

# Home at Night.

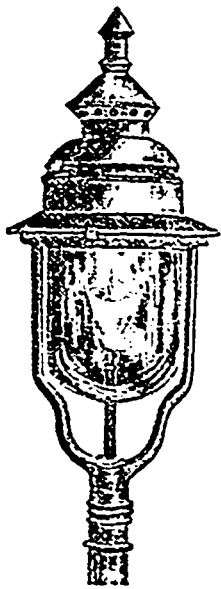
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VOL. I.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 4.

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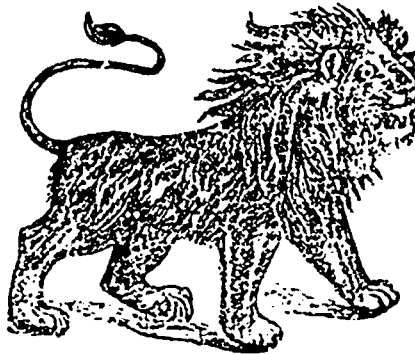
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FORTITER FIDELITER FORSAN FELICITER.

VOL. I.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 4.

TRINITY COLLEGE PRIZE POEM : 1877.

TROY.

BY R. T. NICHOL.

All the sweet day the fav'ring Zephyr sped  
Our white-sailed pinnace o'er the wavy main,  
And now, at eve, we watching from her head  
Saw the dark outline of the Trojan plain,  
Misty and dim as things at distance seem  
Through the fast-waning light of summer eve,  
When waking from their sultry, sad day dream,  
The wan-faced stars grow bright and cease to grieve.  
And nearer yet and nearer grew the shore,  
Which eve was tinting sober-grey and pale ;  
And louder swell'd the long, low, broken roar  
Of surges climbing o'er loose-heaped shale.  
No voices chid the silence of the air,  
That seem'd to sink and die among the corals,  
Scarcely helping the loosed-hanging sail to bear  
Us all-expectant to those hoped-for swards,  
Save when a sailor cheerily call'd his mate,  
Or shrill-tongued halcyon pass'd in landward flight,  
On wide-spread pinion home returning late,  
And shuddering from him brine drops silv'ry bright.  
Full soon we grated on the shingly beach ;  
Soon disembarked upon that storied shore,  
Whose very rocks are eloquent to teach  
A world of legend and forgotten lore.  
Then parted ; and I musing went along,  
Half-fearing it might prove delusion strange,  
Or sweet enchantment of a magic song,  
Which loud-spoke word might dissipate or change.  
Still on ; while overhead the moon alway  
Kept on its course across the sea of sky,  
Fathomless-blue, save for some cloudy spray,  
And those bright isles, the stars that never die ;  
Until I reach'd a narrow long and low,  
Which the tall gras clothed o'er and wild vines free,  
That still, whenever any breeze did blow,  
Waved shadowy like the falling of the sea ;  
And gazing thence upon the moon-lit plain,  
The voiceful silence of the saddening scene  
Call'd up a city's phantom to my brain.  
And caused me muse of what Troy once had been.  
How doth the mem'ry of heroic deeds,  
Wrought by the heroes of the elder time,  
Clothe o'er thy-site more than the mantling weeds,  
And round thy brows a deathless laurel twine.  
Just as those fires which lit the midnight sky,  
Changing so many watchful tears to smiles,  
Wafted to Hellas the exultant cry,  
'Troja is fallen,' o'er the Grecian Isles ;  
So doth thy story, 'mid the rocks of time,  
Echo along th' unending cycles through,  
Pealing thy name in most melodious chime,  
No'er growing fainter, nor its notes more few.

All to the magic of that world-sung song,  
That god-breath'd legend dost thou owe thy fame ;  
The golden west the blind man wove so long,  
Hath linked to immortality thy name.  
His tale to many another's lyre hath given  
Its stirring echoes : and in every age  
What story more than of thy woes hath riven  
Their hearts who dream upon thy poet's page,  
And though for long thou in the dust hast lain,  
Still, still the visions of the mighty past,  
The mem'ry of thy struggle, and thy pain,  
Thy god-built turrets,—these forever last.  
We call to mind thine ancient royal state,  
Thy gold-star'd ceilings, heaven-reaching towers,  
Thine ivory sceptre, and thy Scæan gate,  
Thine altars garlanded with sunny flowers :  
And mournful hero Hector o'er the field  
Bearing his targe that smites his steps behind ;  
Most mighty Hector knowing not to yield,  
The best and noblest of a noble kind :  
And sad Achilles sitting by the shore,  
The shore whereon the violet waves do sigh,  
Praying the Gods who live forever more,  
Pleading for glory, or to quickly die :  
And silver-footed Thetis from the wave  
Rising when Phæbus had the snow-peaks kist,  
Such grace for him from mighty Jove to crave,  
Obscurely fair—most like a morning mist :  
And gold-hair'd Paris, beautiful and base ;  
And her, the Spartan's glorious erring bride  
All for the witch'ry of whose goddess face,  
So many Greeks, so many Trojans died :  
And many a hero else whom death befell,  
And in the zenith of his fame subdued,  
And now in meads of gleaming asphodel  
The phantom pleasures of his life delude.  
Yet still 'twixt thee and Tenedos there pours  
Just as of old the trough of angry sea,  
And on the oozy sand still breaks and roars,  
As when the black keels lined the yellow lea.  
And still the pines of Ida wave aloft  
Their tuneful, scented, dove embow'ring shade ;  
And 'neath them twilight broods as grey and soft,  
As when of yore the shepherd Paris stray'd  
With glad Cænone ; white their bleating flocks  
Grazed the wild thyme bright with ambrosial dew,  
And lovers piping 'neath th' o'ershadowing rocks  
Laded with love the breezes as they flew.  
Still Simois wanders 'mid his voiceful reeds,  
And Nanthus rolls his slender length along,  
Telling the story of thy mighty deeds,  
In lagging accents of a tearful song.  
All these, O Troy,—thy streams and woody hill,  
Thy barren beach whereon the long ships lay,  
Thy famous isle—th' invaders haunt—are still ;  
But Priam's Ilion hath pass'd away.  
Hath pass'd, I said ; thy mem'ry no'er can fade !  
The muse hath won thee from the dead again ;  
A golden glory crowns for aye thy shade ;  
Thou livest, O Troy, forever unto men !

## PAST AND PRESENT.

## II.

"*αἰρέων αἰνῆτά.*"—Pindar.

It does not appear a very long time since I was an Undergraduate. The habits and ideas happily contracted in *Academia*—clinging to one through life—friendships tried and strong bring one back in recollection imperceptibly to *Alma Mater*. The fragmentary remains of a treatise on *Logarithms*, all that is left deservedly in hand or head of what cost so much time and patience, snugly curled up in an out-of-the-way corner of your box, an old letter, a disabled pipe—each the witness of young confidences—a casual remark, casting its shadow of the past—all memory provokers—dead leaves of youth's spring-time. Days gone, you reflect; time wasted, perhaps. Yet through the confused mass of recollections—intangible product of your University life—the clear outline of the Three Towers is always present, and with it the feeling that you owe the fruit to the shell. *In statu pupillari*: ay, but patriotism is bred of discipline and respect by a delicately attuned distance. What means have you within yourself, my brother Bachelor, of softening the lights and shades of this afterlife, whose beginnings were not laid in College days? 'The disabled pipe'—the first symptom of your most pardonable weakness; but surely Pigeon's muscular mutton and the laboured efforts of digestion, bred a predisposition to the disease. An easy chair, your slippers and dressing-gown, a grate fire, light and warmth in your pipe and heart—well (never mind a few grey hairs), you are in Trinity again. A briar with a bone stem—no merschaum—a modest friend that none will covet. Watching the coal fire, alone with a friend who hangs upon your lips and owes to you his life's breath, your creature, verily, yet no worry, whose society is cheerful, whose intimacy and dependance is real, sociability without talk—no word but the gentle remonstrance when the bowl is emptied—your whims humoured in his airiness, ashes to sympathize with your gloom and his rich autumnal hue chasing from you all but mature reflections—pray whither fly your thoughts if not to the third year corridor and the snug little den of long ago? *Bruyère* and wing-bone—a dainty engraftment—an emblem in a way—a strange union of stability and fickleness. I had such an one once: others, they say, such an experience. Ay, one whose sweetness, I had thought, would never be tasted by other lips—something I called my own—and I would smoke and follow thoughts chasing a shadow till the heel of 'perique' (thought 'the thing' in my day) smouldered, and the flickering images in the grate took quaint forms—for the fire burned low—the blue tongues of flame, fluttering on the last coal, looked strangely through the haze—shall I confess it?—a pair of dancing eyes seen through a tangle of fair hair—teazing me—*Bruyère* and bone! retrospect, beginning and ending in smoke.

