

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Forster Fidler Forsan Fellexer.

Vol. III.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1882

No. 1

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Vol. III.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, LENT TERM, 1882

No. 1. A. M. W.

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

—o—

The Matriculation Examination will begin on Tuesday, October 3rd, 1882, when the following scholarships for general proficiency will be offered for competition:

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—o—

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December, 1881.

ENDYMION.

BY J. A. R.

Low sank the god of day, and o'er the verdant hills,
 Long shadows crept, increasing as the daylight died,
 And silence fell o'er all, save where the tinkling rills
 Plowed through the dells adown the mountain side

Or the soft lowing of some wandering kine
 Broke the sweet stillness of the twilight air,
 While in the west, one long bright glowing line
 Betokened that the sun's last rays were there.

Tired with the toilings of the long bright day,
 Upon a soft green bank and 'neath the shade
 Of a wide spreading beech, Endymion lay,
 Lulled by the music that the night winds made.

While all around above him and below
 Reposed his flock upon the dark hill-side,
 Each like a bank of scattered April snow
 Or lilies on a dark lake blowing wide.

Fair Cynthia sailing up the sea of space,
 Shedding sweet radiance o'er the slumbering land,
 Spies on the hill the sleeping youth's bright face;
 Steels softly down to view him near at hand.

Naught dreamed he then of love or lover's lute,
 Deep were his slumbers as a tired child's;
 His youthful form she viewed wonderingly mute
 To find such beauty in these mountain wilds

And soon the seething torrent of her love
 O'er comes control and quickly from her slips,
 Soft stealing through the loose laced boughs above,
 She plants her soft caress upon his lips

So love comes ever, stealing unawares,
 To those who dreaming least expect his dart,
 To idlers thinking not of wiles and snares
 Until each feels the arrow in his heart

MELBOURNE.

BY G. A. MACKENZIE, M.A.

One comes upon Melbourne, after traversing for weeks the dreary solitudes of the Pacific or Indian Ocean, leaving what we are accustomed to consider the "world" far behind, with much the same sensations as the traveller must have experienced on finding himself in Palmyra surrounded by gardens and fountains, and all the products of art and science, called by the magic of commerce out of the desert. We do not expect to find, away out there on the wrong side of the world, and on the confines of a vast wilderness, a stately capital, which in little more than a quarter of a century—for the growth of the city practically dates from 1851—has bloomed into maturity. To an American, knowing Chicago, St Louis and San Francisco, there is nothing surprising in the expansion of a town, in thirty years, to the limits of a metropolis with some 250,000 inhabitants. But the American cities have risen on a continent already well-peopled, easily accessible to Europe, and possessing an established civilization of its own. The great island

continent of Australia, with the exception of a fraction, is not inhabited nor apparently habitable. Victoria, the province of which Melbourne is the capital, has a population of some 890,000 all told,—the whole of Australia has about 2,000,000. New Zealand, the nearest country which may be considered foreign, is six days' distant steady steaming, five days on an exceptional run. It takes seven or eight weeks at the quickest to reach London from Melbourne, a month to reach San Francisco. Sydney and Adelaide, the two nearest towns of importance, are two days' journey distant. It is thus that we find Melbourne, under strange stars and in inverted seasons, isolated and yet complete and cosmopolitan in itself, "a glorious city" as, with Anthony Trollope, we are well justified in calling it.

"You have a beautiful city," says the traveller to the citizen of Melbourne, "but—you are so far from the world." "So much the worse for the world" is the reply, uttered more than half seriously. "We have a little Paris here" I am told, "or a little London, and indeed we are ahead of London in some ways." In what ways I am not informed, but this illustrates the general feeling of the people on the subject of their city. There is no place in the universe like it. Its past record, its present prosperity, its prospects for the future are like nothing else that has ever been heard of. You hear a great deal of "tall talk" of this sort in New Zealand and Australia for the people are endowed with immense confidence in themselves and their country. Trollope, whom I have quoted, in his book upon the two countries, mildly strives to check the exuberance of their self-esteem by begging the people not to "blow" too much. They cannot forgive him this, for they consider themselves modest in the face of what *might* be said. You have only to pronounce the words "Anthony Trollope says—," to raise a storm anywhere in New Zealand or Australia. If this courageous literary man were to visit Melbourne again I doubt whether any of the hotels would receive him.

The metropolis of Victoria is not the greatest city in the world, but a glorious city it certainly is. There is nothing in its appearance to suggest that it was ever the resort of the scum of Europe and America, a town of bar-rooms and gambling-hells, in a word, a city built up by gold. It has been designed on a liberal plan, and the sudden influx of wealth has made possible in a great measure a liberal execution of the design. The evidences of youth have by no means vanished; cheap and shabby buildings of the early days still hold their own beside more splendid ones, but on the whole there is a surprising air of maturity about the place. The solid warehouses, the stately public buildings, the broad smooth streets, and well-kept public gardens look as if they had been there for a long time. There is dignity and reality where you are led by natural preconceptions to look for flimsiness and sham. And turning from the outer appearance of the city to its inner life, while you meet with the ostentation of mere wealth, you may

also find a society sober and highly cultivated, cherishing the best gifts of the civilization which they have transferred in its completeness from the old world.

The community of some 250,000 or 260,000 people which is usually embraced in the general title of Melbourne, is in fact a number of distinct municipalities, divided by no natural boundaries, and practically one city. This is a peculiarity of Australian settlements. Ballarat, the first great mining centre of Australia, is a town of 30,000 inhabitants, comprising however under that general name, no less than seven municipalities. Facts like these indicate the spirit of independence in which the first settlers peopled the country, a spirit which seems still, in the absence of any consolidating force, fully rife. The Australian colonies are divided in feeling from one another by local jealousy. The tendency is not, as it has been in Canada towards closer union. In Canada the national festival is Confederation Day; in Victoria it is Separation Day, on which the separation from New South Wales is commemorated. Till quite lately Victoria was shut off from New Zealand and her sister provinces by the barrier of a protective tariff.

Let us, if we would gain a glimpse of Melbourne and its people, take a stroll on Collins Street, the Broadway or Oxford Street of the Southern capital. On this genial afternoon in June (the Australian fall) while the sun is shining cheerfully after a shower, and the streets and houses are well-washed and clean, we may mix with a well-dressed throng of men and women the *haut-ton* of the city. Like the *haut-ton* of other cities they affect one special promenade, called here "the block." Here are the shops where the glories of Paris are displayed in splendid shop-fronts. The men we meet, in the cut of their whisker, their dress and manner, are English. It is still in some circles considered a reproach to appear "colonial." The young women are fresh-complexioned, fine-featured, and graceful, in their trimness of figure and tastefulness in dress, not unlike their American cousins. Now and then you will notice a bright-looking girl with a couple of books neatly strapped together, reminding us that Melbourne is a reading city and has more than one public library. After travelling through New Zealand it is a great comfort to see the women of Melbourne. Flattery herself dare not assert that the women of New Zealand are dangerous by reason of their personal charms.

