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TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

Of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

Vol. XI. - X//.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, JANUARY, 1898. - 1899.

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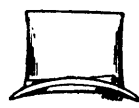
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Trinity University Review

A Journal of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

Vol. XI.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, JANUARY, 1898.

No. 1.

Trinity University Review.

Published in twelve monthly issues by the Undergraduates in Arts and Medicine of Trinity University.

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Literary contributions or items of personal interest are solicited from the students, alumni, and friends of the University. The names of the writers must be appended to their communications, but not necessarily for publication.

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Editorial Topics.

OUR ADVERTISERS. WITH the last number, the '97 issue of THE REVIEW was completed. The financial success for last year was splendid, and it must be very gratifying to friends of the paper to learn that we were able to give a substantial present to the College Athletic Club out of our profits. The revenue from the advertisements in THE REVIEW is a very large factor in this success, and so surely all men in College and our outside friends should systematically patronize those merchants who so kindly give us their advertisements.

RESIGNATION. WE have to announce the resignation of the Reverend J. H. McGill as business manager of THE REVIEW. Under the able management of Mr. McGill, THE REVIEW has had a most prosperous year, and we have to thank the retiring manager for his painstaking efforts and ceaseless energy towards the sustaining of a good financial basis for the College paper. The sum of one hundred dollars has been given the Athletic Association, and THE REVIEW begins the new year with a clean sheet and the brightest prospects. Mr. H. C. Griffith was elected to fill Mr. McGill's place, and we are sure the position could not have been placed in more competent hands. Mr. Griffith's ability and enthusiasm are known and appreciated as was clearly shown at his election.

SYMPATHY. During the vacation a disastrous fire occurred at St. Joseph's College, Ottawa. The eastern wing of this splendid building was completely ruined, and a great deal of damage done by water to other portions. We extend our sympathy to our sister university in its misfortune, and trust that it will soon recover from the ill-effects attendant upon the same.

THE GOOD-NIGHT PIPE.

"GIVE me a pipe, plenty of tobacco, an easy chair, and I'd never consider myself poor," drawled a drowsy voice from the corner farthest from the fire. This may have been a hint for the one chair, which,

needless to say, was not proffered, or it may have been an honest opinion vouchsafed in a spirit of philosophic meditation.

"Keep me supplied with good books and I'd consider myself wealthy," issued from the depths of the aforesaid chair, while a third source expressed the opinion that if he were furnished with sufficient of the needful to comfortably pay his sup. fees he would be far beyond the reach of any hungering after the mundane things of life.

It is hard to draw a line between poverty and wealth, a line defining the exact bounds dividing the two states "Enough and to spare" would for some constitute wealth, for others merely a comfortable removal from the more acute of poverty's pangs. The former, like Charles Lamb, would move along in a happy, blissful contentment of body and mind, realizing with a desperate ecstasy the folly attendant upon the needless expenditure of a few shillings to procure a coveted bit of old china or some worthless antiquity. Then they would settle down to contemplate the sacrifices necessary to reimburse the family coffers, all the while regarding the dearly purchased treasure with a satisfaction sweetened by denial. They would compare their substance with those less fortunate and consider themselves rich indeed. "Just above poverty"—surely an ideal state. Lamb says in the *Essays of Elia*: "It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat."

The latter class would look beyond their state and compare it with those whose wealth would be expressed by "to spare" with no place for a humble and satisfying "enough."

They would consider themselves poverty-stricken, never thinking of the "very poor" blessed with a contentment and peace sweet to contemplate, rich in the gladsome resignation of natures prone to accept the best in life while trying to put up with the worst.

No, thank Heaven, poverty is not entirely a bodily deprivation of this world's goods, but it is the failure to recognize life's happy undertone of love and sympathy and trust.

* * *
Balzac says that "a woman who is stupid, ugly, poor and good possesses the four cardinal points of misery."

* * *
The following is clipped from the *London Daily Telegraph*:—

Army ballads, war songs and Rudyard Kiplings are indigenous and of all lands. It is only in that exquisite sense, quality, they differ. Our old foeman, that unapproachable savage fighting man, the Fuzzy Wuzzy or Hadendowa, whom I have met in the shock of battle at El Teb, Tamai, and elsewhere, sings of the prowess of his own arms and the immortal deeds of Tommy Atkins on these and other fields. He revels and rejoices in Tommy, just as Kipling has done, as a foeman worthy of his steel. With a fine contempt for other natives, and for Greeks, Italians, French, and Germans, Ingles Tommy is his ideal man, fearless and mighty. Since 1884-5 they have in native fashion been singing Tommy's praises at their festivals. Now he is their true friend, and, in their opinion, as good as one of themselves, for is not England going to be their mother one of these days as well as his?

I venture to give an easy translation of one of these Hadendowa war songs, which, like most rude ballads, has much repetition. The words are chanted in solo form, line

by line, which are repeated as a chorus by everybody present:—

Ho! true seed of Abraham,
Ye sons of the Prophet.
Blessed of Allah: Fearless and free.
Invincible in war.
We've broken the necks of the Turks,
The Egyptians are our slaves.

Worthy only of our swift steel,
Is the bold red man, the Ingleesy.
From the West, from over the sea,
They came to do battle with us.
How like unto them
The Hadendowa;
They invincible on water,
We on land.
The Red Ingleesy,
The Hadendowa.

Suckled by lions, strong as steel,
They and we fought face to face
Red Ingleesy—Hadendowa.
Glory we withstood them.
The unconquerable, the Ingleesy.
What nation is like to them?
Hadendowa and Ingleesy unconquerable,
Lightning to lightning,
All consuming.

Ya, ya, Tommy,
Blood, wounds, and battles,
Rage and rejoice in.
Ya! Great heart red man,
The mighty Ingleesy.

* * *

The following lines on Lewis Carroll appeared in *Punch* of January 29, 1898:

Lover of children! Fellow-heir with those
Of whom the imperishable kingdom is!
Beyond all dreaming now your spirit knows
The unimagined mysteries.

Darkly as in a glass our faces look
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright;
You, like the maiden in your faerie book—
You step beyond and see the light!

The heart you wore beneath your pedant's cloak
Only to children's hearts you gave away;
Yet unaware in half the world you woke
The slumbering charm of childhood's day.

We older children, too, our loss lament,
We of the "Table Round," remembering well
How he, our comrade, with his pencil lent
Your fancy's speech a firmer spell.

Master of rare woodcraft, by sympathy's
Sure touch he caught your visionary gleams,
And made your fame, the dreamer's, one with his,
The wise interpreter of dreams.

Farewell! But near our hearts we have you yet,
Holding our heritage with loving hand,
Who may not follow where your feet are set
Upon the ways of Wonderland.

In the recent death of the Reverend C. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, the world of letters has sustained a deep loss and many of us cannot but feel a personal regret at the demise of the clever author of "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-Glass."

How many of us have pored over Alice's adventures, reading again and again the experiences that befell her in the Land of Wonders! The funny old duchess with her inveterate and bad habit of finding a moral in everything; the peppery cook (how like our own, alas!) the irascible and vicious queen, the mad hatter, and all the rest of that strange, motley collection are real, and even lovable characters to Carroll's devotees. The crazy humor, the events

and speeches so ridiculous as almost to pass the bounds of rationality, are almost sacred to many of us.

What can surpass the delightful idiocy and humor of the Jabberwok, the Walrus and the Carpenter, and his other mind-creations.

Long will the memory of Lewis Carroll remain in the hearts of those who know and love his works, while Alice, with her marvellous trials and experiences, will be a lasting testimony to his hold upon our affections. Aside from the humorous aspect of his life, Mr. Dodgson appears as a most clever mathematician, a professor of highest talent at Oxford, and the author of several mathematical books, notably one on calculus.

The Alice stories were written for the two little daughters of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

* * *

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'

"LEARNED LEISURE AND CLOISTERED CALM."

For nearly a quarter of an hour the absurd city clocks had been engaged in striking ten, and the last strokes of the latest of them had just died away, when I left Brown of Univ., with whom I had been breakfasting, and, turning up Longwall, I was soon on the stairs leading up to Caldecott's room. Without waiting to knock—an unnecessary ceremony—I opened the door amid hearty shouts of welcome from four or five men who were hidden behind as many clouds of fragrant tobacco smoke. Breakfast was obviously only just over, and, as I entered the room, I barely missed putting my foot into a dish of cutlets which had been carefully placed on the floor, owing to every other available spot being filled up with plates and cups and other crockery. Caldecott himself was leaning through the open window with a pipe in his mouth, listening to the caw-cawing of the rooks in "The Grove," and lazily watching the deer feeding on the grass. It certainly was a charming view, and I have always thought Caldecott right in choosing Longwall in preference to the noisy and cobblestoned "High." The room itself, though not much different from the rooms of the average undergrad., was not devoid of attractions; one noticed the absence of the usual college groups, but there was no lack of pictures, for the most part etchings and engravings, with a few dainty water colours; but the most attractive feature in the decorations was a fine collection of weapons and ornaments, apparently Persian, artistically arranged round the walls.

