.

Nex mornin the boss war grumpy
And wantin ter start the logs
He come in to waken us early
And give us our leathern togs.

Then Bill and me just told him
The Devil could start his logs
Fur we warn't a goin to stan it
Bein ornered round like dogs.

He got nigh as white as the snow is
And then all at onct he got red
And swore that he'd make us be sorry
Unless we did just as he said.

And then he tried on a coxin
But found that it wasn't no go
Sez he! "Oh come boys work fur one day
Tomorrer'll be Crismuss y' know."

The woman she heard the loud talkin
And come runnin in fur to see
Whatever the boss war a' doin
In thar wi' Billy and me.

She warn't much used ter spoutin
But she give it straight t' us
I've seed some wildcat women
But I never seed much wuss.

And the boss, he seemed ter git madder
Than he'd been afore she spoke
I thought as the woman 'ud cry then
But no: tho' she did a' most choke.

Then he war fur tryin the shootin
And took up his rifle to go
Fur the deer can't run in the winter
Up to their knees in snow.

But he turned while tyin his snow shoes
And sez he, in a voice like new
Well boys, "I'm sorry it happened
Let's see what'll Crismuss do."

Then the woman got ready our breakfast
Like as nuthin had happened at all
But when it war time fur the dinner
We found that she'd managed t' crawl.

And the day passed away kinder slow-like
Fur we hadn't been used ter loaf round
And the dark and the cold war a' comin
And yet the squaw couldn't be found.

And the boss, he had never come back t' us
Since he started away at dawn
So both on us felt a bit skeery
And we thought as we'd acted wrong.

That night war a mighty long un
Till the light come in at the cracks
Then we grabbed a bottle o' suthin
And followed the woman's tracks.

Right across the mash to the river
And back to the hard-wood bush
Then along the top of a hillock
To a place called Devil's Push.

But here the snow war broken
As some one had fallen through
But the side war covered wi' bushes
Right out 'o the rock they grew.

By goin roun' some distance
 We struck an easier place
 And slidin down on our snow shoes
 Made for the Push in a race.

But tho' the crust war broken
 And the snow war tramped around
 The boss warn't no wheres near us
 And the half-breed not to be found.

But we followed a trail which led us
 Straight in among the wood
 And thar we found em lyin
 As close as ever they could.

As we arterwards heard the story
 He'd chased a deer from the bush
 And runnin along kinder careless
 Fell down in the Devil's Push.

And thar he lay nigh frozen,
 Fur he found that his leg war broke,
 Till the Injine woman found him
 Jist as he give up hope.

She made him drink suthin to warm 'um
 And set up his leg all right
 Then broke up his snow-shoe and used it
 To keep on the bandage tight.

Then inter the bush she dragged him
 And took up his other snow-shoe
 And scooped out a hole to the bottom
 As them Injins allers do.

And thar we found em lyin
 Fur shelter under the trees
 And hadn't we just come on em
 They'd a bin most ready to freeze.

.

That night we did keep Crismuss
 But the woman still gets cross
 When anyone asks the question
 "What made yer foller the boss"?

I. F. A. W.

OUR NATIONAL DRAMA.

The history of the English drama through all its varied stages of development up to its present form is an interesting one.

Upon glancing at the earliest forms in comparison to our present dramatic representations, we will find that in the modern drama a complete subversion of the aims of the primitive has taken place, and that in subject material and in the conditions under which they have been respectively introduced there is so wide a dissimilarity that

only on an inspection of the intermediate stages can one believe that the one is a direct and lineal descendant of the other. If we visit for instance a performance at some low-grade theatre and witness a panorama of crime and bloodshed with a profuse admixture of colored fires, we find it a difficult matter to conceive that this production is the issue of an institution intended mainly for the instruction in and promotion of religious knowledge among the unenlightened masses of the fifteenth century. This, however, was the aim of the Miracle-plays, the first representatives of English drama, being elaboration upon scenes in Biblical history. These appear to have been inseparably associated with ecclesiastical affairs, being exhibited within the walls of sacred buildings and under the direction of clergymen, who, indeed, did themselves sometimes doff the cassock to assume the costume and mask of the stage. For a considerable period these productions were of a strictly allegorical nature, in them we find his Satanic majesty ever a popular favorite together with an impersonated vice who occupied a similar position in respect to the audience as the modern heavy-villian to his Olympian friends; between these two by a close system of analogy some ingenious person may possibly establish a direct relationship.

By degrees, however, under the workings of various influences, these forms threw off their visionary and obscure nature and finally merged boldly into the light as legitimate examples of Comedy and Tragedy. It was at this point that the authors began to seek their material from among the different ranks of existence which lay around them, and to endow their creations with a genuine passion, and reality such as would strike up a firmer bond of sympathy between the character portrayed and the spectator. In those days the theatre was frequently the scene of a double play: in the pit a motley crowd were wont to assemble ever ready to express their disapproval in a by no means delicate way, or anything upon the stage which did not meet ideas of histrionic perfection, or at a moment's notice to turn on their fellow beholders club in hand, and engage in a conflict whose only object seems to have been mutual delectation. The rough and simple taste of these people demanded none of that detail in scenery and accessories which is now such an important factor in dramatic effect; a plain curtain with an explanatory placard was in most cases the substitute for scenery. Should an audience of this day on going to see a popular melo-drama be confronted by a green baize curtain inscribed with large letters, "This is the Thames Embankment by moonlight," or something similar, there would be a general stampede. No, the average theatre-goer of this rushing age, drawing, as he does from so many sources for his feasts of transport and excitement, demands such a completeness in detail that only productions of a vivid and startling nature will arouse him from his habitual indifference; a realistic simulation of death throes will please him, and a repre-

sentation of a sanguinary railway accident will perhaps awake him into enthusiasm.

The tendency of the stage from the earliest times appears to have been to deviate from the strict paths of morality, to such an extent indeed that the force of law has been found necessary to restrain it within the bounds of common decency. We must confess likewise that it has often responded to and reflected in itself a coarse and licentious era, but we should not be too hasty on that account to condemn the whole because it has at times overstepped the bounds of propriety: it only shares this fault with other arts such as sculpture, painting, and poetry, all of which have at times fallen into objectionable extremes.

In the crusade which in the sixteenth century was waged with such vigor against all public amusements, the drama shared the common condemnation under this Puritanical movement; the body of the clergy even, who in this respect had been for some time enacting the part of a Frankenstein, held up her hands in holy horror at the unlooked for form that this creature of her own creation had assumed. To such an extent was this movement carried that in the reign of Charles I. a direct interdict was placed upon all manner of dramatic performances.

This prohibitory measure in conjunction with the corrupt state of public taste during this period probably throws light upon a notable neglect with regard to the greatest character of English Dramatic Literature, namely, Shakespeare.

It is natural to wonder why, he who has done so much to elevate his country in the standard of Literature, who has so improved the taste and promoted the happiness of his countrymen, has been allowed to sink in his personal nature into oblivion: as to his family history and his personal character we are in comparative ignorance, nor does the nature of his writings lend us an opportunity of deducing any internal evidence. It was only when the country had so far recovered from the licentious taste encouraged by Charles II., as to awaken to the beauties of the great bard, that a few admirers employed themselves in making enquiries concerning his theatrical career and his private life, a barren field however was all they found, with a few untrustworthy facts and contested traditions.