But let us go eastward, detaching ourselves from the lively throng, and enjoy a quieter walk where Collins Street slopes gently upwards from the business portion of the city. The first thing that strikes us is that the taste in architecture, unlike the American but like the English, is not towards extreme loftiness in buildings. The next thing that the streets are broad and well paved. A composition in which "blue-stone," a stone of the country which serves excellently for building, enters largely, makes a pavement as firm and smooth as the Paris asphalt. Apparently all the streets are paved with this material. Owing to the width of the streets,

they never seem to be crowded, so that walking and driving are always pleasurable. There is one great drawback about the streets of Melbourne. They have no underdrainage, and a stygian stream flows at all times on each side of the road in rainy weather and it *does* rain in Australia - swelling into a raging torrent, and sometimes carrying to destruction children and even horses. There is not a town in Australia which is under drained. The only explanation I have met with is that in some mysterious way this is due to the climate.

Here on our left, as we proceed, is the Town Hall, an imposing building with a very high tower, which is reproduced in all Australasian townhalls of any pretensions. The Melbourne Town Hall contains one of the large rooms and large organs of the world. The Victorians are intensely fond of music and the drama, and are able to indulge their taste for both, for artists of the first rank now visit Australia. In the evening when the concert halls, opera houses, and theatres are in full life, one realizes that the people are essentially a gay people. A race of New English is growing up in an Italian climate, and the Southern New Englander is learning not to take his pleasures sadly. In their love of music the Victorians are Italian. Tasmania is still more Italian, and, small as its population is, has already produced first rate musical talent. While I was in Melbourne a young Tasmanian was storming all hearts by her performances in Italian opera.

Next to the town hall is a tall building with an ornate front, which, as a place of social importance, must not be overlooked. It is the Victoria Club, the social rendezvous of the mercantile class, next to the "squatters" the most influential class in Melbourne. The squatters are the aristocrats of Australasia. The term implies no reproach, as it does in Canada, but describes the occupants of the immense sheep-runs, containing from 50,000 to 150,000 acres of land, and feeding thousands of sheep. A little higher up Collins Street the squatters meet in a club which would not discredit Pall Mall. That pre-eminently British institution the club, exists everywhere in New Zealand and Australia. If half a-dozen Englishmen are thrown together in a settlement, it will not be long before they begin to think about organizing a club. I have seen the club in a mushroom New Zealand village, consisting of two or three rooms attached to the hotel, with tattooed Maories lounging on the door steps. The clubs are used as private hotels by members and strangers introduced by members, a vast convenience in New Zealand, where the art of hotel-keeping is in a painfully backward state. The English system has been imported with all its discomforts.

The commercial gentlemen who gather at the Victoria Club are a free-handed, free-living lot, making and spending their money readily. "We have a good deal of the American about us, sir. We are a go-ahead people," was what I heard more than once in Melbourne. In their energy, their speculative audacity, their freedom

from the fetters of precedent, the Victorians have undoubtedly a good deal of the spirit which is supposed to be peculiarly American. Amongst the mercantile class the style of living is of the "fast" character, displaying itself in a taste for fast horses, and habitual consumption of "gold-top." The most prominent man in Melbourne when I was there was a doctor, whom many of his professional brethren called a quack. Be that as it may, he had made a fortune, and after the manner of popular actresses, had invested part of it in diamonds. He was said to have the finest diamonds in Australia. He was about to visit England for a time, and signaled his departure by presenting a memorial of himself to the general hospital, and selling off his diamonds. The papers were full of him. He was tendered addresses, receptions, and a grand ball, all which he modestly accepted. A coach-and-four was provided to take him to the quay, and he and a group of his admirers were photographed on the top of the vehicle. An old woman met him on the steps of the Victoria Club and tearfully blessed him, the impression being that this was part of the pre-arranged programme. Before enraptured crowds he bade a graceful farewell for a season to Melbourne. I could not find that he was to any extent a public benefactor or a public man. The whole thing was an advertising "boom," indicating that the "flashy" days of the golden city were not yet entirely passed away.

Opposite the Victoria Club is a low, unpretending building, over which, in modest letters, you may read the word "Argus." It is here that one of the best of British colonial newspapers is published. The press of Melbourne, and indeed of Australasia for the most part, is in the hands of educated men. The English universities have sent many scholars and gentlemen to the antipodes, and their influence is manifest in the press, as well as in the public institutions and the tone of a large portion of society.

We proceed with our walk, and presently find ourselves before a striking monument in bronze. Upon a lofty pedestal, at the intersection of two streets, are the colossal figures of two bearded men, the one sitting, the other standing with his hand upon his comrade's shoulder, both gazing steadfastly down the incline of Collins street into the throbbing heart of the city. They are the statues, by a colonial artist of great talent, of Burke and Wills, the two famous Australian explorers, who after crossing and recrossing the vast Australian desert, died of hunger on the very confines of the populated region.

Pausing under the figures of the heroes, and looking southward, we catch a glimpse of the Yarra, beyond it the abundant foliage of the Botanical Gardens, and a little beyond that again, Government House, which looks like a big hotel or a water-cure establishment.

The Botanical Gardens are one of the glories of Melbourne. They are nearly twice as large as the "*Jardins des Plantes*" in Paris, and are stocked with a

superb variety of plants, shrubs, and trees. The climate of Australia and New Zealand, admitting of the acclimatization of almost everything in the vegetable world, makes botanical gardens possible, and a taste for the beautiful, which is a natural growth in countries where nature is luxuriant and has not to be coaxed into smiles, has produced public gardens in all the towns. At Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Ballarat, and Geelong, the first place you are taken to is the Botanical Garden. In the same places, a wise foresight has reserved large tracts for parks, some of which will be the lungs of "mighty cities yet to be." Melbourne is surrounded with public gardens, the Fitzroy, the Treasury, the Carlton, and the Balaklava gardens, and several others, which all flourish charmingly in the semi-tropical climate. The Fitzroy Gardens are rather pretentiously ornamented with statuary, which, it must be admitted, is not equal to the best in Rome and Paris.