"Come in, man, and sit down," shouted Caldecott, turning round as I entered. "Parr, you slacker, move your legs and shift those plates on to the floor, there's a good sort. You know all these fellows, I think." Climbing over Parr's long legs, I fell into the vacant chair and stretched out my hand for the tobacco jar. By this time I could recognize the features of the other occupants of the room, who were disposed on easy chairs in various comfortable and unpicturesque attitudes. I knew them all: Parr of New College, who lived in the rooms above Caldecott; Denison of Magdalen, who enjoyed the reputation of being the laziest man in the Varsity; Dobbs, a short, tubby man, captain of the Corpus Soccer team; and Lister of

B. N. C., the second string for the Varsity hundred and one of the leading lights of the Union debates. "Is Reaney going to turn up?" Caldecott asked me presently. "Oh, yes," I replied. "He's sure to come. He's in training, or he'd have been round to brekker." "Unlucky beggar!" said Denison. "I know what that means. Morning tub at 7.30 sharp, sprint round the walks, and then one of those five horse brekkers with their eternal porridge, fish, eggs, chops, and grass! I tried it once. Pheugh! It makes me feel stodgy to think of it!" "But, my dear fellow," said Caldecott, "think of the object! Has not the 'Isis' proclaimed that a 'blue' is superior to a 'first,' and isn't it better to help one's boat go head of the river than even to get into 'Vincent's?'" "Yes," answered Denison, "and think of the delights of early rising, of training diet, of toiling down to Ifley twice a day with a perpetual Blastophone going in one's ears! And what's the end of it all? A supper, a bonfire, a row with the Dons, and half the college sent down next day! Besides, to give up smoking, think of it!" "Here's Denison actually getting excited," said Parr. "Why, only think what you would save in tea and cigarettes!" "To hand over the proceeds to the O.U.B.C.! Thanks, it's not good enough." "That motive ought to appeal to Denison, who is always smoking," said Lister, taking out of his mouth a meerschaum of a glossy brown colour from constant use; "Disgusting habit, cigarette smoking!" "Hark at the crab calling the snake crooked," interposed Dobbs, who had not yet spoken. "Lister is at his wit's end how to pay his tobacconist. You see, in his case a pipe can't be called a 'luxury.'" "Hang it, no," said Denison. "It's a 'necessary' here. Smoking is about the only thing one can do in this hole without getting hauled. Why, if you please, old Stick-in-the-Mud lectured me yesterday for playing the piano after one o'clock at night! It was only half-past, and there weren't more than a dozen of us singing. Look here, Lister, why don't you bring in a motion at the Union proposing the abolition of Dons?" "I would if I thought it would choke off old Blank from lecturing. He drivels worse than ever this term. Luckily, one can read a novel or write a letter in his leckers, otherwise the strain would be intolerable. Have you heard his latest, by the way?" "O, don't, please don't!" groaned Denison. "Not the one about 'the world should not contain the rooks that should be bitten'?" said Parr. "Later than that," replied Lister. "He read out in chapel yesterday something about people who 'strain at a cat and swallow enamel.'" "And in his sermon last Sunday he said 'we were all being reduced to a lead devil,'" added Parr. Denison put his hands over his ears. "Do you know," said Dobbs, "I believe Lister invents half the yarns about old Blank that go round the Varsity. I've noticed a decided falling off of late—that last, for instance, isn't half as good as the old ones. 'Don't you feel rising within you the aspiration of a half-warmed fish,' or 'it is easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol.'" "Don't insult Lister," I answered. "He's capable of better things than that. You should have heard his peroration in the Union debate on Modern Novels the other evening. 'I look forward,' he said. 'I look forward to a time when the 'Dodo' shall have laid her absolutely last egg, and become once and forever extinct; when the 'Yellow Aster' shall have faded, and the 'Heavenly Twins' shall have returned to their native ether; when the Rudyards shall have ceased from Kipling, and the Haggards shall ride no more.'" "Hear, hear!" said Dobbs. "That last is stolen from 'Lapsus calami,' and spoilt in the stealing," put in Denison, in an injured tone. "Can't think why you fellows think it worth while to waste your flowers of wit and oratory on the Union, which is the settling ground of all that is ignorant and prejudiced in the Varsity. Much better reserve them for an occasion like this," he added, flicking

the ash of his cigarette on the carpet. Here Dobbs interposed. "Why don't you show a proper respect for the Gorgon's property and use the ash tray?" "O, it's good for the carpet, isn't it, Caldecott? Keeps the colour in, or tones it down, or something, I forget what. Besides, it's such a long way to stretch for the ash tray." "The Gorgon doesn't object," said Caldecott. "Good old Gorgon! She's managed to settle down to our ways at last. You never heard such a tiltup as she made over my turning my rooms upside down when I came. First it was the ornaments. When I came into possession, there were on the mantelpiece jingly jangly things, which threw prismatic colours all over the room and broken vases full of imitation flowers. I made a clean sweep of the lot. Next day they were all back again in their old places. Then we had a battle royal. I told her to choose between her ornaments and her lodger. If it hadn't been a by term I believe we should have parted. As it was, she decided to keep her lodger and remove her ornaments. A week afterwards the struggle was renewed on the subject of pictures. The walls were covered with photographs of relations and oil paintings of herself and her late lamented, who was attired for the occasion in a button-hole and a white waistcoat. However, she yielded this time without much difficulty and has been submissive on the subject ever since. The old jingly jangly ornaments are invariably restored, however, during the vac., and I have a clearance at the beginning of every term. We are used to one another now. She cooks admirably, and doesn't rook me more than fifty per cent., which is moderate for an Oxford landlady. Ah! there's Reaney at last," he added, as a shout of "Caldecott" rose from below the window. "Sorry we must run away, you fellows, but Johnny's lecture at the museum has been due fifteen minutes, and he's never more than half an hour late." I was half way down the stairs by this time and we were all three soon walking briskly up Longwall amid taunts from the window above. "Have you noticed," said Caldecott, "that all classical men think it immoral to attend morning lectures?"

Tis.

KAISER WILLIAM.

"You are young, Kaiser William," the old man said,
 "And your knowledge of music is nil,
 And yet you conducted an ode that you made—
 What gave you this wonderful skill?"
 "In my childhood," the kaiser replied, with a smile,
 "My own little trumpet I'd blow,
 And as I continued the practice, I styled
 Myself a musician, you know."

"You are young," said the sage, "as I mentioned before,
 And have never yet been in a fight,
 But somehow you lecture your soldiers on war—
 Do you think at your age it is right?"
 "In my childhood," the kaiser replied to the sage,
 "I sat on some soldiers of tin,
 And the knowledge I gained at that critical stage,
 Has helped me my lecture to spin."

"You are young," said the sage, "your hands are unused
 To drawing with pencil or paint,
 Yet you knocked off a poster which greatly amused
 The public—it seems very quaint."
 "As a child," said the kaiser, "I painted the door
 Of my nursery crimson and green,
 And, if that wasn't Art, I have never before
 Been told so—by artists, I mean."

"You are young," said the sage, "and the ruling of men,
 Of course, is a difficult task,
 Although you are getting on nicely, but when
 Will you govern yourself, may I ask?"
 "I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
 Said the kaiser, "and if you assail
 My rights as a heaven-born ruler as stuff
 And nonsense, I'll put you in jail."

—Buffalo Express.

THE BUILDING UP OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

Almost the first thing which strikes the foreigner in Germany, is the sight of numbers of women working in the fields, wielding the shovel and pitchfork, and even following the plough. The husband, meanwhile, is smoking his one-cent cigar (very good cigars they are, too; quite up to some of our five-centers), and drinking his schnapps at the expense of the Kaiser: a burden to his country, and of no use to anyone, least of all to himself. The Germans are very proud of their military system, and feel the greatest contempt for the English soldier whom they hold to be a mere mercenary. Whether the individual German altogether approves of being carried off himself, and made to serve his country for a couple of years, is a different question. But he takes it as a matter of course—something that must be provided for, in fact, merely an episode in his life, to which he was destined before he was born (unless he should happen to be a girl), so that compulsory service is no longer connected with corporals' guards, tearful mothers and hurried departures. From his earliest days he is accustomed to treat any form of uniform with respect, indeed, the reverence which the German nation has for brass buttons is best described by Jerome, when he says that if burglars wore uniform, the police would be instructed to assist them in every way, and to arrest anyone interfering with them in the pursuit of their calling.

The work of making soldiers begins early. As soon as the German boy enters the public school, or "gymnasium" as it is called, which he does at about the age of nine, he is instructed in the first principles of military drill. As a rule, two hours a week are prescribed for "Turnen," which is composed of military drill and gymnastic exercises. He is soon familiar with all forms of marching and wheeling, and by the end of his school course, he needs only the knowledge of the management of a rifle to make him a thoroughly well-drilled and well-trained soldier. When he reaches the lower half of the second form (the standard is the same in all German public schools), he goes up for his "Einjahrig" examination. Those who pass this examination need only serve one year in the army, while all others must serve three. Thus a separation is effected between those who have the ability to distinguish themselves at college and otherwise, and those, who, not so fortunate, could better afford to spare two years from their studies. Needless to say, a great many of all classes are exempted from military service through physical unfitness. Everyone knows how the interests of the army are fostered at the universities, and the readers of THE REVIEW were treated in the last issue to a most interesting letter from Heidelberg, describing a duel between two students. These duels, it might be said, are highly approved of by the Emperor, who has spoken his mind several times upon the subject. However, it remains to be demonstrated whether skill with the sword will be of much practical use in modern warfare.

The German is intensely patriotic. His patriotism is very deep, but there is also a good deal of it on the surface. If we compared the number of people who know the second verse of "God save the Queen," with those who know "Die Wacht am Rhein" from beginning to end, to say nothing of "Deutschland Deutschland über alles" and "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," I am afraid the Germans would show to advantage.

But beside this there is a deep and true love for their country imbedded in the heart of every German. Though naturally peaceable, in the hour of necessity he can be relied upon to show himself a good soldier, even if that necessitates being a good Christian, and it is giving a man credit, for many sterling qualities, to say that he was "made in Germany." When we come to beat our Lee-Enfields into pruning-hooks, and our Gatlings into ploughshares, and universal arbitration takes the place of war,

then the millions that are annually spent on the German army can be devoted to a pension fund, on the United States' plan—fancy having to pension the sisters and cousins and aunts of those millions of soldiers! and the Kaiser will have to take to playing golf.

A LETTER.

It was just an ordinary room, a library such as one sees in hundreds of homes. Walls lined with books, a few good pictures and busts, plenty of big arm-chairs, and a large oak table in the centre. The bright winter sunlight was streaming through the large bay-window, and outside was a vista of long roads of crisp, sparkling snow, up and down which many bright-hued sleighs were flying, and the merry tinkle of their bells could be heard, now near, now in the distance. In the room were two people—a tall, handsome youth and a pretty girl.

"Do come," he said pleadingly, "you've no idea how splendid the sleighing is, I don't believe it will ever be so good again."

The girl looked meditatively out of the window. "I'd just love to go, Teddy," she said, "but I don't believe Jack would like me to."

"Oh, Jack!" in a tone of impatient scorn; then with a happy inspiration, "why there go Edith and Charlie!"

"So they do," assented Dot, gazing after them with interest. "D' you know, Teddy, I believe I'll go after all. I'll be ready in a second. Wait a minute, though, I haven't answered Jack's note yet. He will be so wild if he doesn't get an answer soon, and we can post it while we're out."

Hastily tearing a page from a pad, she scribbled a few lines, then, closing the envelope, she placed it upon the mantel, and, going upstairs to put on her hat, forgot all about it.

