

WOMEN'S LITERARY ANNUAL "AT HOME"

Students' Union Presents a very Pretty Scene on Saturday Evening

The evening of Saturday, the 4th February should long remain a delightful memory to those who so thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the Women's Literary Society. As early as seven o'clock the guests wended their way to the Gymnasium, which presented an unusually festive appearance. Instead of the reading room, one saw, prettily festooned in the blue and white, a dainty tea room with small tables placed "ready for two." Where was once the fencing sanctum, one discovered a pleasant sitting room, while the Gymnasium proper was changed almost beyond recognition. Through the lavish use of flags, bunting, curtains and cushions, the energetic workers on the decoration committee had provided the cosiest tete-a-tete corners—the apparatus and the customary bare surroundings having disappeared like magic. It was unanimously agreed that never before had the Gymnasium looked so bright and cheerful. Miss L. K. White, the popular president of the Society, and Miss Ryckman, the honorary president heartily welcomed each new comer—the names being announced by a picturesque little "colored coon" kindly loaned for the occasion by Messrs. Kent & Sons. The reception committee, composed of ten girls, busied themselves attending to the guests, about four hundred in number. Although dancing had not been mentioned on the cards as a feature of the evening, yet nearly everyone came provided with pencil and paper, and the impromptu programs were quickly filled. Meanwhile excellent refreshments were served, after which the concert began in the Students' Union. Unfortunately, the opening number—the instrumental duet—had to be omitted, as Miss M. E. Mason who was also to have been accompanist throughout, was not able to be present. Only one other disappointment awaited the audience, in that they were deprived of the pleasure of hearing Miss Lamb's recitation. However, to appease the disappointment Miss Paterson very kindly consented to give an encore. The quartette—Misses Kennedy, Wegg, Robertson and Phillips—acquitted themselves nobly, while Miss Mae Dickenson, accompanying herself on the guitar, proved a greater favorite than ever. In response to the hearty applause, Miss Dickenson rendered one of her catchy little Coon songs. The Misses Evans, with violin and bass-viol, were very much appreciated, and it is to be hoped the Society may often hear them. After Miss White's request, "Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends," the comedy, "Place aux Dames," was well represented by four Varsity girls, the original play having been embellished and made much more humorous by Professor Carruthers, who inserted many mirth-provoking touches. The Scotch accent of Miss Burgess as Lady Macbeth was especially good, while Miss Landon Wright's rendering of Portia was extremely neat. Miss Shepherd was voted an ideal Juliet, and Ophelia (Miss Neilson) with her "as Ham says," was the delight of all. Each character was very well interpreted, and "Shakespeare's beautiful women" deserve great praise. Towards the close of the play could be heard the strains of Glionna's orchestra ascending from the Gymnasium, where dancing had already begun amongst those unfortunates who were unable to obtain even standing room in the concert hall. For nearly two hours, therefore, everyone "tripped the light fantastic" until the near approach of Sunday reminded one and all that time was flying. The evening was over and many were the regrets expressed that the hours so happily spent had seemed so short. "Gone! they ne'er go; when past they haunt us still." Besides the Varsity students and their numerous friends, many graduates were present, while the committees had great pleasure in welcoming Mrs. Loudon, Prof. and Mrs. Baker, Prof. and Mrs. Fraser, Prof. and Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Mavor, Prof. and Mrs. Squair, Mrs. McCurdy, Prof. and Mrs. Carruthers, Prof. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Vandersmissen, Prof. and Mrs. Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Milner, Miss Salter, Prof. Hutton, Prof. Wrong, Dr. Wickett and Mr. Parks.

The sympathy of the students is extended to Miss May Mason, '00, in the loss of her sister Vera, who died last Saturday morning.

The dainty book-case in the Ladies' Reading Room bears a gold plate, on which is engraved "In Memoriam, Grace Davidson Hall." Through the generosity of Professor Baker, the bookcase belongs to the Grace Hall Memorial Club. It is expected that quite an extensive library will be established before next October. All donations therefore will be more than welcome.