On comparing the stage of to-day even with that of the earlier part of this century we regret that there are undoubted signs of degeneracy, but to exactly place the root of this decline is a difficult task, let us investigate then and seek upon whom we may lay the blame, whether upon the player, the manager, or the theatre-going public. First as to the player, it is a matter of doubt whether the actors and actresses of this day as a class are to acknowledge, in any particular, inferiority to their illustrious predecessors of this century; true, the history of the drama is illuminated by such names as the Kembles, Keans, Macready, Siddons, and others, but their positions were vastly different from those of the same profession in this day. The plays which insured a success in that period

were those which were of such a latitude as to afford the actor an opportunity of producing all the power he possessed; were these, with a few exceptions, to be produced now they would be greeted with empty benches. How often do we see an artist of undoubted talent compelled by the force of circumstances to confine his talent within the limits of one of those evanescent trifles which are at present so popular; thus that talent which might have been used in the portrayal of real character and have become a source of lasting benefit, is dissipated in these tissues of unreality which leave behind them only negative impressions. We are just then in acquitting the actor as being in any way the cause of this decline. Next the long-suffering manager with his many trials and disappointments, he who produces the plays with only one aim before him, that of ministering to the varying tastes of the public so as to secure a financial success. His bread depends upon closely watching every indication of change in its inclinations and administering a suitable pabulum.

With safety then we may lay the blame at the door of the public. The drama of any age is only as the taste of that age moulds it, and the players and the managers are mere agents in presenting such dramas as the public have demanded. The majority of the plays produced during the last few years and which have been pronounced successes, in a few months sink into oblivion, not having so far established themselves in public favour as to have found their way to the press. The main cause of this display of taste may be imputed to the immense flood of light literature which has lately been poured into the book-market. There the average man is permitted to indulge so freely that craving for excitement which characterizes the present age, that he seeks it in a new form from the stage, and calls aloud for transformation scenes, for novelties in stage machinery and for everything which may convey pleasure to him through vision. Thus the substance of the play sinks into a secondary position and detail is the first point to be consulted.

Thence it follows that the main aim of the drama, namely, to present a faithful portrayal of human character and passion, is degraded into administering to the lightest inclinations of the multitude. This applies in the highest degree to that class of the drama known as melo-drama, where time after time the same hackneyed plot is rehearsed, a continual strain of persecuted innocence and virtue triumphant, which presents life in the falsest colours and under the most unhealthy aspects.

There are also a certain class of dramas for the most part of French origin, and partaking mostly of the comic element, in which all the nobler instincts of man's nature and even the holy relations of man and wife are utilized towards producing a ludicrous situation: the effect of witnessing a play of this nature is, or should be to any proper minded person, nauseating; what can there be in one of these, either instructive or elevating, when we see the

curtain go down upon a matter-of-fact reconciliation and hands all round, after such an exhibition of senseless intrigues and base infidelity as no healthy-minded person desires to see. As the representative of all that is highest on the English stage, let us take Mr. Irving, in his wonderful conception of Louis XI., for example. What a flood of light is cast upon the eccentricities of that peculiar character; we gain a more intimate knowledge of it through the medium of Irving's representation, than from volumes of written facts.

It is after witnessing performances such as this, that we are brought to realize the potent influence that a properly directed dramatic talent may exercise over a community. Since the first production of *Faust* by Irving, the London booksellers report a sale of 200,000 copies of Goethe's great drama of the same name; if through the stage there has been awakened such an interest in the characters and incidents of this great work, as to lead to a more extensive acquaintance with such a great mind as Goethe's, it has indeed accomplished a noble work, and has conferred a lasting benefit upon its patrons.

Numerous examples of a similar nature might be cited to prove the importance of a properly conducted drama as an organ of instruction, and a censor of morals.

MACARONIC.

THE STUDENT AT THE THEATRE.

Ad theatrum unus student
 Ibat frequens cum a quarter,
 Emit sedem inter deos
 Aspectare pulchras ladies,
 Aspectare at the ludum,
 Commentare on the bonnets,
 Et cantare cum the "sawbones"
 Multa carmena atrocious.
 Unus magnus "cop" espies him,
 Ere the curtain est erecta
 Loudly awling at the viros,
 Qui in primos sedes enter
 Cum their hats upon their caputs.
 Tum repente ille coppus,
 Splendidus in shining buttons
 And a uniform cerulean,—
 Qui in ullis locis idle
 Et nunquam inveniendus
 Quum est magnum pugnum going,—
 Currit capere studentem,
 Lets him off cum gravè warning
 When he videt student strongum.
 Sed the student inter actos
 Frequente his seat relinquits

Ut he may a homo videt
 'Bout a canine quem cognoscit,
 As antiquum dictum hath it.
 Ergo on his journey domum
 Wiggins' earthquake est in progress,
 Mater mundus not so steady
 As she was three hours antequam;
 Sidewalk plenus hills and hollows;
 Fossa transebat his viam.
 Semper into it he tumbles,
 Semper cum the murus domi
 Forms an angulus before him
 Ready to oppose his viam.
 Sine dubito an earthquake
 Doctus student says to lamp post,
 Qui dependit on his shoulder,
 Ego volo cling to postum;
 Sed ignavus lamp post drops him,
 Atque sternit on his tergum
 Eo jacuit till morn.

R. B. M.

VANCOUVER.

[The following article was written "on the spot" during the rebuilding of the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, after the disastrous fire which destroyed that ambitious city. If in reading it due allowance be made for the somewhat exaggerated tone of expectation in regard to the city's future a pretty correct idea may be obtained of the place then, and of its population.]

If the ring of hammers and the hum of saws be pleasant music, Vancouver has been revelling in harmony during the past few weeks. At any hour of the day the sounds of building operations may be heard—the shouts of men, the "yeo-heave" as the frame rises slowly up, the incessant rattle of tools and clatter of lumber, mingled occasionally with the hoarse boom of the blasting operations on the heights behind the town, and the sharp sounding whistles of the tugs and steamers in the harbor,—these make, indeed, a fitting concordance of sounds as the buildings rise tall and graceful as under an enchanter's spell. The extent of the building operations since the fire has been prodigious, it is really a question now, a month after that calamity, whether there are not just as many houses as before. It must be admitted, however, the buildings have not that air of completion that belonged to those of the old town, not much paint has thus far been expended upon them, and some have been very hastily erected. But some of them, on the other hand, are more ambitious in design than any of the old houses, and the merry ringing of the hammers will shortly give place to the more subdued sounds of the work of the

painters, glaziers, and finishers, and the new town will doubtless, amid such busy and prosperous music grow in beauty and comfort, and then to the accompaniment of the rush and bustle of railroads and steamships and the exciting hum of the business exchange, she will increase in importance and wealth and eventually become one of the emporiums of trade and commerce on this western coast.

