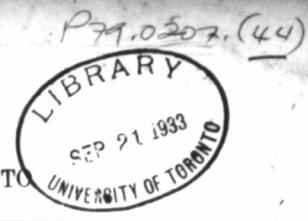


# COLLEGE TOPICS

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS IN THE UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES OF TORONTO



Vol. IV.

TORONTO, JANUARY 22nd, 1901

No. 10

## A LETTER FROM HON. GLO. FOSTER.

If I have one word more important than another to say to every young student who is now standing upon the threshold of a new century, fraught with possibilities unknown to any previous age, it is this:

"Strive to be yourself; keep your own individuality." Events multiply so swiftly nowadays—communication the world over is so almost instantaneous—and the phases of world action and development succeed each other with such lightning rapidity that we are all in danger of becoming mere transmitters, mere shifting registers of sensations, where one message is immediately thrown off to give place to the next, one representation substitute for its predecessor, leaving little or no trace of permanent impression. These quickly succeeding sensations are precarious, and constitute an intellectual or emotional dissipation which weakens the powers of reflection and thought, and gradually, if allowed, reduces one to the condition of a satiated gourmand, swallowing everything and assimilating nothing. Mental and moral atrophy results, we cease to be ourselves, the individual within us dwindles, a unit of world force is devalued and the generation is deprived of its life germs.

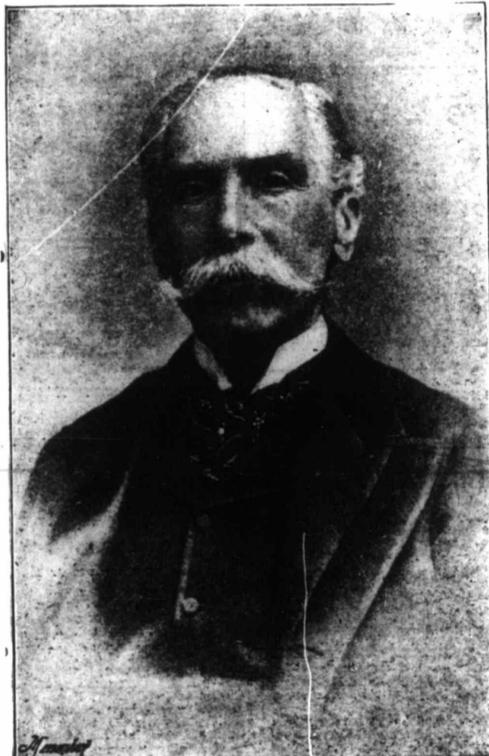
Against this tendency let each one of you vigorously assert himself.

ages, whose lamps burn at midnight, whose thoughts frequent the quiet walks trodden by Moses, and Confucius, and Buddha, and Plato, and Christ, and the Great and Good of all ages, whose eyes look on nature in all her moods, and whose ears translate to the soul her wondrous inspiration—to you my message will appeal.

You will never fully realize your ideals, nor develop your best, but in the striving you will find growth. You will be few among many, but you will be centers of life and light, a salt that has not lost its savor, a leaven with power to quicken the mass.

Ye mariners of England  
That guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze,  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe;  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirit of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave—  
For the deck it was their field of fame  
An Ocean was their grave;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.



*Alfred Austin*

Strengthen your mental and moral fibre by persistent development on some one leading life-line, by a wise selection and digestion of the mass of world food which surges continuously past you, and by quiet and steady thought and meditation. Do not forget that there are no duplicates in the great human mass, that no one is or is meant to be exactly like any other, but that each becomes in the infinite combinations of the constituent elements of humanity a personality and force differing from every other. Study to find out what you are, then strengthen your ego, and preserve it as the one God-given and precious possession.

