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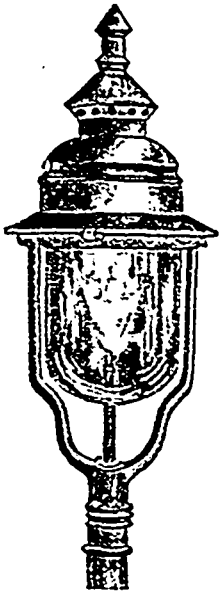
Vol. II.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, APRIL, 1881.

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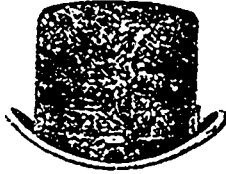
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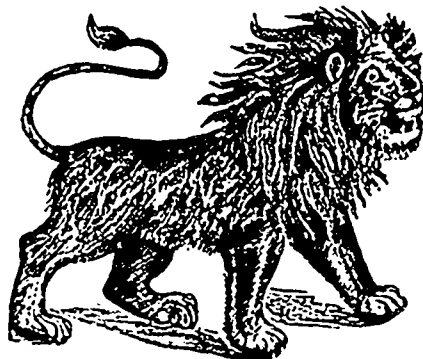
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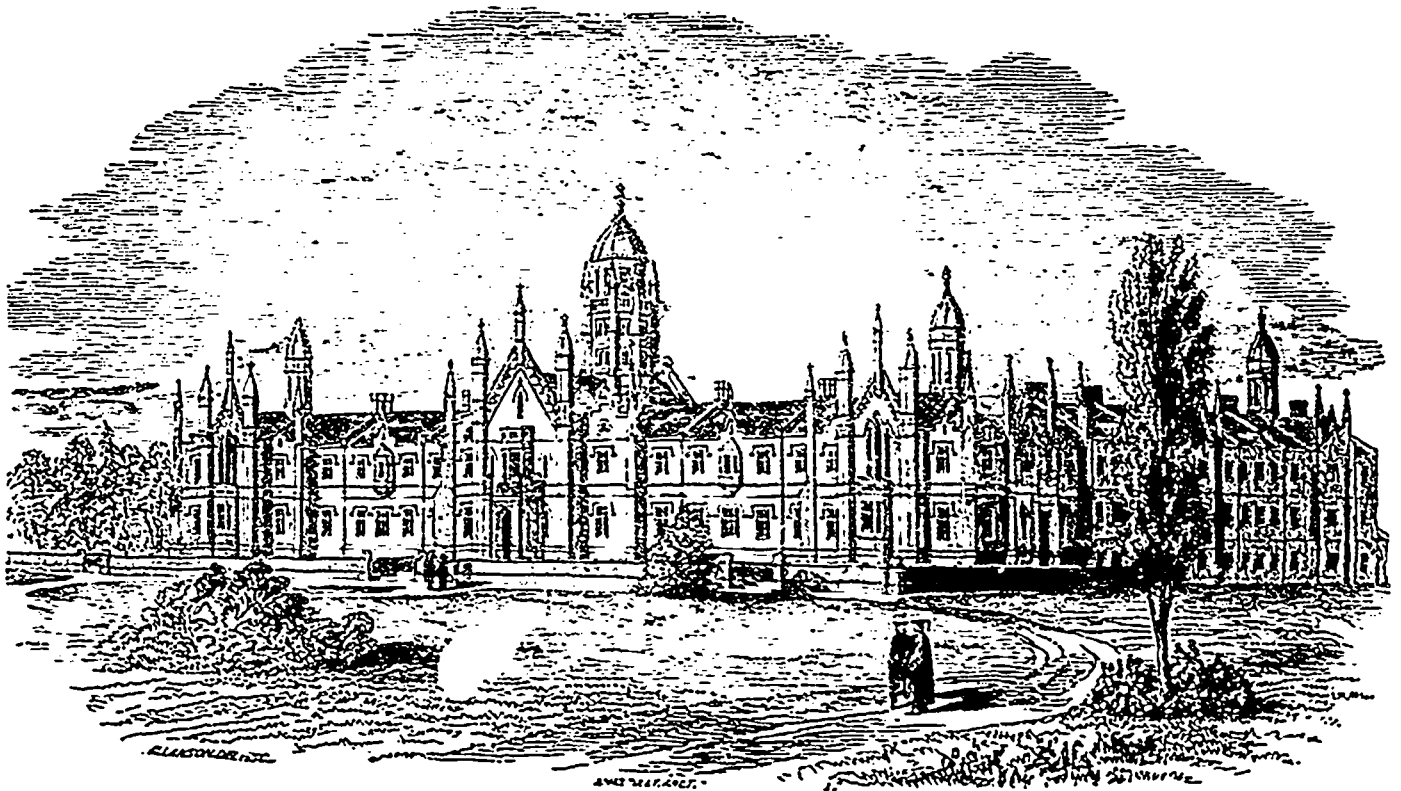
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Vol. II.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, (2) LENT TERM, 1881.

No. 2.

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THREE ODES.

(Being a short study on Keats.)

BY H. T. NICHOL, B.A.

I.—Were I disposed to differ from any of the conclusions of that wisest, gentlest, most lovable of critics, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, it should be in his estimate of Keats. He places him among that "numerous class of poets who have a certain kind of moon-light genius given them to compensate for their imperfection of nature. Their want of mental colouring makes them sensitive to those impressions which stronger minds, neglect or never feel at all. Many of them die young, and all of them are tinged with melancholy." Softly, softly, Doctor! Keats, a moon-light poet! To me he is far better described in those lines of his own:—

"Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings."

None richer in all lovely colour—a very opal in their complexity—a prison-house of lightnings, the heart of fire burning ever restlessly within. Fragile he was, it is true and "died young": iridescent as the peacock's neck, like it too easily ruffled by too rude a breath, and its beauty marred. And "melancholy"—certainly. His genius could not otherwise have had that richness of colour which I claim for it. "We speak rashly," says Mr. Ruskin, "of gay colour, and sad colour, for colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive, *the loveliest melancholy*, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most." But the melancholy is not the black unalloyed Grief of Spenser—

" . . . all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy eiere,"

but Milton's Pensive, loving to pace quiet cloisters, and draw sweet inspiration from—

"Storied windows richly light  
Casting a dim religious light."

And in fact it is to the pervading presence of this holy ennobling melancholy that the three odes which I have selected largely owe their loveliness. And I have chosen these, because I think they display the evident beauties of Keats's genius at their highest, uniting exquisite subtlety of perception with utter perfectness of form.

I should take them in the following order, that "To a Nightingale,"—"To Autumn,"—"To a Grecian Urn."

It is instructive to compare with the first a poem often assigned as companion to it, Shelley's "Skylark"; and from the comparison to learn the genius of either poet. The chief characteristic of Shelley's is, I think, its exultation—joy of aspiration become a pain from its intensity—a yearning of the spirit to burst all bounds, and renew the attempt of Icarus however vain—a personal aim still. Keats' is rather a renunciation of self—an emptying of it to be able to contain the more of the envied sweetness. The one active, the other passive—the one, the ecstasy of a S. Stephen, painful only because momentarily incomplete; the other, that of a S. Catharine, intense in its utter self-abnegation. Listen to this *Nunc Dimittis*;—

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a soul."

The pathos of the next stanza cannot easily be excelled. The attribute of immortality establishes a sympathy between all souls in the brotherhood of grief:—

"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

Yes, for all time the same angel voice charming to tears all sick hearts, and rescuing them from that

" . . . gradual furnace of the world  
In whose hot air our spirits are upheaved,  
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel—  
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring,  
Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel,  
But takes away the power."

What strikes one most after the wealth of ideas in this ode is their warmth, their spontaneity, their absolute necessity. He furnishes us with what he prays for himself—

" . . . a beaker full of the warm south,  
Full of the true the blushing Hippocrene."

We feel it in all our being—a draught of the Gods' nectar which lifts the material veil, and enables us to contemplate the true.

II. The second ode is a striking and admirable piece of natural description, gliding without constraint in the second stanza into exquisite allegory. The pleasant Kentish landscape—its glad rural wealth and quiet—its bending hazel bushes—and, on the edge of the stanza, a fringe of late blooming flowers, over which the drowsy murmur of the bees lulls us to accept without surprise the charming impersonations which follow—can any thing be more perfect?