We may continue our walk past rows of handsome private houses, and explore the massive "Treasury" or Government Building, which looks as if it belonged to an old-world capital, and the Parliament Houses, on the floors of which many a sprightly interchange of compliment takes place. But we will turn off Collins Street, and make our way to the Public Library and National Gallery. This is the place the people of Melbourne are most proud of. Both library and art gallery are free, and it is in these institutions, which are supported by an annual grant from Government, that the influence of culture in the development of the young community happily appears. Judging from the scenes which occur in the Victorian Parliament, although Victoria does not, like New South Wales and Tasmania, suffer from the taint that infects a typical colony, coarseness and ignorance have their representatives in the National council hall. But a high enlightenment has always been represented also, and has made its weight felt to the general advantage. Some of the statutes of Victoria are monuments of sagacity and statesmanship, notably the Land Laws, which have swept away all the ancient absurdities relating to the title and transfer of land, and have made the conveyance of a landed estate as simple and inexpensive as the sale of a share in a ship. To the same benignant influences are due the free library, museums and art galleries of Melbourne. The force of a good example is strong. Every town in New Zealand and Australia which I visited had its free library. The Melbourne library is largely used by all classes of the people. An interesting study to the observer are the various disciples of the severe Muse, from the pink-checked girl of seventeen just dipping into the Pierian spring, to the shabby, wrinkled old book-worm of seventy, who looks like a shoemaker with a taste for metaphysics.

Attached to the library is the Gallery of Art. The collection of works of art is not large, but it has been made with judgment and on a right principle. When Mr. Nicodemus Boffin becomes rich, and seeks to divert

his mind with literature, his aim is to stock his library with "a gorging Lord Mayor's show of wollums," whose chief merit is the wealth of the binding. Picture galleries in young communities are generally furnished on a somewhat similar principle of selection. But the paintings have not been bought by the yard in the Melbourne gallery. They are chiefly the original works of leading European artists of the day, selected by men like John Ruskin and Sir Charles Eastlake. It is a pleasant sight to see young men and women at their easels, copying the works of art, in quiet defiance of the criticism of the visitors who are constantly passing. Amongst the critical you may notice not only the mechanic and his family, out for a half-holiday, and the large-limbed bucolic from some far-a-way sheep-run, but also, in this cosmopolitan town, a ferocious-looking Bengalese sailor or two, and John Chinaman of course, for he is ubiquitous. The artists of Victoria have already associated themselves for the advancement of art into an academy.

Museums, industrial, technological, and scientific, attached to the Melbourne Public Library and National Gallery, complete an institution in which the youthful city may justly feel a pride.

A university, a mint, hospitals, schools, asylums, churches—to give anything like a complete account of the bright, eager community which has risen so rapidly into active and varied life on the great lone continent, all these would have to be described. The guide-book assigns five days for a due inspection of the city proper, without the suburbs. A glimpse is all that can be given in this paper.

Melbourne, as we have seen, contains more than a fourth of the whole population of Victoria. To the traveller it practically is Victoria, for after Melbourne you have only to see a mining town, a sheep-run, and a bit of the "bush," to see Victoria. The disproportion between the rural and urban proportion is due to the fact that the greater part of the land is used for pastoral, and not agricultural purposes. All is not prosperity and "gold-top," art and culture, gaiety and animation in Melbourne. When I was there numbers of "the unemployed" were knocking at the doors of the Minister, demanding work or bread. About the street corners hung many dejected working people, hungry and heartsick, and not at all cheered by the tide of life and prosperity which rolled past them. In both New Zealand and Australia the supply of immigrants has gained on the demand. But, allowing for the exaggerations of enthusiastic colonists, it is unquestionable that both countries have resources sufficient to sustain a large population. And the extension of agriculture, which is going steadily forward, will provide homes and livelihoods for thousands. There are few of those who two years ago were bewailing the folly of leaving "home," who will not live to bless the day when they left the crowded shores of the old world for the ample air of the new dominion.

COLLEGE DAYS AMONG OURSELVES.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

Most men before they have passed the meridian of life retain a pretty distinct recollection of College days, and all the social enjoyments, duties, disappointments—and perhaps irregularities—connected with them—memories which are for the most part infinitely pleasant to a man—saving here and there a shadow or two, representing no doubt a fine or other deserved punishment for the irregular portions of his career. For indeed the delights of them must depend much upon the manner in which he has spent these three short collegiate years—in fact whether he has chosen to labour diligently over the narrow and rugged path of classical and mathematical learning, or has preferred an easier grade—social enjoyment inside of College and out, yet mingled with not a little rambling and desultory reading, perhaps the more beneficial course of the two, or lastly has occupied himself solely in sowing the traditional "wild oats"—sometimes a rank and luxuriant crop, when sown on fertile soil—taking many a year of bitter digging and hoeing in after days to root them out. To any but one of the latter class, these College reminiscences must be very interesting as representing the thoughts and habits of days when life was fresh upon him—before the stream had grown dark with the mud of restraining banks—and the faculties were free to wander as they would. Oftentimes the echo of some well remembered chorus barbarous enough no doubt and causing the musical expert to grind his teeth vindictively, but infinitely sweet to the reflective graduate, for whom so much pleasure is bound up in it—will rouse a host of fleeting visions for old songs, which is one of the chief delights of music, always come hand in hand with a train of memories—he will recollect the fear and trembling with which he sat for the first time before the green baize covered tables at matriculation, dreading the revelation of the bulletin board, that harmless bulletin board that never brought anything but good news in those days—the silent awe with which he gazed as a new fledged freshman upon the head of the College and other haughty functionaries, to say nothing of the whole august body of the seniors—dark shadows that floated day and night grimly before his imagination—certain rankling snubs received from the same on occasions, when his youthful spirit dared to uplift itself beyond the bound of due respect, and which in the depth of his soul he determined to measure out to the last extremity upon the succeeding batch of tyros—songs shouted at unseemly hours of the night and accompanied upon instruments not found within the category of a brass-band, bringing down the deserved wrath of the sleepless Dean—wordy wranglings in the institute, that first battle ground of future declaimers from pulpit and stump, furnishing in its altered and re-altered, contradictory, incomprehensible constitution a fertile field for the subtle debater—the St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner,