* * * *

A bachelor's den without doubt. The dust of many days had gathered on book-case and mantel shelf, while at a corner of the ceiling a fat, domestic spider tranquilly spun her ever-increasing web. A pair of shoes sat complacently on the mantel, surrounded by a hopeless melee of pipes and photographs. Seated upon a table that had seen better days was a short, rather pleasant-looking man, who was engaged in moodily kicking the legs of the unoffending piece of furniture, and glancing restlessly out of the window down the broad avenue. "Hang it all!" he muttered, "What the deuce keeps the postman so long? I rather expected a note from Dot yesterday, but I suppose she was busy. Dear little girl! How found of me she is, and how happy we shall be some day!"

Suddenly his face brightened. The postman was coming up the walk. Jack flung himself off the table, and, concealing his excitement with an air of elaborate indifference, went down to meet him.

I. W. C.

MORALIZING.

I am one of these old-fashioned people, who has seen the inside of a college, and has been there for a little time, but not since things have begun to move so rapidly forward as they have of late years. And the other day in rubbing my pate and "thinkin'," as some Quaker duet has it,—(just imagine two Quakers singing a duet?)—some quotation from the Greek or Latin classics comes dimly—as though through a "London" fog to my mental view. I leave it to the "Treble fists" to quote chapter and verse, but it runs somehow thus, "There's somethin' always happenin' in our village."

Well, Diogenes, or whoever it was that made that remark was right. He understood human action and human nature. Now, I have a similar remark to make.

"There's somethin' always happenin'" in my brain. When I am awake I am thinking, so I lie down and go to sleep in order to get a rest—and yet I keep thinking. Well, but, as Smith said to me at once when I told him, "you are asleep, how then can you be thinking?" To which I answered quietly, calmly, Eh?

You see I am one of those people (formerly an alderman though now in reduced circumstances—tailor bills descended at the same time) who is too large in every way to be easily ruffled. [I often remind myself of one of those huge mastiffs who "doesn't have to" get mad every time these curly-tailed pug dogs (with their hind legs off the ground half the time—by a too liberal use of their mistress's curling tongs in their tail)—walks up to him and turns up his nose at him (i.e., if such a thing be possible without his turning a back summersault). What a travelling acrobat a pug dog is anyway!]

Here I begin to look "sheepish" for as the Gaul says, I have to return to my muttons." I have parenthesised (good word) until I can get no nearer the point than a squirrel running around the wheel in his cage.—

To which I answered, Eh? Smith then repeated his question, "You are asleep, how then can you be thinking?"

In the meantime knocking the ashes out of my cigar or cigarette—(ha! thinks the reader, I have it, you are one of those "cigarette fiends." My friend, you jumped too quickly; I am not. I don't smoke). I have used the wrong metaphor, or anachronism, or whatever you may call it. You see, I want to be classical when I am "in Rome." Well, to use a coffee house allusion, taking a match out of my pocket and putting the unsulphurated end in my mouth and chewing it—just to appear calm. My mouth (I might have said the aforesaid mouth, it reads more novel like and is more definite, but I have only one and I think no doubt will arise, for like my moustache I am not at present dwelling in your mouth but in my own), seems to avoid the sulphurous end of a match, lit or unlit. The reader will think I have as much fancy for brackets as a fret saw, but no, I am like the errand boy sent on a message, who delivers it, but has to look at so many show windows en route that he is a long time getting there. This was the boy whose master invented the "message boy tell-tale slip" on which the recipient of the parcel notes the time it is delivered.

Wasn't I cool and collected? (Yes, thinks the reader, hot soup has had time to cool while you are getting on with your story). But Smith began to look at the thermometer and blame the innocent furnace man. Then the oracle begins. Well, if I don't think when I am asleep, who is it under my night cap that is thinking? For the machinery is going like mad—the electric sparks are flying from the motor (the more sparks the less connection), and I can hear myself think.

Then Smith began to try and remember the tail end of one of Dr. Sheard's lectures, or he began to give me a bar from "The medical expert's evidence the time he sat on the coroner's jury—the time when the coroner himself was so overcome by the big words he did not, or could not, explain to the jury what it was all about anyway—and a confused mass of "paresis," "lachrymosis," "anthropomorplusus," and little terms like that came trooping forth from Smith's lips, but I spare you. I don't want the reader to suffer as I did. The reader may wonder how I remember the spelling. I didn't. I am writing this in the Public Library, being a writer of years standing, and formerly, as I said, having been awfully near a Mayor (i.e., an alderman; some aldermen are Mayor three months in the year). Having had such a long experience as a writer of fiction, I don't mind letting the reader into some of the tricks of the trade. You know some of these awfully clever "answers to correspondents" didn't know when you asked them, any more than you did, and if they would only say every time "Step into the Public Library and look into the *Encyclo-*

pædia Britannica and you will find there all you want to know about the matter and probably sixteen pages more than you, or any man like you, wants to know," there would be room saved to the newspapers for "ads." but the paper doesn't want the room. It has more room than ads.

You may test their truth-telling qualities by sending them a long composition of your own and what they call the W.P.B. (or waste paper basket) has just got "standing room only" for your contribution.

Now, what I would suggest to the Answerers to Correspondents, if they want to economize space in their paper (which they don't), is to adopt the following plan:

Answers to Correspondents.

Jones:	Ah—see article in <i>Encyclopædia Britannica</i> Public Library, Toronto.		
Smith Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Brown Do.	Do.	Do.
Enquirer "	"	"
Another Smith "	"	"
Another Brown "	"	"

And so on—do you proceed—like the electric current you take the direct route—make a short circuit—cut it short—until, as in the case of "Another Brown," you have the whole business in a nutshell, and everybody (except the paper that doesn't want to save space for ads), is satisfied.

Again I perceive I have been "fretting" the reader with a bracket.

When Smith began quoting the big words I wasn't dazed, not a bit, I had been on a jury myself—it was about one of the best sleeps I ever had—and here as an "oliter dictum," I say I don't like big words—(that expression "oliter dictum" is one I heard a judge using once when I was "napping" on a jury). I usually tried to keep one eye open—to appear, at least, attentive—so that the man with the broom handle who stood near the jury box and yells "order" so often (once I nearly called out when my eye wasn't open as wide as usual "half dozen oysters on the half shell") shouldn't give me a jab in the ribs. I think the expression means "by the wayside;" it may be an "inn" for all I know, perhaps one of those Inns of Court you hear of. However, don't rely on me but look it up in the "Encycl Britania"). No I don't like big words. Do you know I often try to read the college journals of the present day. They are couched, no doubt, in what they call "pure nervous English." Ah, well, if that is the nervous style preserve me from it—it makes me tremble. Why, while I read aloud my wife sits by my side and looks up the hard words—half of them aren't in our dictionary—ours is Johnston's with the ff's instead of the sses. So what are not in our dictionary we take our hats off to, as it were, and pass on, having apologized for stopping them when we weren't acquainted with them. They must either be part of the dead languages or else they are so modern a Sunday street car couldn't overhaul them, but we don't know half what the writer is saying. Well, we suppose "some feller does."

Now these things that I am thinking now are not what I have thought when I have my night cap on because no stenographer is ever there to take them down. These I am shouting into a phonograph—that is more "up to date," than the other article, and I believe in being up to date. (I have already complained of what I lose in not being sufficiently "modern," or is it "ancient," in the matter of language and spelling). If you want to hear this in my natural voice go to that place on Yonge street where they keep the phonograph for hire and ask him to let you hear piece C: 1,179,864, and you will hear all this you have read spoken in a good upper Canadian brogue.

But I come back again to the point. Like the proverbial bad penny, the point turns up again, and sharper than ever, and it will probably stick in the same place. Who thinks these things under my night cap?

Some one suggests "Welsh Rabbit (I believe Encycl Brit says "Rarebit"). Well I don't believe in those Cerebrospinalmeningitological theories of yours. (Some more of my experiences as a jurymen). Nor do I believe in Smith's—whether it be of John Smiths or any of the numerous Smythes families. Smith theorized until I was tired and he weary, and, after having heard it all, I can come to no other conclusion than that I do. But do you know I am, when awake, a regular "Truthful Jeames," but when I have that night cap on I think all sorts of things, and some of them are actual fibs. Why they never did happen, are not happening now, and are not going to happen, and this is what is now giving me sleepless nights, seeking the answer to the question—Am I a fibber?

ENQUIRER No. B. 189763½.

I GIVE THEE REST.

O WEARIED hands, deep-scarred and worn by toil,
That knowest not of quiet, sweet surcease
From labour's wailing cry. Would'st have release?
Come unto Me. From burden and turmoil
I give thee rest.

O saddened eyes, thou'rt dim and languid grown,
And seest not save that which lies around
Thee and below. From travel-stained ground
Lift thou thy gaze—thou watchest not alone,
I give thee rest.

O listless feet, in vain thou wanderest far
From My confines. Thy errant foot-prints blend
With others lost 'mid brier-thorns that rend
Thy flesh and Mine—dost see how blood-drops mar?
I give thee rest.

O bruised heart, thou throbbest in despair,
Loveless and cold would'st have the balm that heals.
My heart, sore-bruised too, bleeds still and feels
For thee. Dear heart, cast thou away thy care,
I give thee rest.

CAMERON WILSON.

ON EARTH, PEACE.

A SKETCH.

A quietness brooded over the great city. Tall, gloomy tenement houses reared their unshapely heights far into the mists that hung heavily around them. The drizzly rain fell in a ceaseless, wearying monotone, and set quivering the countless pools wherein was reflected the dim glare of the street lamps. Feeble lights glowed in many windows, behind which still weaker flames struggled for light and life, for the fever had come silently upon the dirty, crowded slums, bringing death and sorrow and desolation. Five days it had raged, fostered by the dampness and squalor, and scarcely was there a home in which some Rachel wailed not or stole stealthily about her crowded room fearful of what might be.

All during the night heavy carts rumbled along the narrow streets, and many a rough-hewn box was borne quickly to the bleak wind-swept burial ground beside the river.

Heavy signs swayed and creaked, and the brass balls in front of a reeking pawn shop twirled round and round, stopping only to whirl the other way.

Along the deserted street sped a Sister of Mercy; her robes rustled softly as, unmindful of the rain, she hastened toward some hot-bed of disease, the swaying cross at her side caught a wandering gleam of light and glistened like some glorious, holy sign. Her young face was beautiful, white as death, and strong with the sacrifice of all passion save that of the most intense love.