Be yourself and not a weak copy of another; be your best self in trust and most constant action. Do what the dominant life force in you demands. The question with you should be, "How can I best develop the distinctive best within me?" not "What must I do to become famous, or rich, or powerful?" Oh, the ashes and bitterness of that life which has sacrificed its individuality, its distinctive best, yearning and striving to be clothed upon, to the mad desire to be famed or rich or powerful, only to find out in the end how hollow the satisfaction, and to live thenceforth with the bitter consciousness that in compassing that object the real spiritual individual wish had been starved or dwarfed or utterly slain! Search history for the examples. Oh, how nobly compensating the attainments of that soul which has missed wealth, and fame, and power, but which lives, in the quiet, conscious knowledge of individual growth and excellence, slowly, but surely, emerging from the dust and noise and mists of the lower levels of existence into the pure, strong, lucid atmosphere of higher planes of life and thought! Look about you for examples of such as these.

Is my plea the voice of one crying in the wide wilderness of fictitious strife and seeming? Yes and no.

The multitudes will listen and pass by with the scoffing taunt, "Dreamer and impractical." But to you, who are many, whose young souls cry out for truth and thoroughness, whose ideals project far out in the future like splendid distillations of the best of all

And the stormy winds do blow.  
Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep,  
Her march is over the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till dangers troubled night depart  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name.  
When the storm has ceased to blow,  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.  
—T. Campbell.

## Foreign Office, Dec. 12, 1900.

Dear Sir: I am desired by Lord Lansdowne to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 30th ultimo.

I am to express His Lordship's best thanks for your congratulation on his appointment as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which he highly appreciates.

Lord Lansdowne is always glad to hear from a country of which he entertains the happiest recollections, and in whose welfare and development he takes the deepest and most sincere interest, and he wishes all possible prosperity to the University College of Toronto and success to the students' newspaper in which you are interested.

I am, dear sir,  
Faithfully yours,  
RONALD HAMILTON.

Dec., 1900.  
Swinford Old Manor,  
Ashford, Kent.

To the Students of University College, Toronto:

In response to your appeal, I readily and gladly send you my best wishes, and warmest Christmas greeting. Across the ocean that severs but never can disunite us, I grasp the hands of the youth of Canada with my own, no longer young, save with the fervent thrill of Faith, Hope, and Love. Here in Great Britain we all think you a gallant and generous race, and we are proud of your kinship with us. May you preserve, through all the advancing years, the courage and enthusiasm of your noble adolescence!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

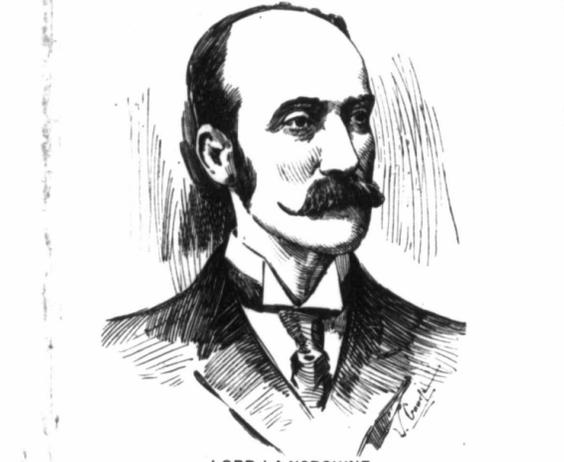
## HOCKEY HAPPENINGS

Varsity I. and II. Win From Osgoode in Practice Matches.  
MULOCK CUP SERIES.

The Varsity I. hockey team held their first practice match with Osgoode of Friday, and won out by the score 2 to 3. It is probable that this will not be the last victory for the Varsity team this year, as the aggregation for this year is "faster than has been," and with the steady practice which the Mutual street rink affords, will make a strong bid for the championship. The men who fill the forward line are all fast and tricky. Caulfield did not play in the match, but will probably be seen on the forward line ere long. The defence for the season will likely be the same as in Friday's game. Hanley's ability in goal is well known, as is also that of Evans and Wright at point and cover.