This sound of industry has been the only music Vancouver has known since the fire; before that an occasional troupe of players would come with a band to charm the listening crowds, and there were also a few musical instruments then in town. But I do not think the place ever enjoyed music more heartily than it did the other evening when a new saloon opened out, with a tolerably well tuned piano at the other end to draw a crowd. I am not partial to saloons, but in this country, people must take things as they find them, however, there was no resisting the really good singing of such well known choruses as "Marching through Georgia," "Swanee River," "Sailing," "Swing low, sweet Chariot," and many Southern plantation songs. I elbowed my way through the crowd that filled the room and the street without also, and took a place near the instrument. Vancouver is at present a rough place, there are men here from every part of the world, and many of them are very clever fellows. The pianist was quite a genius in his way, and could adapt himself to any kind of performance from the imitation of a Chinese song to one of the jubilee melodies. The choruses were rendered in fine hearty style, every part being well represented, and musically, too, one of the best voices belonged to a young teamster in a blouse who appeared to me really fit for something above teaming. The tenor and treble voices were numerous and sweet, and the harmony was so good that several magnates of the city came in to listen, and even old toppers remained silent around forgetting their accustomed glass.

Once or twice a listener who had imbibed somewhat too freely became hilarious, but a stop was put to that when a stout navy picked one of the noisy ones up and carried him bodily out and laid him in the road to cool off. Bret Harte, in his tales and poems of the west, used to dwell considerably upon the good qualities of the rough men who formed the greater portion of the population in these western settlements, their kindness of heart and their ready sympathy, their simpleness and their susceptibility in many ways—and in spite of all his profanity and intemperance, all his roughness, and his almost heathenish disregard for anything in the nature of religion, the average navy who has been roaming up and down this coast for ten, or perhaps twenty years, mining, railroading, gambling and drinking, has occasionally some surprising points of real goodness about him. Perhaps one bred amidst the culture and refinement of the East might experience a certain degree of alarm at the thought of residing for any length of time among such rough neighbors,

but there is no more reason to fear any violence or harm among these rude western men than among the citizens of the East. Their generosity is free and ever ready, and to any one who does not put on supercilious airs they are the best fellows imaginable. I have heard many stories of brave self-forgetfulness on their part during the f. c., and several have been pointed out to me as heroic actors in that dreadful time. There are many Californian miners and English sailors among the navvies, and occasionally one is met who has wandered over the whole world and engaged in every Bohemian employment to be thought of—mining and ranching in Australia, trading in the South Seas, mining again in South America, then working before the mast in the China and Japan Seas, and now railroading near Vancouver, perhaps soon to move again. I have often asked old miners what they thought of the British Columbia mines, but they could never say—it was all a matter of conjecture, the cost of prospecting was so great on account of the roughness of the country and the difficulty of obtaining supplies that a large part of the land had never been prospected at all. It might turn out rich, and on the other hand it might not. But as a rule great hopes are expressed concerning the mineral wealth of this Province, and future years are expected to witness the yield of countless millions from the "mountains of gold." But leaving the mines aside, and agriculture also—for this cannot be called an agricultural country—it must be admitted that British Columbia would amply repay any one for the trouble of a visit. The climate is pleasant, without the extremes of heat and cold so well known in Ontario, and the scenery is the grandest imaginable. All those who have come through the mountains unite in the praise of the magnificent panoramas there spread before the view, and some who have visited Switzerland say the scenery of British Columbia surpasses anything to be seen in that country.

[I hardly think the expectations entertained during the rapid springing up of the city have been realized; but probably its prosperity, founded on a sounder basis, may reach a height, if not so great as that first looked for, at least in keeping with the general wealth of the country.]

A. C.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

The following have been appointed University examiners for 1887:

Divinity.—Rev. C. H. Mockridge, D.D., Trinity College Toronto.

Classics.—Prof. Fletcher, M.A., Queen's College, Kingston.

Mathematics.—Rev. C. A. Swift.

Mental and Moral Philosophy.—Prof. Watson, Queen's College, Kingston.

Physical Science.—R. N. Hudspeth, M.A., Trinity College, Toronto.

Natural Science.—Prof. Coleman, Victoria College, Cobourg.

Hebrew.—Rev. W. E. Cooper, M.A., Trinity College, Toronto.

English and History.—Rev. K. L. Jones, B.D., Trinity College, Toronto.

Modern Languages.—F. Krauss, M.D., C.M., Trinity College, Toronto.

Harmony.—John Carter, Esq.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

On thy fair bosom silver lake,
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

Percival.

THE long vacation of 1886 had just begun, and I was busy planning what I should do and where I should go to spend my annual holiday. I had explored the wilds of Muskoka, had visited the beautiful St. Lawrence region, and had seen the prairie lands of our great North West in former seasons, and this year I had a longing to see something of the much talked of natural beauties of Central New York State. This decided upon, my next thought was, who could I get to join me in my trip, so wending my way along the busy streets of Toronto I entered the chambers of two legal friends, both old Trinity men, and having saluted them and partaken of their hospitality offered in the shape of tobacco, for these gentlemen had a special chamber for smoking in, I broached the subject. Of course they could not both go, one having to remain to sell counsel and give advice to those who sought it, but it was finally arranged that the senior partner whose brain required rest after the litigation of the previous term should accompany me, it was decided that we should leave Toronto, *via* Grand Trunk Railway, and remain a day or two in Port Hope for the Cricket match and Speech day, and after settling a few matters of detail we parted, to meet the following morning at the Union Station.

The day was beautifully fine, and we were soon steaming into the well known town, and strolling along the familiar road to the School buildings. After spending two pleasant days here amidst old friends and surroundings we took passage on the good old steamer "Norseman," which plies between Port Hope and the American port of Charlotte on the opposite side of Lake Ontario. The lake here at its widest, being about sixty miles across, and to those who are contemplating a summer tour to New York this is a very pleasant route to take.

On arriving at Charlotte we took the New York Central Railway for Rochester where we intended to stay a few days. This beautiful city is too well known to need description, so I will not waste time, but pass on to the lake region whither we were bound. I had been told of the great beauties of Watkin's Glen and Seneca Lake, and my friend having agreed, we determined to take our tickets for the former place. The old Auburn division of the New York Central runs from Rochester to Canandaigua, at which latter place we were told we should have to change cars. Now I have always prided myself on being an experienced traveller, and little dreamt that I should do anything so foolish as to get on a wrong train; but such was to be the case, for on arriving at Canandaigua we got out of the train and after walking up and down the

station several times got into the same train again which had moved on to another track. When the conductor came around it was a sight to see his face, he looked at our tickets and then at us and muttered something which sounded to me like all the fools not being dead yet. However, fortune favored us as we learned that by continuing on this train to Geneva we could reach Watkins by another route, so we concluded that this was the wisest thing to be done, and having put away our now useless tickets and paid our fare over again we settled ourselves in the smoker and tried hard to imagine that we had not lost anything. But a surprise was in store for us, for on arriving at Geneva we found ourselves in one of the most beautiful towns of New York State.