Miss Ross, B.A., who is travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer movement for Foreign Missions, addressed the Y.W.C.A. last Tuesday afternoon. Miss Ross spoke of the work already done, and especially of the amount yet to be done. Her talk was very much enjoyed by the association, several members of which then discussed the subject "Prayer Answered." Five new members were proposed and accepted by the society.

The first practice of the Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Club was held last week, and Miss Dickenson speaks hopefully of the future success of the club.

The Wycliffe "At Home" last Friday evening was very much enjoyed by several of the Varsity students, who seemed to find a special fascination in the Punch and Judy exhibition. Among those observed "gazing, and gazing again," were: Misses Archer, Dickenson, M. V. J. Dickson, Creighton,

Fraser, Harris, Harrison, John'son, L. M. Mason, Moore, Peers and Wegg, and Messrs. Gregg, Groves, Hill, McLean, D. Macdougall, Musson, Rowat, Wood, C. D. Creighton, B.A., and Montgomery, B.A.

At the last meeting of the Women's Lit. this month, there will be a class exhibition of fencing, given by the members of the Women's Fencing Club—probably there will also be a four-cornered bout contested.

Mrs. McCurdy's cards for her "At-Home" are very neat and pretty—the design of tennis racquets, football and hockey stick, suggesting, as it does, that Mrs. McCurdy has invited the members of the different Athletic Societies. Mrs. McCurdy is the Honorary President of the Ladies' Tennis Club.

TRINITY MEDS

The event of the week was our Medical Society meeting, on Tuesday night. Too much credit cannot be given to our Medical Society officers, especially President Egleston and Secretary Collison, for the hard work they have done this session and the splendid program they have put upon the boards.

But Tuesday night was a special meeting. Dr. Sheard was to address the meeting, and the lady Meds were to be there. Strange what a series of changes the feeling towards our professional sisters has undergone during the last few years. Our predecessors in the College halls were wont to look upon them from afar off, with angry eyes and hardened hearts, but now, oh, my! "Tempora mutantur"—and the biggest drawing card on the poster is the announcement that the ladies are to be present. They came—not as many as we would like to have seen—but quite a contingent, and received a very royal welcome. The boys came out in large numbers—even a few modest freshies deigned to appear; a stranger might have said it was uproarious, but the boys were only in ordinary spirits, keeping the more exuberant ones in the background until our professor should break the bars and call them forth.

The program opened with a song by Fred Walker, '00. He sang of how old Admiral Blake dealt with encumbrances of the high seas in his day, bringing down the house.

Then Dr. Sheard was announced. There may be other lecturers in town who ride in the same car with Dr. Sheard, but they are all empties ahead. The Doctor was received with loud cheering, which confused him mightily, so that he sailed right into his subject, "The Disposal of Sewage." For an hour he talked, making the subject most interesting; he explained the two men with the hose and barrel so often seen over our sewer manholes: one man to tend to the hydrant and put down the hose, the other to carry the barrel, put it over the hole, lest the unwary public should fall therein, and then to sit down and see that nobody steals his barrel.

He went fully into the different shapes and styles of sewers, tracing the slow growth of the modern perfect sewer from the nine foot square passage-way of a century ago; of the different styles of manhole and trap used, and incidentally told of a Mr. Smith (not 4th year), who raised a row because of the clouds of steam which arose from a manhole with an open grating which was placed right outside his fine house on J..... Street. The City Engineer kindly replaced the open grated trap with a closed one, and now the sewer gas finds its way up into Mr. Smith's bedrooms, but he doesn't see it, and the doctors get the benefit. Next the disposal of sewage came up, and the speaker spoke of filtering basins, sewage farms, and septic tanks, shuffling them as Janet's young man does a set of dominoes. He detailed a recent trip to Brockton, Mass., where a large sewage farm is in operation, and where any day in summer, merry picnickers may be seen playing ring-around-a-rosy twenty minutes after one hundred thousand cubic feet of sewage has been spread over the fields.