grand yearly blow out of the students and their graduate friends, with its glimmering of sherry, clattering (sometimes breaking) of glasses, unnatural guzzling of oysters, uproarious choruses, grandiloquent speeches, solemn toasts, and more or less silly answers—Saturday morning, the pay day for all the misdemeanors of the week, the old Provost grim and rebukeful, the cloudy browed Dean with his fatally accurate lists of chapels and lectures missed, gatings and reprimands—Convocation day, with gaudy robed chancellor and hooded dignitaries, barbarous choruses and ribald jokes, eliciting dark looks from the Provost yet a smile sometimes in spite of himself—Episcopon, the College Punch, transcribed and illustrated by pen, how well he will recollect sitting some cold winter night in a crowded gathering before one of those delightful old grate fires which a few of our larger rooms yet boast; a pipe, carefully treasured from his freshman term between his contented lips and his pewter by his side, listening to the jingling rhymes of unknown authors, and drawing his pipe from his mouth now and then to join in a boisterous outbreak of cheers and laughter at the expense of some blushing delinquent, who doubtless enjoys the thrust as well as the rest of the audience—and it will be perhaps with a grim smile that he will look back out of the bitterness of the realities of life, stretching in shadow behind and before, upon the wonderful castles in the air which he built in those strange days, hardly to be realized, when he sat contentedly upon his coal-box, sucking the sweet fragrance from a new bought pipe and with no worldly care upon him save the morrow's lecture to be read and the dim shadow of the examination looming afar like some dark and monstrous Cape Horn, which the mariner needs must round but upon which he is very likely to split in the attempt.

In our time some of these old subjects of recollection have passed away altogether from the region of reality, and are now indeed naught but memories. To the old graduate returning from a far country at this day, the key stone in his picture of the place is gone, viz: the late Provost—a grim old man to those whose acquaintance with him extended no further than the narrow round of college discipline and to whose minds he only presented himself as in some way intimately connected with the huge, uninviting old volumes of Theology, which range themselves upon the lower shelves in his own lecture room—yet a man, whom all respected, and some, viz: those who really knew him, loved—an able, deeply learned and above all a heart honest, steadfast man, knowing no rule but duty, and whom many cease not to look to still with deep feelings of admiration and affection. That well-known figure with its fine gray massive head, slightly bent in latter years—a central point around which all other recollections cluster—has passed out from the daily walk of Trinity life and another reigns in its stead.

We have innovations too in our time—such as the piano for instance, the sweetest and most worldly of all

instruments, whose ringing notes fraught with reminiscences from the outside multitude intrude harshly upon the reflections of the hermit student who fondly imagines that he has completely caged himself within the four dingy walls of his chamber—breaking the bright fabric of solitary castle-building which he has woven around himself—even as a breath of air from a half open door will destroy the fair integrity of the cloud of smoke rings which ascends from his lips; ah, poor piano, long suffering instrument—daily shrieking beneath the inexorable battering of the muscular musician, whose only criterion of excellence would seem to be volume of sound; or mournfully accompanying the revolutions of a party of dancers, who waddle, hop, or skim, according as they happen to be in the various progressive stages of the delicate art—we pity thee, and some few wish thee gone.

But the deepest reason why college reminiscences must linger always very pleasantly somewhere in the heart of every man, who has not grown to be a mere money-making automaton, is that friendships, as lasting and genuine as any can be, were formed there—friendships which grew together strangely and unaccountably, founded variously, some few upon similarity disposition, many upon similarity of tastes and pursuits, most of all upon some mysterious sympathy which he did not understand and never shall. So that in these after years he may look about him and feel that he is not utterly alone in this measureless waste, that there are still one or two that would be very glad to meet him again, who would cheerfully help him if he were in need, nay would perhaps sacrifice much in his behalf—a reflection infinitely bright and consoling to him—leading his mind back in the train of association to the place where such friendships were formed—suggesting memories of books read and discussed together, evening talks often prolonged into the small hours before a blazing grate in winter or by an open casement in the warm months of summer, long walks beyond the Humber for botanizing and geologizing purposes, a practice which has died out of late in College—and investing Trinity's gray walls with a significance, which they had not, while he lived within them.

(To be Continued.)

VERSES.

BY A. L.

As the wild murmuring waves
Of the resistless sea
Buffet the shifting sands,
So Fate may thee.

Some the strong billows hurry
Far onward in their flow,
Yet ever bearing many,
Back, back they go!

Then in thy might and splendour
Oh! man shut not thy heart,
Think of the sands; forget not,
Still man thou art.

That should the stern waves drag thee
Down from the sunlit shore,
Thy memories may regret not
The days of yore.

Rouge et Noir.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

LENT TERM, 1882.

Before outsiders take upon themselves the responsibility of criticizing Trinity, they should at least have some knowledge of her, otherwise they cloak their prejudice in presumption. We pride ourselves upon our morality as a body of young men, and challenge comparison with any similar institution. Let our enemies confine themselves to facts.

Whether or not we can claim the credit of having been the cause of several salutary changes in the statutes and improvements in collegiate matters we care little. When we notice anything which needs alteration we take pleasure in suggesting it, and have had the satisfaction of seeing nearly all our suggestions carried out. Amongst others, the Telephone will soon be a *fait accompli*, and the degree of B. C. L. has been made a competitive instead of an honorary one.

The following revisions in the Statutes may be of interest to our readers: The degree of B. C. L. is no longer honorary; but to obtain it a candidate must be a matriculant of three years' standing of Trinity College, or of the Law Society of Upper Canada. Three examinations must be passed, called the First, Second and Final Examinations in Law. In the case of barristers, who are graduates in arts of the University of Trinity College, or any recognized University, or in any case of three years' standing since their call, the first two examinations are dispensed with, and the degree given for the final examination only.

French has been made optional at matriculation. This is the case at all other Universities, and although it counts for scholarships, yet the object in the change is the desire not to keep any away by a requirement nowhere else expressed.

The subject of the Prize Poem chosen for this year has caused considerable comment among the litterati of the College, the subject: "The Nor' West Passage," while opening a wide field for the display of poetical talent might, and we venture to say, will from its very width deter many from contesting the prize. If a poetical

description of the Arctic regions generally and of the heroes and their deeds in particular who have taken part in the various attempts to discover this extremely visionary eldorado cyclept the "Nor' West Passage" is intended to form the substance of the poem, as we conceive it is, we have no doubt the subject might be well treated in a poem of somewhat formidable length, but we think that it could hardly be done justice to in one of from 50 to 60 lines, and any attempt to do so must needs be a most superficial one. We do not hesitate to say that if a subject more within the range of a prize poem were to be substituted that there are many who would gladly contend for the laurel crown.

