

VARSIITY'S BEAUTY SHOW.

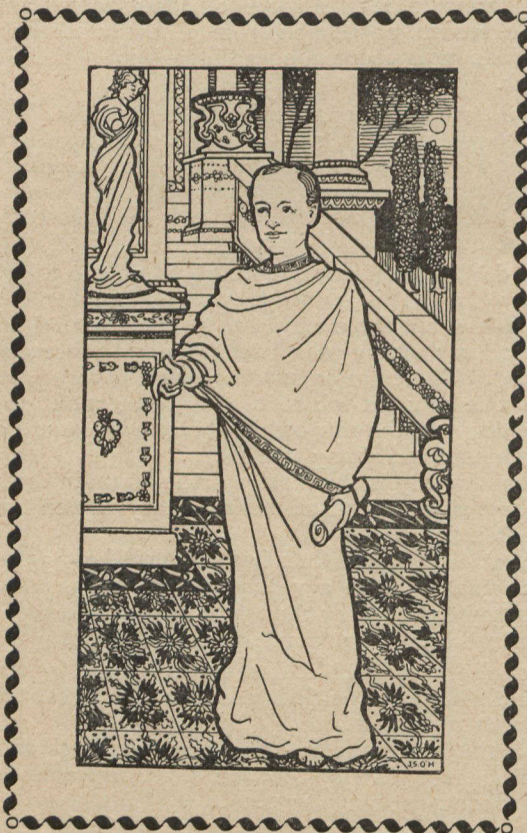
EXHIBIT III.

OVERTURE:

Tho' I ken the Gaelic little
This is na sae puir a fist,
For I swipt the Scotch frae Barrie
Wha's a dialecticist.

The third candidate to be honored here with a public approbation has been already entered privately upon the memo. books of Fame as John Grampian Inkster, the orator of Orkney.

Mr. Inkster is Attic in his type of beauty, and a Scotchman by direct accent, yet the classic flowers of his rhetoric are never choked with burrs, nor the melliloquence of his "Annie Laurie" aught but aided by the rolling of his liquid r's—Hoot mon!



Our patient artist, the better to interpret the double nationality of his eccentric victim, has been driven thus to spike the canons of his art—to tile his Grecian floors with Scotch designs, and to drape the angles of John's Celtic mould in the flowing garments of Demosthenes. But behold this philosophic forehead, these Socratic orbs. Mark how the study of the sages has swelled his marble cranium to the rounded dome of an Athanæum; how his very ears are ethical; his nose, type of his argument, straight and to the point; his clear-cut features a clear syllogism in *celarent*.

But of John Grampian Inkster in the flesh what shall be the word? There is the wholesomeness of Scotch "parritch" in his nature, the freshness of his native heather in his humor. It is a liberal education—and the degree of Ph. D.—to behold him when he hears the 48th go squeeling down the street like a Chicago pork-farm on parade, breathe forth from a swollen and a throbbing thorax unfaltering defiance of the enemies of the haggis.

Who has not felt a better nature stir within him, when the sound of John's "Scot swam Broose" has slid cold agitation down his spinal column, uprooting the emotions of a lacerated spirit with a cyclone in B flat. Who has not caught a flicker of the bolt that fulminated over Greece, in the blaze of John Grampian's post-prandial pyrotechnics, in the fury of his after dinner assault upon class coalition? To those who have not, it shall not be given away.

Let this suffice, though indeed one could wish to continue *ad nauseam* an elucidation of our hero's qualities—qualities of which Shakespeare might have written (as he wrote of the street vendor's bananas)—"Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety."

THE SHOWMAN.

HALLOWE'EN.

The committee which was appointed a week ago Friday to look after the students interests on Hallowe'en, met on Friday night last and elected Charlie Carson, chairman; F. D. McEntee, secretary; and F. A. Cleland, treasurer.

It was decided at this meeting that the students should this year attend the Princess instead of the Grand. In former years the gallery of the Grand had been found inadequate to accommodate all the students who desired to go that night, and on account of the reigning prices at the Princess, it was thought advisable to take both balcony and gallery and go there.

There will be the usual procession down, and the usual concert between acts when we get there.

The song programme will contain such standbys as a "Hot Time," "Rosie O'Grady," and "My Gal's" and a piano will be placed in the balcony to see that the boys keep good time.

The Arts men, and also those of the School of Science will occupy the gallery, while the Dents, Meds, Osgoode men, and Glee Club will be seated in the balcony.

The Cummings Stock Company who have been playing at the Princess to record crowds for the past four weeks, will close their fifth week on Hallowe'en by presenting for the last time "Captain Swift." Every member of the cast is an able actor, and we do not think anyone could be disappointed in the play.

Let everyone turn out on Saturday, and show the people what we can do. Get your tickets from any member of the committee.

For the benefit of those who did not see last week's VARSITY, we again publish the names. Messrs. Cleland, Harper, Gahan, Carson, Armour, McEntee, Birmingham, Flintoft, Smith, Allan, S.P.S., and representatives from the other colleges who intend to take part. COMUS.

THE YELL FOR HALLOWE'EN.

A new yell that has all the ring of the old "Varsity" and is besides characteristic of this University and none other, has been proposed for use on Hallowe'en. It will be readily noticed that it is simply a variation of the Toronto Med's yell. Let the members of every affiliated college practice it up, and raise the roof of the "Princess" with it Saturday evening.

Toronto
Toronto
T-o-r-o-n-t-o
Toronto
Toronto
T-o-r-o-n-t-o
Var-si-ty
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!