Then the septic tank system came up for review. The workings of this modern system will be well understood by recalling the story of the Kilkenny cats. The septic bacteria are shut up in a closed tank for some weeks, and in order to live prey upon each other, so at the end of the time there is absolutely nothing left. According to Dr. Sheard our city will soon have a chance to try the system on a large scale, by covering the bay and plugging it at both ends. After the Doctor had ceased and the applause abated Mr. Wickett '01, sang "The Carnival of Venice"—as an encore he sang a pretty little love song—being inspired by the presence of the ladies. "Willie" Kerr then read an interesting paper on carcinoma of gall bladder, and "Jimmy" Moore followed with the story of a case in obstetrics which deserves a place in the history of the nation. "Jamaica" Levy, '01, sang two Coon-songs which pleased everybody and then everyone went home glad he had come.

NOTES

We were sorry to see that one of the Third Year men had to be reprovved a second time for causing a disturbance in the Dean's lecture. Cheer up Addy, it may not be true.

On Saturday Edgar Lafontaine, '00, underwent a tonsorial operation; it seems impossible to find out what anesthetic was used, but it is said Tom Crawford administered it. Had any of the Fourth Year known about it, it might have been arranged that the operation be done some day when Davy Wilson is making a speech—no one could feel any pain under the charm of Davy's oratory.

Many of the boys took advantage of the chance to see "The Little Minister" last week. A more charming love story was never written, and one of our Third Year men was so impressed that he is thinking of switching off and joining the ranks of the "clothed ones." Let him reflect awhile,

there is more than one "Babbie" who doesn't like the clerical collar; a man must walk very gingerly in such matters—being already in the frying pan, let him be chary of the fire. Of course Fourth Year men are not interested in such frivolities. Quoting from Anthony Hope:

"Life is love, the poets tell us
In the little books they sell us,
But madam what's of life the use,
If life be love? For love's the deuce."

A puzzling question for a Fourth Year man. Is marriage union by the first, second or third intention?

The boys are all glad to see Jack Wilson, '00, once more within the walls of the old School. Jack is looking well, and he says that he will stay with us now until the finish. Though a man may wander far in search of something better, he is almost sure to come back again, disappointed. "Four years at Trinity, nothing better."—Dean.

If it be true that only women are afraid of mice, the boys are of the opinion that Hotham, '09, possesses a little more than an ordinary degree of femininity.

One of our professors was a little inclined to believe that somebody's calf had strayed in amongst us the other day. "If that's his way of relieving his throat, you'd best need to care." Mistura Expectorans, ounces eight, and a little more rope might be a suitable prescription for Jim, the rope, of course, to be taken not internally.

The Y.M.C.A. meeting on Thursday morning was addressed by Rev. Bowles, of the Metropolitan church. Mr. Bowles spoke very thoughtfully upon the subject of "Strength in Young Men." Our Y.M.C.A. committee are certainly getting for us the very best talent in the city.

Geo. Schmidt, '09, will very soon represent our College at the Pharmacy Dinner. Eat, drink and be merry, George!

THE GALLANT SECOND YEAR

Here's to the gallant second year,
The men of nineteen one,
Who never entertained a fear,
The hustle was but fun.

For in our ranks a chief you'll find,
A fine large-hearted soul;
For Father Durnin's always kind,
To a freshie in a hole.

And in that grand dissecting room
With foot-ball Turnbull at his side,
There they and Ramsay fight till noon
'Cause why their sub had up and died.

Then when we trot across the floor
Who should we meet but Billy Coles,
And every thought adds more and more,
For Pierson's hat is full of holes.

Now why should this be, tell me friends?
Pierson's hair is not too long,
But Coles has offered him to lend
A quarter for to get it shorn.

Here, then, we meet our "bummer crowd,"
Headed by the brave MacKay,
Sawdon yells both long and loud,
And Waters says it's drink or die.

And now our souls are wrapt in song—
Surely Jimmy Wickett's near—
Gharming here this noisy throng
With his notes both loud and clear.

And here old honest John we find,
"Heaven-born," an angel's friend,
Hot Scotch does never hurt the mind—
McLaren's back will never bend.

And by the door the noble Lusk,
And near him Stevens, loved by all,
And now we see the noisy Haiste—
They with their sub are playing ball.

Just here we see a noble pair,
Arm in arm these fellows stand;
Lyness and Freddy Edwards there,
Ready to do their Lord's command.