On—on—deeper into the crowded alleys, until at last she paused before a low doorway; the faint chiming of bells sounded as she stood looking into the darkness;

crossing herself, she said very softly, "Peace, peace on earth."

An hour later, when she started for home, icy winds swept about her, breathing of health and dispelling the fetid air of pestilence. But her step had grown slow, and a warm flush crimsoned her cheeks.

* * *

On all sides clamoured the Christmas-tide bells; heavy drifts of snow were piled high against the convent walls, filling every nook and cranny; glad steps sounded on the streets and the crisp snow crackled beneath the light tread of many feet.

Through the chapel windows streamed the morning sun, resting upon the jewelled altar cross, shining on the inlaid floor in wavering masses of blue and red and gold, or touching gently the nodding flowers that filled the place with an odour as of sweetest incense. It shifted until it rested upon the crucifix, and the Face of Agony seemed to glow with a deep and radiant joyfulness—the painless look upon which Mary smiled while a wondrous message was being chanted upon the hillside—"Unto you is born a Saviour."

From the crucifix it fell upon a still, white face and two small folded hands; flowers filled the open casket beside which knelt three sisters.

A faint, vibrating organ note trembled into sound, and the soft strains rose and fell in richest harmony, as a long line of black-robed women entered and knelt in silence. Suddenly a voice thrilled every heart, a voice heavenly in its sweetness and pathos, as the full, rich tones echoed through the chapel—"Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace—peace—good will toward men."

Book Reviews.

THE YEAR BOOK.

The Editors of the Year Book are to be congratulated on having produced a book which in every way comes up to our expectations. The work, as its name implies, is no longer a college, but a university review, containing a vast amount of information, which is not only interesting but extremely useful to anyone connected with Trinity. The directory of graduates, especially, represents a large amount of time and labour, and everyone realizes how fortunate we are in having among us men who are willing to give a great deal of their time to collecting information of interest to Trinity's friends. Anyone who reads this book will have a very good idea of Trinity, its institutions, and of the Colleges in affiliation, and it deserves a wide circulation, especially among our graduates to whom it should prove a most welcome publication. Foremost among the contributions stands the article entitled "The First Chancellor of the University" from the pen of the Honourable G. W. Allan, D.C.L. "The Historical Résumé of the College," by the Editors, also deserves special mention. The Literary Institute is ably handled by C. H. Bradburn, B.A., and H. T. S. Boyle; Athletics, by D. M. Rogers, The Missionary and Theological Society, by the Rev. J. F. Rounthwaite, B.A., and Episcopon, by H. C. N. Wilson are quite up to the standard of last year.

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA.

BY DR. BOURINOT, C.M.G.

Once more we have to welcome from the pen of this distinguished graduate of Trinity a book dealing with the history of our country. It is a historical review of the progress of Canada during the reign of our beloved Queen, read as a paper before the Royal Society in June of last year and printed already in part as an article in the Edinburgh Review. As a contribution to the literature of the

Jubilee year it has a special interest, but while much of that literature is likely to pass into oblivion, this monograph will remain of permanent value. As we turn over its pages we realize the enormous progress which Canada has made during the present reign. Opening as the era did with political discontent in all the provinces, and with open rebellion in the two most important, as we follow its history we see how by wisdom and self-control the difficult political questions were solved, and out of the separate provinces already established and the well-nigh untrodden lands of the Northwest and Pacific Coast, was built up the vast Dominion, which now, after the United Kingdoms, forms the most important section of the British Empire. The history of this wonderful development Dr. Bourinot treats under the following heads:—Territorial expansion, Increase of Population and Wealth, Political development, Social and Intellectual Progress and National Unity, and under each he is able to point out a remarkable advance. The impression of progress we receive from the sketch itself is deepened by the illustrations at the end of his volume, which shew us scenes as they were at the beginning of the reign and as they are now. Interesting groups of men who have risen into prominence in Canada during this period are given, and we are glad to notice in one of the literature groups, the faces of two well-known and honoured Trinity men, Mr. Gilbert Parker and Mr. Archibald Lampman.

"Admiral's All" is a collection of ballads by Henry Newbott, published by Eldin Matthews. It is long since we had the pleasure of reading such stirring songs as those contained between these dainty blue covers. As the name implies, they are for the most part ballads of the Fleet, and the first of them is the "Admiral's All," which gives its title to the book. We quote the two best verses, though, where all are so good, choice is a difficult matter:

Essex was putting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he
Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
And hurried his ships to wreck.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good spuls,"
And he stooped and finished his game.

The line—

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared

quoted above, distinctly remind one of Sir Richard Grenville's

I never turned my back upon don or devil yet,

in Tennyson's "Revenge," and was probably suggested by it. As we read on we "feel the brine salt on the lips, and the large air" of the open sea blowing fresh in our faces. Most musical and strong are they all, "like ocean on a western beach," or the Devon coasts of which the author sings. Here is the chorus of the bold "Menelaus":

She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold "Menelaus" put to sea.

"Drake's Drum" is the best of the sea songs, especially in its concluding verse—

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armada come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
And dreamin' all the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
When the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him
long ago!

"Vae Victis" describes the feeling of despair at Carthage, following on the destruction of their fleet. The author has evidently studied Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power upon History" to some effect, and doubtless intends the moral to be applied by the "Modern Carthage"—to use an epithet of reproach "made in Germany." This lesson has been so well learnt lately that it is likely to be long before the English people forget that

The fleet of England is her all in all.

Still it is well to be reminded of it, for the cry

What of the ships, O, Carthage? Carthage what of the ships?

might be a cry of doom for England.

Perhaps the finest piece in the book is "Vitai Tampade," two verses of which will be found elsewhere in this number.

In conclusion we think our readers will agree with us that writers like Newbolt and Kipling deserve well of their country, for they wake every Englishman who reads them proud of his name and of his race, while their songs form one of the threads of that cable which binds together all the citizens of Great and Greater Britain.

Convocation Notes.

EDITORS.

A. H. YOUNG, M.A.

THE REV. H. H. BEDFORD JONES, M.A.

In consideration of a grant of \$100.00 a year this space is set aside for the use of the Convocation of the University. Copies of the REVIEW are sent free to associate members who are not graduates and to Headmasters of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes.

Mr. A. H. Young is acting as Clerk of Convocation till Easter instead of the Reverend H. H. Bedford-Jones, who is taking duty for his father in Brockville, while the latter is in England canvassing for the endowment fund of the Diocese of Ontario. Till Easter, then, all Convocation business is to be transacted with Mr. Young.

EXECUTIVE MEETING.

A meeting of the Executive was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 25th, which, being stormy, did not bring out a large attendance. There were present the Registrar (in the chair), Mr. Worrell, Professor Cayley, Messrs. Alexis Martin, Kirwan Martin, White, and the Acting Clerk, as well as Professor Mackenzie who had a report to make on the Year Book.

YEAR BOOK.

A copy of the long-delayed Year Book for 1897 was laid upon the table. For the delay the Editors make ample apology in their preface. The book is better bound this year than formerly, having a flexible cover. The title reads TRINITY UNIVERSITY YEAR BOOK in place of *Trinity College Year Book*. All of the old departments appear again, together with new ones demanded by the change in the character of the book as a University publication. The Directory is fuller than before, but its proper heading has to be discovered by a reference to *Errata and Addenda*. Making allowance for those caused by the impossibility of tracing some members of the University, the gaps and errors, if there be such, are the result of the neglect of graduates and others to return their slips with corrections. Admirable portraits in photogravure are given of the three Chancellors of the University, while the present Chancellor's article on Sir John Beverley Robinson is, perhaps, quite the best thing in the Book.

ORDERS.

As fast as the publishers deliver the books, they will be sent to subscribers. Those who have not yet subscribed

may obtain copies from Professor Mackenzie at the rate of 50 cents each. For convenience sake, it is requested that money shall in all cases accompany orders.

CHANGES IN THE EDITORIAL BOARD.

Owing to his heavy duties as Librarian, Mr. Young has resigned his position as an Editor of the Year Book, which he has filled gratuitously for two years past. In resigning, he proposed that arrangements should be made whereby Mr. Mackenzie, who is left alone with this most laborious piece of work, should receive remuneration for it, he also having given his services for nothing hitherto. On motion of Mr. Kirwan Martin, seconded by Professor Cayley, Messrs. Worrell and Alexis Martin were appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Mackenzie as to the plan suggested, they to report at the next meeting of the Executive.

EDUCATION SUNDAY.

Professor Cayley reported at length concerning the efforts that have been made, and that are to be made, in the direction of arranging for sermons on religious education (with special reference to Trinity) to be preached in various parts of the province. The Provost, Professor Cayley, and Mr. White were appointed a committee to take charge of this matter and to make all necessary arrangements. Grace Church, Brantford, has already agreed to have such an Education Sunday.

COLLECTING CARDS.

The card, approved by the Executive Committee and mentioned in the annual report, has been printed and will be used after Easter in connection with the services on Education Sundays. It bears the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Ontario and of the Bishops of Toronto, Huron, Ottawa, and Niagara.

LECTURE LIST.

All correspondence about lectures is to be addressed to Henry Montgomery, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, Toronto.

The following is the list of lectures and lecturers for the session 1897-98:

The Reverend Dr. Welch, Provost of Trinity College—(1) George Eliot; (2) Cambridge Fifteen Years Ago; (3) John Bunyan; (4) Archbishop Laud; (5) Some English Translations of the Bible; (6) The Revised Version of the New Testament; (7) Early History of European Universities.

The Reverend Professor Rigby, M.A., Dean of Trinity College—(1) Oliver Goldsmith; (2) Richard Brinsley Sheridan; (3) Early History of European Universities.

The Reverend E. C. Cayley, M.A., Professor of Theology in Trinity University—(1) Matthew Arnold; (2) Dean Church; (3) The Oxford Movement in Relation to the Church and the Age.

The Rev. E. W. Huntingford, M.A., Professor of Classics in Trinity University—(1) Decorative Art.

His Honour Judge McDonald of Brockville—(1) P's and Q's; (2) The United Empire Loyalists; (3) From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Reverend Herbert Symonds, M.A., Rector of Ashburnham—(1) The Religious Elements of the Poetry of Browning and Tennyson; (2) The Problem of Christian Unity.

Surgeon-Major William Napier Keefer, late of H. M. Bengal Army—(1) Some Eastern Types; (2) A Campaign in Egypt.