To those who are ignorant of its position I may say that it is at the head of Seneca lake, and about fifty miles south of Rochester. The town rises gradually from the lake side to Main street, a beautiful avenue, on which are many fine residences, in fact we were so charmed with the place that we decided to remain for a few days, and having made ourselves comfortable at the "Kirkwood," settled down to enjoy the beauties of this wonderful region. This part of the country was originally inhabited by the Six Nations Indians, and to those who are of a moralising turn of mind affords ample food for reflection. For the Indians, this lake district must have been a land flowing with milk and honey; beautiful small lakes with rolling hills and peaceful valleys, and which must have abounded with fish and game, are now the abode of the white man, and all that remains of the aborigines is their nomenclature, the names which are happily allowed to rest upon these lakes instead of Roman or Grecian are such as Onandaga, Oneida, and the liquid Canandaigua. After seeing all that we could of Geneva, we took the steamer "Otetiani," for the foot of the lake, and soon a panorama opened before us. The lake is nowhere more than three miles in width, and as the land slopes very gradually to the highlands behind, a magnificent view is commanded from the deck of the steamer. Every few miles is a summer resort or small village at which the steamer stops to take on or let off passengers. At one of the latter an amusing incident occurred, my friend prides himself on being irresistible with the fair sex, and while the steamer lay at the wharf at Willard's, he caught sight of a procession of young ladies, and taking them for a school began waving his handkerchief frantically and kissing his hand. Not feeling sure of the propriety of this, I consulted my guide book to see who these fair strangers were, when to my amusement and my friend's intense chagrin it turned out that they were the inmates of the State Insane Asylum, it is needless to say my friend performed no more feats of gallantry. But to return to my subject. It is said that at the hottest part of the summer it is always cool on Seneca Lake, and certainly we found it so. A delightful breeze was blowing, and the air was cool and refreshing, and as the steamer glided slowly down the lake I felt a sense of

contentment stealing over me, everything seemed as peaceful and beautiful as it must have been before the white-man ever drove his red brother out and dyed these hills with blood, for in this vicinity were fought many bloody Indian battles. We reached Watkins which is at the foot of the lake, about evening, and having secured a good night's rest at the Glen Mountain House set out in the morning to explore the beauties of the glen. It consists of a number of glens or sections, rising one above another and forming a series of rocky arcades and galleries, at times widening out into vast amphitheatres, and presents a beautiful combination of glen, mountain, lake and valley. The length of the glen is three miles, and the ascent is about eight hundred feet. A stream of water comes tossing down from the summit to the lake, and along the channel of this stream we walked or crawled as necessity required.

It would be an ungrateful task for me to attempt to portray the beauties of this romantic spot, nowhere have I seen such natural scenery, and so fascinated was I with the spot that I then and there registered a vow that when clients were numerous and I should be in a position to lead my fair one to the altar, hither should I come to spend my honeymoon.

After a climb of several hours we reached the summit which is called Table Mountain, and here, in all its glory, the view was stretched out before us.

Eight hundred feet below us lay the village of Watkins, to the north, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the lake with the hills in the background, and here and there a farm house, the whole presenting to the eye a magnificent and fascinating picture. Reluctantly we retraced our steps, and by night were once more speeding towards home *via* Niagara Falls, and feeling more satisfied with my summer trip than I ever remember being before.

A. C. F. B.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

How widely discussed is this question of to-day. It fills several columns of our daily newspapers, and the rest bear traces of its influence; the weeklies keep a special corner for it, and its own sheets are a legion in number. It is a new lever lately wrought, for the handle of which politicians will shortly be squabbling. The writer consequently feels some diffidence in attempting to say anything on the question itself, but on the views of its supporters, the prohibitionists, he would make a few remarks.

To say of a man that he drinks, is, in the eyes of some good folk, sufficient to classify him as a worthless outcast; by this expression they do not necessarily understand him to be an habitual drunkard, for however moderate he may be in his potations, the fact of his taking liquor suffices to stamp him in their estimation as a dangerous character,

and one whose company polluted. For with them the temperate man, differs but little from the drunken sot, the latter being, in their consideration, merely a more developed case of the former: both, they seem to believe are on their way to ruin, only one is in advance of the other in their march to destruction. Abstinence, not temperance, is their virtue, indeed temperance in their eyes appears as vice moderated. The decision thus presented by this opinion, generalized, would contend that in the case of luxuries which might be abused, not he who used with moderation, nor he who used in excess, but he who made *no* use was acting aright, thus immediately inferring that the luxury in question was an unmixed ill. Such is their extreme position; brought on, no doubt, by the terrible social evils of drunkenness, but maintained by the iron bands of their fanaticism.

In one of their principal publications appeared a story of a certain labourer who, according to his custom, took a single glass of beer which made him so sleepy, it being a warm day, that on his way home he laid down on a railway track (comfortable spot) to doze, and narrowly escaped death from a passing train. This paper did not wish to prove that the man was drunken, but that it was a folly and a vice to take beer at all; however, the improbability of the tale leaves it no force as an argument, and throws discredit on the cause by the evident attempt to stretch the truth. The extreme views taken by many prohibitionists are well illustrated by a motto which the writer observed in the house of a very worthy couple. It represented a vase, containing some oval-shaped things, round the base of which coiled a serpent, while over it encircled the words "touch not, taste not, handle not," the observer was puzzled for a moment what to make of it, until suddenly it dawned on him that the contents of the vase were intended for grapes, not eggs, and that the warning thus distantly conveyed was one advising total abstinence. The good woman of the house had evidently followed out the precept, not regarding Solomon's words on the subject of wine which maketh glad the heart of man and oil to make him a cheerful countenance, for her face wore a rather sour expression.

Some of the effects which this course of conduct has produced are very much to be regretted. Seeking support from the Scripture for their narrowed views, they have twisted some texts and have perverted others entirely, thus instead of following the teachings of Scripture, they have endeavoured to make Scripture follow them. In avoiding excess they have turned to asceticism, not understanding that virtue is a middle course between two opposing ills; for the dangers of excess have given them a panic in which many of them appear to have forgotten what constitutes the true moral course of action. Certainly there is no harm in voluntary abstinence, and in certain cases it may be advisable, but the danger lies in attempting to enforce it on others, and, while endeavouring to prove theirs to be the sole moral position to be taken on the subject, in

erring by falsely construing the moral guide, the Scriptures. Again, a motion brought before the Anglican Synod recently held in Montreal, shows the dangerous tendency of the extremist views, and how treacherous to established rites they may be. This motion proposed that the use of fermented or unfermented wine in the celebration of the Eucharist, should be made optional with the clergy, presumably on the consideration that total abstainers would be able to keep their vows to the letter. Should not the party pause then, when they see their views tending to make such a radical change on grounds so slight; when it threatens to become so destructive and tyrannical that it hardly hesitates to change an institution of such sanctity? Happily, however, this motion had few supporters; but, nevertheless, it is a warning to be careful as to what standing we take on this question, for in avoiding Scylla, we cannot be sure that we will altogether escape Charybdis; if we recoil too much from one, we may be in peril of the other.

To partake of the pleasures of this world is natural, but to love them so much as to place them before moral duty, is both unnatural and pernicious. Why then should we not wish man to enjoy what was created for his enjoyment, instead of branding as an evil an object intended for his proper use? We attach no discredit to the individual who, instead of withdrawing from the world because of the many temptations which beset his path, manfully, meets and masters them, why then should it be attached to the temperate man who may think it proper to indulge occasionally? for we must remember that it is not in pleasure itself, but in the immoderate use of pleasure that sin lies.

PRAYER AND WEATHER.

