

The Varsity

TORONTO, March 17th, 1898.

Published weekly by the students of the University of Toronto. Annual subscription, One Dollar, payable strictly in advance. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager. Address all communications for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, University College.

JOHN M. GUNN, *Editor-in-Chief.*

FRED. A. CLELAND *Business Manager.*

ERIC N. ARMOUR, *Assistant Business Manager.*

Editorial Board.—Miss Lynde, '98; Burris Gahan, '98; O. M. Biggar, '98; A. E. McFarlane, '98; Miss C. C. Benson, '99; W. H. Alexander, '99; N. T. Johnston, '99; G. W. Ross, '99; Miss Cockburn '00; G. F. Kay, '00; J. R. S. Scott, '00; R. M. Stewart, '01; H. W. Charlton; W. E. H. Carter; W. Foreman, S. P. S.

Business Board.—Miss A. Ashwell, '98; G. M. Murray, '98; Miss H. Woolverton, '99; A. N. Mitchell, '00; A. J. Isbester, '01; A. G. Piper and L. Allan, S.P.S.

IN accordance with a *lex non scripta* of college journalism, which it would ill become us to ignore, we are called upon in this last number of THE VARSITY for the present year to say something of a valedictory character, and to make such other observations as the occasion may reasonably suggest. And at this time, it is expected of the editor that he drop for the moment his cloak of impersonality and come out from behind the scenes to make his final bow to his readers. President Young at the Literary Society last Friday evening quoted Dr. Johnson as having said that no man ever does anything consciously for the last time without a feeling of sadness. Today we can testify to the truth of the old Doctor's remark. There have been times during the present term when THE VARSITY was being made the medium of warm blooded controversialists, and when we were earnestly striving to do justice to all, and yet seemed to give satisfaction to few of the interested ones, that we imagined we could drop the editorial quill without a tear. But these things are all of the past now as far as THE VARSITY is concerned, and we hope that our readers will give us credit for having endeavored, at least, to keep a fair, middle course throughout, even though in our human fallibility, we may have failed egregiously.

* *

The work of editing THE VARSITY is heavy, but it is also very pleasant. When we assumed charge at the New Year we had many misgivings. The Spring term is supposed to be a very bad season for cultivating the literary field of the University, and we expected small returns. But from the very first we were agreeably disappointed. Our requests for assistance were met in all quarters in the heartiest manner, and through the whole term this splendid willing support has never flagged. It is, therefore, in no merely formal way, but from the bottom of our heart that we thank the Business Manager, the members of the Edi-

torial Board and all the other friends of THE VARSITY, without whose generous aid it is painful to contemplate what the paper for this term might have been.

* *

But while a small circle of students take a very active interest in THE VARSITY, we consider it a matter of regret that it is not a much wider one. There is abundant literary talent in the University, if it were brought out, to produce a creditable magazine. We would urge upon *all* the undergraduates to rally around the editor next year, and not leave to a few ardent spirits the work and the honor of making THE VARSITY a great journalistic success. It seems to us that the ideal should be to have a daily newspaper as in many American colleges, or at first it might be a semi-weekly; and to supplement this by a high class literary magazine of student contributions to appear weekly or fortnightly. This consummation may be a long way off, but it is none the less devoutly to be wished.

* *

Apropos of Dr. Johnson's saying, it is a strange, but fortunate phenomenon of our mental experience which our philosophical friends might explain for us scientifically, that in thinking of the past the pleasant features predominate so largely in our minds over the unpleasant. There is a stanza of poetry that has often recurred to us ever since we read it years ago as a chapter-heading in a novel:

"Here will we sit and dream of happy days gone by;
Forgetting sorrows that have come between,
As sunlight gilds some distant mountain high,
And leaves the valleys dark that intervene."

Such is our experience to-day. There have been disagreeable things to encounter—most of them of such a character that no one is accountable for them—the thousand little worries and troubles that come to the amateur in journalism as in any other field. But as we sit and look back over the ten weeks that are past—ten weeks that seem but as ten short days—we see only the sun-kissed mountain tops of pleasant memories—the word of approbation, the helping hand of whole-souled friendship, and the cordial sympathy that makes any labor light; while on the other hand all the little difficulties and disappointments and annoyances, which seemed so great at the time of their occurrence, are lost forever in the darkness of the valleys below.

* *

So much for the past; what of the future? In our first editorial for this term we assumed a very optimistic tone in discussing the situation among the undergraduates. We see no reason for viewing things in a different light in our last editorial. True, there has been friction and dissension more than usual, and the term promises to close in a bitter fight in the elections of to-morrow night. But as an evidence of vigorous life, we consider that these struggles are good signs, provided only they are carried on without leaving the scars of irreparable animosities on the student body. As we have urged before, we believe it