But of all the laughs you ever heard!
"Surely," says Drury, "it's not a man."
"Yes," says McCallum, who got third,
For Foster's up there in the van.

But, by the way, about two Macs!
"McCormack and McCallum," says the yarn,
Are off on West Virginia tracks,
Running there a huge stock farm.

But Landsborough, boys, is a brave young Scot,
He's off to the mission Saturday night,
And the battle there that he hath fought,
Is Salvation's battle for the right.

Lowrie's a quiet boy they say,
He only fourteen moves has made;
But he can't help Sam Johnson's way—
Sam never let Trinity's glory fade.

Now, in the banquet group you'll see,
Of noble lads a healthy pair
Counting up the dinner fee,
Brown and Levy seated there.

As we look up and down our ranks,
Gone are Caughlin, Chand and Buck;
McMaster'll have "Old Diggitt's" pranks,
To get him back'll be our good luck.

And now we see a little race—
Marshall and Parsons, matched a pair,
Both striving hard to get the place,
And as it seems both bidding fair.

But yet a pair of hustlers heed,
Appleby and Tommy Allen see;
To see them move a machine you'd need,
A microscope 'twould surely be.

But now for physiology look
Buell and Adams are on hand;
Tommy is a regular little book,
With ideas almost grand.

Big Fergy's the size of a large hog's head,
Last summer he more than "soaked" a matric.
He has made a corking Trinity Med;
And fourteen freshies once did lick.

GREAT SALE OF Men's Underwear

We do Men's Furnishings better than any store in Toronto. It's a bold assertion. Try us and be convinced.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

The Walker & McBean Co.

450-452 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Men's all wool Scotch Wool Shirt, ribbed skirt and cuffs, special	50c.
Drawers to match	10c.
Men's extra Scotch Wool Shirt and Drawers ..	65c.
Men's Unlaundered Shirts, reinforced fronts, special	35c.
Laundered Shirts	47c.
4-ply English Linen Collars, each	10c.

Who was the freshest man last year?
Harvey Hassard the lost and found,
Seven times over the bar, but fear
Never yet made him spell-bound.

Now talking of your old left lug,
Hewd surely don't you see;
And Herriman is not a plug,
And don't you say he, is by Gee.

But who can go unto the show
And take the girl upon his arm?
Crawford and Wardie Elliott too,
And Cantelon says that that's no harm.

McDonald goes to the Fiji Isles,
Malcolm's on to the far north west;
Oswald's face seems covered with smiles,
As Wright at a photo is doing his best.

But poor Becker came near being missed,
Hiram Walker's dearest friend;
John Thompson and Stainer 've both been
kissed,
On that their smiles sure all depend.

But over there runs Bobby Kyles,
Reporter of the College news
Who, Hyland says, has not got piles
Of money like the Jews.

But now what's Hyland looking for,
As over there he vainly stoops
And yells until his throat is sore
Great heavens, have you seen Bill Hoops?

In and out struts our friend Burns,
Friend of the poet surely he,
For within his breast he ever yearns
For the far-off hills of "my ain countrie."

And now, for fear you've missed one name,
The poet's—one of heritage,
May all our boys spring into fame
With the best wishes of Coleridge.

Trinity, Jan. 27th, 1899.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY

On Friday evening the Tennysonian Society met. "Aaron," who has been placed at the helm of state for this term, presided over the deliberations of the evening in a true statesmanlike manner, and succeeded in guiding his good old ship the "Tennysonian" through the stormy waters of debate and eloquence in a clever manner. His peroration, at the close of his inaugural address, was eloquent and of Ciceronian preciseness. The debate for the evening was over the "Resolution: That the greatest efforts of the human race are due to the love of praise." Messrs. Buckborough and P. McLaren supported the resolution, and Messrs. Bellamy and F. Armstrong held to the contrary.

The affirmative, during the progress of their argument, developed several startling reasons in support of the resolution and evolved theories of ethics and morality that would startle a John Stuart Mill or a Herbert Spencer. The negative advanced successfully several arguments contrary to the spirit of the question, and deduced strong reasons for their contention from modern ideas of religion and ethics, and this they did with much force.