In this age of scientific research, the question is often asked, can prayer affect the state of the weather? To this question, considered from a scientific standpoint there can be but one answer—No. Now unfortunately this answer is objectionable to a number of very good people, who labor under the absurd delusion that the question is a religious one. They ought to see that meteorology is a scientific subject, and one which has scarcely yet emerged from its infancy. If we understood meteorology as well as we understand the movements of the heavenly bodies, there would be no difficulty in informing the petitioner whether the weather he wanted was due or not. Apart from this ignorance, the position of a person praying for a change in the weather is much the same as that of a savage praying that the sun may not be devoured up, as he thinks, by an eclipse. To a person who knew whether this eclipse were to be total or partial, the ridiculousness of the petition is apparent, for he would reason that if the eclipse were not going to be total, prayer that it might not be so, was unnecessary, and if it were going to be total

such a prayer must be useless unless a miracle were vouchsafed. But then say some the weather may be changed in response to prayer. Let them think for a moment what this amounts to. Simply this, that somewhere or other in the chain of causation on which weather changes depend, there is a place where the laws of nature do not operate in a definite way, but might act in one or another of several different ways. Thus we see, speaking from a scientific point of view, that prayer proceeding on the assumption, that in the natural order of things bad weather would continue, and that in response to prayer it will be changed, is improper and wrong, for all who consider what it implies. Again, it may be said that the question is not in any sense a religious one, the possible influence of prayer in modifying the progress of events is a purely scientific question and as such has been debated over and over again—with no particular result, because the student of science can have but one opinion on the subject, while the unscientific only *think* that they think about it.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1886.

With this number we complete the seventh volume of ROUGE ET NOIR, and it may not be out of place here to look back over its course. Commenced in 1880 as a private enterprise it was, after the appearance of the first issue, unanimously adopted by the students, as the College paper, to act, uninfluenced by the authorities, as their mouth-piece. Owing to the wit and energy of its founders, J. Travers Lewis and others, it obtained a firm footing despite much discouragement from the authorities, who disliked the idea of having their actions criticized; nevertheless it was the means of effecting several beneficial changes in College affairs. It appeared at first as a quarterly, in which shape it continued for some years, until the number of issues per year was changed to six; propositions were made to publish it monthly, but this project it was impossible to adopt, doubtless owing to lack of support in contributions from under-graduates. Many again who should have been friendly to ROUGE ET NOIR, turned to it the cold shoulder, objecting to the name as suggestive

of gambling; it was decided, however, to retain the title, as it represented the College colours, and as no other satisfactory name was proposed. We trust, however, that this feeling has died out, and that our readers see in the name only what its sponsors intended, namely the watchword of the College.

Since these earlier years its literary department has increased in size considerably, and under the editorship of of Messrs. A. Lampman and J. A. Ritchie this portion of the paper became particularly attractive, many a charming little sonnet flowing from the pens of both these gentlemen. Such is a hurried retrospect of the past history of ROUGE ET NOIR, but there is much to be done, and we hope for a bright and successful future; we regret to say that we have not been supported by contributions as we should have been; under-graduates forget that when they are lax in their duty an increased amount of work devolves on the editors, and were we better supported ROUGE ET NOIR would appear more frequently.

So with grateful thanks to our contributors of the past year for their kind assistance, and with best wishes to our readers for a joyous Yule-tide, we close this volume and place it among the records of the past.

That the experiment at Harvard, of free chapels, has proved a success, speaks very creditably for the students of that University. For some time past the men aided by their various college papers have persistently agitated against compulsory chapels, and have at last gained the concession of free attendance from the authorities. This innovation, as we have before remarked, has had good results. Since its introduction the attendance has been nearly up to the average, the falling off being, according to one of the Professors, more than compensated for by the earnestness of those who do attend, and the reflection that they worship of their own free will and not perfunctorily. The result is one well worthy the attention of some Universities, where they still pursue the compulsory chapel system, and regard the majority of the body of students as outside the *pale*.

WE are glad to observe that the question of Elocution is becoming one of interest to our readers. In our last issue we printed a valuable contribution from "Alpha" on the subject, and this is followed up in the present number by a further communication from a "Backwood Under-graduate." It is indeed a matter upon which too much stress cannot be placed, especially in an institution like ours, where most of the graduates proceed either to the bar or the church.

The importance of Elocution as an art has been felt and acknowledged in all countries wherever civilization and learning have attained their highest state of perfection, even from the earliest times it has been esteemed a neces-

sary branch of education, and in the present day excellence in delivery, both in the pulpit and at the bar, have become indispensable to the success of the speaker. To be able to speak well and read well, must certainly ever rank amongst the foremost accomplishments, and the truth of this proposition is self-apparent when we reflect, that as language is the medium through which we communicate our thoughts and impressions, so the power it exerts over us must of necessity be modified by the manner in which it is conveyed to us. In no instance do these views receive stronger confirmation than in the ministrations of the pulpit. How often do we find sermons of high order utterly fail in their intended effect—and why? because of the defective delivery of the clergyman. How often do the sublime and beautiful compositions of the Holy Scriptures lose their meaning and force because they are read without reverence and expression, and often with indistinctness and impure enunciation. It is only when some one of high elocutionary culture charms us with his voice, and reveals to us beauties of which we were before unconscious, that we realize how much the pulpit loses by its neglect of this art, how much it would gain by its study and mastery.

Some time ago our attention was directed to a pamphlet containing the annual report of the Council of the Guild of St. Matthew. Most of our readers are probably aware of the objects with which this society was formed. To those who are not, we may say that it aims at discovering and dealing with the causes of Secularism, and to questions bearing on social and political morality it pledges itself to give earnest attention.

The term Socialism as used in the present day, is to many, a very abstract one, admitting of various interpretations, usually being associated in the minds of eminently respectable people with dynamite and other such accessories of civilization. As defined by the G. S. M. in connection with the Church, it is limited to two propositions:

First—*Every man should work.*

Secondly—*The produce of labour must be distributed on a more equitable system than at present.*

In favour of these propositions it is claimed that they are principles which underlie all Christian teachings and life. Of late Christian Socialism has attracted much attention in England from the various denominations, and thinking men of all shades of opinion have come to the conclusion that our present social system needs a radical reform. The question of labour and capital stands out as one of the most important of the day. At no far distant period Legislators will be called upon to deal with it. What stand the Church will then take is a matter of vital importance, as upon it will depend to a great extent, her sphere of usefulness in the future.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ELOCUTION.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR,

SIRS,—I am pleased to see the change made in the hours for opening the Library, instead of the former arrangement of opening it twice a week, it is now opened four times a week, and at hours much more convenient to the student. But it is of the library itself, Mr. Editor, that I wish to write. One is struck by the uneven distribution of the works, at least half the number of volumes are on theology, a good many on classics, and on history, but the collection of general literature is very poor indeed, and out of all proportion to the other departments. Now every library should be well supplied with general literature, which in fact ought to form its largest division as it is the most widely read; and therefore I think it would be well if ROUGE ET NOIR called the attention of the authorities to the matter.

I hoping to see an improvement, I remain, yours truly,

LECTOR.

[We agree with *Lector* on this question, and think that the department of general literature should be increased at the earliest possible opportunity. It should be borne in mind that we are not all theological students; the majority of us are general readers, and by reason of the smallness of this department, little encouragement is given to the study of English classics.]—ED.

HEATING THE BUILDING.

To the Editors of ROUGE ET NOIR,

DEAR SIRs,—Now that we are just entering on a long winter season, it may not be out of place to ask the question, when are the authorities going to have the building properly heated?

None of us who have spent a winter term here, are ignorant of the asphyxiating effects of the carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen and other olefiant gases which are given off from the various coal stoves, these added to the fumes arising from the burning varnish on the pipes, go to form an atmosphere which is fatal to the respiratory organs of all, at least all, the mucous membrane of whose bronchi is of a softer consistence than leather. Were some of this gas collected it might be utilized to dispel the Cimmerian darkness in which the corridors are at present plunged, and would possess the advantage of cheapness, thus being in accordance with the system of rigid economy which so far as our comfort is concerned, is practised by the powers that be.