(To be continued.)

## THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

BY A. LAMPMAN.

What a delicate thing to be entrusted to this stern world's keeping is a poet's nature, a nature like Shelley's; gentle yet proud, boldly imaginative, deeply passionate, intensely sensitive, and ever striving to raise itself above the level of the world in its lofty aspirations. How easily it may be spoiled, embittered, and turned away from truth in an unaided struggle with the unsympathetic coldness and

heartless oppression of society, and to what a sacred height may it attain, if it be nourished with the pure warmth of faithful friendship, and turned always towards the brighter side of human life. Shelley was destined to see the world only in its gloomiest colours. He was exposed in his extreme youth to the cruelty of school fellows, who knew no sympathy with his proud sensitive heart, and afterwards in college days to the unrelenting persecution of narrow bigotry, and the coldness of natures whose feelings and aspirations were utterly incongenial to his own. Even in after life, when the light of his burning genius had struggled into notice, and cast its scorching rays on the tottering fabric of a system of oppression and cold blind servitude which was soon to die away, he experienced in the strange persecution and malevolent misrepresentation, which continually followed him, the bitter truth of those heartfelt words of his own in *Queen Mab*:

Ah! to the stranger soul, when first it peeps  
From its new tenement, and looks abroad  
For happiness and sympathy, how stern  
And desolate a tract is this wide world!

Thus it was that in his earlier days he withdrew himself almost entirely from the society of those about him, and gave himself up to that wondrous study of nature, which as the reader learns from every page of his marvellous poetry, has made him one of her peculiar priests. His truly poetical education, he himself in the preface to the *Revolt of Islam*, describes in the following words: "I have been familiar from boyhood with mountains, and lakes, and the sea, and the solitudes of forests. Danger, which sports upon the brink of precipices, has been my playmate. I have trodden the glaciers of the Alps, and lived under the eye of Mont Blanc. I have been a wanderer among distant fields. I have sailed down mighty rivers, and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth, while I have sailed night and day down a rapid stream among mountains. I have seen populous cities, and have watched the passions which rise and spread, and sink and change, among assembled multitudes. I have seen the theatre of the more visible ravages of tyranny and war, cities and villages reduced to scattered groups of black and roofless houses, and the naked inhabitants sitting famished upon their desolate thresholds. I have conversed with living men of genius. The poetry of Ancient Greece and Rome, and Modern Italy, and our own country, has been to me like external nature, a passion and an enjoyment. Such are the sources from which the materials for the imagery of my poem have been drawn."

He was indeed a pure worshipper of nature, and during those long days of his early life which he spent in solitary reading, rambling, and meditation, when his mind turned in weariness from the contemplation of what he had already seen of the deep-rooted evils of the world's society to a groping search after the truth, the real secret of human hopes and human destiny, he conceived that intense hatred of all existing forms of government, all restraint on the natural impulses of men whom he believed to be by nature good, which found impassioned vent in the wild and immature but beautiful language of *Queen Mab*.

Do you remember the following lines from the *Revolt of Islam*?

The spirit whom I loved in solitude  
Sustained her child: the tempest-shaken wood,  
The waves, the fountains, and the hush of night—  
These were his voice, and well I understood  
His smile divine, when the calm sea was bright  
With silent stars, and heaven was breathless with delight.

How perfectly they express the inspiration, which prompted the poet himself throughout the whole course of his life, and dictated every line of his more than poetical writings. He had drunk deeply too at the fountain of historic lore, and its too often bitter draughts had made deep impressions on his sympathetic soul, which the sight of the human suffering and degrading tyranny of his own day served to render deeper and more indelible. He might say of himself as Laon did in the Revolt of Islam:

I heard, as all have heard, life's various story,  
And in no careless heart transcribed the tale;  
But, from the sneers of men who had grown hoary  
In shame and scorn, from groans of crowds made pale  
By famine, from a mother's desolate wail  
O'er her polluted child, from innocent blood  
Poured on the earth, and brows anxious and pale  
With the heart's warfare: did I gather food  
To feed my many thoughts—a tangleless multitude.

The stories of the persecutions and oppression sanctioned by the church in ages past, the coldness and falsehood which disgraced so many of the servants of Christianity, even in his own time, and the seeming harshness of some of the Christian doctrines, caused his sensitive untutored soul by a strange perversion of understanding, to turn away from the faith itself, and for much the same reasons from every other existing form of religion, and seek for some natural code of faith, which might to his mind conform more closely to the workings of his only instructress nature's self. Thus it is that such a large portion of his poetry, especially in *Queen Mab*, is closed to the Christian's ear by reason of the atheistic opinions and daring blasphemy which mar its wonderful power and beauty. Yet, if we set aside the blasphemous infidelity contained in it, and turn our regard only to its main import, we cannot but feel that it was indeed a magnificent poet's dream that vision of a heaven on earth in a future time when all men whose natures he believed to be originally pure and good, should be liberated from all government and from the evil influences of a system of life which corrupted them from their birth, and made as free as the winds of heaven to follow the instincts of natural goodness and virtue which should gradually lead them to perfection, to pure, glorious, unselfish happiness, without the further aid of laws and systems of morals. It should be such an age as he describes in the following lines:

Mild was the slow necessity of death;  
The tranquil spirit failed beneath its grasp,  
Without a groan, almost without a fear,  
Calm as a voyager to some distant land,  
And full of wonder, full of hope, as he,  
The deadly germs of languor and disease  
Died in the human frame, and purity  
Blessed with all gifts his earthly worshippers.

Shelley was one of the few who still clung firmly to hope after the cause of liberty had been apparently crushed in France. The French revolution, the first stroke for freedom in his own age, had passed away in a wild scene of reckless extravagance and awful crime. The chains of despotism once more enthralled the land, apparently riveted forever in the downfall and despair of the friends of liberty. Men in despondency gave up the cause, and regarded earth as hopelessly consigned to the fetters of oppression.

It was to counteract this feeling, and keep alive the hopes of those who not long before had risked life and liberty in the struggle, that he wrote the *Revolt of Islam*, which is by far the most important, though not the most perfect of his works.

In spite of many defects—and does the eagle-eye of the critic ever fail to find these in any mortal production—

the reader of the *Revolt of Islam* is less than human if he is not charmed with the wonderful music of the poet's versification, displayed perhaps to best advantage in the *Spencerian Stanza*, "a measure inexpressibly beautiful," as Shelley himself says, and he cannot but be astonished and enraptured at the glorious imagery, which in its marvelous yet easy profusion, brings up before him some sublime picture in every line. He is carried away with the poet's lofty hatred and scorn of oppression, flowing into majestic utterance in those fearful pictures of human misery which abound in the poem, bursting upon our ears like the voice of the storm; and above all must he be impressed with the glowing language in which he speaks of the future age of perfect freedom for mankind in a strain of solemn enthusiasm, like the inspired outburst of a prophet's overflowing heart.