Mr. D. B. Harkness, '09, a scar-worn veteran of debate, summed up the arguments of both sides, and gave decision in favor of the negative. Miss Blackader, '02, and Mr. W. Bowyer were the artists of the evening.

The Philosophical Society met on Thursday evening. Mr. A. G. Campbell, president of the society, was chairman for the evening. Dr. Ten Broeke, Messrs. H. C. Newcombe and E. A. Brownlee read papers on the subject for discussion "The Social Aim." Mr. W. J. Wright also gave a resume of an essay in the Forum, refuting the theory that the social aim is self realization.

The first game in the Inter-Year series of hockey matches took place on Thursday afternoon between the Third and Fourth years. There was some delay in beginning the play, owing to some difficulty in getting the players on the ice, but when they came the game began, and the game became fast and furious. The noble John Hawkins tore himself away from some very interesting studies in alchemy and astrology to wield the stick. His guiding star several times grew dim and caused him to lose his way, and during the revolutions which followed, he deduced several theories as to the hardness of ice. Hannah, with his nasal philosophical twang, defended the Fourth Year citadel. His play was fast and brilliant, but not according to rules, because he persisted in continually changing ends and climbing the goal posts. It is said that he evolved several theories of the universe during the game. Space forbids mention of several other fast men who are bidding fair to become fast hockey players. The Third Year had the best of the game and punctured the Fourth Year goal with its noble defender many times, winning by the score of 9-3.

On Saturday afternoon the First and Second Years played an Inter-Year match. These teams were evenly matched, and the game was very hotly contested. During the first few minutes' play the Second Year scored five goals in quick succession before the freshmen had found their bearings, but then they began to play, and eventually tied

the score. At full time the score was even, 6 all. They played another half hour, and again the score was a tie, 9 all. They will play the game off this week. McLay and Zavitz put up a good game for the freshmen, and McDonald worked hard for the sophomores.

NOTES

"Lord Swibo" is confined to the "hospital" with the "rooster" pox.

"Mein Herr" has been forced to consult the doctor. His symptoms are la grippe.

"Tom" White, a former member of '01, was around the halls last week renewing old friendships.

"Bard" Johnson has obtained quite a reputation as a fancy skater.

The Rev. J. I. will give lessons, free of charge, in boxing and also figure skating. His most remarkable feat is cutting W-o-o-d-s-t-o-c-k on the ice without stopping.

"Bert" has been late for supper occasionally. The boys wonder why?

Coltman's shining light has gone out.

The Triumvirate has been slightly disabled this week—Colson is sick. He caught a cold crossing the Rubicon.

Hockey Boots Hockey Boots
Student Hockey Boot
Warranted, \$2.50

J. BROTHERTON
550 Yonge St. * Try a Pair

Figure the Difference

Between the cost of a new overcoat or suit, whether ready-made or custom-made, and what we charge for cleaning or dyeing last season's coat or suit, making it as good as new. The saving is undoubtedly in coming here—a big saving, too.

R. PARKER & CO.
DYERS AND CLEANERS,
Head Office & Works 787-791 Yonge St., TORONTO
Branches—59 King St. west, 201 Yonge St., 471 Queen St. west, 1267 Queen St. west, 277 Queen St. east.
PHONES—3037, 2640, 2143, 1004, 5098.

Boys We sell drugs, fancy articles, soaps, perfumes, etc., at fabulously low prices to Students.
CALL AND SEE US.
BURGESS
278 Yonge Street.

MELVIN TYRRELL'S
Hair Dressing & Shaving Parlors
Late with "Varsity" Barber Shop.
Special Rates to Students.
316 COLLEGE STREET. - - - TORONTO

W. J. HUSTON
Photographer
Won three prizes at Toronto Exhibition last summer and a silver medal at the Photographers' Association of America.
435 Spadina Avenue.

The Greatest Blessing
in a man's life is a Razor that will keep in good condition. We have them good, better and best. Prices to suit students.
NICHOLSON,
Cutlery of all kinds. 73 Yonge Street

HOTEL
Wm. G. PHYALL
Proprietor
36 Wellington St. East
3 and 5 Leader Lane
Toronto
Telephone 2950
American and European Plan