FOR AND AGAINST GAS.

Editors ROUGE ET NOIR,

DEAR SIRs,—Let me express my intense delight at the fact that ROUGE ET NOIR is so forcibly urging upon Divinity Students the absolute necessity of the study of Elocution. This is something thoroughly practical, and "Alpha" for one is awake to its importance.

Trinity Graduates as a rule are men of considerable culture. Those who are there trained for Holy Orders in the Church are men of sound Theology. They are aware of its subtleties and of its interminable logomachy. They can shun the microscopic "oi" that would bring down upon them Nicrean anathemas. They can clearly distinguish "efficacious" grace from "sufficient" grace, and can laugh at Hume's "experience." They have dived into Ethics, and can learn wholesome lessons, alike from the Tartarus of Pythagoras and from faithful Penelope and from Hector courageous in death. They are armed with Apologetics, and are intimately acquainted with the Fathers, they know what is meant by their "unanimous consent" (which I don't), and carefully avoiding all their mistakes and puerilities, recall their saintly lives and offices to connect them with Apostolic times. They know logic, too, and can outbalance the Cardinal's *Barbara* with their *Festino*, and thus throw Papal infallibility to the winds. They know moral philosophy, too, and much besides, are often bachelors and masters of arts, but is it too much to say, that of the art of intelligently imparting this to others—the philosophy of the human voice, some of them are profoundly ignorant. This is not as it should be. It is like a city having a magnificent reservoir. It is supplied with water from a far distant fountain. It is carried thence through a succession of pipes, overlapping that the muddy streams may be kept out, and the water maintained pure and orthodox; but now alas! there are no contrivances called trachea, larynx, etc., to convey all this to the thirsting multitude. This then is what is wanted—the art of conveying to others what it has been so necessary for them to acquire—a knowledge of the principles of Elocution. Without this, culture will do no more for a parish priest than furnish selfish delight. All this culture will not bless a clergyman in his work if, as Emerson says, "he is indisposed from writing or speaking by the fulness of his mind, and the severity of his tastes"

Pardon my boldness, but I once heard a Trinity Divinity Student decry Elocution on the ground that the sermon was a secondary matter, that the true outpouring of the soul in the worship of God was the all important feature. *Most certainly.* But I once heard a deacon, about as eloquent as the student referred to, endeavouring to enforce this fact on the baker's dozen that came "to hear" him, and from sheer lack of fluency he utterly failed to carry conviction, and his sermon was received as an ill-expressed apology for his own inability. George Elliot spoke to the point when she said (I separate this from its context

and apply it to some sermons I've heard). "The poor man's Church. And why is it the poor man's Church? Because he can have a seat for nothing. I think it is for nothing, for it would be hard to tell what he gets by it."

It is easy to sit amidst the religious surroundings of Trinity College, and theorize with regard to the needlessness of Elocution; but in the country it is eloquence in the pulpit that is honored and respected, and that does much towards extending the Church. Country people like fluency in speech. They are as a rule tainted with ultra-protestantism and puritanism, and, may I say, accordingly are afflicted with itching ears. The majority of them prefer to listen to the fluent, animated, ungrammatical nonsense of some sectarian than the dignified tameness of the more learned, but less eloquent clergyman. Consequently the chapels are filled and the church is "preached bare to the very sexton." Surely eloquence in the pulpit will help to remedy this. It may be a kind of homœopathic cure for the above disease, but in these days it requires an eloquent sermon to convince people of its secondary importance.

Trinity students have the advantage over others of superior culture. This is the only sure foundation, and gives them "legs whereon to stand." If to this they will add the art of conveying it to others, then like Lacon's genius they will also have "wings whereby to fly." And these wings are necessary. The clergyman, the modern prophet of God, and priest in the Church exhorting men to keep themselves "unspotted from the world," should be able like the rapturous Isaiah to lift up his voice with strength, and soaring above earthly things cry to his sinful people. "Behold your God." Think not that I am advocating Methodistical pomposity or pulpit theatricals, but such "easy, judicious" reading, speaking, and gesticulating as will best impart to the hearers the meaning of the author and the mind of the speaker. Of course all cannot be like S. Chrylostom or Canon Liddon,—great preachers, like poets, are born not made. But this renders it more urgent for those who are not natural-born preachers to defeat nature by closely following high artificial standards. In time the artificial becomes transmuted into the natural, rules become more flexible, the unpleasant bluntness and monotony of the voice give place to smoothness, crispness, and gentle undulations, the eyes are no longer riveted on the manuscript, but "passing long from pew to pew pass not a sinner by," his feet are not immovable, as if in stocks, his hands and arms are found to be of use, and the preacher who once preached to us in grating monotonous is now cured of his "holoplexia" and speaks to us with a thousand voices. This is not overdrawn. It is verified in some of our best preachers, who, though possessed of varied culture were at first clumsy and ineloquent.

It is a query to me that this important subject has received so little consideration from students in Divinity. The prophetic part of a clergyman's work is certainly an important part. Like the orator, the preacher's voice "is

a mighty power as it echoes from shore to shore." He has to picture to ignorant, but practical people, the awfulness of sin, the strength and comfort of a life in communion with God, and the peace and joy of heaven. Why then (when training would remedy it) should he speak of the ecstasies of joy and peace and blessedness with a voice and an expression that indicate none of them. *No!* mere intellectual ability is not enough for the preacher. It must have wings. If it lies dormant in icy solitude and metaphysical abstraction, it is absolutely without force.

If what I have said tends to convince, that the sweetest words and the sublimest truths should not be handled in the stiffest style, and in sing-song sleep-producing mumbling, then I am delighted. As Rev. Sidney Smith says; "Is sin to be taken from man as Eve from Adam, by casting into a deep slumber. Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety." I think an attention to the subject of this letter would help to stop the cry "sleepy congregations and dead-and-alive service," and would hasten the time when some of our Churches would cease to, be as Swift says, "public dormitories."

A BACK-WOODS UNDERGRADUATE.

OUR INSTITUTIONS.

LITERARY INSTITUTE.

The fifth regular meeting of the above institute was held on the 12th November, when essays were read by Mr. Loucks, on the "Catacombs," and by Mr. Houston on "The Baconian Shakespeare." The debate, "Resolved that the influence exerted by the Romish Church in political affairs is injurious to the country," was then proceeded with, and a very animated discussion ensued, ultimately upon a vote being taken, it was decided in favor of the affirmative by a large majority.

The election of a committee of five to revise the Constitution, resulted in the return of Messrs. Shutt, Matheson, Leake, Houston, and Lowe. These gentlemen have been hard at work since, and are reported to have made some very necessary changes in the rules of procedure.

The meeting of November 19th, was largely attended. The debate, "That ignorance has exerted a greater influence on the world than knowledge," was decided in favor of the negative by a small majority. The essayist, Mr. Waller, treated his subject, "Marriage with deceased wife's sister," very discursively, and at great length. Essayists ought to bear in mind that they should not exceed the stipulated time, as by doing so they interfere with other business.