Surely the English language contains but little poetry more beautiful than Shelley's description of *Cythna*, and the parting between her and *Laon*, in the *Second Canto* of the *Revolt of Islam*. Through these passages there runs a spirit of intense and ethereal sweetness, such as Shelley only could have conceived and framed in words so exquisitely musical and wonderfully picturesque. And what terrible descriptions are those of *Laon's* imprisonment in the *Third Canto*, the return of the tyrants to the *Golden city*, the panic, the final desperate struggle of *Laon's* faithful band, and his glorious rescue by *Cythna*. His own tender nature guides the pen when he describes how *Laon* rescued the father tyrant from the angry multitude, how he softened their hearts with words of deepest pity, and in spite of all the despot's cruelty and selfishness, uttered these sublime words in his behalf:

Oh! wherefore should ill ever flow from ill,  
And pain still keener pain forever breed?  
We all are brethren—even the slaves who kill  
For hire are men; and to avenge misdeed  
On the misdoer, doth but misery feed  
With her own broken heart! Oh earth, Oh heaven!  
And thou, dread nature, which to every deed  
And all that lives, or is to be, hath given,  
Even as to thee have these done ill, and are forgiven.

Wonderfully beautiful is the strange tale of *Cythna's* imprisonment in the subterranean sea cave, her madness and final rescue by the female slave ship, whose crew she prevailed upon to turn to the cause of liberty and release their wretched cargo. And the frightful story of the slaughter, the famine, and the plague in the *Golden city*, the desperate prayer of every nation to its God, the exhortation of the Iberian priest, and the horrible preparation for *Laon's* execution, is told in words of awful power and ghastly vividness. Finally, in the last *Canto* is the description of the death of *Laon* and *Cythna*, their awakening in *Paradise* and discovery of the beautiful child that had come like a dream to *Cythna* during her imprisonment in the cave, and had been found by *Laon* dancing before the tyrant in the *Golden city*.

What first strikes the reader of Shelley, and fills him with wonder, is the extraordinary profusion, variety, and splendor of his imagery. There is wealth enough in half a dozen of his stanzas to adorn splendidly a whole ordinary poem. An unpoetical reader is dazzled and bewildered by it, and a careless one throws the book aside and pronounces it obscure and unreadable. But the student and admirer of Shelley, turns the pages of his favorite author at random, and is continually enchanted by the marvellous succession of magnificent pictures which every stanza opens before his eyes; an imagery, bold, grand, and profuse, but never strained, never out of place.

For instance, what an exquisite description is that of Cythna, in the Second Canto of the *Revolt of Islam* :

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,  
A power, that from its objects scarcely drew  
One impulse of her being—in her lightness  
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,  
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,  
To nourish some far desert; she did seem  
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,  
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream  
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream.

And another one is in the Fifth Canto, where he says she was—

A form most like the imagined habitant  
Of silver exhalations sprung from dawn,  
By winds which feed on sun rise woven, to enchant  
The faiths of men.

From his smaller poems may be taken some of the most characteristic specimens of his genius. Did you ever, reader, meet with anything more exquisitely beautiful than the following lines from the sensitive plant, where after describing the garden and its plants, he says :

And when evening descended from heaven above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love  
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,  
And the beasts and the birds and the insects were drowned  
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;  
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress  
The light sand which paves it, consciousness :  
The sensitive plant was the earliest  
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;  
The sweet child weary of its delight,  
The feeblest and yet the favorite,  
Cradled within the embrace of night.

Though Shelley's genius is now fully acknowledged, and much has been written of late years about him and his works, yet he is not as generally read as his writings deserve; however, he has been called the poet of the future, and the more liberal men grow, the more will his poetry be received and admired.

## REGULAR AND SYSTEMATIC EXERCISE.

BY D. O. R. JONES.

No one will deny, that to possess a strong and healthy mind, a strong and healthy body is necessary. Now, the thing that puzzles us is, how we are to obtain that strong and healthy body. This, I will endeavour to explain. When we see a man with a large and well proportioned figure, we naturally admire him, and wonder how he succeeded in developing such a muscular frame. Although we will find that it is in a great degree a gift of nature, it is in a still greater degree due to *regular and systematic exercise*. What I mean by regular and systematic exercise is, taking a *certain amount* of exercise every day, and taking it in an extensive way, not a great amount one day and a less amount another. For should the exercise be *exercise or irregular*, unsoundness of mind or body to a greater or less extent will be sure to be the consequence. Medical men will tell you that systematic exercises are extremely useful in the treatment of diseases. Now, if they are useful in curing disease, surely they will greatly benefit a body which is free from disease.

In an essay on Systematic Exercise, read by Edward T. Tibbits, M. D., before the Medical-Chirurgical Society of London, he says: 1st. That by a more frequent and thorough exercise of the inhibitory power of the will much disease might be prevented. And the efficiency and power of the will may be materially increased and strengthened by *systematic exercise*." Again, he says, "Exercise, then, begets growth, development, and power;

want of exercise, wasting, degeneration, weakness, and in many instances extinction. To quote a few examples: 1st. Regular physical exercise short of over-fatigue, promotes growth, elasticity of muscular fibre, facility of movement, whilst an undue prolongation of inactivity ends in atrophy, *i. e.*, wasting away; 2nd. The complicated movements of the acrobat are executed with the greatest difficulty at first, even when commenced, as they usually are, during childhood. By degrees, after tremendous repetition, they become more elegant and perfect, and at last almost automatic; 3rd. That the memory is vastly improved by exercise, and almost lost if not properly cared for and used; 4th. The same effect of exercise, or the want of it, is apparent in the case of emotions. By systematic exercises the muscles develop, becoming more powerful, act more readily, and lead to a more efficient control of the feelings. Note the admirable swim of Webb, and the prolonged walk of Weston, both feats of prodigious and unexampled endurance. In each case there was undoubtedly an intense feeling of fatigue, amounting to severe pain, and yet they were enabled by a powerful exercise of will, greatly aided by, if not actually arising from muscular development." And in conclusion, he says: "I believe that mental exercises of a suitable kind are second only to physical exercises in importance, and that systematic physical exercises should take a very prominent place in the training of our youth, irrespective of rank, in both sexes, and they should form a very much larger share of the instruction given in our board school than they do at present. Disease appears to be in many instances an evil of our own creation. And I cannot help thinking that the allotted term of threescore years and ten might be much more frequently attained without of necessity entailing a life of rigid asceticism, by a constant persevering habit of self-denial, steadily and firmly maintained by systematic exercise." I have endeavoured to shew from the opinions of a medical gentleman, the most important and necessary use of regular exercise, which I am afraid is little thought of by our students here. Now the next thing we naturally think of is, how is 'his exercise to be obtained? During the summer there is cricket, boating, and various other means of obtaining it. In the autumn there is foot-ball, which I think is not as much appreciated as it might be, by the majority of our students, and which I consider one of the very best means of obtaining exercise. But when the winter comes, what are we to do? Of course there is skating. But I do not think it can be healthy to skate under cover in a crowded rink. The air must of necessity become foul and damp, and the exercise you would obtain, would be counterbalanced by it. If you can get an open sheet of ice, well and good, nothing could be better. Now it is clear that we want something else besides skating during the winter, and that want is a gymnasium. We have a building which is intended for one, but which is at present partly used as a store-house. This could very easily, and with little expense, be improved upon, and made into an excellent gymnasium, in which we could take regular exercise, and not sit in the house over our fires from one week's end to another. Exercise in the gymnasium is one of the best, if not the best, means of developing and strengthening the muscles. And I am sure if the wants of the gymnasium were to be put before the council, they would see fit to take steps to furnish our present building with more and better apparatus, and if they would not supply the whole amount necessary, I'm certain that the students would be willing to pay half the expense. It would be very difficult to give rules of how this regular

exercis should be conducted, as every one has his own opinion on the subject, and knows how much he is able to endure better than any one else. Thus, if you are desirous of having a strong healthy mind and body, you must bear in mind that they can only be obtained by constant, regular, and systematic exercise.