WE are sorry we are unable to give a report of the meeting to be held in Convocation Hall next Tuesday night, 14th February. Invitations were issued to the friends of the College, and speeches will be made by the Bishop of Montreal, Toronto and Ontario, the Rev. Canon Carmichael of Hamilton, the Chancellor, Chief Justice Hagarty, and others upon the History, Needs and Prospects of the College. It is a step in the right direction, and ought to be followed up by similar departures. Until some of the old lethargy is shaken off, and Trinity makes an effort to assert herself, things will go on in the same sleepy way, and she will be the same lazy, self-complacent college she was under the old regime. With our new Provost we expect a new influx of energy, and confidently look forward to the day when extensive alterations will have to be made, not only in the capacity of the building itself, but also in our curriculum. It is a crying shame that people professing to belong to the Church in Canada should not educate their sons at the Church University which, in addition to a secular education quite equal to other institutions of the kind, combines the advantage of a liberal instruction in fundamental religious subjects. A purely secular education is fraught with innumerable dangers as is becoming more evident every year by the increased immorality and lack of religious fervour. Infidelity and skepticism are fashionable, and every shoulder should be put to the wheel to check their further advance. What our church needs most is an intelligent laity, and such will never be the case as long as church people send their sons for their education to a University where nothing religious whatever is taught; but where all religion is scoffed at, and everything sacred is the object of sneer and ridicule. It is dangerous to play with sharp tools, and our founder (Bishop Strachan of respected memory) recognized that fact when he so strenuously insisted upon the combination of education in things temporal with things spiritual. We have heard it said that Trinity College is a "hot-bed of Ritualism," and such insane remarks. We do not propose to enter into a discussion upon the orthodoxy of Ritualism or Calvinism, but assert most positively that no such doctrinal questions are ever introduced into the Divinity lectures. Good sound

books upon our leading points of Faith—books such as MacLear's Catechism, Browne on the Articles, Pearson on the Creed, Blunt and Paley, approved by all theologians of education and intelligence,—are placed as textbooks in the hands of students, upon which they are required to pass examinations. Every man when he goes out into the world should be able to give reasons for the hope that is in him, and to know enough about the Church and her doctrines to defend her against all "false doctrine, heresy and schism," which alas is not always the case in our laity.

In addition to the speeches mentioned above, the College Choral Club will probably sing a few selections, and tea, coffee and cake will be served in dining hall at 9 o'clock. The Provost has asked us to extend a cordial invitation to all graduates and the friends of the College should this number be out in time. Trinity's prospects are already brightening. Liberal support has been received upon all sides, and in nearly every case the appeal has met with generous response. The Endowment fund has now reached almost \$20,000, and we hope that enough may yet be subscribed so as to render it unnecessary to sacrifice our beautiful front.

FOOT-BALL

The season which has just closed reflects some credit upon our club, for, although we have only won one match, yet other clubs, which have far greater material to draw from, have been held in check and compelled to strain every nerve to the utmost with slight, if any, advantage. The Rugby Union game is essentially one of brute force. Fast running is certainly requisite, but unless the player has a good physique or great strength, his speed avails little, for he is stopped almost immediately. As a general thing there is too little kicking done in a match. Players seem to think more of making a brilliant dash with the ball than of taking advantage of opportunities which frequently present themselves of putting in a drop kick, which the forwards ought to follow up towards their opponents' goal. There was a series of brilliant kicks of this kind made during the Toronto University vs. McGill match, again, some men never "pass" the ball but prefer making themselves conspicuous by a short-lived dash and struggle to passing it back to some one who has a more open field before him. Unity alone is strength, and the fifteen must play together if they ever wish for success. Every man must be on the alert, and each player ought to be willing to sacrifice his own reputation somewhat for the good of his side. Activity is the principal feature of the game—ever moving, never still, especially amongst the forwards, upon whose endurance the issue mainly depends. No athletic sport can be more exciting to a spectator than a Rugby Union Game between well matched fifteens. To see one scrimmage, straining every nerve to out-push their opponents, and yet so much energy wasted, as it

were, for neither side moves. Then, by a Herculean effort, an inch is gained, only to be lost again with perhaps another. Again they press forward, only to meet an immovable resistance. Thus they sway from one side to the other and but little is gained by either, whilst all the time the eagle-eyed, nimble-footed quarter-backs are ready to pounce upon the ball if, by chance, it come out of the scrimmage, and often times they secure it without the knowledge of the scrimmagers and are off with it like a flash, whilst the struggling and straining goes on as if their very lives depended on it. And, again, some over-zealous player brings his body in contact with the ball and makes it "dead." Of course for a great length of time, this is incomprehensible to the rest; another stumbles and falls over him, making a capital seat for a third, and so on until there is an inexplicable tangle of legs, arms and bodies, struggling and writhing. A good "kick" is an invaluable man upon a team and a scarce commodity. On this account we think a knowledge of the Association manner of playing would benefit a Rugby player greatly, for he would learn to make more use of his feet. It cannot but be most discouraging for a side who have, with the utmost difficulty, obtained a touch-down to see it fail to score a goal merely on account of an unfortunate kick. Coldwell, in our last match with the Victorias, scored two goals—one by a beautiful drop whilst running at full speed, and the other by a well judged place against a high wind. The indiscriminate squabbling at a match detracts greatly from the enjoyment of the game, and difficult as it may be for a man whose blood is heated to avoid disputes yet the Referee's decision ought always to remain unquestioned, which is a noteworthy feature of Cricket Football like rowing is most successfully played when men train for it. Were Trinity men to pay a little more attention to the minor requirements of the game we feel confident in saying they would prove most formidable rivals of the first clubs in Canada, for they are plucky and play hard. We would like very much to have seen an inter-collegiate match this year between University College and Trinity, and such a match was arranged, we believe, but was prevented by snow.

It has been a dream of ours, but one which is not likely to be realized for many years, that Trinity College will send out her rowing crew to win aquatic renown. Why not? We are within ten minutes' walk of the lake where boat-houses could most easily be erected. All we want are men, money and energy. What a glorious thing it would be for the College could we send our four to compete with Yale or Harvard!

CRICKET.