In the case of one or two members it is respectfully submitted that they should endeavor to restrain, if possible, the exuberance of their youthful verbosity, and allow to others, what they claim for themselves, the right to be heard.

THEOLOGICAL AND MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of the above Association was held on November 15th, the Rev. Provost Body, the President of the Society, in the chair. There was a large attendance, including several of the city clergy. The President gave a short address dealing with the objects of the society and the means adopted to carry them out, and of the necessity for an Association such as this. He strongly deprecated the cry which is so often raised against the stress laid on Theological studies, pointing out that these studies are concerned with the great fundamental truths which underlie all religion, and that whatsoever enables us to grasp more firmly these essentials, must tend to deepen our spiritual life. He urged on all the necessity of stronger efforts to carry out the objects of the society, and said that the Church wanted not only earnest clergymen, but also earnest and zealous laymen.

The following were then elected officers for 1886-87:

President.—Rev. Provost Body. *Vice-Presidents*.—Rev. Prof. Jones, and Rev. Jno. Langtry. *Secy-Treasurer*.—H. O. Tiemayne. *Executive Committee*.—Rev. J. D. Cayley, Rev. W. H. Clarke, Rev. Prof. Roper, Messrs. E. C. Cayley, G. S. Anderson, M. A. Mackenzie, J. S. Broughall, H. J. Leake, W. J. Creighton, H. H. Johnston, G. Warren, and H. A. Bowden.

The Rev. R. H. Starr, read a paper on "Some Phases of Church Work in England," dealing with the wonderful work which the Church at home is accomplishing, of which we, accustomed to the apathy which characterizes the Church in Canada, can have no conception. At the close of his paper Mr. Starr was tendered a hearty vote of thanks. After the meeting the Association was most hospitably entertained by the Provost and Mrs. Body.

A meeting of the Committee was held on Friday, Nov. 19th, to arrange for meetings for the year. It was decided to hold a Devotional Meeting on November 29th, and a regular meeting on Monday, December 6th, at which Mr. E. C. Cayley, B. A., will read a paper on "Emerson and his relation to Christianity." Both these meetings will be held at 8 p.m. Papers were also arranged for the next term, and Rev. Mr. Langtry promised one on "Christian Unity," and the Provost one on "Some Features of History of Canadian Church." The Society has now over forty members, and there is every reason to hope that an era of more extended usefulness lies open before it.

Perhaps it might not here be amiss to give a slight sketch of the Association and its objects, as we are afraid that many who would be glad to become members and avail themselves of its help, do not know of its existence. The Association was formed at a meeting held in January, 1884, and its purpose as set forth by the Constitution is—

"On the broad basis of common membership in the Church:

(a) To be a centre for Theological and Missionary work in the College.

(b) To form a permanent bond of union between the students, graduates, and other friends of the College.

(c) To supply to members information as to the needs and methods of Missionary work.

(d) To be a centre from which Missionary and other work undertaken by the members of the Association might be directed and developed."

The means adopted to accomplish these objects are papers dealing with some subject relating to Theology or to Mission work, which are read at each meeting; each member of the society is to devote some portion of his time to practical Church work, and all members are to supply such information as they may think useful in furthering the objects of the Association. The meetings are held every three weeks during term, and a devotional meeting once each term.

All graduates and undergraduates of the University, all clergymen of the Church, and such laymen, members of the Church, as may express a desire to join, are eligible for election to membership. During the two years it has been in active operation much Church work has been accomplished through its means, of which unfortunately no record has been kept. At the meetings, the following, among other papers, have been read: "Missionary Work in the North-West,"—Prof. Schneider; "Prisons,"—Mr. J. Hague; "Country Missions in Canada,"—Rev. Mr. Whitcomb; "New Discovery of Bryennius in its relation to the Christian Ministry,"—Rev. Provost Body; "Rev. F. W. Maurice,"—Rev. H. Symonds; "Chief Sources of Ministerial Power,"—Rev. J. G. Lewis. "Advent (1885) Mission in New York,"—Rev. A. J. Broughall.

It is to be hoped that all Graduates and Clergymen will see their way to becoming members, and will furnish any information they may think useful to further the aims of the Association. Any information regarding the Association will be gladly furnished by the members of the Council.

PERSONALS.

The following graduates of Trinity College have been appointed members of the board of study: Rev. H. H. Symonds, '84, Literae Humaniores. Mr. S. Davidson, '84, Mathematics and Physical Science. Rev. W. E. Cooper, '57, Divinity.

Rev. H. D. Cooper, late of Lloydtown, has been appointed to Batteau.

C. R. Gunne, '78, is writing a series of interesting letters from California to the *Markham Sun*.

Rev. C. H. Shortt, '79, has been appointed incumbent of the Woodbridge mission, *viz* Rev. O. P. Ford. The work of this mission has been most successful, which proves beyond doubt the efficiency of the system of clergy-houses in unsettled districts of the country.

Rev. O. P. Ford has just concluded a most successful mission in Ottawa.

On the lists of successful law students at the Osgoode Hall examinations we notice the names of two Trinity men, who seem by masterful inactivity to have obtained the last places. We would urge these gentlemen to overcome their extreme modesty, and would say to them, "friends, go up higher."

We understand that the Rev. Charles Scadding is writing an article on Trinity College for the *New York Churchman*.

The resignation of the Rev. G. E. Haslam has been accepted by the Board. It may not be out of place to state that the rev. gentleman has held the fellowship in Natural Science since its foundation, in which department he has evinced great interest. To our museum he has always proved a friend, and many of its specimens are due to the results of his geological expeditions. Among his numerous scientific inventions which have been a benefit to the College we may draw attention to the atmometre, a description of which appeared in this paper some time since.

The Rev. J. G. Lewis left here a few days ago to take the rectorship of Clyde, a town on the New York Central, N. Y. We feel assured that the reverend gentleman's energy will gain him success in his new field of labor.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

How doth ye song of Clementine
In early morning rise.
From out ye Western Corridor
When wake ye pesky flies !
How doth ye slumbering senior
In sleepy accents send
Ye early fresh-man and his noise
To Jericho's far end.

We are pleased to hear that a very respectable sum has been granted by the corporation for the gymnasium restoration. The work has already been begun.

Some energetic spirits have been making moves towards the institution of a Glee Club, of which Trinity has been destitute for some years ; considering the amount of material we have at hand, it would not be a laborious undertaking to form a very creditable Club.

The training of the choir is now in the hands of Mr. Plummer, under the directorship of Prof. Roper. It has of late exhibited a vast improvement. The universal adoption of cassocks would much improve the appearance of the choristers.

Messrs. Bowden and Carter of this College are in charge of the new Sunday-School at S Alban's Cathedral.

The Scribe promises us the first number of *Episcopon* on the third of this month.

The gas jets have not yet arrived in the corridors, we, with our dislocated spines and bruised shins, are patiently waiting.

Let all subscribers to this paper who have not yet liquidated, beware ! The business manager intends publishing a black list in the next number.

The Committee on the revision of the Constitution have been actively employed during the last week, and have at last completed their task. The scratching of pens, meanwhile from the Secretary's room, has been deafening,

That periodical visitant, the vagrant dog, has come and gone, how he endears himself to the soft-hearted undergraduate in a hundred ways, and leaves him disconsolate. Why could we not have an exclusively College dog ?

We hope soon to see the photograph of the first year. After a general hair-cut, and an all around brush up, these sons of Anak may make a creditable group.