## Rouge et Noir.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Contributions and literary matter of all kinds solicited from the Alumni and friends of the University.

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

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

Advertisements, subscriptions, and business communications, should be directed to JOHN GIBSON, Secy Treas., or C. H. CLEMENT, Business Manager.

Terms, post paid—Single numbers, 15 cents; Annual subscription, 50 cents.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

DECEMBER, 1880.

— The Calendar for 1880, comes out in a new dress and with an index. Thanks.

— We understand that an outsider has been allowed to pass his first year Examination and 'Previous' within one year, though not coming within the rules for special cases. We add our voice to that of College opinion strongly against such laxity. '*Uno disce omnes.*'

— Residence in old times was considered indispensable in the case of those holding scholarships. This year we find the first foundation scholar an 'outsider.' Unquestionably the chiefest advantage of College life is to be derived from residence. It is the presence under the same roof of the bulk of the Undergraduates that tends most towards fostering College spirit, *esprit de corps*, a love of Alma Mater, or however you choose to describe the kinship existing betwixt old Trinity men. By all means then the worthiest, and, at the same time, those over whom the authorities can exercise complete control, above all others, should, as of old, be required to keep their terms in residence. We hope the Provost will give this matter his attention and not permit a precedent, which if followed frequently hereafter may result most disastrously, to become established even under the most exceptional circumstances.

— The idea of reviving the 'Trinity Company,' is once more being discussed; this time the prospect of forming one of the newly organized companies of the Tenth Royals, is giving the martially inclined food for reflection. If Trinity can not have a Q. O. R. Company, and feels brave, by all means let her do the best she can. Under COL. GRASSETT'S management, and from a view of the *personel* of the Regimental Officers, we predict that the 'Deformed Trans-

formed' will be a crack corps. We understand that the authorities have every wish to have a College Company—the Colonel himself is an old Trinity Company man. There is no questioning the advisability of forming the Company, the only question is the possibility that the ranks may be filled already. A Trinity graduate, one known to most of the present residents, has, we are told, recently accepted a lieutenancy. All the scheme needs is that some one should take it in hand. Who will?

— The office of Bursar and Secretary in Trinity, is little more at present than a sinecure. If there is any stipend attached to the office, and we understand there is a handsome one, by all means put it to better use. If not, DR. McGRATH is welcome to the honour. But we feel sure it is a matter which concerns the University. DR. McGRATH has frequently said his business is law. That may be. Perhaps that explains it. That the Secretary's work is done in great part by the Dean, is an open secret. Why pay a busy professional gentleman at all. The best use the money, if any, could be put to, would be the establishment of a resident Tutorship, the incumbent of which might do all the Bursar now manages in his spare moments. Call such a new official Registrar, Tutor, Professor, Secretary, or Bursar, and let him do the work in part of all. Perhaps it would be better to dispense with the last two appellatives, lest the scent of the roses, etc.

— So soon as a deliberative and legislative body becomes representative, if not so at its inception, its words and deeds should be made public, at least to those who have a right to demand it. Our Council or Corporation has recently admitted Messrs. LANGTRY and WORRELL, members elected by Convocation. The time has come, then. Let the Corporation open its doors; let its deeds be made manifest; let the debates be open. There is not the least use of representation if the electors may not watch the course pursued by their nominees. At least let the press know the results of each quarterly meeting. This is a critical period in our history, and the Alumni should not be left in ignorance of the exertions of the College fathers—step-fathers included. *Straws may tell us the turn of the wind*, to be sure, but who can make brick without even the straw?

— THE success of our annual College dinner on the day of SS. Simon and Jude, and the great interest taken in it by all Trinity men, suggested to some of our students the idea of extending it, so as to make it a University, instead of a College gathering. The change would be one of degree, not of kind, so that the most conservative could hardly object to the proposed improvements. From the foundation it has undergone several such developments. At first, it was an ordinary 'jamboree,' then, a supper of oysters and beer; afterwards, a dinner given by the freshmen; now, a College dinner. The next step is natural, viz: to make it an annual gathering of professors, corporation, graduates, undergraduates, and friends of Trinity, similar to that

which was held at the opening of the Convocation Hall. Such a festal meeting would form another bond of union, and afford an opportunity for all our men to express their views on College matters. We would like to hear from our graduates on the subject, especially from those to whom the present dinner owes its origin.

### B. C. L.

Perhaps the lack of uniformity in value of the degrees granted by the several Universities of the Province—notwithstanding their literal identity—cannot be better exemplified than in the contrast presented by the Degrees in Law granted here and elsewhere. The Provincial University has a set course, a *bond fide* curriculum followed by candidates for the degree of LL.B.; Trinity has not. Worse: she does not, in default, leave the lawless science of the law alone, but grants a degree avowedly equivalent only to the Law Society's certificate. To be plain, we may state that, as at present constituted, our so-called Faculty of Law will grant a degree to any Bachelor of Arts who for three years shall have exercised the inalienable privilege pertaining to that degree—that of yearly paying five dollars into the 'University chest'—shall, in addition, have been called to the bar, and (all important point) enriched his mercenary acquaintance 'the chest' to the extent of twenty-four dollars. Briefly stated, these are the conditions of degree. Neither have we added nor omitted any salient feature. Though long denied officially, they may now be studied in their rich simplicity by all students of our calendar, page 36. In effect they offer to any graduate in arts, being a barrister, a recognized status in the profession, a legal credential and advertisement, a degree—at thirteen dollars a letter. Further, a legal essay indited to the CHANCELLOR and sixty-five dollars down will make our Bachelor friend of five years' standing a consequential D.C.L. This is outrageous. The only redeeming feature in such a prostitution is that few have listened to the voice of the charmer.

At our last Convocation Mr. J. A. WORRELL received the degree of B.C.L., having presumably complied with the above onerous conditions. Among the 'Present Society' at the time were some six B.C.L.'s, besides Doctors, honorary and otherwise. Since that time a circular has been received by those interested of the Alumni, signed by Mr. WORRELL, asking suggestions for the draft of a University Statute, which he proposes immediately to introduce, mending matters, making a future degree in Law the result not of capital simply, but of labour and skill as well, putting a stop to creations on the old plan. We are keenly alive to the value of his undertaking and trust he will establish the Faculty of Law on an honest basis and ambitious scale. We cannot do better than follow our sister University's example in the arrangement of the curriculum.

### CONVOCAATION.

A question invariably asked Trinity men by outsiders is, why do you hold your Convocation at such a peculiar time of year, and on such variable days? In January one year, in the middle of November the two following years, in December last year, and your last one on November 4th? The question is very natural, and appears at first sight unanswerable, but has some reason upon closer inspection. The latter part of it, viz., the variable date, is owing to several causes. The middle of November is, we believe, the time when it is supposed to be held, that of the College year of 1876-7, having been removed to January 15th, in order to make it coincident with our Twentieth Anniversary; that of 1879 being delayed till the Provost's return from England, while the corporation no doubt have some good reason for their early meeting this year. The former part of the question is, we admit, harder to answer satisfactorily—'why should the convocation be held at this season at all?' We—and we speak in this the opinion of a large number of students and graduates—we would gladly see the date fixed at the end of June or the beginning of July. It is said against any such change that those who have passed their Matriculation examination, are then articulated formally. But when they can wait one, two or three months for this form of admission to College privileges, why should a delay of nine months be objected to since it interferes with them in no possible way? The authorities tell us next that the honour men could not receive their degrees in June since their Honour examination is held in October. Is it indispensably necessary that this should be in October? If so, it is a comparatively new discovery. Is it just that on account of the minority, which unhappily the class men are, the great bulk of the men should be kept waiting six months, to whom the immediate receiving of their degree is generally important; in many cases so much so, as those entering the law, that they are compelled to go to the great trouble and expense of a private convocation. Again, the same question may be put concerning them as the Matriculants—why, if they can wait till January, (possibly) should they not put off their graduation till June? But if the few months are important to them, are they not better able to have a private convocation than the vast majority of pass-men?