Here I must again insist on the noble element of colour—deep in all the full glow of the half-reaped corn and its mingling poppies, and passing into the matchless evanescent hues of an Autumn evening—

"While harvest clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue."

III.—The third, I think, sums up the conclusion of all poetry—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

It is the philosophy of Plato—that the beautiful is nothing else than the visible form of the good. It is the true dualism which sees in the *ideal* the only true reality—the world as it is in the mind of God—and whose truth is proved by the sympathy it provokes between all pure minds in all time. The perfection of the art of the forgotten sculptor who has arrested action at its height of enjoyment—the very golden mean, before palling or regret or decay has entered—is only equalled by the exquisite appreciation of the poet who has interpreted it for us. And the rapport of these two souls, so many many ages apart what does it not prove to us of the absolute eternity and unchangeableness of good?

Now I have trespassed too long on the Editors' space. Yet these odes are not nearly exhausted. How should they be? for like the glories of a sunset they defy—rather escape—illustration—unless indeed one be a Turner. It would need truly the poet's own art of—

"fitting aptest words to things,"

to do them justice.

Keats has left comparatively little work, yet such is its perfection that it warrants us in according him a place among the noblest bards. As some one has said I do not now remember who, "if Shakspeare himself had died as young he would have left nothing comparable to his."

That element of colour to which I have so often and strongly alluded as one of his most admirable character-

isties is only *one*. Of the others we should assuredly find no better enumeration than in a stanza of that perfectest of elegies—I do not except Lycidas, and In Memoriam—Shelley's *Adonais*. He is telling of those who came to bid farewell to the shattered home of the poet's soul, and to

mourn their lot  
Round the cold heart, where after their sweet pain,  
They ne'er will gather strength nor find a home again";

and how amongst them

Desires and Adorations,  
Wing'ed Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
Splendours and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
of hopes and fears, and twilight Fantasies,  
And Sorrow with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
Came in slow pomp—the moving pomp might seem  
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream."

Then there is that pervading "union of the imaginative and the real" which Leigh Hunt notices particularly in "La belle Dame sans mercy," but which is equally to be remarked in all. Finally there is the passionate, deep, subtle sympathy with nature, which he shares indeed with Shelley and Wordsworth, but to which he imparts a characteristic all his own. Even while living he seem to have had the two souls which he attributes to the dead poets; and now assuredly, speaking by that which he has left on earth, to those who love and sympathize with him, he does indeed enable them to apprehend something of the real world, which only poets see, and to

commune  
With the spheres of sun and moon,  
With the noise of fountains wondrous,  
And the parle of voices thund'rous;  
With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease  
Seated on Elysian lawns  
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;  
Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not;  
Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, tranced thing,  
But divine melodious truth;  
Philosophic numbers smooth;  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries." \*

#### THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

BY R. T. NICHOL, B.A.

Trailing his misty garments far along  
Which from his tall dim-shadowed shoulders cast  
Fell on the earth; chanting an ancient song,  
Murm'ring, the Angel of the Autumn passed.  
Passed—with his great grey wings spread wide aloft  
Through the deep air and o'er the smiling sky  
Just 'scaping earth as with a motion soft  
He glided, thrilling that unceasing cry.  
Passed—and the wild-voiced forest felt his breath,  
And bowed and quivered in their night of fears,  
And sent, as feeling the approach of death,  
A troublous murmur o'er the placid meres.  
The wild swan, straining on its wings of snow,  
Meeting the phantom shrieked a boding knell.  
The Angel wept that all should fear him so;  
To earth the shriek through the abyss of ether fell.  
Fell, and in falling roused to take their flight,  
Whatever haunts the sedge and reedy fen;  
They passed athwart the waning purple light  
In long dark rank above the heads of men.

\* Keats' Ode to the Poets.

So the night fell; and then the Angel stooped  
To where the blood-red moon refulgent lay  
On the horizon; and the great wings drooped  
Nearer the earth; but it he bore away.

Bore as a buckler chased of purest gold  
Far up the ascent of sky upon his arm;  
But all men shivered, for his breath was cold;  
'Alas!' said they 'he comes to work us harm.'

And then the Angel: 'Ah, I must to work;  
And so he sent a warning cry abroad,  
That pierced to every dell and cranny mure  
Where live the elves from homes of men outlawed.

Then all that storied elin race came forth  
And stood beneath his shield upon the plain;  
Not one of all—South, West or East or North  
Lagged or dared still in hiding place remain.

When thus he spake: 'Ye know, my willing fays,  
Why ye are called: disperse, and to your task;  
Scatter o'er all this earth of many ways;  
Hasten the Fall; prepare the world's death mask.

And so they sped and painted all the leaves,  
Vermil and golden and more varied dyes  
Than wears that bird, who, where the South Sea grieves  
Round happy isles, on the speed breezes flies.

But soon these leaves grew russet brown and sear,  
And fell in rustling showers upon the ground,  
As still the windy gusts with moaning drear  
Swept through the boughs with deep-voiced mournful sound.

And then the Angel mounted somewhat up,  
And cried aloud: 'His boasted strength has fled;  
'Deep—to the dregs—he hath drained the appointed cup;  
'Sing ye his requiem, for the year is dead.'

'Dead!' cried the forests, and prolonged the moan,  
Telling it as a burden to the wind,  
Which swept it on across the moorland lone  
Leaving a strange unnatural calm behind.

The robin feeding on the thorny spray,  
Scared from his meal, dropped the dry seed and fled,  
On frightened pinion speeding far away,  
Re-echoing as all else in nature—'Dead!'

Once more the Angel, ever mounting higher,  
Cried yet again—the voice was far and faint,  
Like the wild whisperings of an Æolian lyre,  
Or music heard in visions by a saint—

'Those paintings were the hatchments of his race;  
'His race was ancient and their blazons proud;  
'Yet even he hath knelt and veiled his face,  
'And low before a mightier power hath bowed.

'Swathe him, O Winter, in a shroud of snow;  
'Lay him in state with mournful wailings due;  
'Strew o'er his grave what latest flowerets blow  
'Yellow chrysanthemums, and sprigs of yew.'

The voice grew very faint; the Angel knocked  
At heaven's gate and bowed the adoring head;  
On earth the bare trees wildly swayed and rocked;  
The winds were saying masses for the dead.

#### ARTS AND DIVINITY.

BY A 'TRIN.'

The fact of the insufficiency of the present system of Divinity studies at Trinity is becoming daily more apparent, and the remarks in the last number of *Rouge et Noir*, on the above subject, happily place before us the inconsistency of the stated separate terms for the study of Arts

and Divinity, appearing in our Calendar, and the practice of allowing men to squeeze these two courses of study into a period of time but barely sufficient for the mastery of one. There is, no doubt, a tendency among students to regard Theology as a study so simple that it can be ignored until the last moment, then hastily taken up and crammed through; and we must acknowledge that the young Theologian, as a rule, is none too anxious to enter into the depths of that confused ocean of terms and doctrines, created by the discussion of Theology from every point of view for fifteen centuries, and that text books in any branch of study are not very entertaining; and we find he is apt, unless deeply convinced of the sacredness of the calling he is attaining to, to regard works on Divinity in the same general light as other class-books. But beyond all this lies one great defect, which in a manner tends to lead the student into such a course of study as I have just described, viz., the permission given to study Arts and Divinity simultaneously. Divinity we all know, seems a dry study to the majority of men; and thus suffers from this competition; and the attention, we may say the great attention, which it demands, is but seldom given. There are many projects put forward as panaceas for the acknowledged deficiency in the means for the education of our clergy compared with the strides made by the various denominations in this matter; for they seem alive to the situation, but the church as is daily asserted, is gradually dropping behind in the race. Some would completely separate Arts and Divinity. They would establish Theological schools where a moderate course of arts would be completely overshadowed by an exhaustive Divinity course. Others would have Arts studied at a college—Divinity at a separate school. However wise these schemes may be, in the desire to place Theology in a better position by giving it the preference over all the other studies taken up by those intending to enter the ministry, and in separating such students from the distracting interests which naturally surround them when Theology is studied in a college where there is a resident art class, they lose sight of a most important factor in the after life of a clergyman, one which such a course would not in the least prepare him for, which is his daily intercourse with and battle against the world. In these days, when worldly ideas and worldly philosophies have a great hold over a mass of intelligent and well meaning men, it is the very worst policy to send out clergy, who have not had the benefit of a college life spent among those who go to form this very class, and, though to sensitive natures some rude shocks may now and then be given, yet it is better that it should be so. There is also another advantage arising from having these two courses taken at the same college, one which is beneficial to the college as a whole. At Trinity the senior man must be a B.A. Divinity student and thus this important position is held by one whose counsels will be on the side of moderation in matters concerning college life, and no doubt Trinity's reputation for gentlemanly treatment of freshmen and refinement in other matters is due in a great measure to the continued influence of her senior men—indeed in any college, where Divinity and Arts are taken together, the same conditions would naturally arise. The ordinary Divinity student however does not as a rule attempt to make his influence for good felt by his fellow collegians; he is inclined to shirk difficult questions in morals, and takes the back seat accorded to him by the arts men without a word of protest; and thus he misses some advantages which would be of great value to himself as well as to the college generally. But we know what hard work it is for a young

