

The Varsity

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A LAD O' PAIRTS.

GRATEFULLY we dedicate the first editorial in the first issue of the new year to the one who guided THE VARSITY so fearlessly and safely through the wild storms of the days that seem but as yesterday. He who did so much for this paper, and who sacrificed so much in his brave attempt to better this University, is doubly entitled to a tribute of affection and admiration, which shall give expression, however faintly, to the feeling which is universal in the hearts of those who are left to carry on the good work that he began.

James A. Tucker was a man after our own heart; a man worthy to be held up as an example. He was a brilliant student, yet ever took a keen interest and active part in all college institutions and customs. He was a boon companion, a kind-hearted gentleman and a steadfast friend. There was not an undergraduate but was his friend and admirer. He wielded over them an influence for good, and called forth from them an affectionate devotion which he could never have suspected. Few men in college life have possessed so powerful an influence over their fellow-students; and none ever strived more conscientiously to exercise it ever for good.

The life of the recent editor of THE VARSITY previous to last year was quite uneventful: he having taken the usual course through the Public School and Collegiate Institute into the University. It is said that the child is father to the man; and we surely have a notable instance of it here; for, while "Jim" was as yet uninitiated into the mysteries of letters, we find him issuing a little weekly, whose columns used to be filled with large and small dots to represent the printing. If the key to those hieroglyphics could be discovered, the little journals would doubtless prove interesting and profitable reading. During

his schooldays he was always conducting some little paper, and at the Collegiate Institute was the editor-in-chief of the *Auditorium*, the organ of the Literary Society. From thence he rose to a position on the staff of the *Owen Sound Times*, which he has held for the last four years, devoting his holidays to newspaper work. His latest appointment was to the chair of editor-in-chief of this paper, a position which owing to peculiar circumstances, he held for the entire year, with the exception of but one issue. Mr. Tucker has always been a lover of books and a ceaseless reader, taking special delight in the poets. As is well-known, he has written quite extensively, his contributions in verse having been published in English, American and Canadian magazines. He has also shown ability with his pencil, contributing several cartoons and comic sketches to *Grip*. In religion he is a Presbyterian, having united with the Church when about seventeen years of age. In this city he was a communicant and regular attendant at Old St. Andrews.

The days of last spring are still fresh in our minds, and all know the part Mr. Tucker took in those sad, but stirring events. By nature none too strong, he devoted his energies and time so entirely and untiringly to the work in hand, that at the last he was on the verge of physical collapse. Day after day, for months, he worked unceasingly to bring to completion the task he had set himself to perform. Night after night, far on into the morning, with aching head, weary brain and discouraged heart, that man toiled incessantly. On him, as editor of the college journal, lay the responsibility of the actions of those who received their incentive from his pen—a burden not lightly borne. Besieged with visitors, he welcomed all with a bright smile and warm pressure of the hand. No man could talk with him without being encouraged to persevere and go forward. He was at his very best when entertaining in his own room; but he will not soon be forgotten as he stood on the platform, addressing his fellow students. His moderation of speech and earnestness of delivery had irresistible force; while his modesty and retiring nature, that shunned undue publicity, won for him the respect of all. The greatest physical and mental trial he had to endure was the work and anxiety of the days immediately preceding and during the sitting of the commission. The severity of that prolonged strain on his system can be appreciated by himself alone; yet not a minute was lost, not a murmur was heard. Then came expulsion and banishment. The dark curtain has fallen, and he will appear no more upon this stage for ever. Only a fond recollection remains to be cherished—the recollection of a man who did all things with an eye single to the glory of his university; a man who made up his mind what was right and did it, regardless of consequences. Oh, for a thousand such men as he in this university of ours!

In the name of all who knew him, THE VARSITY wishes for Mr. Tucker every encouragement and the highest degree of success in his new field of labour; and hopes that he will ever consider as his sincerest friends those with whom he came in contact during his undergraduate days at the University of Toronto.