Lastly, the authorities tell us that the candidates for Supplementary examinations would be put to great inconvenience if the alteration were made. Supposing they would be, is this *against* the change? Quite the contrary we should imagine; since it would materially diminish their number, if they knew that by neglecting one subject there would be nothing left open to them but the alternative of a year's delay or a special convocation.

The chief opposition would come no doubt from the under-graduates who furnish the gallery performance, since in the midst of examinations and other closing preparations, they would have some difficulty in sustaining



their reputation, but we are sure that they would gladly waive this objection in the prospect of so great advantages as must arise from holding the convocation at the end of the Academical year.

### CO-EDUCATION.

This subject has of late been brought so prominently under our notice by the agitation on the part of the Undergraduates of Toronto University at University College, in favour of the rights and privileges of the fair sex, that we should be losing an opportunity of some importance were we, as a college paper, to pass it by unnoticed, especially since we claim to represent upon this subject a very decided and rather widespread opinion. The question itself is by no means a new one. Ever since the departure of her ancient slavery and her mediæval deification woman has had her advocates as a possible receptacle for learning if not a manufacturer of it,—a reflector if not a light, and as such to be kept polished lest the world by neglecting her lose much brightness. As a slave she was not capable of learning, as a goddess she was above it—as a human being she has proved herself to be more than the one and less than the other by holding her own wherever she has been allowed to compete with the sterner sex. All civilization seems to be coming to this conclusion. Tennyson's idea in the 'Princess' is no longer a dream, when Lilia wishes—

"That I were some great Princess. I would build  
"Far off from man a college like a man's,  
"And I would teach them all that men are taught,  
"We're twice as quick!"

It is to be seen in Germany, in England, in the United States, and now at last, in our own country, and that in the largest educational institution we have. This looks hopeful, and we are glad to give our humble assistance to the movement in favour of giving our sisters the same opportunities we have ourselves. But here our agreement ends. We cannot approve of the manner in which our sister institution has gone about the improvement, viz. in opening the gates of her College as well as of her University, to both sexes, thus bringing about a commingling and competition which cannot be good—though it may stand as a contradiction to the plea of inability on the part of women. The system adopted in England appears to be much better. Both the universities have opened their gates to women, but none of their colleges; therefore in a very short time colleges exclusively for women were founded, Girton and Newnham at Cambridge, Somerville and Lady Margaret, at Oxford, all of which are well attended and have proved their usefulness. Would it be too much to hope for the same thing here? Can no energetic champion of co-education be found to scour our country and England for funds to found a college in affiliation with our own, to give our girls a chance to revel, if they choose, in the higher education without leaving their own society, and having some definite religious training

combined? It would, we are convinced, be well responded to, and our University would not certainly withhold her examiners nor her degrees to a second College, though arrayed in petticoats instead of gowns. Let woman have a fair chance

"To make herself her own,  
"To give or keep, to live and learn, and be  
"All that harms not distinctive womanhood  
"Till at the last she set herself to man,  
"Like perfect music unto noble words."

### SENIORITY.

The late agitation in College tempts us to express a few ideas upon that much misunderstood College matter, Seniority. The fact that there is a wide spread misinterpretation of the term, must be acknowledged by all who know anything about College affairs here, or in any other institution where such seniority can be said to exist. That there is a false idea respecting both what it is and what it ought to be in our own community, events have shown but too plainly. It is not our purpose to comment upon the recent stir amongst our students and authorities, but only to urge this as a pretext for trying to throw some light upon a subject which apparently is somewhat obscure.

The term Seniority, as applied to Colleges, may be said to signify, in its widest sense, the relation between those Students who have entered in any year to those who have entered in former years: 1st., with reference to the authorities; 2nd., with reference to the Students as a community. This division must be insisted upon; since all will agree upon consideration, that it makes a material difference in the discussion of any of the practical points connected with the subject, whether one's standing is viewed from the Professor's chair or from the student's room—from the dais or the gallery, in Convocation language. The division is plainly recognized in every society. Viewed from the altar of St. Peter's, Pope Leo is on a level with the beggar whose feet he washed. Viewed from the Vatican, the beggar bows at the Bishop's feet. Upon the streets of the outside world, a Grand Master mason and the last man he admitted to the Brotherhood, are on a par—will any one say that the same pair have equal rights, or could think of claiming equal rights within the Lodge-room? The newly admitted member would smile, we fancy, at an outsider were he to assure him that all mason's were absolutely equal as to the society privileges; first, because he never knew that it was otherwise; and in the next place, because in a society to which he belonged in another country, there was no such difference; and moreover, that while he held office as Mayor of the city, there never would be any difference between the Freemasons in their Lodge-room.

First then, let us consider Seniority with reference to the authorities. Here, we submit that there is and should be absolute equality. A man in his first year has and should have a right to demand as many lectures, as good

examiners, and, if resident, as great personal comfort as a person closing his fifth year. As a matter of fact, by the way, this equality in the eyes of the authorities, is not regarded by the authorities in Trinity. Else why when anything is to be told the students is the head man to be the bearer of the message? Why does the Senior Bachelor collect the offertory in chapel? Why are the Seniors given the first choice of rooms at the beginning of a year? But this is beside the question. We agree that from the Chancellor's throne and from the chairs of the Provost, the Dean, the Professor-in-hall, or the lecturer, all under-graduates stand upon an equal footing.

The second division may be a matter more open to debate—namely, seniority with reference to the students as a community. Upon this point, we hold that as no person who has not had a certain amount of College experience, has any right to express an opinion, so unless one has had that amount of experience in a particular College, his opinion should have no weight with reference to the Seniority in that College; and that therefore those whose residence has extended over the longest space of time, should have the first hearing when any discussion arises concerning Seniority. That a difference does exist between the comparative standing of students in this respect in, at all events, every College on this side of the Atlantic, and at Trinity in particular, is beyond doubt a fact. Late events have amply proved that. Whether this state of things should continue, is quite another question, and one worthy of consideration, and wise Seniority is pronounced by almost the unanimous voice of all who have a right to express an opinion upon it, to be, when kept within proper bounds, an altogether excellent institution, and one to be contended for by all who know its value.

We cannot afford space to enter into the question so generally as to admit of our examining the subject as it bears upon the condition of other Colleges. Let us, therefore, narrow it once again and look at it as it appears in Trinity. That it is here we have seen, that the great bulk of the opinions of competent judges is for its continuance we know; a presumption therefore exists in its favour, and the burden of proof rests upon those who oppose it. First, they object that such a state of things is not to be found in the Colleges in the English Universities. We fail to see that this is any objection whatever, for the fact that there is not a commingling of Divinity Students with Arts men in those venerable Universities, does not prove that such an arrangement is injurious to us. But, they urge, Cambridge and Oxford are our models; granted—but if a small vessel be modeled after the *Great Eastern*, does that deter her from all work but that of laying cables? Or should her sailors refuse to eat some excellent fruit they may have found in a far country because the home sailors have never tasted any of it? Especially if after a thirty years voyage they have found the fruit very digestible. No, that argument holds very well with regard to our University standards and system,

but socially the students are Canadians and claim liberty to be original in their own internal affairs.

"But," they say, "the means used to admit a Freshman to be a 'full-fledged Trinity man,' must be very humiliating to the older ones and must drive men elsewhere?" The renowned Inquisition is, we presume, the means referred to. It may be humiliating, but as yet we have never found one individual who has taken it very seriously to heart. On the contrary, all agree that it is a very amusing and harmless style of practical joke, which from its associations has gained a hold upon those who have gone through it, and have helped succeeding generations on the same road. No very dreadful results have ever ensued heretofore from the slight force that is necessarily used in the rare case of opposition, and it is extremely improbable that any change will take place so long as we continue a College of gentlemen. Here let us utter a word of warning. "A College of gentlemen" we claim to be, and as such let us be very careful to guard our reputation from any possibility of a just attack being made upon us by misusing our Seniority, and taking wrong advantage of the power it gives us. It is this in some other institutions which has given rise to the prejudice against seniority. As to driving men elsewhere, we would be glad if the objectors would inform us as to the place. At present we know of no institution whose Seniority takes as mild a form as our own.