This manly and essentially English game is one which ought to be encouraged in every college and school as well as in every Town and Village throughout the Country, not only as a healthy recreation, but also

for the kindly spirit of rivalry and emulation it implants, and the social intercourse it engenders. Witness a match in England—aristocratic England, the home of cricket—the lord and the commoner, the professional man and the tradesman, the rich and the poor man are banded together or pitted against each other with one common end in view. All social inequalities are, for the time being, at least, forgotten and a man is judged and valued according to his merit and skill. The poor man feels that there really is within him the power of making himself something more than a mere drudge and machine and is drawn out from his old every-day self, and having once experienced how sweet it is to be shewn some deference, he will strive more and more to approach nearer the level of those above him, and go back to his work with renewed zest and enthusiasm, whilst the rich man recognizes many most commendable traits in him which otherwise would have escaped his observation. A good cricketer cannot be made of gold, but long and steady practice alone can acquire the art. The author of the *Cricket Field*, one of the best manuals upon the subject, thinks cricket is identical with a game called "club-ball" played in the 13th century and originally designated by the name of "handyn and handoute." The natural qualifications of a first-class cricketer are numerous, viz: judgment, speed, form, grace, agility, etc., with at the same time that spirit of submission and toleration which has ever been its ornament. Surely there can be no greater trial to a self-willed man than to obey undisputed an Umpire's decision which he may think questionable; or what is more calculated to produce unselfishness than a practice where all have equally to share the labor and the pleasure. In English schools cricket is as much a part of a boy's education as Classics or Mathematics, and although in Canada we have not the natural advantage of such a long season nor of such a lasting evening, yet it seems every year to be more and more appreciated, and though slowly its influence is spreading. Trinity College School and Upper Canada especially do much for its growth, whilst Trinity College numbers amongst her graduates men who have distinguished themselves in International as well as other great matches. Rev. T. D. Phillips, Dr. Spragge, Logan, Campbell H. J. Irving, and many others of less note. It is not surprising then that we—a University upon English principles—are proud of the *prestige* of our cricket club. Every institution dependant for its resources upon an ever-yearly changing body of men must be subject to fluctuations and although for the past year or two Trinity College has not sustained her high reputation in the cricket field yet the future is reassuring. There are at present in College men who are likely to take an active interest in the club and who have already gained some distinction. Constant practice is the only thing which will ensure success at cricket. The younger a boy starts—provided he acquires a good style early—the better are his prospects for becoming a distinguished player. In the United States cricket is

making great strides, for although so popular a game it is expensive and the proper outfit of a club is costly and it must be a wealthy club indeed which can engage the services of a professional to instruct them. Philadelphia is fast becoming the recognized centre of cricket in America owing chiefly to the wealth of its clubs and to the enterprize and devotion of its players. This was especially noticeable during the past year in the International as well as the matches against Shaw's professional eleven. In Chicago the celebrated English cricketer Mr. Hornby, who had the best batting average in England last year, has taken up his residence, as well as our Canadian veteran, the Rev. T. D. Phillips and so we expect much from them during the coming season. In Canada the event of the past year was the International match at Hamilton, which proved an easy victory for the Americans who were superior in every department. The great degree of skill to which cricket may be brought could be well seen by pitting an English eleven against the winning team of an International match. Last July the play of the Americans seemed nearly perfect, yet how inferior was it to that which an English eleven would display under the same circumstances. We applaud a skilful cut for two or a fine drive for three and marvel how the batsman managed to stop the ball at all, whereas a Grace, Ulyett, or Barnes would have driven every one of them out of bounds. In an ordinary match you are highly elated (and you may be a good cricketer) if you are fortunate enough to stop a good ball and are supremely happy if it scores a run whereas "what might have been" done with it. Therefore let no man think he is quite a perfect cricketer and that practice for him can do nothing more. It is very amusing to a spectator who understands the game to listen to the various comments and plaudits in the "balcony." For instance the batsman makes a terrible *pull* across the wicket and sends the ball off for four. "Oh, well played indeed, sir, "beautifully put away" and similar expressions everywhere greet his ear, and as for the ladies they are in a perfect flurry of admiration and excitement. The poor unfortunate batsman (provided he knows enough cricket to understand his bad play) is compelled blushing to acknowledge these compliments but at the same time feels very small, whereas a man rather fresh at the "willow" smiles blandly, looks extremely conscious, walks around the wicket, and again settles down for another horizontal display.

The matches of greatest interest which have taken place this year in Canada are the unfortunate tour of the "Yorkvilles" among whom three Trinity men did the best service. Then the Zingari team under the captaincy of Mr. Kirchoffier, of Port Hope, went to the States but were defeated in their encounters with the Americans. The Chicago eleven who made a tour of Ontario were hardly more successful, being victorious over the Toronto club alone. The Montrealers found their match at Port Hope although they defeated Hamilton, which was rather

surprising, since we think Hamilton has the strongest club in Canada—but had both innings been played out the result no doubt would have been different. Of our own matches the one with the Torontos, on May 24th—the annual opening match of the season—was a draw with little advantage either way. That against Newmarket we one by 1 run, and were defeated by the University College in the first innings by about 30 runs.

These are the principal events of interest which have taken place since we last had cause to write upon this subject. As Trinity College is pushing forward in other respects it ought to be the aim of her undergraduates as well as graduates to do their utmost to prevent our cricket club from falling into mediocrity.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of Rouge et Noir.

SIRS.—Please allow me to correct some misprints in the article "Our Detestable Perpendicular," which appeared in your last issue. The sentence "The people did not like anything at all, and pretended to like a triglyph," should have been in quotation marks; otherwise it is senseless. The word "more" should be struck out of the sentence "can anything be more detestable with so much Gothic life," etc.—exactly reversing its meaning. "Tow Gate" should be "Tom Gate," and "renaissance" should, of course, be "Renaissance."

Truly yours,

C. H. S.

To the Editors of Rouge et Noir.

DEAR SIRS.—If you have any available space at your disposal I would like to make a few comments upon the late fines. The charges that were brought against the delinquents were, in every case, I think, reduced to the old charge of being out of one's room after eleven o'clock, p.m., a merely nominal rule made for the purpose of giving the authorities some hold upon the students in case of a disturbance. The disturbance in this case, if so it might be called, merely consisted in a small party of students singing through the corridors on their way to and from the music room, where they had gone for the purpose of obtaining a piano accompaniment to some songs. The charges were evidently laid by the Steward or Gyps: an innovation which shows an officiousness on the part of the above mentioned menials which is not likely to be calmly tolerated by graduates or undergraduates in residence. If the eleven o'clock rule is to be as strictly enforced in the future as it has been in this case, it cannot but lead to ill feeling in the College, and the occasional fining of some inoffensive personage. For instance—to take the case of some innocent man, returning to his room after a chat and a smoke with a friend, he meets a party of musically inclined students in the corridor, stops to speak to them, enters the Steward and Gyps' list, M. I. S. the unfortunate man, feeling his own innocence, walks boldly on and is reported and fined probably \$5, at any rate \$3, and no entreaty or appeal of his will avail him. Such a state of things as this, I think, as I said before, cannot but create unpleasantness and ill-feeling in the College.

Yours, etc.,

ONE WHO HAS NOT SUFFERED.

To the Editors of Rouge et Noir.