M. A. Mackenzie, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in Trinity University—(1) Rudyard Kipling; (2) Sir John Mandeville; Recent Polar Expeditions.

A. H. Young, M.A., Lecturer in Modern Languages, Trinity University—(1) The Three Rings; (2) Faust; (3) Rousseau and His Social Contract; (4) King Arthur and the Holy Grail.

The Reverend J. C. Farthing, M.A., Rector of Woodstock—Armenia and the Armenian Church.

The Reverend H. H. Bedford-Jones, M.A., Lecturer in Theology, Trinity University—(1) Sir Walter Scott; (2) Some Modern Novelists; (3) Hebrew Prophets.

W. H. White, M.A., Lecturer in Classics, Trinity University—Charles Dickens.

H. Montgomery, M.A., B.Sc., F.S.S., formerly Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the State Universities of Utah and Dakota, and President of the North Dakota State University—(1) The Story of the Creation (Illustrated); (2) The Mines, Mills, and Minerals of the Black Hills (Illustrated); (3) North American Man in Prehistoric Times; (4) Minerals: Their Occurrence, Study, and Uses; (5) Mining; (6) The Teaching of Science in the Common Schools.

H. C. Simpson, M.A., Lecturer in Physical Science, Trinity University—(1) The Alchemists; (2) Byron.

N.B.—In the case of illustrated lectures a guarantee of probably \$5.00 will be required for the magic lantern used.

TERMS FOR THE LECTURES.

The terms upon which the lecturers have agreed to lecture are:—

(1) At least two weeks' notice shall be given a lecturer of the date upon which his lecture will be required.

(2) The lecturer's expenses shall be paid.

(3) The proceeds of the lectures, over and above the expenses, shall be absolutely at the disposal of the organization under whose auspices the lectures may be given, as the lecture scheme is not intended to make money for the University or for Convocation.

(4) When the lectures are given under parochial auspices, or under those of any branch of Convocation, it shall be understood that the lecturer is to be allowed, at the close of the lecture, to set forth the objects of Trinity University and to make an appeal on behalf of Convocation.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Librarian acknowledges the receipt of the following: Votes and Proceedings of the Ontario Legislature, 1898; University of Toronto, Report of the Standing Committee in Finance, 1897-8; Special Report on Examinations; Appendix to the Report of the Minister of Education; Report of the Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes; Annual Reports of the Live Stock Associations; Report of the Provincial Instructor in Road-Making; Annual Report of the Bureau of Industries; University of Toronto, Auditor's Report to Board of Trustees on Capital and Income Accounts; Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities; Report of the Minister of Education (1897); Estimates of the Province of Ontario (1898); Report of the Inspector of Insurance; Report of the Ontario Institute for the Education of the Blind; Sixth Report of the Bureau of Mines; The Public Accounts of Ontario (1897), two bound volumes of the Annual Report of the Department of Agriculture (1896).

Reports of the Canadian Meteorological Service for 1890 and 1895; Journals of the Senate and of the House of Commons of Canada (1897); The Statistical Year-Book of Canada (1896).

The Proceedings and Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute of Science.

First and Second Annual Report of the John Crerar Library, Chicago; Recherches Mineralogiques; Palæozoic Fossils.

The Reverend Canon Bull, M.A., of Niagara Falls South, Ontario, has kindly presented Mr. Kirby's "Annals of Niagara" and Captain Cruikshank's "Documentary History of the Campaign on the Niagara Frontier in 1814," being the publications of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society for 1896 and 1897.

Dr. J. George Hodgins has presented the Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada 1843-1846.

Mr. Robert Gilmour has presented Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, 6 Vols., London, 1707.

Dr. Bourinot has presented "Canada during the Victorian Era;" the Reverend G. T. Carruthers, M.A., "Greek Accents, Greek melodies;" and the Reverend R. Sadler, "The Book of Ayub."

The Copp, Clark Co., have sent Webb's edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Shuckburgh's History

of Rome, and MacMillan's Elementary Latin and English Dictionary.

Calendars have been received from Hobart College; Trinity College, London; Manitoba University; the General Theological Seminary, New York; Cornell University; the University of Melbourne; and the University of New Brunswick; as well as a list of the Graduates of McGill University, the Columbia University Bulletin for December, 1897, and the Journal of the 51st Annual Council of the Diocese of Milwaukee.

Theological and Missionary.

The General Business Meeting of the Term was held on Wednesday, 26th January, 1898.

PRESENT.

The Provost, Dr. Langtry, Revs. Prof. Cayley, A. U. de Pencier, G. F. Davidson, R. Seaborn, T. C. S. Macklem, F. C. C. Heathcote, H. O. Tremayne and the Dean. It was a great pity that more of the men did not turn out. We owe a heavy debt to the clergy for so kindly coming—giving up their afternoon and coming such a long distance, and it is only a matter of common courtesy that we should show our appreciation of the trouble they take.

The following names were suggested for the programme of the Term:—

The Revs. F. G. Plummer and H. B. Gwyne. Subject.

—"Work among boys."

The Revs. F. H. Hartley and H. O. Tremayne. Subject.

—"How to recover lost ground in the country."

The Rev. T. C. S. Macklem was asked to conduct the devotional meeting of Term.

Mr. Warren read the programme of the C.S.M.A. convention. It is most attractive. Four Bishops will take part in it.

The following committee was struck:—

MUSIC.

Messrs. Sparling (convener), McCausland and Muckleston.

BILLETING.

Messrs. Rounthwaite, Heaven, Brain, C. M. Baldwin and the secretary (convener).

RECEPTION.

Messrs. Bushell (convener), T. de P. Wright, Johnston, Madill, Steacy, Bell, Walker, Howard, Field, Wilson, Kirkpatrick.

The secretary stated that as he was now out of residence, he would be forced to resign his office. The Provost, in some very kind words, proposed a vote of thanks to the retiring secretary, who in reply tried to express his appreciation of the kindness of the motion. He regretted exceedingly being compelled to resign an office which he considered such a great honour to hold. He thanked the members of the Society for the great help they had always given.

Mr. Warren was elected secretary, and Mr. Rounthwaite was chosen to fill his place as second vice-president.

THE LITERARY INSTITUTE.

The smallest attendance of the year was marked at the eighth meeting of the Institute, on November 26th. After the receptary proceedings the programme was commenced. Mr. Miller (although twenty minutes late), read a very good essay on "Punctuality." The debate was then proceeded with, the subject being that chosen by the representatives taking part in the public debate with Osgoode: "Resolved, That the United States exercise a greater influence on Canadian politics than Great Britain." Messrs. Steacy and Macdonald spoke for the affirmative, against Messrs.

Rounthwaite and Crawford. Mr. Steacy shewed great confidence, but little knowledge of the subject. Mr. Rounthwaite was very fluent and interesting and shewed the resemblance between the politics of Great Britain and Canada. Mr. Macdonald shewed that he had spent some time in the preparation of his subject. Mr. Crawford spoke briefly, quoting his colleague. Mr. Steacy replied for the affirmative in a short speech. The vote was won by the affirmative. Mr. Campbell then spoke for the negative side of the question. Mr. Griffith very kindly acted as critic; his criticisms were somewhat severe. After a vote of thanks to the critic the meeting adjourned. Mr. Ireland, the Secretary, acted as chairman.

The 9th meeting of the Institute, on the 3rd of December, the last general meeting of the term, was presided over by C. A. Heaven, M.A. After the ordinary preliminaries, Mr. N. C. Jones began the programme by reading, "Sir Roger de Coverley at the Theatre," by Addison. Mr. E. M. Wright read (as Mr. Mockridge's substitute), "The Churchwarden and the Curate," by Tennyson. Mr. S. I. Whittaker read a short essay on "Petroleum." Although the essay was very good, it was decided by the vote of the members not to keep it. The debate was on the merits of the voluntary school system. Mr. C. M. Baldwin, for the affirmative, led the debate by lamenting that the Government should educate one's children to a required extent, without any religious instruction. Mr. E. M. Wright, the first speaker for the negative, was in favour of separate schools as organized "at home," but shewed that such a system would be impracticable in Canada. Mr. Macdonald, for the affirmative, urged the necessity of even a slight religious instruction, shewed that Sunday schools were insufficient, and deplored the fact that, in some cases, the parents were quite unfitted to religiously instruct their children. Mr. Nevit, for the negative, shewed, how, if separate schools existed, that there would be too many schools and teachers, and strife between the different denominations would become more general. The vote on the speeches resulted in favour of the negative. Messrs. Warren and J. M. Baldwin then spoke, supporting the resolution, while Mr. Somerville expressed his views on the negative side. Mr. Madill acted as critic. It was decided to postpone the discussion on the advisability of holding a conversazione till next term. After a vote of thanks to critic for his services the meeting adjourned.

The first regular meeting for the present term was held in the Hall on Friday evening, 21st January. Mr. Rounthwaite occupied the chair and found some difficulty in managing the meeting though he discharged his office with the best success. An unusually large audience was present, the interest being centred in the conversazione discussion. The Reverend, the Provost, the Dean, Professor Cayley and Mr. Simpson availed themselves of their privileges as honorary members, and were present to help on the discussion. Mr. Bell, whom, by the way, we are glad to see among us once more, sent a letter regretting his inability to be present to give his reading. Mr. Bushell, whom also we are pleased to welcome back, gave a good reading which was well received. Mr. Higginson, the essayist, read a carefully-prepared and excellent paper, which, on motion, will be preserved. The discussion on the conversat. was opened by Mr. Macdougall's motion to dispense with it this year. He supported his motion on various grounds. The Reverend, the Dean and Professor Cayley then spoke on the motion, advising a change for the present year. Mr. C. M. Baldwin was also in favour of this, since the conversat. had developed into a function at which young people only could enjoy themselves. Mr. Boyle followed, and, though admitting the impossibility of a conversat., argued that it was altogether a students' deal of our reputation for hospitality if we failed to entertain our friends this term. Mr. Sparling and Mr.

McLaughlin then followed with suggestions as to what might take its place. The Provost also spoke in favour of the motion. Mr. Macdougall's motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. Boyle then moved that, since the conversat would not be held, a public debate be held during the present term. The motion met with general favour and was carried. Before adjournment, Mr. Boyle's second motion that representatives to other colleges, and speakers for public occasions be elected by the Literary Institute, not by the Council, was discussed. Various amendments were made and lost, and finally the original motion was carried. The Provost then addressed the members in a congratulatory speech, and the assembly adjourned.