Dark plots and strange murmurings are floating in the Western corridors, hinting at the entire suppression of banjoism in that reign.

That annual bugbear the Christmas examination is causing its wonted restlessness among our undergraduates.

We sincerely hope that a course of afternoon lectures, similar to those delivered in Convocation Hall during the last Academic Year, will become one of the institutions of Trinity. They would be sure to meet with the same hearty appreciation as was displayed by the large numbers in attendance at the former lectures.

Could not arrangements be made with some of the city organists to hold organ recitals in our college chapel during the coming term ? The few hitherto given have been well patronized, and have proved most enjoyable.

We deplore the fact that so sure as a gyp has been employed who proves himself efficient, and begins to be a source of comfort to the men who care to see their rooms in an orderly condition, so sure is he to take his departure, having remained just long enough for us to appreciate him, and to deepen our displeasure at the advent of a green hand. Who can we blame for this invariable occurrence ?

A dangerously sensational character pervades many of the serial stories in our magazines and weekly papers, dangerous because intense excitement of this kind is as injurious to a healthy state of mind as riotous living is to the health of the body. Its action on the mental state is like that of opium on the physical frame, bringing in itself little or no food, while with each taste the craving grows stronger, it destroys all mental health, and no longer does any desire remain save that of its indulgence. Readers, then, should beware lest its influence over them grow so strong as to endanger their literary taste.

EXCHANGES.

The Pennsylvania Western of this month makes a new departure in College journalism, that of interleaving the literary portion with advertisements, we doubt, however, if it is an improvement. With one-fourth of the paper devoted to locals there is but scant room for original contributions.

The Undergraduate in "Shakespearian Interpretation," has an article much superior to that of the average College Journal. On the principle, presumably, that a surfeit of rich fare palls upon the appetite, the editors have carefully avoided inserting any other literary matter.

The Adelpian has been considerably increased in size, and three new departments added. Judging from the article on Elocution, it would appear that the mode of imparting that branch of learning is anything but satisfactory to the students,—still it is better than ignoring it altogether as some Universities appear to do. Under the heading "Items of Interest," are several paragraphs worthy of perusal.

The Portfolio contains two very readable articles on Music and Mrs. Browning. We quite agree with the writer of the latter in the statement "that it is impossible to form a correct judgment of a contemporary poet." That we must leave to succeeding ages.

The Hamilton Literary Monthly, under "College Government," makes some pertinent remarks respecting "Rows," blaming the authorities for trying to abolish them, and claiming that they are beneficial in making class distinctions more marked.

On the whole it is difficult to see that the writer has made out a good case. There are many other and better ways of "taking the conceit out of a freshman," and until these fail, we must disagree with the writer respecting the beneficial results of "Rows."

The Tustonian enters on the collegiate year with the high resolve that "if a dearth of matter occurs, the editors will call on the students for contributions." We can but extend to the editors our heartfelt sympathies, for we feel that they must be newly appointed to their office, and are doomed to meet many disappointments. Alas, how often have we tried the same plan, but no man heeded us. Verily, so far as contributing to his college paper is concerned, the heart of the under-grad." is as adamant.

To those desirous of cultivating pure Saxon English the story of "Billy Boxer" in the *Critic* is specially commended. It abounds in such classic expressions as "Bang your peepers," "Shinning down a post," etc. It is to be deplored that a College journal cannot find something else with which to fill its pages, and for the sake of the College, we hope that the story was not written to suit the tastes of the readers of the journal in question.

The Foster Academy Review is small, but what is of it is good. Why not establish an exchange column? and substitute it for a portion of that dry Mathematical Department. If properly carried out you will find it to be the most interesting part of your paper.

The Princeton Prep is to hand requesting an exchange. We shall be most happy to comply, and heartily wish you success in your venture.

The Educational Weekly of November 18, commenting on the subject of over-education as bearing on the overcrowding of the professions, remarks that it is really want of education with which we have to deal, and claims that were each candidate for medicine, law, and teaching obliged to take a B. A., or some equivalent degree, before proceeding to their professional examination, we should hear less of over-education, and a good many unlearned intruders into the "learned professions" would find their proper avocations elsewhere.

A correspondent to *Acta Victoriana*, dealing with the question of scholarships and prizes as discussed by the Teachers' Association, claims that they should be abolished and the money devoted to other purposes, such as establishing a beneficiary fund for needy students, and also for post graduate study, and states that this plan has gained the approval of the graduates and undergraduates both of Toronto and Victoria Universities. There is no doubt that the perpetuation of this pernicious system is being regarded with more and more disfavor on every side, as it involves the expenditure of a large amount of money that should be devoted to advancing the interests of higher education.

We acknowledge receipt of the following for November: *Sunbeam, Rockford Seminary, Portfolio, Sibyl, Adelpian, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Pennsylvania Western, Undergraduate, Lantern, Critic, Normal News, Troy Polytechnic, Dartmouth, Presbyterian College Journal, Yankton Student, University Quarterly, Queen's College Journal.*

BOOK NOTICE;

The new Public School History of England and Canada has been placed in our hands for inspection. Its authors are G. Mercer Adam and W. J. Robertson, and it is published by the Copp, Clark Company. To authors and publishers alike the book is very creditable. Whether it is needed is an open question, but at all events it will be found very useful to the teacher and convenient for the learner. Historic proportion seems to have been observed throughout, and the treatment of Canadian history is particularly satisfactory. One of the peculiar excellences of the book is the insertion of a paragraph of hints, by which the teacher is taught where to look for collateral information. The value of Parkman's works are distinctly pointed out, and we are pleased to note this. On that part of Canadian history which Mr. Parkman has treated, his writings are without a peer. They are at once a great intellectual treat and authentic sources of information. Our advice to the teacher is: "Read them, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them."

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THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE DOMINION.
EDWARD LAWSON
No. 93 KING STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

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The Matriculation Examination will begin in the last week in June, 1887, when the following Scholarships for General Proficiency will be offered for competition :

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOLARSHIP OF \$200.

THE FIRST DICKSON SCHOLARSHIP OF \$140.

THE SECOND DICKSON SCHOLARSHIP OF \$100.

There will be a Supplementary Examination for Matriculation in October.

By a recent change in the Statutes, Candidates for pass are required to take Latin, Greek, Mathematics, History and Geography, and one of the four departments :—Divinity, French, German, or English. Candidates for Scholarships may take two of the four departments :—Divinity, French, German, or English.

The examinations for the degree of M.D., C.M., will begin on March 28th, for the degree of B.C.L. as follows :—The First and Final on June 16th, and the Second on June 20th, and for the degree of Bachelor of Music on April 13th.

Application should be made to the Registrar for the requisite forms for giving notice.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

IN AFFILIATION WITH
THE UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,
AND THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA,

And specially recognized by the Royal College of Surgeons of England, the Royal College of Physicians of London, the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, and the King's and Queen's College of Physicians of Ireland, and by the Cojoint Examining Boards of London and Edinburgh.

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The Summer Session begins April 21st, ends June 30th. The Winter Session begins on October 1st of each year, and lasts Six Months.

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For Summer or Winter Sessions announcements and all other information in regard to LECTURES, SCHOLARSHIPS, MEDALS &c. apply to W. B. GEIKIE, Dean of the Medical Faculty, 60 Maitland Street, Toronto