fellow surrounded by worldly influences to muster sufficient courage to stand to his convictions. Still were the Divines more united in their efforts, and were they to try to organize a living society, they would occupy a position of greater influence and one which could not but be felt for the good of the college. There is however one element of weakness, which will always more or less prevent any efforts in the direction alluded to above viz., that of allowing literates to enter the Theological course. It is to say the least an injustice to place in class work a B.A. on a par with a man of but few acquirements; and the gulf between a freshman and a senior, which is necessary to the well-being of college life, only puts the matter in a worse shape. But this is not the only fault to be found with the present system. Men have been admitted into the Divinity class who would hardly be called literates—the word needs two letters prefixed to express the state of some of those who have been associated with B.A.'s in the study of Theology; and can we wonder that there is but little *esprit du corps* in the Divinity class when educated men are placed in their studies on a level with some, who by their exhibition of ignorance in the simplest matters, convulse the attendants at chapel or their fellow students in the library. To say that these men are unable to pay for a full college course, and that as they earnestly wish to enter the ministry, some regard to these causes must be had and the rules relaxed accordingly, may be the truth, but it is not wisdom. The constitution sadly needs amending in this particular. As the Divinity school now stands, for reasons pointed out it can never hold its proper position in the college; and the results which must arise from sending out men but half prepared will be prejudicial to the well being of the church we love so well. Though as compared with other institutions Trinity's Theological school makes a good shewing, it is from her B.A. Divinity students that the merit comes; and it will be well to note here as a sign of the times that the P. E. Divinity School through its management have expressed the wish that the present system would soon be stopped, and none but graduates of some University received. In the Diocese of Huron the Western University is being established for a similar reason. It is to be hoped that the Corporation will see their way clearly to the removal of this weak spot. Some of Trinity's best friends are in favour of allowing none but graduates to study Divinity and, were the matter agitated, no doubt the point would soon be settled and Trinity be in possession of a Divinity class, a credit both to herself and the church whose doctrines she was established to maintain.

G. B.

## SONNET.

## WHY IS THE WIND SAD!

BY THE REV. JOHN CARRY, B.D.

Strange child of earth and air, mysterious wind!  
 Whether through solemn forest pines it raves,  
 Or sighs as light it flits o'er summer waves,  
 An undertone of sadness still we find,  
 Whether it shrieks aloft o'er seaman's head,  
 Or whistles round and rocks the cottage bed,  
 Or moans round castle casements—still the mind  
 Perceives the secret wail. But why not glad,  
 The wind in all their ever varying sounds?  
 'Tis that they come from nature's distant bounds  
 Laden with all the woe that at her heart lies sad.  
 The whole creation groans with sympathetic pain,  
 And yields our grief her tributary strain,  
 Waiting her change till we our change have had.

• Rom. viii. 16-22.

# Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

(2) LENT TERM, 1881.

Since the last issue *ROUGE ET NOIR* has met with a great loss. Mr. J. T. LEWIS, B. A., one of its original founders, and ever since its mainstay, has been compelled to leave town, and move towards the orient. May all his efforts equal his editorial and may he always be appreciated as he has ever been in Trinity

(By the way, there is always room for contributed matter!)

Our circulation has increased since last month, so that for the benefit of those electors who did not see that number of our paper, we wish to repeat the suggestion there made, viz.: the names of Mr. CHRISTOPHER ROBINSON, Q.C., and REV. O. P. FORD, M.A., as new members of the Council, the former, one of our oldest and most influential graduates, and the latter, a double-first man, to represent the Clergy.

THE PROVOST, is at last 'hanged' in the Convocation Hall. It is an excellent likeness, and is well situated opposite BISHOP STRACHAN. The largest foundation stone and the greatest, longest tried pillar of our College, are now symbolically on either side of the Chancellor's throne. But there are still gaps left. We want our first CHANCELLOR to watch us from the canvass as his crest does from the oak of his throne. Another gap all our friends would gladly see filled with a painting of another of our pillars—one of our best supports for many years—the late BISHOP BETHUNE. The very good portrait of him in the Trinity College School could be copied at no very great expense.

HIS LORDSHIP OF NIAGARA, in a kind note received by us lately, after paying our paper a flattering compliment, adds that our articles are more worthy of Episcopal approval than our name. Our reason for choosing and adhering to the title is simply because it exactly expresses our position. Red and black—*rouge et noir*—are the colours chosen in time past for the College ribbon—that which distinguishes the students of Trinity from those of other Colleges, quite irrespective of the authorities in which respect we and our ribbon are coincident. Any other name must be meaningless, or must contain 'Trinity College' which would involve

those who doubtless would not like to be so included. Wherefore we overlook the unfortunate coincidence, that our heading is associated with gambling, in view of its otherwise great appropriateness.

Apart from the fact that we are merely following the example set us by all like institutions, in our endeavouring to establish a College Paper—in itself no possible excuse—we must of course, in submitting our claim on the sympathy and support of Trinity men, allege our reason for an audience. Trinity is strangely circumstanced. Her position is somewhat unique. Not that she is the only College whose Curriculum is characterized by theological teachings,—the Church of England is not alone in that respect,—but while her contemporaries have realized their several positions, Trinity does not appear to have done so. She is yet in her infancy, though the public naturally think otherwise. It will be our endeavour not only to show this, but also to deferentially suggest the remedy. We hope that through our humble efforts her existence and her worth may be, to some extent, more widely recognized. Her graduates have a very small voice in her administration, and this, among other things, must be our apology for a voice from within.

The Institute is beginning to arouse itself from a prolonged nap. The debates have immensely improved of late, a fact which shews that there is plenty of ability in the College, which can be turned to good account if there is inducement enough. A system of public debates has been established, in which both graduates and undergraduates take part. The Institute may do a very good work for the College in this way by bringing its members before the notice of the public, or at least more forcibly before the notice of its friends, and by inciting the men to cultivate an ability, which we have every reason to believe they are not at all deficient in. It may also have the good effect in time of bringing some of the graduates and undergraduates together on occasions, the result of which could not but be beneficial. The first of these public debates has come and gone, and was a decided success. We compliment the gentlemen, who undertook the task of carrying it through, on the success of their efforts. It has already shewn a marked influence in infusing more spirit into the ordinary weekly debates.

## TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

In welcoming to our columns the customary letter from the Trinity College School, Port Hope, we would like to say a very few words with respect to the school itself. Its flourishing condition which is, for the most part, owing to the energy and ability of its governing body, and, above all, of its head master, ought to be an instructive lesson to those who exercise authority over the movements of its venerable mother. The school was founded as late as 1865, and yet, by dint of good management and judicious enterprise, it now numbers about 120 boys on its lists, and is

rapidly becoming one of the best known and most popular schools in the country. It has been for several years our principal feeder; indeed, our mainstay; and is eminently worthy of the confidence which, judging from its members has been so fully extended to it. Yet we venture to make one criticism. The mathematical training so necessary to those who propose to take a University course, might be improved. The mathematics occupy as important a place with us as the classics, and while the Trinity College School boys shew a decided superiority in the study of classics and divinity, their deficiency in mathematics is noticeable. This may perhaps be to a great extent owing to the general tendency of ambition in the school, and not to any lack of instruction in the class room: so that if the marking for examinations in mathematics were made even with that given for classics, and a greater premium set upon the acquisition of knowledge in this branch, this, together with the inducement afforded by the Lorne Medal, might entirely remedy the deficiency which, even as it is, is slight compared with the superiority of the instruction in other branches. The rollicking condition of such of the boys as we have seen speaks exceedingly well for the healthiness of the situation, and the excellence of the indoor accommodation, the board, lodging, &c. The school has always been renowned for cricket and foot-ball, especially the cricket, and we hope to hear of many of their victories during the coming season. We look forward to the Upper Canada match with enthusiasm.