In the game of Friday, Varsity's forwards proved much faster than the Osgoode wings, and although Osgoode had a good defence, drove 9 goals between the posts. The Legalties did not score until the last half, when they succeeded in scoring 3 goals. White, the Osgoode goal, put up a very good game and stopped several hot shots. The referee was Sadler of Osgoode. The teams were:

Varsity—Goal, Hanley; point, Evans; cover-point, Wright; forwards, Broder,



LORD LANSDOWNE.  
Gibson, McArthur, Snell, Tress.  
Osgoode—Goal, White; point, Knight; cover-point, Stiles; forwards, Kearns, Meaghan, Jackson, Schooley.

Varsity II. imitated the feat of the Seniors, and defeated the Osgoode team in a practice match on Saturday by a score of 5 to 3. The second team, like the first, contains some very good material this season, and under the energetic management of W. W. Livingstone and the capable captainship of H. O'Flynn, may be expected to do something noteworthy for the blue and white.

They played well in the practice game, although it can hardly be prophesied what the final team will be like, as the point and cover-point have not been chosen yet. Foy and Gladney filled the positions very well on Saturday, but it is probable that the choice for the point will be made from Baldwin, Boyd, or Leslie Wilson, and for cover between Lang and Little. The players on Saturday were as follows:

Goal, Pardoe; point, Foy; cover-point, Gladney; forwards, Livingstone, O'Flynn, Wood, Caulfield.

The dropping out of the Senior Series of Peterboro will not affect the schedule as far as Varsity and the Wellingtons are concerned. Varsity meets the Wellingtons on January 25th and also on February 8th.

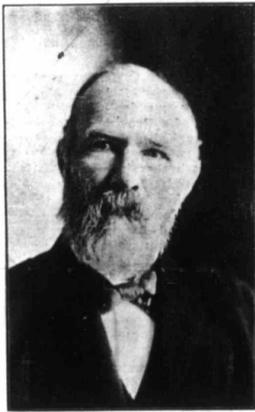
The winners of the round have to meet Stratford at Stratford on February 12th, and Stratford in Toronto on February 14th.

## Patriotism.

In a young country like our own we would not perhaps expect to find the people quite as madly patriotic as we would in, say, the United States of America, for there we find a very extraordinary development within a short space of time. Again, we must bear in mind that that country is its own master—in other words, it is a self-governing country, that must fight its own fights and make its own treaties. This very fact stimulates that love of country, that fervid passion, peculiar to a whole nation. Any nation that has gone through a life and death struggle for existence and has come out triumphant feels conscious of its own strength, is proud of its nationhood, and is self-reliant in all emergencies—national, local, economic, or otherwise.

Yet it appears to us that our own colony-nation, although she can wage no wars of conquest or revenge per se—although she has nothing to do with the making or signing of treaties—is as patriotic every whit as her respected neighbor to the south. In our infancy events demonstrated that slumbering passion for the native land. Small, then, numerically as we were in 1812, there was surely such a thing as patriotism, or blood-stained fields are hallowed.

History teaches us that it is not territorial extent that makes a nation patriotic. Look at the case of the Swiss Republic, small in area, indifferent in the pursuit of commerce, not particularly distinguished in science or letters, and yet where will you find any nation more consumed with the patriotic fire? Again, look at Scotland. Un-



PRESIDENT LOUDON.

breathes there a man, with soul so dead,  
That never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land!"  
Whose heart hath never within him  
Burn'd as home's footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,  
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
Living shall perfect fair renown,  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from which he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

## THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree.  
In bulk doth make man better be,  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall at last a log, dry, bald, and sere.  
A lily of the day,  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night,  
It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see,  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—Ben Jonson.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a heritage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty.

—Colonel Lovelace.

Love not me for comely grace,  
To dote upon me ever;  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part.  
No, nor for my constant heart—  
For those may fall or turn to ill,  
So thou and I shall sever;  
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why—  
So hast thou the same reason still.

—Anon.

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