"What's the use of it?" the would-be innovators ask. The best answer to this is to be got by living a year or two amongst us, for the advantages are hard to describe but are easily felt. Foremost amongst them, however, is this fact, that Seniority forms one part of that individuality which Trinity possesses, and which serves to keep all her former inmates united. It is one of the things peculiar to herself, which makes her sons love her—one thing they remember when they look back at her, and therefore should be kept, but kept pure. Her other institutions are all capable of abuse, her S.S. Simon and Jude's celebration, her Institute with its elastic constitution, her *Επισκοπή*, her Convocation. Are these on that account to be lost? Reduce her to an Examination Hall, with lecture rooms and boarding-house attached, and you will destroy Trinity more surely than if you were to deprive her of her Charter.

The Herculean trumpet still shrieks.

*Question.*—Is our chapel singing sufficiently piano?

Congratulations to Mr. Cruttenden and Mr. Sage, on their classes!

Pray patronize those who patronize our advertising columns.—Live and let live.

We have a new organist, Mr. Fidler, for some time back organist in the Trinity College School, Port Hope.

We are glad to be able to say that Prof. Boys has quite recovered from his recent severe attack of pleurisy.

Mr. Broughall now lectures in the lower classical lecture room. Prof. Boys finding it much more convenient to use the upper room near his private apartments.

We are glad to state that the College has seen fit to appoint an able assistant to Mr. Gibson, our business manager, in the person of Mr. C. H. Clementi, '82.

THE room intended as a reception room, upon the left of the entrance gates, is now vacant. We hope soon to see it put to its proper purpose, as a room of the sort is very much needed.

The SS. Simon and Jude's dinner was a grand success in every way. The dinner a la Russe' was good and well served, and the speeches on the whole interesting and able, especially that of Mr. John Worrell.

That pretty structure along the front of our Park separating us from Queen street, called a fence, had better be attended to or the lowing herd will soon be able to wind slowly o'er our grounds without difficulty. It is not ornamental.

The Provost's portrait at present leans against the wall of the Convocation Hall. Why is the question of the student in the gallery not answered, viz., "Why don't they hang the Provost?" We then could judge of its merits to more advantage.

We are delighted to learn that good old *Ἐπισκοπικόν*, that sage corrector of Trinity men's deficiencies and backslidings, and jovial recorder of College customs and ambiguities, is about to pronounce once more from his censor's chair his comments on the affairs of the day. Tremble, ye guilty!

We beg to acknowledge with many thanks communications from W. B. Carroll, B.A., Rev. A. G. L. Trew, M.A.; Rev. K. L. Jones, M.A., Geo. Bousfield, Esq., and Rev. C. W. Paterson, B.C.L. We would remind 'Archias' and other anonymous correspondents, that we cannot insert other than *bonâ fide* matter.

We hope there is no ground for the dissatisfaction which was expressed at certain results in the June examination. If there is, it must be attributed to the effects of the number system, (which now prevails universally in the various Colleges.); for we cannot imagine any carelessness to have existed on the part of a Trinity examiner.

We believe that the number of Divinity lecturers is to be increased next term, by the addition of the Rev. John Langtry, M.A., and Rev. O. P. Ford, M.A. It was worth a fortune to see the downcast look on the face of the Tug when he was told that this did not mean a division of the labours of the Provost and Mr. Broughall, but that with the new lecturers new lectures would require preparation.

ELOCUTION.—We understand that the Council has voted a sum of money towards securing the services of a competent elocutionist for the College. This action on their part cannot be too highly commended, and we feel confident that the opportunity thus afforded them will be embraced by the Students, especially by those who intend taking Holy Orders.

WANTED—A Flagstaff—as an ornament to our grounds—to furnish us with the means of manifesting our joy or sorrow at any public event; and to shew passers-by that Trinity is "up to the times." A gentleman has, we believe, recently offered a fine cedar pole, 60 feet high, for the purpose, and we sincerely hope that the Council will avail itself of the offer and that next 24th May we may be able to give an additional testimony of our loyalty.

Our eyes were gladdened upon our first entering the chapel this term, by the beautiful renovation the chance

had undergone during the long vacation. The whole floor has been covered with crimson baize, a new cloth with the correct fringe is upon the altar, while the artistic papering of the walls, with the passion flower border, makes the ugly room quite presentable—ugly as a chapel—though it would make a capital library for which it was originally intended. We are glad to see improvements—very, but our joy is tinged with the fear that each improvement in the old, sends the prospect of the long promised new chapel a year or two further into the future.

The members of the Second and First Years were rather exercised, on looking over the Christmas Examination scheme, on noticing that Chemistry was included among the subjects. As previous examinations on similar occasions had been restricted to Mathematics and Classics, a protest was entered against this innovation, on the ground of the extreme shortness of notice. The Council was pleased to defer the examination in this branch until Easter, and to provide that a definite text-book should be used in this subject in both the years. The latter decree has given much satisfaction to the students who have lately been too much at the mercy of the Professor in this Department.

THE Convocation Day this year (Thursday, December 4th), was on the whole very satisfactory. Choral matins was sung at half-past eleven by Professor Boys. The responding and chanting was well rendered, the simplest music only having been attempted. A very agreeable innovation appeared in the shape of a lunch for all those who were at the service and intended remaining for the proceedings in the Hall. The Convocation began at about three, the Hall being well filled with visitors, who pronounced the proceedings a great success, i.e., as regards the gallery. The dais of course could not be otherwise. It was instructive to notice how quickly some of the singers became silent at the request of the dais. (Take warning next year and do not tolerate interruptions.) After the departure of the "procession" the visitors adjourned to the dining-hall, where coffee and cake closed the day's doings.

The Institute still struggles bravely against the tide of indifference, and continues this term rather interesting. Several of the debates have been very spirited, the essays and readings good, especially the latter, while some important changes for the better have been made in the by-laws. The present Council of the Institute consists of the following gentlemen:—

President..... C. H. SHORTT, B.A., '79.

Secretary..... E. VAN CARSON, '81.

Treasurer..... G. B. SAGE, B.A., '80.

Librarian..... A. LAMPMAN, '82.

Curator..... R. B. BEAUMONT, '82.

Non-official Members:—JOHN GIBSON, '81; T. O. TOWNLEY, '82.

Auditors.—J. C. DAVIDSON, '82; and D. O. R. JONES, '83.

## EXCHANGES.

The Queen's College *Journal* for October came out rather late. Of its twenty-four pages of reading matter, one is partly filled with general Queen's College news, and the other twenty-three and a-half are entirely taken up with the subject nearest their heart, viz., The Dedication Service, Inauguration of Chancellor, Conversazione, Sports, Speeches, Sermons, &c., at the opening of their new Arts building. We wish they had put in a little

more of something else. For quality of paper and general appearance, the *Journal* will compare favourably with any College paper. Queen's is evidently going ahead: their students in actual attendance in Arts, this year, including what the *Journal* calls "— a flock of a — a — a — *freshwomen*, I suppose we must call them," number 150, against 106 for last year. That does not speak ill for co-education.

We have the King's College *Record* for October, but no November number has as yet put in any appearance, and we miss it, for the *Record* is really a good paper. One of the best parodies we've seen for a long while is the five stanzas, entitled "How I Studies Classics." Here is the last stanza, so judge for yourself:

Yet a chilly awe came o'er me,  
And there quickly passed before me  
Visions dread of hours spent guilty  
On the ice or hall-room floor—  
"Enter, come!" I cried in terror.  
"Be you bright, or baneful bearer  
"Of results of ease and error.  
"Tell me quickly, I implore!"  
"You are plucked," he answered sadly,  
"Take it easy, I implore,"  
Plucked in Classics, nothing more.