#### DIVINITY HONOURS.

It is a strangely unfortunate thing that our College Fathers—if we may so term the gentlemen of the Corporation—appear to so have lost sight of the great original intention of the founders of our University, that at the very time when most action is needed we are to all appearance in a state of dignified repose. We took occasion in our last issue to point at this lamentable fact. It cannot be too often repeated. It should be in the hands and as frontlets between the eyes of every Trinity man—yes of every Churchman—that we were at our foundation an active protest against the iniquity of purely secular education—that we still live for that reason—and that there is now much greater need for some positive religious teaching than there ever has been. Incalculably greater need—for the lapse of years has given the tree of secular education time to blossom and bear profusely its fruits of indifference and infidelity. Since this then is our position, since this is our main point of distinction, surely no member of the Council—no friend of Trinity can clear his conscience of a heavy load if he is not striving in every way to enlarge and improve Bishop Strachan's bequest to his country. But it will very naturally be asked, is the Church teaching in the Arts course sufficient?—Quite enough we believe for those who have honour work to attend to in other departments, but very insufficient in another way. Divinity is one of our branches—irrespec-

tive of our Divinity course for Holy Orders—with a Professor and compulsory examinations. It is, to repeat our distinctive badge, yet strange and sad to relate it alone has no honor course! Why should this be? It is not a fault one would look for, since a great error has always been, we think, the prominence given to our Divinity Class. We would like to hear some reasons against this addition. Such a training would be of great use to many a layman who cannot give much time to religious study after taking his degree and of vastly greater use to those who purpose entering the Divinity Class. By all means advertise the College in its true character; but be careful, at the same time, that it thoroughly fulfils the end for which it was intended.

#### OUR MUSICAL DEGREE.

The fact that the University of Trinity College has the power of granting a degree in music, the only genuine degree indeed to be had in the country, seems to be one of those strange half forgotten legends which descend to us from that *Ultimate dim Thule*, when the College was first set upon its infant legs by its energetic founders, and taught the youthful art of creeping, from which unassuming mode of progress 't appears never to have ventured to stray: legends which are known only to those faithful and steadfast souls who have the energy to burrow into the secrets of that most mysterious of things—the College Council. Nevertheless, be it known to you, readers, we have a chair and a degree in music. But where are the names of our graduates on the lists? There is not one! And yet, if our opportunities in this branch had been made the most of, if we had had from the beginning an enterprising faculty, an able and energetic professor, and a wide-spread and careful advertisement of our degree-granting power we might, by this time, have had a body of graduates who would have exercised a marked influence in the musical history of our country. But, instead of that, the whole matter is veiled in profound obscurity; while we have gone on majestically dreaming, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, we have neglected a grand opportunity. No measures appear ever to have been taken to make any practical use of our power. We have no lectures—no examination—no degree—no one knows anything about it. We are destitute even of the slight pretense of activity in this direction which was recognized as having an existence last year. Everybody knows what an estimable benefit, leaving the degree out of the question, a thorough practical training in the rudimentary branches of music would be to our Divinity Class. 'Tis never too late to mend, especially in our case. Even now if active measures were taken towards making this degree a reality, instead of a scarce remembered fable, a great power might be raised to our assistance in an entirely new—and, we think entirely promising branch, an attraction which would surely bring many to us, and, in course of time, enable Trinity men to take their place in the foremost



ranks of the musical societies of Canada. Indeed, our musical faculty would perhaps become our principal stand-by. Instead of the slight and very questionable fame which, however undeserved it may be, we possess throughout the country at present our musical graduates by filling organist's positions, and spreading far and wide an able and thorough system of teaching, might carry the name and good reputation of their University into places where it has never even been heard of. What a benefit it would be to the country at large to be provided with a *bona fide* degree, granted for a certain proficiency in music which should be tested by regular and uniform examinations, instead of being exposed, as it is to a lamentable extent, to the quackery of ignorant impostors who, in the absence of such a degree, usurp the places which should be filled by able and carefully instructed men. Trinity has missed an opportunity, such a one as she will probably never have again, but even yet, though our chances are small compared with what they were, an active move in this direction might accomplish a great deal. Why is this move not made? It is surely high time. We have a nominal faculty; we have a professor. Yet we have seen nothing of him this year. Is it that he is not sufficiently backed up by the authorities, or that his age and health incapacitate him for the active fulfilment of his office? It is a responsible position—one that might be made much of. There are many of the best musicians in the country who, we imagine, would jump at the chance of obtaining such a position as the professorship of music in Trinity College, a position, the need, the necessity, of which is so urgently and widely recognized among musical circles in Canada, and which for this reason they could turn to such excellent account both for their own fame and that of the institution with which they might be connected. The remedying of this want would gain for us a universal esteem and respect which we have never yet won, and which seems to be as far away from us now as ever. This is a matter which should recommend itself to the careful consideration of the active friends of the College.

### EPISKOPON.

Father Episkopon still survives, and his precious volumes, as many as are left of them, are our most interesting monuments of the past. We regret to say that several of the best of the old volumes, long watched and tenderly fathered works of the pen-weary fingers of forgotten scribes, have been lost from the Institute Library, abstracted we suspect by the hostile hands of those whose misdeeds have been rather sharply criticized in its sometimes too truth-telling pages. To the perpetrators of such a deed, if any exist, we have only to say that they are taking rather a selfish revenge in depriving the Institute of the most valuable works in the Library: works which can never be restored. Revered Episkopon has been one of the prevailing spirits among our residents ever since the time, some twenty-three years ago, when Trinity men invoked the jovial spectre to their aid, in driving out dull

melancholy, and appointed a scribe, his high priest here in terrestrial matters, to write out under his mysterious guidance the results of his merry inspiration working in the fertile brains of the humourously inclined; which scribe was and is assisted by the counsels of three editors unknown, who, being appointed by the secret rite of Episkopon's succession, are to this day the subject of endless speculation and unwearying research; inasmuch that every student within these walls, relying upon certain indisputable evidences which have brought themselves in contact with his ocular and auricular senses, has his own particular list incontestably proven of this mysterious council of three, and which he is ready to defend surely to the satisfaction of every one, even against the scribe himself, who doubtless often laughs in his sleeve at the ingenious but mistaken speculations of the Episkopon's followers. Now this jolly male muse, unprepossessing though he certainly be in his ungainly representation as a skeleton, portrayed in ink on the title pages of his volumes—rather rudimentary skeletons too sometimes, according to the proficiency or deficiency in anatomic knowledge of the designer—this masculine muse, we say, has from what is with us time immemorial fulfilled a twofold function as amuser and instructor. On the well remembered nights, when, after the eleven o'clock bell has rung, the College curfew for the extinction of the gas, his faithful friends and followers are gathered together over their pipes in the largest and most comfortable room in the building, and the wise and witty though often rather personal sallies of the Episkopon, as they fall from the fond lips of the scribe, are greeted with shouts of hearty laughter from audience, of whom the unassailed laugh because there is a good joke, the lampooned because it is the best thing they can do under the circumstances, on these occasions he certainly fills the place of the amuser. His office as instructor is easily seen in the manifest improvement in the subsequent conduct of those unfortunates whose failings have been sternly but wisely reprov'd by the witty tongue of the observant, and omnipresent old invisible censor. There are several stock subjects which call forth the genius of the Episkopon in almost every volume—such as the St. Simon, and St. Jude's steeple-chase—an old theme—as old as the Episkopon himself—when the strong and athletic of the college—and there are always a good many of this class to be found among us—muster courage (and courage it needs) to pant and puff over two miles of marshy ground through the October mud and mist of the Ravine—the Ravine so beautiful in spring and summer, so exceeding cold, wet and dismal in the autumn. Most of us admire their pluck but envy not laurels, won at the expense of so much comfort. Then the dinner that follows, the renowned St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner, to the luxurious student the most important event of the year, when the weary victors of the race indemnify themselves for the discomfort of the afternoon. The Episkopon has generally something to say too about St. Patrick's day, from time immemorial a special holiday among us—though what St. Patrick has to do with Trinity men we know not—still the case stands that some caprice in olden time has made him one of the students patron saints; and on his day some one is sure, by too earnestly devoting himself to its celebration, to lay himself open to the pointed rhymes of the poet. There is a fine pen and ink sketch in an old volume of Episkopon—some of our graduate readers will doubtless recollect it—representing St. Patrick, a genuine stumpy, ugly, comical-looking little Irishman, inimitably drawn, sweeping from the porch with a broom the obstructing Dons in the form of several disagreeable little

