

# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1896.

No. 3.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

At eight o'clock precisely the Society collected itself from various corners and wandered into the assembly room of the Students' Union, wearing its usual smile and carrying its usual club. Soon afterwards the President and Recording Secretary took their places on the platform; and after their arrival had been duly recognized by a united war whoop, the proceedings began.

Mr. Ross wanted auditors to be appointed to examine the accounts of the Treasurer of the Society and of the Business Board of VARSITY, and made a motion to that effect. Mr. Shotwell thought that a notice board should be placed in the reading room of the Society for the use of members. He thought that it was undoubtedly a grievance that members of the Society should be forced to rummage through the voluminous tome in the janitor's room whenever they wished to find out what books were for sale. The Society evidently thought these gentlemen's ideas were sound, as their motions were carried *nem. con.* Mr. Inkster then rose, and in resonant Doric tones advocated the holding of a University College dinner instead of the present class dinners. He thought that by this means a class spirit would be subordinated to a College spirit, and that thereby those brotherly ties, which should unite all the members of a great University, would be more closely drawn. The President, however, ruled that the Society had no jurisdiction in the matter, and suggested that a mass meeting be held after the regular meeting of the Society in order to discuss the idea. Mr. Casey Watt wanted to read the Treasurer's report for last year, but a fourth year man rose up with a constitution book in his hand and sternly pointed out that the report must be audited first. Nominations were then received for first-year Councillors on the Executive; but for fear that these youthful aspirants to fame should suffer from enlarged cranium at seeing themselves so soon in print, we forbear to mention their names. Nominations were also received for the office of second-year Councillor. Mr. A. A. Hunter was elected by acclamation as third-year Councillor, and Mr. R. M. Millman was unanimously selected as first year representative on the Editorial Board of VARSITY. Mr. Hunter responded to the calls of his friends for a speech in a few well chosen words. The Society then settled itself comfortably down to listen to the programme, which was served up for its delectation. Under the deft fingers of Mr. Sadler, harmonious strains flowed from the piano with such good effect that the Society was firmly convinced that he stopped too soon and vociferously applauded. Mr. Sadler modestly pretended to be unaware of what it all meant till the President informed him that the Society wanted some more. Mr. Sadler accordingly generously consented to fill the void in their musical souls. Mr. Wagar delivered a highly amusing recitation, in which the right method of courtship was clearly set forth. Several freshmen blushed a rosy red as if it all referred to them, while susceptible members of the senior year took copious notes, which leads us to suppose that there will be several additional devotees of Hymen after next commencement. The next item on the programme was the open debate, the

subject of which was, "Resolved: That the 'free and unlimited coinage' of silver in the United States would be detrimental to the best interests of that country." Mr. Clegg, the leader of the affirmative, advocated the cause of sound money in a clever and forcible speech. Mr. Hancock, assuming a William Jennings Bryan cast of countenance, boldly advanced, and, in a vigorous address, demanded the suppression of gold-bugs and a cheaper currency. Mr. Edgar wanted to know what was the matter with iron, if a cheaper currency was necessary; while Mr. Dingman quoted largely from the lectures of an eminent professor in the University in support of his contention that free silver was the one thing that would save the United States from ruin. Short speeches were also made by Messrs. Sellery, McNeece, Bale and Greenwood. The President, before giving his decision, referred to an anecdote of Ian Maclaren's. Mr. Maclaren was indulging in a shave while in New York, and the barber, holding the razor close to his throat, asked him "where he was at" on the money question. Mr. Maclaren decided immediately that he favored sound money. The President said that he felt that he was between two razors, but he finally concluded that that of the affirmative was the sharper, and accordingly gave them the decision. The result was immediately telegraphed to Major McKinley, and reached him just before he retired. It is said that rosy smiles hovered around his face all night, and that he slept as peacefully as a child, under the firm conviction that his election was now assured. "C."

## FALLING LEAVES.

Do we, as Canadians, appreciate as we should the beauties of a Canadian autumn, especially in these later weeks when the bright tints of October are making way for the gray and leaden blue of November, and nature is settling down for the rigors of a Canadian winter? It seems to me that there is no other season of the year so well calculated to make the blood tingle in the cheeks of every Canadian man and woman, and to send it along with quicker, stronger heart-beats in a richer and healthier patriotic heat. Such days as these tell us the fallacy of the cry that a young country is without a history. It is full of history: a history written in characters which time has not yet had an opportunity to erase; in letters of blood, which speaks better things than that shed on the battle fields of older lands—lives devoted for the sake of the great world of men, or the struggle everywhere waging against the blind forces of nature—heroes who have fallen in picket-duty—brave, lone men, fighting in the wilderness, while others have shared the companionship and enthusiasm of the camp. Every niche carved out of the waste is sacred, and every footstep is on hallowed ground—all this comes to us with those first sharp blasts which whistle their snow-flurries through the falling leaves and naked branches of our own Canadian forests, puffs of breath of the dragon-giant, Winter—the monster of these north lands whom our fathers tamed. And yet there is no poetry here? All is commonplace and unhistoric—no mouldering abbeys