Trinity's present First Year men could, perhaps, derive some benefit from a careful perusal of the last half of the article on "Freshmen" in the same number.

The title of the *Hamilton School Magazine* just describes it. As merely a *School Magazine* it is a very good publication, and we strongly advise any one who wishes to brighten his learning upon examination questions and problems (plenty and good) to take the H. S. M. The number for this month has a carefully and concisely written article on Oversightness.

We welcome to our exchange table the Michigan University *Chronicle*. We much prefer it to the *University*, from the same place, not only for its 'get up,' which is better, but more on account of the *tone* of its articles. Perhaps the *University* has improved this year, though we cannot speak from knowledge, as it has not appeared here since the friendly notice we gave them in our last issue. *Michigan* is another co-educational University, about the largest of them, in fact. The class of '84, including specials, numbers 210, of which 60 are ladies.

Here is the *Acta Victoriana* again. Dear *Acta* has noticed us: it was so kind of them, and they did it in such a nice way. In fact it's entirely too good not to re-print, so here it is:—"Rouge et Noir of Trinity College, gives evidence of putting on tremendous agony in its efforts to struggle up into notice. It has the infelicitous mode of provoking attention by assuming a somewhat pugnacious attitude at times. For example, in the May number it places a chip on the shoulder of the sunbeam, and exults as a real hero when it is knocked off. We would quietly whisper to the *Rouge et Noir*, "rise through merit"—"win your spurs." Your present eccentric method subjects you to the danger of a total eclipse." Thanks, *Acta*, for using the word 'eccentric,'—it might have been worse. And just here, lest we forget it, we wish to call attention to the sort of *cut* that too often finds its way into College papers under the head of 'Locals' or 'Local Items.' This is the way it begins in *Acta Victoriana* for Oct. last:—

"Hello!!

"How did you enjoy the vacation?

"How's your Ma and Pa?

"The Prots. all look hale and hearty, and ready for any amount of *plucks*

"Kind of swell Freshies this year, ain't they? Wear store clothes!—Put in ten cent pieces on Sunday! Aha! Ohee!!"

All this, and more like it, from a paper that gives, in its last issue, a full page sermon on "College Journalism." But that is not half so bad as what we get in that otherwise unexceptionable paper, the Notre Dame *Scholastic*:—

"Cold.

"Eureka!

"Sleighting.

"Very cold.

"Well, let it snow.

"And still it snows.

"Lo, the poor turkey!

"Snow six inches deep.

"Oh! I winked at the wind."

"Get your skates ready, boys.

"Locals are scarce these days.

"Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

"Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day.

"Listen to the merry-sounding sleigh-bells!"

And so on. Of course it improves as it goes on, but then it should not begin so very *exceedingly*. Yet taken altogether, there is perhaps no better College paper published, for the size, than the *Scholastic*. The *Varsity*, also, is a really first class paper, a weekly, published by University College, and yet we have the edifying sight of these two papers engaged in a war of words, all about—well, we forget how it began, and they seem to have lost sight of the beginning themselves.

The *Scholastic* of Nov. 20th devotes nearly two columns to a discussion of the *Varsity's* merits, and in the last issue, Dec. 4th, we see they have wasted two and a-half columns more in the same way. It must be said, on the other side, that the *Varsity* appears to have started the row. This *Varsity* has got itself into a pretty bad 'fix,' having done no less dreadful a crime than criticise the *Sunbeam*. We brought the *Acta Victoriana* down upon us in great fury for a much less offence than that, so, my dear *Varsity*, you had better be careful.

This is what the *Sunbeam* said of the *Varsity's* first title-page:—

"The most striking feature about it is the title-page, which is splendid with the representation of a self-satisfied young student gazing sternly at a well draped figure opposite, while "mamma" looks approvingly on, and gives her blessing."

That title-page only lasted a month. Then they got a new one, and the *Scholastic* thereupon gets off the following:—

"Those Sunbeams had, it seems, an immense influence on the editor of *The Varsity*. No sooner do they poke fun at him about the student and young maiden staring at each other, and the mamma looking on, than straight-way he gets another plate engraved with both of mamma's eyes put out, and her arms lopped off, so that she cannot give a "blessing" on the young people; and these latter are represented turning away from each other, as if they had just quarrelled."

*The Sunbeam* steadily improves with every issue, so it seems that experience was what the young ladies of O. L. C. lacked, not by any means ability.

We extend a right hearty welcome to *The Arion*, a new comer of recent birth, "devoted to Music, Art, Literature, and the Drama," says the cover, but its special branch is music. It fills a long felt want, and fills it well.

We are pleased, also to express our warmest thanks to Messrs. Chas. Moore and Chas. M. Parker, for their really first class weekly, the *Detroit Every Saturday*. As a

society paper it is without an equal, being entirely free from the least taint of either dullness or shallow vulgar wit. Mr. Parker, be it remembered, is an old Trinity man. We wish him every success.

We would like to notice some more of our Exchanges, but space will not permit.

### FOOT BALL.

The Annual Meeting of the Trinity College Foot-ball Club took place in the College Hall Thursday evening, October 14th when the following officers were elected:—

*President*—Rev. Prof. Jones; *Vice-President*, Rev. Prof. Boys. *Committee*—Messrs. Allen, B.A., (Chairman, Hon. Sec. and Treas.), R. J. Moore, B.A., J. White, B.A., C. L. Shaw, D. O. R. Jones.

*Toronto vs. Trinity College.*—The first match of the season was played on the University of Toronto grounds, Tuesday, October 10th, against the Toronto Club, which brought a very strong team into the field. The game throughout was evenly and strongly contested. The Open Formation was adopted, which did not turn out so well as was anticipated, there being too many men a-side (*viz.*, 15,) for that style of play. Towards the end of the game it got very dark, and it was almost impossible to see the ball. Just as time was up Toronto gained the first advantage of the game. It being very dark our back missed the ball, and Brock secured a touch down for his side. A goal was kicked by Orr, and thus the match ended in favour of Toronto by one goal to nothing. Gwynne and Denison played well for Toronto, Roberts and Hague for Trinity. The kicking of Roberts was especially worthy of notice.

*Upper Canada College vs. Trinity.*—This match took place on our ground on Thursday, October 2nd, and also resulted in a defeat. The Open Formation was played this time with 12 a side, and was a decided improvement. The U. C. C. boys kept the ball most of the time, and gained considerably in the scrimmages. Thompson obtained the first touch down for U. C. C., and a point out was tried, which failed. Millar made a beautiful run, and got a second touch down for his side. A goal was kicked by Scott. Thus the U. C. C. won by a goal, and a try to nothing.

The playing of Vickers and Sherwood for U. C. C. was particularly good. Moore, Allen, Roberts, and Broughall played well for the College.

*Trinity College School vs. Trinity College.*—This match was played on our grounds, on Thursday, October 20th. The game throughout was most enjoyable. In consequence of the School team having to leave by the four o'clock train, the game only lasted an hour. It was evenly contested, neither side gaining any advantage. The T. C. School boys deserve credit for the way in which they played, being much smaller and lighter than the Trinity team.

*Upper Canada College vs. Trinity.*—The return match was played on the Upper Canada College grounds, in the old Rugby style, and resulted in a victory for Trinity. Leonard secured the first touch down for his side, and a good goal was kicked by Thompson. Howard, J. S. claimed a foul a few yards from the goal, and got a free kick. He kicked the ball in front of the goal to Jones, D., who gently lifted it over the goal, thus obtaining a goal for Trinity. Shortly afterwards a touch down was got by

Jones, and a put out was tried, which failed. Thus Trinity won by a goal and a try to a goal.