+ 1850 1851 see 1852 1853

reptiles, which sketch is followed by a 'Laie of Sainte Patrick' a very good thing showing how

Upon the eve of Erin's Patron Sainte  
There met of knights and harlie squires a score  
Whose scutcheons shewed no mark of stain or taint  
For they no scutcheons bore.

and describing the festivities that followed. But good old Episkopon, like other satirical people, has laid himself open to censure sometimes by his own compromising language, and has more than once suffered from the fingers of those, whom his tongue has rather roughly handled. Episkopon, as those who were in college four or five years ago well remember, once had a rival, and a successful rival too, in the notorious Kritikos, the advocate of the momentous and ever-recurring principle of freshmen's rights, a volume written and edited much in the same manner as Episkopon. It was started in the face of a large majority for Episkopon, and supported for some time by the sheer ability of its founders. Of the twenty articles which composed the first numbers we have heard that one gentleman wrote sixteen. This discouraged the followers of the old paper, and it was dropped and neglected for two or three years. Kritikos was clever, but his wit was too acrid, and got him into disrepute, until at length his supporters gave him up and returned to their old allegiance. Disagreement among the editors and scribes prevented the bringing out of any number until Michaelmas term 1879, when the Episkopon returned to light once more and resumed his long neglected censorship. Kritikos, which might have remained to us a lasting monument of one of the most interesting periods in the internal history of the college, has been stolen or lost, probably the former, a fact particularly to be deplored on account of the ability displayed in the pages of its single volume, and the interesting associations connected with it. It was the time when, during the agitation of freshmen's rights, the college was divided into two nearly equal hostile parties, whose animosity towards each other turned the Institute meetings into a weekly battle of words—pretty strong words too—and sometimes rose to such a pitch that the two parties could scarcely refrain from assault and battery in the corridors. But old Episkopon has again long reigned in peace; and old scribes and editors will be glad to learn that his pen is as sharp and active as ever. The last number, which was read a week or two ago, was the longest ever brought out.

#### ABOUT COLLEGE.

Do you admire the smoky flavor?

The singing in chapel is improving.

The March postal-guide is up at last.

We should like to have a Telephone.

The Gymnasium remains in the same condition.

\*The Boycotted is the Jubilee soprano, we believe.

Very few non-residents at the last reading of *Επισκοπών*.

The College anxiously awaits the coming Jubilee quartette.

We regret to say that Mr. Broughall, has been of late too ill to lecture. Mr. Langtry, also has our sympathy.

Our Park looks its most dreary just now. All the snow is gone, and no vegetation has as yet appeared. The days of snow-drops and hyacinths on the terrace are soon to be looked for.

The ravine has been converted into a muddy lake for the last few days. Does this account for the rich color of the coffee?

We congratulate the authorities on the valuable additions they have made to the apparatus of the Science department.

The Shakespeare readings have been few and far between this term. Not more than half a dozen have been held: Why?

The wilderness is almost deserted—positively quiet—the authorities have put a stove there around which a few lonely pelicans roost in the night time.

The men fail to see the object of locking the chapel door and keeping out everybody who is not sharp on time—or rather before time, for the door seldom waits for the clock.

We acknowledge, with thanks communications from His Lordship the Bishop of Niagara, Rev Canon Belt, R. Gregory Cox, M.A. Rev. Mr Bates, J. T. Lewis, B.A., and others.

Hurrah for St. Patrick! this day was duly kept with—no lectures as usual—midnight festivity—don—lamp—slight boots protruding from bedclothes *τυμπανων δ' ἀπαγματα*—and rattling of tin pans.

The other day a gentleman remarked in our presence that Harper's Weekly had a *Nast-y* habit of being illustrated almost entirely by one man—a scene ensued—we have still hopes of his ultimate recovery.

There is a reading prize open for competition to the members of the Institute. The recent attention given to the able elocution lectures of Mrs. Morrison would lead us to expect a close struggle for it. Who shall be the man?

We are surprised to learn that the exaggerated statement made in the local column of our last issue about breaking ice in the jugs has been taken for a literal fact. Though some of the rooms were cold enough to freeze, this was the exception.

Our old cricketing friends are beginning to make their reappearance occasionally in college. They have lost none of their old zeal apparently and we may look forward to an active season. Cricket has always been one of our strong points.

Two excellent essays were read the other night before the Institute. The first on 'Cromwell and his times', the second on 'Yachting experience' which was so good that, had the author not desired to use it for another purpose, we would have sought it for publication.

Daily pilgrimages are being made by the world-weary members of the second year to the dark fountain of Rotterdam, that they may embrace its four sable corners, and receive the miraculous waters that flow therefrom and be strengthened for the battle of this life.

The architectural beauties of our building have been augmented this winter by the erection at the east end of a lovely pine board structure, used we believe as an ice-house, quite an intense piece of architecture, particularly affecting to the aesthetic mind as it comes in full view of its noble contour from the gate.

The unfortunate second year man with bars on his windows has to pay dearly for not belonging to a 'Club.' He wearily returns from lecture to his quiet chamber. 'Lardy-Dah! Lardy-Dah!' howled next door soon ensures his retreat. They've gone. Now for a nap till four and then grind till chapel but, 'sleep my pretty one sleep-ee-cep!' soon stops that little game. After tea the 'downstairs Club' have the floor till bed time. He is going to join the Jubilees or change his room.

The Trinity College Choral Club is now fully organized, and is in a flourishing condition. Since its institution the Club has taken part in seven concerts, four of which were given entirely by the members; and in addition they have as many engagements as they can conveniently fill after the Easter vacation.

Indeed, so great has been the success of the society, that it has embolden others to form a separate glee club in college, which has lately been started.

This fact argues well for the abundance of vocal talent in Trinity, and it is to be hoped that the standard of the chanting and hymning in chapel may be thereby elevated to a higher degree.

The Choral Club have two concerts on hand which are to come off immediately, one of them being at Oshawa; and Mr. John Carter Jr. their energetic leader, has been drilling the members very diligently for the last ten days.

The Glee Club, owing to its recent organization, will not take part in any entertainments till after Easter.

We wish both Clubs every success, and trust that they will persevere in fostering that talent, which is one of the greatest characteristics of college life.

"WANTED.—A Chaplain for the L. M. S."

(Inserted by request. We do not understand. What is L. M. S.?)

Is it a 'Lone Maiden Society'?

Or 'Latter-day Mormon Saints'?

Or 'London Moving Sara'?

Or perhaps—but no, they are not in Town.

The reading room has been without a fire for the greater part of this term. The room has been so cold and miserable that students have been obliged to carry the files to their rooms. The authorities are supposed to keep this room comfortable; the excuse we have received is that there is something wrong with that ancient curiosity the stove, whose fellows scattered round the corridors in such apparently useless profusion, add so much to the grace and beauty of the internal arrangements of our building, Oh! for something that would spread a uniform heat, through the halls, however small. Hot water pipes are what we want.

The annual general meeting of the Cricket Club was held in College Hall, on Monday 7th March. There was a fair attendance of graduates and friends of the Club. The following committee were elected for the coming season:—President, REV. PROF. JONES, M.A.; 1st Vice-President, REV. PROF. BOYS, M.A.; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. ED. SPRAGGE, M.D.; Treasurer, Mr. R. J. MOORE, B. A. '80; Secretary, Mr. T. O. TOWNLEY, '82; Executive Committee,—Messrs. R. B. BEAUMONT, '82, J. J. GODFREY, '82, D. O. R. JONES, '83. From the retiring Secretary's report we learn that the finances and general state of the Club are most satisfactory, and there is every prospect of a brilliant season.

