

there is no use in crying over spilt milk, and we must take our beating and say nothing. But it is no beating to be ashamed of; the result was never out of doubt till the time-keepers stopped the game. Captain Burnside could hardly have his team more "fit" than they were on Saturday. It is known that the Ottawa men were more used up after the match was over than were our representatives. But notwithstanding all this, we were beaten—whether by a superior team or by hard luck matters little now.

#### TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

A star is earthward falling  
From yonder glittering height;  
The star that love betokens  
Is falling in my sight.

From the apple tree are falling  
White blossoms soft and still,  
With them the teasing breezes  
Unhindered work their will.

The swan sings in the fish pond,  
Sails up and down the wave,  
And singing yet more softly  
Sinks deep in his watery grave.

It is so dark and quiet!  
The blossoms are blown afar,  
In silence dies the swan-song,  
And fades the flaring star.

—Liebling.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

THE VARSITY regrets to announce the death of Miss Ethel Topping, B.A., which sad event occurred in Woodstock on Monday, October 30th. Miss Topping was a graduate of our University, and was a well-known and popular member of the Class of '94. Matriculating from the Woodstock Collegiate Institute with honors in Modern Languages, she was the first lady from that school to receive the degree of B.A. from Toronto University. During her course she was not only successful in obtaining high honors in Moderns, but was active in the Modern Language Club, in the Class Society of '94, and in every undertaking connected with the interests of the women undergraduates. After graduation she attended the Normal College, and, immediately upon the successful completion of her course at that institution, accepted a position as teacher in the Clinton High School. In the midst of successful work there she was stricken with consumption. She immediately resigned her position and spent the winter in Florida and the summer in Muskoka, but without avail. The disease had taken too deep a hold upon her system, and she gradually succumbed.

Though perhaps unknown to the present generation of undergraduates, Miss Topping will be affectionately remembered by the women graduates from 1891 to 1897, all of whom will regret her untimely death. She was a bright and lovable girl, an excellent student, a brilliant musician, an enthusiastic lover of Old Varsity, in every way a fine type of the College girl. THE VARSITY takes this opportunity of voicing the regret and sympathy of faculty, graduates and undergraduates.



#### MEMORIA NON MORITUR.

From Ottawa the blood-red warriors came;  
High their renown, and dreaded was their name.  
Upon an iron horse that snorted fire,  
They came by night, filled with a bold desire  
To take the scalps of an unwary foe,  
And make their camps with ghastly carnage flow.  
But lo, the braves that wore the blue and white,  
From scouts heard of the treachery by night,  
And waited for them in an open field,  
Resolved the reeking tomahawk to wield,  
And die like men beneath the Welkin's dome,  
Fight to the death, for squaw, papoose, and home.  
'Twas afternoon, ere yet the foe appear,  
Swelling with pride, and knowing nought of fear,  
Those brutal braves, whose black and deadly deeds  
Of former years had sown foul hatred's seeds  
Along all the pig-skin chasers east and west,  
Hungry for new repasts of blood, they pressed  
With fury on, unheeding ambushade.  
Upon a sudden, out of a grassy glade,  
Leapt fierce the braves who wore the white and blue,  
And savage at their braggart foes they flew.  
The dreaded warriors at that onslaught bold,  
Fell back surprised, and marrow and blood grew cold.  
The western warriors thought of home and squaw;  
These nerved their hands, and made them shout hurrah.  
They pressed their foes, and bloody battle waged,  
The sea of carnage fierce and fiercer raged.  
The war-whoop rang—the gory field along  
Was heard the wounded warrior's dying song.  
But in that awful effort to lay low  
And maim forever the hatred murderous foe,  
The younger western braves had spent their strength,  
And, worn by wounds, and lapse of time, at length  
To the dread veterans of the elder East,  
Who ne'er their stubborn fight a moment ceased,  
At last began to weary yield their ground.  
At once the heroes of the Rising Sun,  
When once fair Fortune slowly had begun  
On them to smile, on their young foes they rushed,  
And blood poured from a hundred wounds and gushed  
O'er all the plain. The western star had set,  
But in such a cloud of glory met,  
That from that field, where the young warriors died,  
From all that reeking carnage, far and wide,  
There rose—

[NOTE.—This wonderful fragment of an Iroquois epic was found late Sunday afternoon in Rosedale Ravine. It seems to refer to a battle that took place long ago between two Indian tribes, the Ottawas and some others, who lived in the vicinity of this city. Though, unfortunately, this remarkable poem is not complete, it is still a literary relic of great historical and linguistic value. My translation does no justice to the Homeric fire of the original.] —THE BARD.

As I was leaving the grandstand on Saturday, after witnessing what was the finest and closest exhibition of Rugby football that it has ever been my good fortune to see, Professor McCurdy, the Honorary President of the Rugby Club, said to me: "I am as proud of our boys as if they had won." This