THE OSGOODE DEBATE.

The inter-college debate, between ourselves and Osgoode Hall, proved very interesting. The subject arranged, "The comparative influence on Canadian politics of Great Britain or the United States," was well handled by both sides. Messrs. Elliott and McKinnon, of Osgoode Hall, for the affirmative, contended that the United States exercised the greater influence, while the Trinity representatives, Messrs. Macdougall and Boyle, ably supported the negative of the question. The decision was left to the audience, and proved a tie—a creditable showing for both sides. Quite a number of Trinity's undergraduates accepted Osgoode's invitation to be present. The latter part of the evening was spent very pleasantly in dancing. The event was of a very pleasant nature, and we look forward to meeting Osgoode on a similar occasion at some future date.

* * *

February 17th has been fixed as the date for the public debate in Convocation Hall. Admission will be by invitation only. The subject for the debate is, "Modern fiction and its influences," the speakers being Messrs. Boyle and Wethey, and Messrs. Bushell and Macdougall. There will be a short musical programme, also followed by a dance. A very enjoyable time may be expected.

A. LEE IRELAND, *Secretary Literary Institute.*

SPORTS.

Trinity played their first match in the O.H.A. series against Stratford in the Mutual St. Rink on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth. The match ended rather disastrously from Trinity's point of view, though we could hardly expect anything else. In fact it was a great surprise that Trinity did so well, considering the team had never been on the ice together before the match, and the men were in no sort of condition. This was due, to a great extent, to the mild weather which set in just at the opening of the term, and continued till a few days before the match. The team should practise hard this week, and if they do there is no doubt that they will make a much more creditable showing in the return game at Stratford.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Trinity.—Goal, Heaven; point, Kiernan; cover-point, Halliday; forwards, Temple, Parmenter, Thompson, Broughall.

Stratford.—Hearne, goal; point, Easson; cover-point, Pethick; forwards, Downs, Farquharson, Gibson, Gordon.

At the face-off Trinity rushed the puck down to Stratford's goal, and Halliday received a nasty cut on the chin, which delayed the game about ten minutes, but he pluckily played on. In a few minutes Stratford carried the puck to Trinity's end, and scored on an offside play, but the referee allowed the goal. It was not long before Stratford added another to their score. It was a very easy shot, but Heaven did not see it. Trinity now rushed matters for a time, and it looked as though they were going to score, but their utter lack of combination made this a hard matter. Stratford scored again, making the score three to nothing.

From a face-off in front of Stratford's goal, Broughall shot the puck through, scoring Trinity's only goal. The score at the end of the first-half was three to one in favour of Stratford. In the first part of the second-half, Heaven was called on to defend his goal several times, and he responded well. At last, however, Stratford scored. Trinity now seemed to waken up, and several brilliant rushes by Thompson and Parmenter brought the puck down to Stratford's goal, but Hearne seemed to be invincible. By a neat bit of passing Stratford scored their fifth goal. Lack of condition now began to tell on Trinity. The forwards were very slow in following up, and gave the Stratford defence lots of time to feed their forwards. Thompson was an exception, time and time again he rushed the whole length of the rink with the puck, only to be met by the strong Stratford defence and as a rule there was nobody for him to pass to. As Trinity grew weaker Stratford grew stronger. Their combination play at the end of the match was very good and it was due to this that they scored their last two goals, making the score seven to one. For Trinity, Kiernan at point played a wonderful game, time and time again he stopped rushes and relieved his goal by splendid lifting, and proved he is one of the surest point players in Toronto. Heaven played a splendid game in goal, and that with almost no practice. Of the rest of the team Thompson and Parmenter might be specially mentioned but all the men played very well and with a good week's practice should do very much better in the return game. For Stratford, Hearne in goal played a magnificent game, and Downs and Gibson on the forward line put up a very fast game.

* * *

The inter-year games in hockey will be started before long and will doubtless be very interesting as all the years are very well matched. It is rumoured that one of our "grads" promised a cup for the inter-year games, but so far that cup has not materialised.

* * *

The Athletic committee has purchased a basket-ball set for the gym. This game has become very popular lately and it is to be hoped that the men will take advantage of it.

* * *

The treasurer of the Athletic Association was made glad by the gift of one hundred dollars handed over by Mr. MacGill as the amount coming from the profit on THE REVIEW for the past year.

* * *

Trinity went up to Stratford on Thursday, the third of February, to play the second game in the round. It resulted about the same as the first game although better hockey was played than in the first game, by both teams. The Trinity team was the same as the week before except that Shephard took Temple's place and Broughall and Halliday exchanged positions. Stratford were without the services of Downs but his place was ably filled by Macfadden, who is too well known to need any introduction. The teams lined up as follows—

TRINITY.

Goal, Heaven; Point, Kiernan; Cover, Broughall; Forwards, Shephard, Parmenter, Halliday, Thompson.

STRATFORD.

Goal, Herne; Point, Easson; Cover, Pethick; Forwards, Gibson, Gordon, Macfadden, Farquharson; Referee, M. S. McCarthy.

At the face-off Stratford rushed the puck to Trinity's goal and scored in ten seconds. The next game was scored by Stratford after some hard play on both sides. Trinity now began to settle down, and good work by Parmenter and Shephard brought the puck down to Stratford's end and Herne was called upon to stop some hot shots, but at last one passed him, making the score two to one. For the remainder of the half, the play was about

evenly divided, but just at the end, Stratford, by a lovely piece of combination, scored their third game. In the second half the play was much better than in the first, especially on Stratford's side. At times their combination was brilliant and it was this that won the game for them. After a few minutes play Stratford scored their fourth goal and it was quickly followed by their fifth. It looked as though Trinity was going to pieces but they steadied down once more and forced the game for a long time. They rained shots in on Herne but he was like a stone wall and stopped shots that seemed almost impossible to stop. With another man in goal Trinity's score would have been much higher. At last Stratford rushed the puck to Trinity's end and scored their sixth goal. It seemed to be the rule that Stratford should score by two's for they were not long in scoring their seventh and last goal. For the last ten minutes Trinity had the best of the game, and the puck was around Stratford's goal most of the time, but Herne was always equal to the occasion. At last Halliday scored for Trinity just at the call of time.

For Trinity, Heaven in goal played a magnificent game and Broughall, Parmenter and Shephard played brilliantly at times. Kiernan at point was not as fortunate as usual with his lifting but played a very steady game and relieved time and time again. For Stratford, Herne in goal, as usual, put up a stone wall game, and Macfadden, Farquharson and Easson played very fast hockey, and, in fact, the whole Stratford forward line played a good combination game. McCarthy made a very acceptable referee but allowed too much rough play.

Trinity were well treated in Stratford and will always look forward with pleasure to a game there.

Trinity Meds. and Victoria University met on Friday, the fourth of February, in an inter-collegiate game, and Trinity came out on top by nine goals to four. It was a very interesting game all through. The Trinity team was —goal, Cooke; point, Kiernan; cover, Halliday; forwards, King, Thompson, Parmenter, Martin. The Trinity men were pretty well tired out for five of them had played the night before and four had left Stratford early in the morning. King, Thompson, and Parmenter rushed things on the forward line and at half time the score stood five to one. In the next half Trinity eased up a bit and Victoria scored three while Trinity scored four. Trinity has a splendid team and with practise should come on top of the League. Quite a crowd of Meds. were on hand to cheer on their team. Arts men please take notice.

College Chronicle.

Last week Professor and Mrs. Clark entertained a number of friends at five o'clock tea to celebrate Prof. Clark's birthday. The guest of honour was Mrs. Mountford who has made a wide reputation for herself as a lecturer on the condition of ancient and modern Palestine. She has travelled extensively in the oriental countries and intends visiting Egypt and Syria in the coming year. Quite a number of undergraduates were present, and all the guests join in wishing that for many years to come the event may be celebrated in an equally pleasant manner.

The Banjo and Guitar Club are practising hard, and expect to hold a concert in the near future. There are about twenty members in the Club, and they should give a very good concert.

It has been a matter of general regret that Trinity has decided to abandon the Conversat. for this year, and yet the impossibility of holding it has been admitted on all sides. However, we are to have a public debate, which is sure to be very enjoyable, and will provide entertainment

for the men in College, and their friends in town, this term. Next term we may hope to give some function which will be a substitute for the Conversat. But this is so far in the future that nothing definite can be said about it. In the meantime we are giving all our interest and energy to the approaching Public Debate, which will take place on Thursday evening, February 17th.

A course of lectures has been arranged to take place in the Convocation Hall during Lent, in aid of St. Hilda's. The first lecture will be on Saturday, February 26th, when Mr. John Francis Waters, M.A., of Ottawa, will give an afternoon with Nathaniel Hawthorne.

On March 5th, Surgeon-Major Napier Keefe, H.M. Bengal Army, will lecture on "Eastern Types."

On March 12th, Mr. Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., (organist and choirmaster of St. James' Cathedral), will give an afternoon on the "Madrigal." He will endeavour to show that British composers in mediæval times were very important factors in this branch of musical art. It is purely vocal in character, and will be illustrated by a small choir of trebles and altos (boys), tenors and basses.

On March 19th, Dr. Parkin, of Upper Canada College, will give his discourse on the Geographical Unity of the British Empire.

And on March 26th, Mr. John Francis Waters will conclude the series by an afternoon with Dickens.

Two of Trinity's most important institutions find recognition this term, in Episcocon and the celebrations of the Pelican Club. Every effort should be made by all to promote the entire success of Episcocon this year, that the '98 number may not lack the excellence of those of former years. It is a grand old institution, a custom hallowed by time and association, and deserves the co-operation of the men to sustain its usefulness and its good reputation. Episcocon is a strong factor in the development of the moral character of Trinity men and the benefits derived therefrom are inestimable. We would also encourage freshmen and others to prepare for the Pelican Club. This popular and manly display of strength should be entered into with the enthusiasm that has always attended it. Sufficient notice of these events will be given, that each may prepare, so far as in him lies, to contribute something towards the success of both.

We have to apologise for a mistake made in the last number of THE REVIEW. It was stated there that their Excellencies had invited Mrs. Welch to get up the Browning Set. We would rectify this, and state that it was Mrs. Rigby of St. Hilda's College, who was asked to get up the set.

The members of St. Hilda's College, past and present, have presented a Litany book and two offertory bags to the College Chapel.