After dinner one sultry day in winter, the romantic students went forth upon the grey stones of the mighty porch and lounged dreamily among their historic mosses—a dark and fearful man of blood rode up in—in what? shall we say it—an express waggon—the man descended and disappeared within the pillared hall—he left a canine beast behind him—of fierce and grisly mien—come, let us slay him said they all and the braves, drew his dirk—no, a snow-ball—the beast was bathed in gore—the bedouin reappeared—with a horrid oath he remounted—a youth was by his side—the assailants gathered round with desperate—chaff. The dreadful man drew his weapon—an

awful double-barreled—here a rock—I mean a snow-bail smote him—he turned his snorting steed—death stared him in the face—he placed the deadly weapon in the hands of the trembling youth—'cock her Jim, cock her' he yelled—and sped like the whirlwind through the closing ranks of the infuriated foe.

There was a fine meeting of the Institute the other night a full attendance. The customary ballot was taken up for best debater during the two or three weeks preceding. Just as the result was about to be announced, two gentlemen appeared on the scene, votes were demanded for them. A minority resisted on constitutional grounds. The crowd yelled for votes constitution or no constitution—the excitement grew to fever pitch—speeches were occasionally made—in the intervening spaces, the air was rent with defiant shouts—chairmen were put in and kicked out, till the man for the majority took the seat—a ruling was given and the votes registered amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the mob, the victorious majority poured out in triumph for refreshments.

There are diverse clubs in college at present—in fact the place is so bristling with them, that you cannot walk three yards along corridor without running against one—first, oldest, and sauciest the Chorus Club (a perfect shillalah) particularly obnoxious in its practices to the gentleman who lives next door—about to astonish the natives in Oshawa, we hear. Next the Glee Club, lying low at present; but purposing to do great execution after Easter—The voice of the Jubbees is low and mystic, but sweet—though seldom heard. The music of the Neutrals is best described in the glowing words of Gilbert.

'It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze  
It wandered about into several keys  
It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I'm aware  
But still it distinctly suggested an air'

The balance of instrumental agony seems to be on the side of the Glee men—a cornet (alas!—a guitar—a violin (too seldom heard)—to say nothing of the 'two stringed phorminx,' whose fitful melody disturbs our rest at times.

#### TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

A friend of the school has recently presented \$200 towards improvements in the Chapel.

Trinity College School Literary Society: is the name of a new organization in the school, which already has shown signs of bearing useful fruits. In the few meetings which have been held such great improvement has taken place, that it has been deemed advisable to admit the masters as honorary members. The Society has been promised two valuable prizes for speaking and reading; and early next term the competition for them is expected to take place. One good result, the outcome of the society has been, the establishment of a reading room, over which the members are overseers. It is sustained by an annual subscription from each boy. All the leading papers and magazines are on file, and its popularity is attested by the crowded state of the room at all times.

The Cricket meeting on the 15th, was one of the best ever held. There was a good deal of contention in a quiet way, but everything passed off pleasantly. Nominations for the Committee were particularly brisk, these having been eleven names submitted. The Head Master was elected President. Messrs. Logan and Perry, represented the Masters on the Committee, and A. B. Stennett, E. C. Cayley, and J. E. Fidler, the boys. Matches are now

being arranged, and the eleven, under the able management of our veteran Cricketer, and champion bowler, will no doubt give a satisfactory account of itself at the end of the season.

The Musical and Dramatic entertainment given in the Dining Hall on March 1st, was a pronounced success. The programme consisted of the two farces 'Bamboozling' and 'Bombastes Furioso'; Cheruses by the Society, songs and piano solos by different amateurs. The acting in both the pieces was very creditable, Mr. C. A. Bogert, as 'Emily, in 'Bamboozling'; and Mr. Montizambert, as 'King Artexommos', in 'Bombastes', being especially good, and gaining well earned applause. The stage presented a very pretty appearance, being tastefully draped with curtains and flags with an arbor of flowers at the back.

The Dining Hall makes a remarkably good auditorium, equalling many of our public Halls, the only really bad effect being the obstruction in some cases of one's view by the 'eight massive pillars' which support the handsomely decorated ceiling.

After the performance invitations for an impromptu dance were given to a number present; the room was speedily cleared, and a goodly number of the disciples of Terpsichore, nothing daunted by the lateness of the hour and the fatigue resultant from a somewhat long performance, joined in the enjoyable amusement of 'chasing the glowing hours with flying feet'; on the whole, the evening proved a most enjoyable one, and the managing committee are to be highly complimented upon their successful efforts

Port Hope, March 1881.

CRICKET.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

BY A GRADUATE.

The season of 1880 can scarcely, on the whole, be considered to have been so successful as the preceding one. Creditable victories were gained over Whitley and Toronto two of the strongest clubs in the Province; but, on most occasions, the elevens were so lamentably weak that anything beyond a creditable "draw" could hardly have been looked for; nor was that always obtained. Still the batting averages are by no means bad, as compared with those of other Canadian clubs; and had greater zeal been exhibited by individual members to present strong elevens in the important matches, the result might have been more satisfactory. Where so less than twenty-two men take part in only eight games, there must always be a want of that unity of action, and thorough mutual understanding, which is the main strength of a really good team. Two of the three games actually lost were confined to the Undergraduates; and the experience of this as of past years goes to shew that the strength of the College is insufficient to produce satisfactory elevens for such matches. The score-books having been lost care should be taken to prevent the repetition of this accident; the analysis of the bowling cannot be obtained; and this review, compiled from newspaper reports and a few private memoranda, is necessarily incomplete in other particulars. Following is a brief summary of each match:—

Port Hope, May 15.	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
Trinity College	35	33	88
Trinity College School	68	22	90

The School won by 6 wickets.

Jones for the winners scored 14 and 2, Hugel 12 (n. o.), Hagne 7 and 7 (n. o.). The honors of the bowling were shared by Roberts and Jones. Both these gentlemen will this year be welcome additions to the strength of the College. On the losing side, D. M. Howard obtained 13 and R. J. S. Howard 0 and 11, while H. C. Cox delighted the spectators with a brilliant display of cricket in the completion of his 6 and 10, the top score. The majority of the wickets fell to Goldwell and Moore.

Hamilton, May 22.	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
Hamilton	234	..	234
Trinity College	30	23	53

Hamilton won in an innings by 181 runs.

The University eleven was outrageously weak for so important a match, and encountered an overwhelming defeat. The leading feature on the side of the home club was a brilliant innings of 124 by the late Mr. H. Simonds, remarkable for tremendous batting. Dr. Woolverton also scored 34 in his usual iron-clad fashion, and Kennedy made some fine cuts in his (not out); 37. The last named heads the bowling with 9 wickets at a cost of 22 runs. Ferrie having 7 for 16, Rogers 2 for 7. Ferrie, in the second innings, delivered 51 balls for 5 runs and 4 wickets. On the part of Trinity no one reached double figures. D. M. Howard took 6 wickets for 83 runs, Irving 3 for 34.

Trinity College, May 24.	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
Toronto	86	86	172
Trinity College	32	50+	82
Drawn.	+ 5 wickets to fall.		

Totten (31 and 12), E. R. Ogden (5 and 38), and Pearson (36 and 2), were the chief scorers for Toronto. Nine Trinity men in their first innings gave up the ghost with charming simplicity to Totten's alluring 'slows'; not one was bowled, the tenth man being run out. In the second attempt the 5 wickets which fell were claimed by Ogden; but when stumps were drawn he had been knocked off and there was every prospect of a good stand being made. Irving, for Trinity, got 8 and 12, H. J. Campbell 2 (n. o.) and 12 (n. o.), A. F. Campbell 2 and 9 (n. o.), A. Allen took 5 wickets for 50 runs, D. Howard 7 for 50, Irving 3 for 14.

Trinity College, May 26.	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
University College	94	..	94
Trinity College	61+	..	61
Drawn.	+ for 6 wickets.		

An afternoon match, limited to Undergraduates. For the visitors R. R. Boulton scored 49, G. C. Lindsay 10. Boulton's innings being exhibition of good, sound cricket. Goldwell's 22 and D. M. Howard's 13 were the principal figures for Trinity.