DEAR SIRS.—It seems to me that a change is greatly needed in the management of the Divinity class in order to make a distinction between what we may call "outsiders," taking Divinity alone, and graduates of Trinity College who are going through the whole course of five years Arts and Divinity.

When the standard is raised in Arts and the course in that department made so stiff as it is now, it must be time to regulate the other branches also, and to abolish the anomaly of unmatriculated Divinity students taking an equal footing with graduates of this University.

Though I am in favor of keeping Arts and Divinity as far apart as may be, yet, surely some check should be imposed on the qualifications of intending Divinity students for the sake of the College if for no other reason.

The present system, here, of allowing men to enter the Divinity class without having previously gone through an Arts course seems calculated to give a false idea of the standard which the College requires. Though many of the men so taught, no doubt, are of the utmost service in the Church, yet there are not a few whose previous training does not justify them in entering a profession at all.

It is not fair to a clergyman who has spent five years in taking his full course, to send him out under identical conditions with another who, though well drilled in Divinity, may be perilously shaky in some elementary branch of knowledge.

People are apt to group them all together. They see a man is not up to the standard of his profession and they learn he is a Trinity man, but they may never perceive whether he writes B. A. after his name or not. Perhaps in former days it may have been necessary to hurry men to the front, but there must be enough active ministers now to allow the students ample time to make themselves as fit as possible.

I do not wish to cast a slur on former Tugs (many of them are the best of clergymen), indeed, I do not at all wish to say that they have not been serviceable, but perhaps the usefulness of the system is gone and a more efficient one now needed.

At any rate the College ought now to be in a position to subject the intending Tugs to a matriculation in secular subjects of a standard equal to the previous examination. This would be a good step in the direction of abolishing Tugdom entirely in the future and of making Trinity educated clergymen of a uniform standard of excellence. The bearing and attainments of the English Church Clergy have justly been a matter of pride to all churchmen, and our graduates have well maintained the honor of their College, but much depreciation has gradually been suffered by Trinity, in the mind of the general public, by allowing men who have not the full college training to pass out among the graduates, probably to be always confounded with them in the estimation which the people of Canada have been forming of this University.

Hoping you will be able to insert this letter in your columns,

I remain yours, etc.,

INK PEN.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Again we are dreaming over our quarterly exchange pile—rather increased since last issue by the advent of several strangers, whose faces were unknown to us before—a motley pile with its inevitable compound of wisdom and folly. On top, brightening the whole, lies *The Sunbeam* whose delicate pages 'twere sin indeed to regard with anything like a hypercritical glance—a genuine ray of the Canadian sun, suffusing its brightness throughout the continent and shedding light (for the first time perhaps) upon the muddy brain of many a thick skinned exchange editor and here let us observe that it would be doing a blessed deed if it could bring some dawn upon the mind of the "poor demented gentleman" who writes the exchange notes of *Acta Victorianna* and who was pleased to be so unspeakably bitter with us in his last number. *The Sunbeam* indeed is an excellent paper and worthy of close imitation on the part of some of our rude masculine friends, who in the pride of manhood display a marked tendency to drifting into empty coarseness and vulgarity. *The Sunbeam's* verse writing is better than that of most of our Canadian exchanges. N.E.L. in the January number, though possessed of no extraordinary genius, yet hath an uncommonly musical pen. "Lights and Shadows" is a remarkably good little article and evidently the work of one who thinks. We look for the continuation. The Local column is a mixture, some items very good indeed, others equally bad—the good however predominating. The Exchange notes are admirable, almost the best part of the whole thing—the writer displaying careful examination and genuine good judgment.

The *University Press* is a reasonable, well written paper, with a common sense local column—a thing remarkable in college literature at present.

The *Otterbein Record*, coming to us for the first time, is a handsome well printed paper—literary department fair—but rather deficient in other respects.

The *Campus* is a beautifully printed monthly. From what we have seen of it we like its tone very much. The exchange column is exceedingly good, its observations clever and outspoken. "Vagrant," a poem in the last number, we like not so much for the beauty and taste of its composition as for the earnestness of its sentiment—we like the last lines best.

The *Monmouth Collegian* as a semi-monthly and yet in its first volume deserves praise. It is all very good but its verse, which is very deficient in sense and metre. The author of "Lines" says:

"I heard the seer-like Wordsworth hail thee on thy height,
Now I thy worshipper come but with feebler flight." &c.

Considerably so. The last two lines of the piece are very bad. The editorials and exchanges are well written.

The *Reveille* is a crude specimen from Northfield, Vt.—a very raw recruit—needing a good polishing up. The editors are wise enough while they stick to subjects of local interest—but in discussing Oscar Wilde are evidently beyond their depth. We should advise them decidedly to throw cold water upon the young fellow who compiles the "Bugle Notes"—they are quite an aggravated case of the College journal disease.

The *Trinity Tablet* is certainly one of the lightest and brightest specimens of College journalism that we have yet seen—editorials, short and racy, confining themselves to matters of local interest—"College and

Campus" notes, sensible, interesting and plenty of them,—abundance of clippings, too many perhaps, though well enough selected—absolutely nothing of a literary character at all—quite a model in fact of one style—with some the ideal style—of college paper. The question is whether it should be imitated.

The next paper we take up is the *Spectator* from St. Laurent College, Montreal—on the whole a very fair specimen of College journalism. The author of the article on Milton is well acquainted with his subject though some of his observations are forced and overdrawn. The image "and the snow-white spray, topping each recurring roll, falls upon fancy's shore in cataracts of dazzling splendour" is well expressed, but unfortunately does not mean anything. The exchange and local columns are good, saving the dozen or two of ecstatic ejaculations which disfigure the beginning of the latter.

The *University Mirror*, a new paper, from the University at Lewisburg, Pa., has, as we learn from the editorial column, taken the place of the *College Herald*, which failed on account of a clash of party spirit in its managing board. The article on "Book Learning" is good, though the writer takes an extreme case. The editorials and exchanges are well written. We cannot say as much for the column of "Squibs" which are horrible in the extreme. Also the picture of George Eliot had been better left out.

The *Hellmuth World* comes to us regularly every month from the Hellmuth Ladies College, London. This bright little paper started out bravely at first as a weekly but has since clipped its dainty wings and sobered down to a monthly, thereby much improving itself. The January number contains one or two interesting letters, a wise little editorial about making good resolutions, a merry bit of description entitled "Our House Cleaning," beside several other scraps of more or less value. We shall always be glad to see our pleasant sister journal.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

How Apollo must suffer during this concert mania!

Oh, ye shades of departed culinary professors, what a steward!