On Friday afternoon last, the Browning set was photographed in the costumes worn at the Victorian Era Ball given by Their Excellencies, the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen. The picture was taken in lecture room No. 2, the group being well arranged upon the platform. Owing to the small space the costumes, unfortunately, do not show to the best advantage. All are loud in praises of the Trinity set and much credit is due Mr. Huntingford and the individual members thereof. It is generally conceded that the set was one of the prettiest and most effective, and considering the difficulties of organizing such a group during vacation, a double measure of praise accrues to the honour of those who did so much towards the success of this undertaking. The flash-light photograph secured a complete triumph over the difficulties of procuring a picture that does justice to all, and Messrs. Kennedy &

Bell are to be congratulated. When the trials of posing were over, an informal dance was held in the common-room, after which Mr. Huntingford entertained at tea in his rooms. The scene was a novel one, the quaint, picturesque costumes, the various characters and the pleasing incongruity of an association of such different types, queen and peasant, nobleman and piper, church and state. The following description, of necessity brief, will convey some idea of the costumes to those who had not the good fortune to see them at the ball or at their second, less trying appearance at Trinity:—

THE BROWNING SET.

K. McEwen—*Standard-Bearer*.—Made up by Mr. Cleworth to represent Tennyson in a wide-brimmed hat and Inverness cape; his shirt collar was very large and unstarched, and he carried a banner, on one side of which was the hand of a man writing with a quill pen, with a bay wreath above it; while on the other side a hand held an open book with the inscription—

“*Quique pii vates et Phoebos digna locuti.*”

“Such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing.”

Mrs. Rigby—*Chaperone*.—*Polyxena, wife of Charles of Sardinia*.—Petticoat of yellow silk, covered with white lace, bodice and train of green velvet. The train was lined with yellow silk. The Medici collar of the bodice was studded with jewels, as was the low corsage. A jewelled crown completed the costume.

H. McCausland—*Herald*.—Wore a dark, green velvet doublet and short cape, with the arms of Trinity University on his breast. He carried a small banner with the head of Browning on one side and a sketch of the College on the other.

Professor Huntingford—*Andrea del Sarto*.—(Copied from Andrea's portrait of himself in the London National gallery). A dark tunic over a lawn shirt, cut rather low, with full sleeves and a curious purple biretta.

Miss Edith Majrs, M.A.—*Lucrezia*.—A sixteenth century gown of red velvet, slightly en train, was trimmed with gold lace and yellow silk facings. A white vest and undersleeves were of Indian mull. She wore a red velvet turban, ornamented with gold and jewels, and carried a flat, ostrich feather fan.

L. McLauchlin—*Count Gismond*.—Purple velvet doublet with hanging sleeves “cottised,” lined with yellow silk, belt and dagger; hat with long brim in front, turned up at the back and sides, and a white plume.

Miss Edith Marsden—*Queen of the Tournay*.—Long robe of yellow silk, bordered with embroidery, and opening through pearl girdle, over white satin petticoat trimmed with old Flemish lace. The gown was made with hanging sleeves of yellow velvet and under-sleeves of yellow silk, slashed with white silk pearl ornaments; pearl embroidered slippers; wreath of roses in the hair.

N. C. Jones was dressed in the full uniform of a Knight Hospitaller, as Loys, consisting of scale armour covered by a white surcoat, bearing the black maltese cross on the breast, and a large white cloak; he wore also a helmet with chain mail to cover the neck, and a sword.

Miss Annie Wood—*Anael*.—Full Turkish trousers of pink, embroidered with gold, white gauze vest and skirt. Zouave of black velvet trimmed with gold embroidery and sequins, brocaded head dress with strings of pearls and long veil; gold embroidered slippers.

R. H. Temple—*Euthycles*.—White double chiton with broad border of honeysuckle pattern in violet, violet chlamys fastened with a brooch on the right shoulder.

Miss Ianthe Constantinides—*Dalanstion*.—Greek costume of white silk, white bandeaux for the hair.

R. H. Parmenter—*Herve Riel*.—Brown fringed Breton peasant's jacket, long black velvet waistcoat and broad

leather belt, full, red knickerbockers and brown leggings; red woollen toque.

Miss Lina Good—*La Belle Aurore*.—Blue and white striped skirt, velvet bodice, white chemisette, sabots, Normandy cap.

Mr. L. W. Broughall—*Fra Lippo Lippi*.—Dark brown cassock, scapular and girdle, white cloak and shoulder cape, white hood lined with dark brown. Tonsure wig.

Miss Bertha McDougall—*The Last Ride*.—Dark brown velvet riding habit, eighteenth century. Brown velvet hat and feathers.

Mr. Arthur P. Boddy—*The Pied Piper*.—Doublet with short cape and hood with high peak, buttoning under the chin. Tunic to hips with belt at waist. Hose with cross-gartering. One side of costume red throughout, other yellow. Short pipe carried in hand.

Miss Beatrice Bovele—*Pippa*.—Italian peasant costume, red underskirt, embroidered apron, black velvet bodice, and white chemisette, strings of beads of various colours; Neapolitan cap.

C. M. Baldwin—*Norbert*.—Blue jerkin with green facing. Black tunics slashed with red. Black hose, one leg striped with yellow. Yellow and green cap.

Miss Marion Talbot—*Constance*.—Maize coloured skirt, with green embroidered bands, green velvet bodice, with white chemisette, puffed sleeves and small green cap.

ENTOURAGE OF THE BROWNING SET.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings—*The Press of the British Empire, 1897*.—Gown of newspapers from all parts of the British Empire, panel of coloured illustrations, sleeves of telegraphic despatches fastened with ticker tape, necklace of Mergenthaler type machine slugs, half-tone photogravure plates as buckles.

Miss Frances Harmer—*The Press of 1837*.—Petticoat of old fashioned wood cuts and fashion plates, skirt of old papers. Garibaldi of white net with medallions of old pictures, paste pot and scissors.

Mr. Claude G. Bryan, costume to illustrate the half-toned photogravured pictures in modern newspapers, printed on white sateen.

Mr. Scaife—“*Punch*”—Mr. Punch at the races: frock coat, hat covered with pictures from *Punch*.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Bertal Heney of the Montreal Diocesan College, who so ably represented his University in the Varsity-McGill debate, was a guest at Trinity during his stay in Toronto.

Mr. F. C. Shaw, B.A., '97, has been honoured by his fellow-students at the Normal College, Hamilton. At the Literary Elections there he was elected the President of their Society.

Rev. M. A. Hoffman, formerly a Roman priest at Tilsonburg has, through the instrumentality of a Trinity graduate, Rev. Dr. Johnstone, been received into the Church, and has been accepted for work by Dr. Huntington, Bishop of Central New York.

Rev. G. R. Beamish, M.A., late of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, has received and accepted a call to Brockville where he has already had much success and has won a large number of friends. Rev. G. L. Starr, M.A., of Norway, a later graduate of Trinity succeeds Mr. Beamish at Kingston.

We are glad to see back in their former places Messrs. Bushell and Bell, scattered members of old '96, who have again taken up their quarters in the Divinity corridor. We also notice two freshmen who this term on the principle of “better late than never,” have increased the ranks of the “naughty noughts.”

Word comes from the far-away Yukon that Mr. Clement Lewis, an old Trinity man, has struck luck, in the shape of a claim in the Bonanza Creek district valued at \$100,000. We congratulate Mr. Lewis, trusting that he still sees his old college paper. News of good luck like this should induce many of the friends of Mr. Lewis, who have perhaps had ideas about the Klondike, to go there to take their chance also.

THE REVIEW is indebted to Mr. W. F. Hubbard for one of the most interesting letters that it has ever had the good fortune to publish. Instructive, witty, and thoroughly entertaining, the epistle was read by all with keenest pleasure, and the insight gained by its perusal into German University life, was acceptable indeed. We hope Mr. Hubbard will again favour us, that we may reap the benefit of his closer acquaintance with the people of the Vaterland.

Every Trinity man will be glad to hear of the success of one of the most popular men we ever turned out. From Victoria comes the news that the Victoria hockey team, captained by Lorne Beecher, defeated the Rosslands in a series of three matches. Special praise is given to the captain of the winning team for the way he led his men and for his own brilliant work. As captain of Trinity II. he led that team to victory six times out of seven games played, decidedly the best season the IIInd has ever had. We wish him all success and hope some day to see him among us once again.

A great honour has been shown to a recent graduate of Trinity. The Conservatives of Brantford proposed Mr. H. C. Osborne '96 as their candidate for the approaching provincial elections. Mr. Osborne passed last year studying law in Brantford, and while there identified himself politically with the Conservative party. We may gather from this offer of the candidature for the constituency, the golden opinions he must have earned there. However, he modestly declined the nomination and continues a student in law at Osgoode Hall. While Mr. Osborne was at Trinity we thrust upon him every office he would accept, and we may regard it as a great compliment to our discretion that, as he becomes known in the world, the same value is placed upon his capabilities.

COLLEGE CUTS.

A sound of merriment without. Socrates sneezed, raised his well-developed head and said, "What are these sounds withal?"

The regular pupil, who was busily taking the tangles out of a piece of parchment, answered nervously, "It is a hockey team who are skating, Socrates."

"Ha!" quoth the sage, "and what is a hockey team?"

"A hockey team is a body of six men with another at their head called Captain whom they are bound to obey. They then play the ancient game of hockey, Socrates."

"Well answered," quoth the aged man, encouragingly, "So if the captain bids his men do aught they will obey?"

Regular Pupil.—"Yes, Socrates."

Soc.—"So if the captain asked his men to prepare themselves ice they would do so."

Reg. Pupil.—"Yes, Socrates."

Soc.—"But if each man wished to do other things, would he leave all and make ice?"

Reg. P.—"No, Socrates, it would not be so."

Soc.—"But you say that the captain is one whom they are all bound to obey."

Reg. P.—"Yes, Socrates."

Soc.—"Then it seems that the men would leave all and make ice for themselves."

Reg. P.—"O, Socrates! they would do so if they had nothing else to do."

"It is evident," said the sage, as he marked the womanly emotion on the manly countenance, "that thou hast some

experience of these things," and the regular pupil sighed so that the breeze whistled about the lofty summit of the philosopher's bump of argument and he sneezed again.

MARCUS.

Correspondence.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL LETTERS.