Newmarket, May 28.	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
Trinity College	102	65+	167
All North	211	..	211
Drawn.	+ 7 wickets to fall.		

With two men who had never played a match before, two others of very slight experience, and their best bowler absent, the prospects of Trinity appeared gloomy in the extreme. However, in spite of the long innings of their opponents they managed to end up with 7 wickets in hand, and only 44 runs in arrears. H. J. Campbell headed the account with 22 and 35 (n. o.), A. F. Campbell played an excellent innings of 41 he did not go in the second time, and Goldwell scored 1 and 12. Long took 6 wickets for the north, but their best bowling was that of McCormack and Dudley in the unfinished second innings. Their principal scorers were Long (81), Jas. Baddy (56), Newett (18), and Atkinson (11). Baddy played an excellent innings, but Long was favoured with a little luck. H. J. Campbell, took 4 wickets for 46 runs, Allen 3 for 61.

Trinity College, May 29	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
Whitley	33	66	119
Trinity College	57	34	121
Trinity won by 7 wickets.			

Whitley, going first to the bat, fell before D. Howard (6 wickets for 23), and Spragge (4 wickets for 4) for a comparatively insignificant total, A. Laing scoring 18, Ray 11, Trounlell 12. The chief contributors in the first essay of the University were Irving (26), Goldwell (17), and D. M. Howard (11). Ray took 5 wickets, Trounlell 4, A. Laing, 1. The second attempt of Whitley resulted a little better, but J. R. Laing's 13 and Garratt's 10 were the only double figures. H. J. Campbell had 3 wickets for 14 runs, Spragge 2 for 12, Irving 1 for 10, D. M. Howard, 2 for 24. Of the three wickets lost in knocking off the required 34 runs, two fell to A. Laing, and one to Ray. Irving again played well, carrying out his bat for an excellent 19

University College, June 8.	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
Trinity College	31	47	78
University College	48	37	85
University College won by 6 wickets.			

Another Undergraduate match, and this time a victory for the home team. Singularly enough the principal scores on each side were the same as in the former match—Boulton 13 and 19, Lindsay 14 and 10, D. M. Howard 5 and 14, Coldwell 5 and 12. The wicket "bumped" a good deal, and scores were consequently small. Armour had 7 wickets at a cost of 37 runs, Lindsay, in the first innings 7 for 10. On the losing side Allen had 7 for 29.

University College, June 25.	1st Inns.	2d Inns.	Total.
Trinity College (10 men)	113		113
Toronto	45	48	93

Trinity won in an innings by 20 runs.

The first time a really respectable team was placed in the field; and though one man failed to turn up, and Spragge, Campbell, D. Howard, and Coldwell could only muster a brace of runs among them, a very creditable victory ended the season. G. W. Allan "came" off with a really good innings of 33, including a fine hit for six, Irving (whose 14 also embraced a six) assisted him in making things lively at the commencement. Other scores worthy of mention were A. F. Campbell's 23, J. S. Howard's 17 (n. o.), and Townley's 18. Toronto tried seven bowlers, of whom Behan obtained 7 wickets for 44 runs, Totten and Sproule being credited with one each.

For the club, who had to follow their innings, Sproule obtained 12 and 10, Totten 7 and 8, Behan 1 and 13 (n. o.), and Helmcken in the first innings smote everything with perfect impartiality to the extent of 16. D. M. Howard bowled well in both innings, getting 12 wickets for 43 runs, Irving had 4 for 12, Spragge 3 for 11. The Trinity fielding was good.

Prospects for the coming season are very good. Two additions have been made to the undergraduate strength, while on the other hand the loss by departure will be small. It is probable also that more graduates than usual will be available. Among others, Dr. A. M. Haines has returned from England, and we hope to have the benefit of his valuable assistance in a few matches. Material also has been ordered direct from England—a step in the right direction.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Not out.	Average.
H. J. Campbell	3	74	33*	37	4	24.66
P. E. Irving	6	88	26	45	1	14.66
A. F. Campbell	9	102	41	41	1	11.33
T. O. Townley	2	12	18	18	1	11.00
G. W. Allan	4	35	33	33	1	8.75
G. E. Coldwell	13	29	22	22	0	6.54
D. M. Howard	12	75	14	19	0	6.25
A. Allen	10	44	9	12	1	4.40
J. S. Howard	12	48	17*	17*	1	4.00
E. W. Spragge	3	20	6	10	0	4.00
H. Phillips	5	18	6	8	1	3.60
H. C. Coxe	7	21	10	16	1	3.00
R. J. Moore	4	10	5*	5*	1	2.50
H. L. Ingles	4	9	4*	4	2	2.25
W. Farncomb	7	3	3	3	0	0.42

\* Signifies "not out." Seven other members played in matches.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of 'Rouge et Noir'.

GENTLEMEN,—Unity has ever been regarded as a sign of strength—but unity, based on sentiment, is from the very outset, injurious in its results, because it does not carry action along with it.

The University of this College ought to be congratulated because there exists to an illimitable degree this sentimental bond of union, which, as we know, has left us—well! where we were thirty years ago.—The result of this inertia was due to the authorities of the College in not allowing the graduates a participation in University matters. Now this being removed, there is no reason why our condition could not be bettered. But before any improvement can take

place, the axiom must be laid down that the success of every University depends on her graduates. Having then defined the general principles by which prosperity can be obtained, let us examine the vista which opens before us.

At the present time, it must be conceded that a vast number of the graduates of the College, from their position can wield an immense power, to the advantages of this University, by placing before the people the advantages accruing from an education blending with the general principles of Christian truth, to inculcate such principle was the object of the founders of this University; and in losing sight of it, we alienate from ourselves a factor which is of vital importance to the success of this University.—I shall suggest, with the kind permission of the editors other ways by which the interests of our Alma Mater can be advanced in the next issue. Yours, etc.

AN INTENDING B.D.

COLLEGE WORLD NOTES.

170 coëd. colleges in the U. S.  
 They have monitors at Rutgers !!!  
 Princeton is to have a new \$80,000 chapel.  
 Columbia will soon probably admit women.  
 1,530 students in attendance at Ann Arbor.  
 University of Virginia has fifteen secret societies.  
 The endowment fund of Columbia is \$5,000,000.  
 Bowdoin has lately received, in three gifts, \$105,000.  
 The Amherst glee club will visit Oberlin next month.  
 Michigan is to have a new museum, at a cost of \$60,000.  
 Dartmouth and Wesleyan are about to open their doors to women.

Dr. William Pepper is the new Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

The trustees of Cornell have voted \$100,000 to be spent in improvements.

The new boat-house at Oxford, destroyed by fire last January, cost \$21,500.

A gentleman has given \$100,000 to build a new hall for the Law School at Harvard.

Rev. John Wordsworth, late Fellow of Brasenose, is Bampton Lecturer for this year.

Spain has ten universities: Canada is said to have forty. "Name them," as 'Varsity says.

The boat race is to be on the Friday before Passion Week—not Saturday, as formerly.

The trustees of Columbia have voted to expend \$750,000 in improvements and new structures.

Trinity College, Melbourne, has received a handsome grant of books from Oxford, recently.

Union has a new chancellor in the person of H. R. Pearson, Esq., one of her old graduates.

Miss Ann Reid, a medic at Ann Arbor, has committed suicide. Overwork is the cause assigned.

At Harvard, last year, the Chinese course cost \$4,062.15; the fees received amounted to \$70.—'Wittenburger'.

Columbia's foot-ball club plays the Rugby game. Several other U. S. college clubs are following suit.

A "retiring fund" for Harvard professors has been started: over \$21,000 has already been subscribed.

Harvard is said to have over 14,000 graduates, and Yale has granted 11,939 degrees, exclusive of 923 honorary ones.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, on the strength of her husband's will, is building a new college in New York, to cost \$4,000,000. It will be the largest in America, non-sectarian, co-educational, and expenses will be put at a very low figure.—'Varsity'.