The voice of one crying in the "wilderness," saying "By Jove, S——, where's my gown?"

The same benign specter rules over the L. W. C. as of yore; it still remains the Dean's "skeleton in the closet."

Note the irreverence of the Ritualistic "Tug" who makes light of solemn matters by wearing his cassock to chapel under his gown, in order to excite a theological discussion.

It is held by some disputatious individuals that a strip round the neck with two little shreds down the back does not constitute a sufficient gown to be presentable at a conversazione. How absurd!

Rather odd that about the young man who, whilst swinging in the Gym. and having attained a somewhat elevated position, sat down on the air, and was naturally surprised to find the floor abruptly take its place—he says it hurt.

The Provost's speech on Tuesday night roused more enthusiasm on his behalf among the men in college than we have yet seen. The warm earnestness, strength of purpose, consciousness of the responsibility of his position which it displayed taught us to see in him one who will put forth all his strength for the College that we love.

There is a good deal of grumbling in college about the time of holding the French lectures, which is in the afternoon, when the men are weary of the lecture-room and indisposed to commence any fresh exertion; the consequence being that the work is less perfectly prepared and less carefully attended to than it ought to be. If the authorities were to try and squeeze in the French hours somewhere among the other lectures in the morning, matters would be, no doubt, much improved.

The American Cyclopaedia, (Appleton & Co., New York,) has been added to the College Library, and further useful additions are soon to be made. If access to the library were facilitated it would be a great convenience to the students, many of whom are ignorant of the Librarian's mechanism. Such a valuable collection of books should not be so closely shut up, and not only should a catalogue be made out and distributed, but regular access to the library should be arranged.

This is an age of public nuisances. St. Jacob's Oil is the latest and greatest. Many a muttered swear-word will it or its advertisers have to account for, and many young lives has it hastened to a premature grave. Never read an anecdote in a paper, for you are but risking your morality—never use it, for it will surely keep you awake all night with fairy tales or funny yarns. We were offered a fortune to "do" King St. in academics with St. Jacob's Oil in letters on our back, but the risk was too great. (This is not an advt.)

- "Awake! the bell hath ceased to ring.
The Dean hath to his matins gone."
"Sweet sleep, it is a pleasant thing—
Aroint, thee! I will slumber on."
"Awake! for time is on the wing.
The breakfast hour is past and gone."
"Ah! sleep, it is a cursed thing—
How could'st thou let me slumber on?"

The new regulation with regard to "late leave" and its accompanying redtapeism, viz: the passport to be obtained from the Dean, which has to be visced by the Provost, and final presentation to the porter in the wee, wee hours, after much fumbling in the cold by the sleepy student for the necessary document, savors too much of Military College or boarding school discipline, and is of far too complicated a nature to be grasped by the average undergraduate mind. The Conservatism of the authorities has been the cause of many gentle admonitions from us in the past, but this new regulation shows a liberal spirit far exceeding our most sanguine expectations.

The old library seems to be held sacred to the memory of the late Provost. The green baize tables are no longer haunted by the Hebrew-murdering Divinity student, who was wont to gaze with gloomy abstraction upon the Ancient Fathers, ranged in interminable volumes about the walls, suggesting to his mind dark vistas of future strife and controversy. The library room is perhaps the best remembered of all college localities, to the old graduate, from whose mind will never pass away that daily vision of the Provost, grimly sitting, requiring the strictest accuracy in all things, and when, as often happened, he sought a reference, making a bee-line for the book in question, fastening upon it instantly among 3000, with a clutch-like grip of the forefinger, and finding his place with a couple of turns of the pages. The place is silent now and abandoned to the all-prevailing dust, save when those miracles of wisdom and legislation, the members

of the College Council, come together there to rub noses joyfully and gloat over mighty schemes, which are ever coming, but never accomplished.

No additions or improvements have as yet been made in the Gymnasium, and the student athletic must still vault a broken bar and yearn for unseen muscle-expanders. As he struggles to climb the uncertain ladder the myriads of rats, which had scampered off at his approach, gaze hungrily at his contorted limbs, and their mouths water at the sight of so much fresh meat. The hens upon the top rung and the rafters look down upon him with twinkling eyes, and laughing softly to themselves, place their heads under their wings and sleep the sleep of innocence. The mild-eyed cow at the door heaves a sigh as she dreamily chews her cud and moralizes on the mystery of life—she had been trying all the morning too perform some double acrobatic feat (perhaps the legendary highest leap on record—"over the moon,") but only succeeded in damaging the mattress. The fragrant pigs grunt contentedly from an adjacent sty and all is peace, Suddenly the calmness is disturbed by a crash, but it is nothing—only a broken rung and a student gathering his limbs together, and vainly endeavoring to fit a leg into an arm socket, and occasionally mildly expressing the hope that he may be able to take sufficient exercise on the following day to counteract College commons.

If the favour of the public opinion were an infallible indication of mind, the concerts recently given by the Choral Club must be called unqualified successes. No less than six have already taken place, and whether in a country school-house, or in Osgoode Hall, they have been equally appreciated. Undoubtedly the energy of Mr. J. Carter contributed largely to the success of the entertainments. Under his management the glees, choruses, and part-songs were invariably well rendered, and we are at a loss to determine why the proverbial bashfulness of the undergraduates manifested itself in the "Dragoon Chorus" only. Mr. Angell impersonated the Duke in good style, and was well supported by the "Heavy Dragoons," whose marching, if not inimitable, was certainly unique. The "Bunthorne-Grosvenor" duet always proved acceptable, and Messrs Scadding and Brent, in the respective roles, have achieved a reputation worthy of disciples of Oscar Wilde. Of the selections from operas, the most popular one was perhaps the "Gobble" duet from "La Mascotte." Mr. Church, in a becoming costume as a modern belle of fashion, made a fascinating "Betina," in whom the club has found a Mascot who will never fail to bring them good luck. Mr. Scadding sang the part of Pippo creditably. The character songs and comic recitations, as given by Messrs. Murray and Brent, and the cornet duets by Messrs. Davidson and Church, were among the popular features of each programme, and were always encored. Mr. Oliver gives excellent promise as an elocutionist, and was of much assistance. There is a scheme being set on foot by which the Club is endeavoring to arrange for a series of concerts, for the benefit of Sunday Schools in various towns, during either the Easter or Summer Vacation. The idea is a good one, and we trust it will be carried out. We do not agree with the small minority, which grudges praise, that choral organizations suggest that nothing but singing is done at the college they represent, and we believe we are not far wrong in stating that ours will at least be a slight intimation to the people of Ontario that there is some talent in the University of Trinity College.

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