To the Editor of THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW:

MY DEAR SIR:—Though I have not very much news for the T. C. S. column in this letter, there is one item that will, I am sure, prove interesting to all the Old Boys and to friends of the School in general. We are to have a School magazine.

Several attempts have been made to establish such a magazine, and in 1892 L. M. Lyon and C. S. Wilkie did publish "Red and Black" for a short time, but when they left the paper was discontinued. The new magazine, which will be called the *Trinity College School Record* is to be edited as well as managed by the Masters and has the support and approval of the Head Master. Two numbers will be issued each term, and the first is to make its appearance at the end of this month. The great object which we have set before ourselves is to make the new magazine a full record of all that concerns the School both in the class-room and in the playing field, and also of the doings of Old Boys. The *Record* should form another strong connecting link between the past and the present and for that purpose the editors are anxious to have all the news possible concerning Old Boys and their movements, and will eagerly welcome any contributions that they may be pleased to send in the way of letters, or items of interest about other Old Boys. We hope to receive the cordial support of all Old Boys and especially of our representatives at Trinity. A School magazine has come to be an established feature of Public School life in England—and, for that matter, wherever there are Public Schools—and there is no reason why T. C. S. should be behind her sister schools. With these words, Mr. Editor, I shall leave the *Record* to introduce itself to you at the end of the month.

You will be glad to hear that our rink is now in working order and we may hope now to turn out as good Hockey VII's as we do Cricket XI's and Football XV's. The ice is occupied at every possible moment and the prolonged mild weather has made skating all the more enjoyable now that King Frost has come in good earnest. So far no matches have been played though several are on the slate. The VII will be light but promise well; Brunton Max is the bright star at present and we are fortunate in having Duggan for goal. The youngsters are most enthusiastic, which is always a good sign; if they only turn out as well at Hockey as at Football, the future of the game is particularly bright at T. C. S. Until a few days ago there was not sufficient snow to make good snowshoeing, but some of the more ardent devotees have been for tramps in spite of blizzards and such inconveniences, and the small boy has been much in evidence sliding down the creek hill. There has been some "bussing" and will be some tobogganing if the cold weather continues, but the old days are gone when we used to careen madly into town, on some occasions, if I remember aright, as far as the viaduct. All Old Boys will remember that one of the features of Port Hope is the possession of the most efficient Chief of Police in Canada. There has been some talk of reviving an old custom of having theatricals this term, but so far, not much progress has been made with the plays chosen and it seems as if a concert would take the place, to include Haydn's "Toy Symphony," at least so we judge from sounds of cuckoos, drums, tambourines, and various other kinds of music that are heard at intervals from the N. W. Corridor. The Choir have lost Skill, Scovel and Brown, but the new members

are picking up, and in a few weeks we shall be as good as usual, if training can bring that about. Ramsay and some others still remain among the trebles. To turn to more important things; everyone seems to be hard at work which, perhaps, accounts for what we have said about the theatricals. A number of boys are going up for Examinations next term to Trinity, McGill, and R. M. C. We wish them every success, and feel that wherever they may go they will do honour to their school. The Fifth Form are reading the "Iphigenia in Tauris," Horace and the Orations against Catiline, the Fourth are deep in the Pass Matriculation authors and from the portentous figures on various blackboards there is not much danger of Mathematics being neglected. A preparatory form has been arranged which will be a boon to many a youngster and an additional attraction to the School.

We have to welcome several new faces and mourn the loss of some who have left us; Pullen is still laid up with a bad knee and Brown and Skill have gone into banks in Hamilton and Peterboro. Scovel has gone to Europe. Among Old Boys we have not a great deal to chronicle. We omitted Judge Irving's name in our last letter and must congratulate him on his recent elevation to the Bench; our congratulations are also due to C. K. Bogert and F. W. Broughall on their promotion to be Manager and Accountant in the branch office opened by the Dominion Bank in Montreal. We heard of two more adventurous goldseekers who are going to Klondyke, Pullen and H. Smith.

Of course the most important event since the last T.C.S. letter has been the Old Boys' Dinner in Toronto. It was a success from every point of view, numbers, dinner, speeches, and too much praise cannot be given to Messrs. Darling, Martin and Osborne for the pains they took to make such capital arrangements. Webb provided an excellent dinner at a moderate cost, which was promptly served and enabled us to begin the important part of the evening in good time. We will not inflict a detailed account of the dinner on your readers; many of them were there and others have read notices in the papers. It will be enough to say that the enthusiasm which greeted the toast of the School and the name of the Head Master, with which it was coupled, was a convincing proof of the loyalty of the Old Boys to T.C.S., and a personal devotion to the Head Master who has guided its fortunes so faithfully for the past twenty-seven years. Dr. Bethune spoke feelingly of his work at Trinity College School, of the diffidence with which he entered on a task rendered the more arduous by the then existing circumstance, and gave us some interesting details of his work here. It is a record of which any man might well be proud and which few can equal, and speaks eloquently, not only for the work which the School has done and is doing, but for the necessity which exists for such schools as ours. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Clare Worrell, an old Head Boy and now President of the O. B. Association. In his speech he reviewed some of the past history of the School and explained the motives which led to its foundation. Dr. Parkin was forcible and pointed, as he always is, and though we may doubt the practicability of his suggestion, that all the four schools raise their fees, we cannot but heartily agree with him when he says that Canadian boys make no adequate payment for the educational privileges, not to mention others, which he enjoys at such schools as T.C.S., U.C.C., Lennoxville and Ridley. Provost Welch's quotation from "Admiral's All" was a feature of the evening, and we

must beg your leave to quote them once more. Everyone present felt that they struck the keynote of what should be, and we hope is, the aim and end of T. C. S.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year
While in her place the School is set
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

"Play up and play the game!" What better creed can a schoolboy have? Happy is the school whose sons live up to the full spirit of these noble words! Chancellor Allan replied to the toast of "Trinity," proposed by Mr. Kirwan Martin, and pointed out how closely the two institutions have always been connected and we echo his words to the full, that each is a part of the other and what hurts one also hurts the other. Mr. E. O. Armour gave us a good instance of the terseness with which a schoolboy can always express himself, when he drew a distinction between "shirt schools" and "skirt schools." The toast of the Governing Body brought Professor Jones to his feet. To him, probably, after our Head Master, the School owes more than to any other single man and on rising he was heartily applauded. The Rev. G. H. Broughall was the last speaker; he spoke of the claims of the O. B. Association which he has done so much to organize, and though he came at the end of the evening he commanded everyone's attention and was deservedly and heartily applauded as he spoke of the friends who though absent were present with us in spirit. During the evening songs were sung by Mr. Wylie Greer, Dr. Scadding, and Mr. R. K. Barker, whose "Soldiers of the Queen," brought out a burst of loyalty. Mr. Phillips played the accompaniments and to these gentlemen we owe our thanks for the music which was so pleasant a feature of the evening.

As one's eyes travelled round the room and rested on men distinguished in the Church, at the Bar, in the medical profession and in other paths of life; on men, too, who have won their laurels on the cricket and football fields, one felt that the gathering was one of which any school might well feel proud. Barely thirty-three years old, but Old T.C.S. Boys have even reached the prime of life, still wherever one goes the School's name is fondly mentioned by many a one who has passed his boyhood's years there, or owes the School a debt of gratitude for his son's training. Long may it be so, and in "the Head's" words "Floreat, Floreat Domus." Yours faithfully,
T. C. S.

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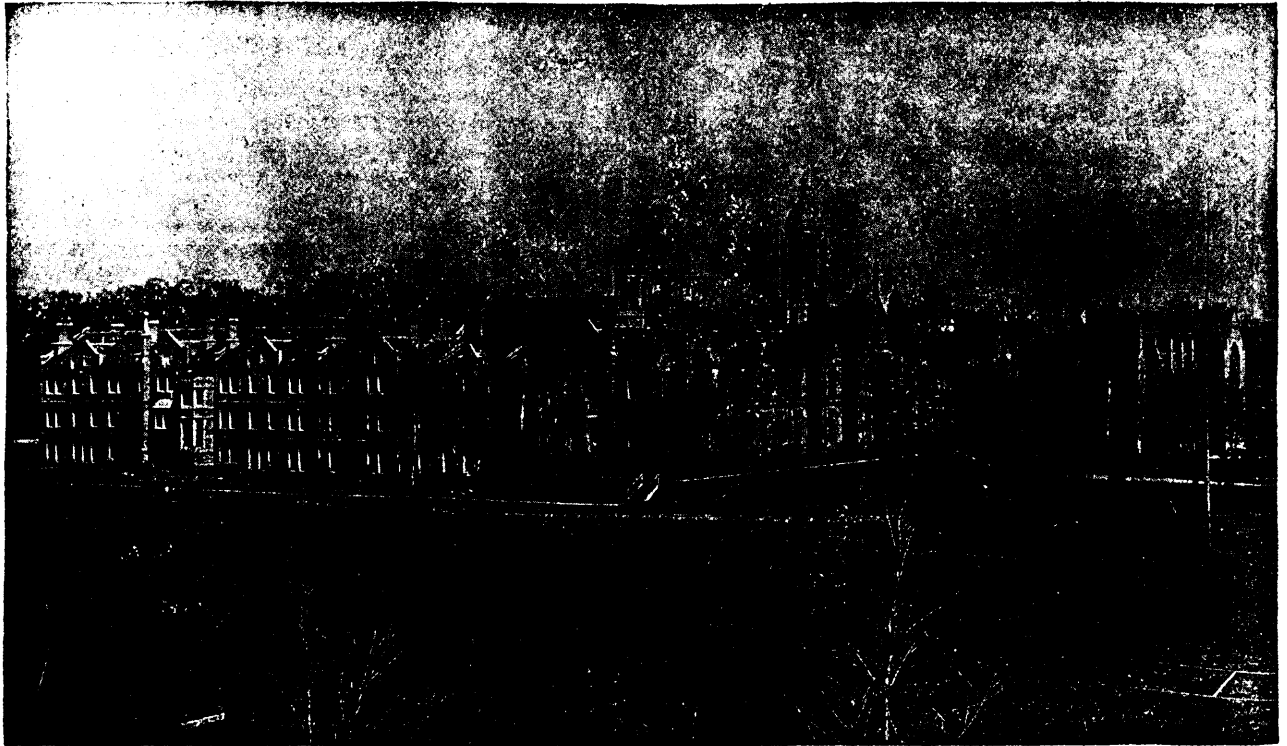
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