## EXCHANGES.

'*Aeta* will appear in an improved form next month,' says the February number of that bold champion of the rights and glories of 'Old Vic.' since making which dire threat, *Aeta* cometh to us not yet. If the 'improved form' is one of invisibility, depend upon it, *Aeta*, you've made a great mistake; your form, save the narrowness of your columns, has certainly not been one to be ashamed of. Even in the matter of having three narrow columns to the page you are in good company, for the *Illini* and the *Lariat* come in the same form,—papers no larger than you, *Aeta*, albeit they are semi-monthlies. '*Lariat*,' says *Aeta*, 'somehow or another we rather admire your novel manner of making your local column prominent.' Well, rather! And we thank you for what you say of us, Mr. *Lariat*, but must beg to correct you in what you say of our editorial tone. '*The Rouge et Noir*, published quarterly by the students of Trinity College, is a sixteen page paper with more life in it than there is in the college which it represents;' which is very nice and pretty to say of us, indeed, (though perhaps you don't mean it as such), for diffidence and lack of enterprise are the poorest virtues wherewith a paper may adorn itself, a college paper should ever be in advance, in its plans and opinions, of the University it represents, and Trinity is anything but dead, we assure you, Mr. *Lariat*, though you do go on to say: 'for according to the Editor, it is just keeping its head above water, and he seems to entertain grave doubts about its sustaining itself very long unless something is done speedily towards supporting it.' Not so, my friend, not so. In the first place, Trinity, we are pleased to say, is not in any such condition, nor ever was, as far as we can learn, nor ever will be, we most confidently trust. In the second place, if you look again, you will see at once that 'the editor (no matter whether there is more than but just one, of course?) has no such gloomy idea of things at all, at all . . . our prospects were never brighter, nor our numbers greater.' 'We have no cause to hide our rich endowment or our many inducements to the youth of the province.' . . . it must draw attention to us. We need not fear inspection.' 'Our University is nearly thirty years old.' . . . 'Trinity still lives.' 'Our prospects are very hopeful at present. . . . If without any advertising, without any effort, our building has kept full, with always a number of non-residents, is it not highly probable that we shall increase when we take to a more lively course?' These are a few extracts from *Rouge et Noir* which not only clash with your statement, Mr. *Lariat*, but also very fairly shew the tone of the whole paper. If we are open and unsparing in our criticisms upon our Alma Mater, it is because we are impatient of faults and defects so few and so easily remedied.

How much more of a blemish does a stain upon a marble statue seem, than would the same blot, upon the dingy tatters of some straw-stuffed elligy!

We were, to say the least, surprised to hear the *Lariat* say, after a paragraph on the use of tobacco at Notre Dame University. 'More than ever are we led to believe that the whole system of Catholicism is one of oppression and thumb-screws.' Such remarks, particularly in a College paper, are as uncalled for as they are illogical. And, after all, it appears from a late number of the *Scholastic* that there is no such strict rule against the use of tobacco, at Notre Dame, save in the 'Prep.' and 'Mum.' departments, the little boys, in fact. Right, they are, too. And we can do the *Scholastic* no higher compliment than to call attention to the tone of manly forbearance and good temper in which it notices the *Lariat's* blundering remarks.

From Montreal comes the *Presbyterian College Journal*,—one more Journal—a monthly, allee samee, and a very good eight-page monthly it is, for a beginning, seeing that the January number was No. 1 of Vol. 1. It is very strongly sectarian in tone; which is to be expected, we suppose, for almost the first thing the editor says, is: 'This is the Journal of a Theological College, and will be conducted as such. The *Hellmouth World* is another new-comer, from Hellmouth Ladies College. It volume-one-number-one last month. It was four pages then, and we haven't seen it since. Success to you Mr. *Journal*, and to you also, Miss *World*, and come again.

The *Arms* still sings sweetly, and is ever welcome. Where is the *Conconlensis* for this month? Coming?

'England's unruly sheep were finally gathered into the fold of the established church, and its shepherds were dealing out to them its ritualistic diet. But some broke away; they wanted to find for themselves

"green pastures and still waters." The sturdy Presbyterian sheepfold stands without the pale of the church;' from which remarkable paragraph we gather that Oberlin is a Presbyterian institution. The last *Review* had three essays, and each of the three was on poets or poetry. Oberlin is a co-ed. place, you see.

*Sunbeam*, the *Scholastic* calleth: 'weather-bound?' queries *Scholastic*, and with good reason, too. Here's March passing, friend *Sunbeam*, and remember, you're a monthly. See how pleasant a thing it is to be a quarterly, like as we are—so independent of times and seasons. Yet are we not satisfied; for we hope to become a monthly too and that soon. The *Sunbeam* talks learnedly of the 136 'teachers' at Harvard, and of the 'play-ground' at Yale; but the cool and unsparing manner in which the *Sunbeam* reviews the *College Journal*, (a sort of intermittent prospectus, from Oshawa, calling itself a college paper), is really good. But the *Sunbeam* heads its last batch of locals with 'To write, or not to write,—' &c., and though the parody is well written: what there is of it—still, we would commend to *Sunbeam's* attention, what the Exchange Editor in the *Illini* of the 2nd. inst. says of such. He gives a few first-line examples:—'The Students Soliloquy, To pop, or not to pop. ; The Junior's Soliloquy, To kiss, or not to kiss. ; Poker, To draw or not to draw,—' Indeed, his comments upon this witless practice are ably written and most seasonable.

The *University Magazine* is a fearless and well-written exponent of the minds of the undergraduates of Penn. Univ: with us, a new exchange, and a welcome one.

The *Portfolio* is certainly an odd specimen of a College Paper, for of its eighteen columns of reading matter, very little more than half a column is devoted to 'College Items and Personals,' and in all the rest—Poetry, Essays, Editorials, Exchanges, and Art, &c. clippings, there is nothing whatever, of the slightest local interest. The editorial in verse is truly fine, very, but the other editorial would be much more in place in a country newspaper than in a college publication. Why wish to dabble in politics, anyway? And that long article on 'John Milton'—is it an essay? If so, then why not put it with the other essays? Give us some more editorial in verse, sister.

The *Rockford Magazine* for March, 'duly to hand': neatly printed, and brim full of fun, and vaccination jokes. Judging from the paper, they must be a jolly lot at Rockford Seminary. The *Magazine* congratulates itself upon at last having 'a surplus fund' i. e., 'money in the bank,' but we don't see how, with eighteen pages of advertisements to feed upon, it should ever have any trouble with the funds. Let the *Magazine* congratulate itself rather upon having an editor able to write such an article as that last one in this month's editorial column, against light reading.

The *Wittenberjer* is a new exchange, neat in appearance, and tolerably well written. Not to be odd, it criticises our name. 'From beyond the lakes comes also the *Rouge et Noir*. Rouge et Noir! It may be all right, but we are only common people down here. Why not name it in the vernacular? *Rouge et Noir*! Ugh! Where's our unabridged! Ah, friend *Wittenberjer*, we're sorry for you! If you allow such a little thing as that to trouble you, pray, what do you say to the dozen or more of different College '*Journals*', none of which, as far as we know, are dailies? 'It is curious to note the different strains in which the various exchange editors of the College Journals will indulge' you say, 'True for you, my Lutheran friend: some regard the contents of a paper, others go no deeper than the name.

The University of Michigan is still crying out for a gymnasium: the *Chronicle*, however, thinks that there is greater need of a new library.

The *Northwestern* is quite an enthusiastic admirer of the C. C. N. Y. *Free Press*, and says 'Its editorials are manly and pointed, and its locals thoroughly enjoyable, and for the most part, quite proper.' Some of our other exchanges appear to think differently, as to the last, though all agree as to the *pointlessness* of its editorials.

It's the Queen's College *Journal* this time! It seems that the '*Varsity*' began it, as usual. The daring manner in which the *Journal* 'shews up' the whole affair is calculated to fill with anxiety and amaze all who are acquainted with the '*Varsity's*' terrible destroying powers and scorching sarcasm.

The *Critic*, from the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, is much the best school paper we have yet seen. The *Harvardiana* laments the introduction of the marking system: it has our sympathy. The *Brunonian* speaks of 'reports,' 'demerits,' &c. What sort of a place is Brown's? Is it a grammar school, an examination shop, or a University? Are the lessons very hard, and do the teachers flog the bad boys?

Lack of space forbids that we do more than acknowledge the receipt of our other exchanges, viz: *Campus*, *College Message*, *Herkeloyan*, King's *College Record*, *Arms*, '*Varsity*', *Hamilton School Magazine*, *Normal News* and *Detroit Every Saturday*.

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