

# The Varsity

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance.

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street, Rooms 2 and 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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MARCH 22, 1893.

## LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

**C**ONTRARY to general expectations, the election of the Literary Society was a very hotly-contested one, though only two officers were fought for (Mr. Coutts, having resigned, and thus left Mr. Biggar elected by acclamation to the office of Historical Secretary), yet feeling ran almost as high and party spirit was almost as rampant, as though a whole ticket were at stake. The result of the voting was the election of Mr. G. H. Levy as first Vice-President, and of Mr. C. C. Stuart as Curator, the vote standing as follows:

1st Vice-President.....	G. H. Levy.....173.....	Maj. 62.
	S. J. McLean.....111	
Curator.....	C. C. Stuart.....173.....	Maj. 42
	W. E. McPherson 131	

We wended our way to Richmond Hall about 8 p.m., expecting to see great things, and we saw them in abundance. The scrap continued from a purely scientific point of view, was a beautiful one, "a gentlemanly scrap," as one of the devotees of the noble art of scrapping enthusiastically called it; not a one-sided affair, as was last year's, but quite evenly balanced. To tell of all the deeds of valor that stout heroes wrought, would far surpass the limits of our column, and the abilities of our pen, and the patience of our readers. On this side Myers and on that side McMillan wrought deeds of deathless glory, were only a bard, such as "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," on hand to commemorate them. But just as there were scraps before that of Troy and scrappers before Agamemnon, whose names have sunk into oblivion for want of the sacred bard, so too alas! there have been such since as well. We are fain to exclaim with the poet:—

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour,  
 Varsity hath need of thee.

for truly only such an one as he could fitly celebrate the feats of the combatants. Our modesty alone deters us from entering on the task.

And what need to enlarge on the lesser lights that shone around these greater luminaries? Deeds were done all worthy to be enshrined in song; and we would seriously think of writing an epic on the subject but for the fact that such a theme were endless, unless we make our poem a mere honor roll of names, leaving their achievements to be conjured up by the imagination of the readers. We could thus indeed produce an array of names that would sound sonorous in the listeners ear.

Glaucomque Medontaque Thersilochumque, but which would, as one of Virgil's critics complains of such lines as this, become rather monotonous if long continued. We are therefore reduced to the painful dilemma of mentioning all or none, and are constrained by circumstances to seize the latter horn. If any man who scrapped is disappointed at not finding his name preserved by us for the admiration of future ages, we will feel deeply grieved; but we bow to inevitable necessity, which confines this report within the limits of our weekly journal.

Such was the scrap; but meanwhile at the other end of the hall, a somewhat different scene was being enacted, for here the heroes of comic song and stage dance, were disporting themselves before the eyes of an admiring crowd. Whether the introduction of such side-shows at our elections is altogether to our credit as a student body, we will leave each gentle reader to determine for himself; our own opinion is, that we would do well to refuse such side attractions, and stick closely to the main point at issue—the election itself.

All the time enthusiastic politicians were bustling to and fro, now seeing that the moral suasion committee did its duty, now visiting the lunch rooms and partaking generously of coffee and sandwich, now inspecting the list of voters, and sending cabs in hot haste to bring in dilatory members, now watching with anxious eye the steady diminution of the boodle fund. Others again beheld with rapturous gaze the shirtless heroes of the scrap, and carried away remnants of clothing to treasure up as relics of the eventful night.

At last it was all over. About 5 a.m. the polls were closed, and the few who still lingered in the hall, waited to hear the issue of the fray; and then fared homewards in the early dawn. As for ourselves, we betook ourselves to rest tired and worn with the toils and anxieties of the night, but devoutly thankful that we were still alive, and revolving in our mind, hopes of the wonder and admiration we would excite in our friends, as we related to them the wondrous doings of the scrap, and our own deeds most wonderful of all.

A. B. LOCKHEAD.

## HERODOTUS, BOOK XV.

(TRANSLATION OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT.)

Now there is also a custom in that land in the second week of the third month in each successive year, on the sixth day of the week, to hold a great festival, which others indeed call the Feast of Trumpets, because that many of the votaries are wont on that occasion to blow on fish-horns and other and marvellous instruments, but which my informant claimed ought to be called the Feast of Burnt-Offerings, because that each boldest man of the worshippers, putting forth smoke in the most marvellous fashion from his mouth, is wont so to lade the air with the incense of this offering as that the less spirited can scarcely breathe but are forced to raise the windows, whereby indeed the deity is greatly angered because that part of the incense offered to him is thus lost.

As for the customs and usages at this festival I cannot give a general account of them, for my informant said