

paratively young man, and one from whom Canada yet looks for much. His recollections of his College days, and particularly of Dr. McCaul, the eccentric but kindly former President of Toronto University, are a glimpse into the history of our own College, of which we all know but too little, and with whose traditions and memories we have but too little acquaintance.

It is not often there appears in any periodical so delightful a skit as that written for THE VARSITY by Mr. Stephen Leacock, '91, of Upper Canada College. He is well-known as a contributor to *New York Truth*, *The Canadian Magazine*, and other standard periodicals. Much has been said, and much written about the examination system which prevails here, but nothing half so good as Mr. Leacock's clever "take-off."

Mr. A. H. Young, of Trinity College, also continues his reminiscences, under the title of "Then and Now." This chapter will be read with both interest and pleasure, dealing as it does with the Lit. election, out of which grew the present Students' Union Building.

THE VARSITY had intended, with this issue, to present to its readers a fine half-tone engraving of the Champion Rugby Fifteen, but owing to the team's not having the photograph taken in time, this became impossible.

And now all that remains to do is for THE VARSITY to wish everybody a very merry Christmas, and an exceedingly happy New Year!

THE FEES.

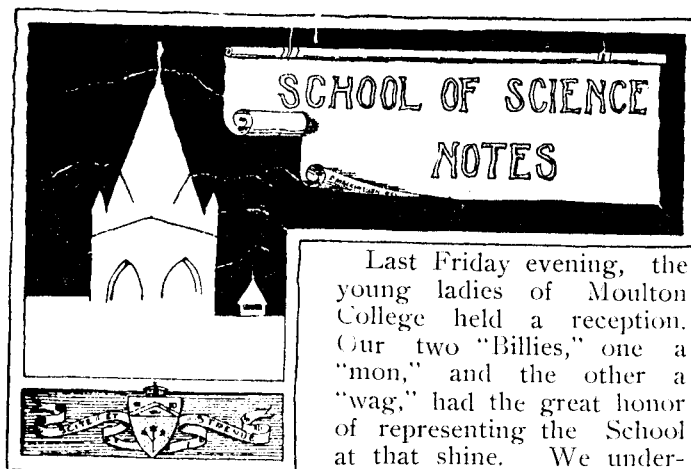
It is a fact to be regretted that the Senate last Spring decided on again increasing the fees, by an addition of \$4 to the fee for examination. It will be remembered that in 1895 the fees were increased by \$10, that subsequently, in 1897, an addition to the Registration fee of \$6 was made, which, with the latest addition of \$4 to the Examination fee, makes a total increase of \$20 in less than four years.

One would think that the University authorities, in their policy of continually increasing the fees, were proceeding upon the supposition that all the students were the children of wealthy parents. A slight examination, however, will serve to show that this is not the case. Probably not more than one-fifth of the students are blessed with rich parents; the remaining four-fifths are the children of artisans, farmers, and mechanics, together with the sons and daughters of poor clergymen. This policy persisted in cannot fail to result in a tendency to exclude the "hoi polloi," a tendency ill in keeping with our democratic institutions, and one utterly hostile to National Education, which should be such that the poorest student in the land may have a University training.

No longer can Ontario boast of her free Educational System, whilst the University of Toronto—the highest of them all—demands such exorbitant fees. If she pursues her present policy much longer, she will be providing an education not for the sons of the Province, but solely for an aristocracy, and ever more firmly closing her doors against the children of the poor.

A. L. HARVEY.

University College, December 19th, 1898.



Last Friday evening, the young ladies of Moulton College held a reception. Our two "Billies," one a "mon," and the other a "wag," had the great honor of representing the School at that shine. We understand that ever since then they both are inveterate readers of love stories and novels. Poor boys!

We learn, on good authority, that Jack Davidson was very nearly being thrown out of the chemistry window a few days ago by a little "bird." He became so nervous that he dropped everything he had in his hands and something else besides.

F. W. T—, of Second Year, is author of a very good paper on "Electrolysis." He ought to favor the Engineering Society by reading it before its members. We hope that the President will use his persuasive powers and induce him to read it.

We now know that the S.P.S. no longer holds first place among the Colleges as the upholder of "scraps" among themselves. The Dentals have beaten all our previous records. So we are compelled to take a back seat.

There are many stories told of Edison, which, if they were all true, would certainly make him the most wonderful of wonderful men. He is a great man. Here is his estimation of genius, which was given when he was asked once to define it. "Two per cent. is genius, and ninety-eight per cent. is hard work." Again, when he was engaged in a discussion that genius is inspiration, he suddenly exclaimed: "Bah! Genius is not inspired. Inspiration is perspiration."

A story that is told of him is, how he invented a cure for gout, which is as follows: "Mr. Edison met a friend one day, and on hearing that he was in great suffering, and noting the swelling of his finger-joints, asked, with his usual curiosity, 'What is the matter?'"

"Gout," replied the sufferer.

"Well, but what is gout?" persisted Mr. Edison.

"Deposits of uric acid in the joints," came the reply.

"Why don't the doctors cure you?" asked Mr. Edison.

"Because uric acid is insoluble," he said.

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Edison, and he straightway journeyed to his Laboratory, put forth innumerable glass tumblers, and into them emptied some of every chemical that he possessed. Into each he let fall a few drops of uric acid, and then waited results. Investigation, forty-eight hours later, disclosed that the uric acid had dissolved in two of the chemicals. One of these is used to-day in the treatment of gouty diseases."