*Guelph Agricultural College vs. Trinity College.*—This match took place on Saturday, November 13th, and resulted in a decided victory for Trinity. The Guelph men were overmatched from the first, and acted entirely on the defensive. Trinity won by three goals to nothing.

*University of Toronto vs. Trinity.*—This match was looked forward to with great interest, as all University matches are. The Varsity brought their strongest team against us, and from the first it was evident that Trinity was overmatched. W. Perram was of great service to Trinity, and played in his usual brilliant form. McKay, Gwynne, and MacAndrew played particularly well for the University. Also Perram, Roberts, and Moore for Trinity. This was the last match of the season. University won by one goal and six tries to nothing. Thus the season closed, with three games lost, two won, and one draw.

### TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Port Hope, Ont., Dec. 1880.

DEAR ROUGE ET NOIR.—Your request of news from T. C. S. finds me totally unprepared to give you all the information you desire at this late date. We were agreeably surprised at the beginning of the term to find that our numbers had not decreased on account of the departure of quite a number of last year's boys. On the contrary, we found that there were about forty new fellows, increasing the school to nearly one hundred and twenty.

The weather in September being so warm, cricket usurped the place of foot-ball; but after a week or two we began regular practice, and found ourselves able to play you. Our team was greatly pleased with the treatment they experienced at your hands. We expected that we would have been received in a very cool manner on account of the little unpleasantness at Cobourg last year; but to say that any feeling existed on our part was to utter an untruth, and if there were any, it must have remained in the imagination only of some ingenious student. We were all delighted, and bewailed the shortness of our stay. The game has not been as active this year as before, although the committee—Rev. W. C. Allen, Mr. J. R. Montizambert, A. E. Abbott, H. K. Merritt, A. B. Stennett,—did all in their power to render it attractive. We played Peterborough according to custom, and gave them a terrible whipping. This match and the one with you were the only ones worthy of note. It seems to be a recognized custom to have the team's photograph taken, and accordingly we have "faced the machine." We have conquered, and a capital likeness of our representatives is the result.

About the middle of the term, the head master made a new batch of prefects—G. H. Brent, J. R. Logan, H. K. Merritt, S. Farrar, F. B. Hill. One individual with a *checkered* career declined the honour—something new, I believe. Upon their appointment, the new ones, possessed of some vitality, desired to fit up the prefects' study, but thus far their efforts have been fruitless. It seems a pity that the prefects should not have a quiet room to themselves, and at least a little better study than the others are.

The school corps is now an established thing. Mr. Allen is Captain; Mr. Montizambert, 1st. Lieutenant; A. B. Stennett, 2nd. Lieutenant; E. C. Cayley and H. H. Fauquier, Sergeants, A. E. Abbott and H. K. Merritt,

Corporals. No. 1 drills regularly on Mondays and Fridays in uniform, consisting of red tunic, black trousers with red stripe and white forage cap, with school colours thereon. Sargeant Rackett is a capital instructor, and to please him is much more difficult than our old master. Lieut.-Col. Straubenzie inspected us on the 26th ult., and expressed himself highly pleased with our progress. We have been supplied with belts and Peabody rifles by the government.

Half-holidays have been abundant this term, there having been only two unbroken school weeks. The term ends on the 21st inst. Only a few boys are expected to remain for the Christmas holidays. You must be content with this letter and the rambling manner in which it is written, but your late demand for copy compels it. With the best wishes that *Rouge et Noir* may prove a means of uniting Trinity College School more closely with its parent,

I remain sincerely yours,

SQUIBBS.

#### TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

THE Annual Dinner of Trinity Medical School came off on Thursday evening, November 25th, at the Rossin House, where a sumptuous repast had been provided by Mr. Irish. A few things on the bill of fare were more ornamental than digestible, such as "Will Pike examine again?" "Prepare for Sullivan," "Never get plucked," "Give the patient a rest," &c. Mr. Baugh, the chairman, spoke a great deal in a very short time, and had to stop over and over again on account of the cheers. Before sitting down he proposed the health of "The Queen and the Royal Family," but as she was not there to respond, the band played "God save the Queen." Mr. Krauss, in proposing "The Universities," stated as the belief of himself, and he supposed of all those present, that there should not be one University, but it would be better to have the degree conferring power left as it is, for on the principle that opposition is the life of trade, each university would be bound to keep up its standard. The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario got many a hard rub during the evening; even the members themselves turned all colours when they rose to defend it. Their point was, that the people wanted old men, and not boys, to administer physic to them, and if they could keep them from practising for a year or two longer and pay them (the Council) for doing it, no end of good would be gained. The toasts were responded to by the Rev. Mr. Rainford, Mr. Beaty, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Dr. Thorburn, Dr. Geikie, Dr. O'Riley, and many others. Before closing, Mr. Irish was called upon. He spoke in his usual easy style, and said he hoped when another year had spun around that Trinity Medical School would hold a conversation or a ball, so that the ladies might enjoy some of the fun. The singing of Messrs. Gaveler, Fairchild, and Archie Geikie, M.D., was highly applauded. The dinner as a whole, was the best the School has had, which was in great part owing to the committee and the untiring efforts of Mr. H. Mickle.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL re-opened on the 1st of October, when President Kirkland gave a famous address to the students. All the faculty were present, and a number of visitors who take an interest in the school.

THERE is a very large class of freshmen this year. At first they were very cheeky, but several of them having been elevated as an example to the rest, and for their own especial benefit, they now take their seats in the upper part of the theatre in a subdued manner.

THIS year the new museum is in full force, besides which several microscopes have been purchased by the School through which the students can discern healthy from diseased tissue, under the auspices of Dr. Sheard.

THE owners of dogs in the city should give a special vote of thanks to the students of Trinity Medical College for the part they took last year in demolishing those unnecessary hindrances, the dog-catchers.

THE Dean has organized a temperance society, and as a tribute to the healthful properties of cold water, Professor Kirkland testifies that the fluid supplied in this city of spires is both food and drink.

THE walls of the building are handsomely decorated with pieces of pine (resembling ordinary window sashes) which surround the anti-tobacco rules of the School.

A. Farncomb is in Trinity Medical School every afternoon, and will have great pleasure in showing any student of Trinity College through the dissecting room and museum.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "Rouge et Noir."

DEAR SIRS,—The question you asked in your January number concerning the present system of heating the corridors in the College is one which has often been asked me by outsiders. I have always told the inquirer that any system of heating from one centre would necessitate considerable outlay at the beginning, and that the Council could not undertake it while there are so many expenses pressing upon them.

This seems far from satisfactory, however, for there are many public buildings no less expensive in other respects which have been in the long run heated more economically, and certainly more comfortably by steam.

In my time, the stoves were rarely all alight at once. Everything one touched was covered with dust from the perpetual cleaning, poking, and feeding. Serious results nearly followed more than once from stoves being allowed to get over-heated, and the upper corridors and rooms off them were generally unpleasant with the smell of gas. This may all be improved now; but it will, I am sure, never be done away with, till something more modern is adopted. For the undergrads' sake I hope that next winter will see the gathering after breakfast near a coil of steam pipes, and that the corridors shall have seen the last of those unsightly objects—coal stoves.

Yours, &c.,

GRADUATE.

Toronto, December 4th, 1880.

To the Editors of "Rouge et Noir."

SIRS,—This is the third growl from the den of the fossil "big brute," but you will excuse me, Mr. Editor, when you see what I have to speak of. It is again with reference to our Museum and its bogus curators. The present state of the entomological portion of our cases, is simply a state of destruction, which in itself would prove that the curators cannot attend to its arrangement, since this is the particular subject of one of them. If there is any prospect of this being improved, I know of a person who promises a very good collection of Canadian insects. Are such donations to be lost through carelessness?

Yours, &c.,

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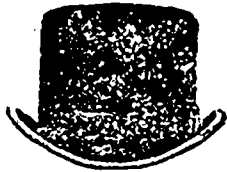
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