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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1897.

McNairn W H

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TORONTO

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVI.

"SIC SEMPER FEMINA!"

Miss Phyllis was charming—but oh, so shy— Forever there glittered a tear in her eye: Miss Phyllis was drooping as ready to cry, But, alas! she was flirting—and so was I.

'Twas summer, and idly in hammock we swung, And soft in the pine-tree the whip-poor-will sung Where the moonlight was stealing the tree-trunks among; And Miss Phyllis and I—well, you know—we were young !

She promised to love me till death did us part ; She swore that I only had place in her heart. But, alas! she was waiting for me to depart To catch a new victim- by similar art!

Mervyn.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

"It is a long road that knows no turn," saith the Proverb; and it might be stated conversely that it's a mighty crooked road that hasn't one clear stretch for a trot. Crooked indeed has been the path of those who have followed me in my aimless meanderings, but thanks to a dainty little guide book (in poetry, too !), lately published by our fellow-student, Arthur J. Stringer,* it should be possible to keep a fairly straight course for one day's tramp at least. The few remarks made last week about this volume, were, I fear, hardly just to Mr. Stringer in the first place, and the printers added insult to injury by spoiling some of his best lines. But if a man canot write any better than I can, it ill beseemeth him to blame the printers. Suffice it to say that seldom, if ever, has a work of such originality and power appeared from the pen of a Toronto undergraduate-for, though it is three years since Mr. Stringer attended lectures in University College, it is still pleasant to think of him as an undergraduate. And as Mr. Stringer has been good enough to give me something to write about, the vague, vagabond title that usually graces the top of this column has been abandoned for this week at least.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the poems is their absolute faultlessness, from a mechanical point of view, and their exquisite artistic finish. From cover to cover of the book there is not one false, not one questionable rhyme—not one line over whose rhythm one could for a moment hesitate. One has only to look at some of the work of the great poets to see that this perfection of versification is not so common in poetry as it should be. Edgar Allan Poe, the only genius of letters America has yet produced, though of clever writers she has produced not a few, set himself deliberately down, if his own words may be believed—though one might be pardoned for doubting him in this case—to write, on purely mechanical and logical lines, a perfect poem. Even the metrical quantity of the vowels he was to use was a matter of careful consideration. Yet in that poem Poe makes "devil" rhyme with "evil," and "lattice" with "that is"! When the conversation turns to the poets' art, in that little circle of literary men which we may fancy will gather in the next world, there will be at least one subject at the mention of which poets of to-day will not need to blush before such men as Scott or Byron, or even Pope.

* *

But the charm of Mr. Stringer's versification is not to be found only in correct rhymes and metre. There are many lines that reveal rare powers of imitative harmony. Take, for example, the opening epigram :—

TO THE CRITIC.

" Call him, whose art ye fondly blame or praise, A cloven reed, whereon some Lip unknown, God-like—to lute ineloquent—but plays The one old ineffectual monotone."

Splendid, that last line—worthy to be compared to Pope's famous simile on the Alexandrine,—

" That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along."

Certainly Mr. Stringer, in his own words, has

". . . Schooled coy Melody to walk with Speech ;

And they, grown lovers, mingle each with each."

* *

" In youth we have the soul, but not the art; When patient age has learned all art's demands, No youthful dream within the old-grown heart Remains to busy our perfected hands."

Because he has published two volumes of poems, Mr. Stringer should not think that his heart is old-grown. He is still a young man, a very young man, and his hands have early been perfected in the poet's art. Had some of our great poets had his art at his age our literature would be the richer for it. Mr. Stringer may well look forward to the future with high hopes. It might be offered, by way of suggestion, however, that now, since he has learned " art's demands " by patient study and abundant practice, he would do well to turn his attention more to the other side of the poet's work. I think that, without doubt, Mr. Stringer writes too much. And in printing his practice verses, unpolished, and often immature in thought, he is doing himself a deep wrong. A reputation for frothy verse, once gained, is not easily shaken off. Now, all of Mr. Stringer's newspaper poetry has much real merit -certainly as good as, and generally better than, most newspaper poetry-but the reputation it is winning for him is not as good as he deserves. A literary man will suffer injustice enough at the hands of critics and an unappreciative public; he should be the last to do himself an injustice. I have heard young writers receive the advice to write abundantly and then throw all they have written into the stove. But Mr. Stringer needs neither to write abundantly nor to burn what he has carefully written. A

No. 14.

^{*} Epigrams-By Arthur J. Stringer, author of "Watchers of Twilight," and other poems-T. H. Warren, London, Ont. 1896. Price 50c.

poem, be it written never so hurriedly, never so thoughtlessly, costs the poet time and energy. If he would expend on serious work, such as he has given us in his Epigrams, the time and energy that is—wasted, shall I say ?—on these newspaper verses, Mr. Stringer would find that his art would not suffer, and that his reputation would be wonderfully bettered.

* *

There is a touch of pathos in his lines on "Ars Celendi Artem." Few people know with what toil and trouble these exquisite phrases of the poet are turned. They read and smile-perchance frown and criticise harshly-without a thought for him who penned the words If they think of him at all, it is probably as sitting in a luxurious library writing down, half mechanically, the pretty phrases or noble thoughts that genius suggests to him without any effort of his own. But how far from the truth ! Undergraduates who have had to write pass Latin prose, and who have admired the exquisite style of Mr. Walter Pater, that modern Carlyle, may get some idea of the pain with which those delicate sentences were wrought when they hear it said of their author that he wrote English with as much pains and care as if it had been a dead language. Mr. Froude, we are told, rewrote again and again with painful perseverence those sentences that now seem to flow with such an easy naturalness. And much greater must be the labor and patience of the poet. That art, so neatly concealed, was won by toil that the reader little dreams of. There is, I say, much pathos in Mr. Stringer's lines :-

ARS CELENDI ARTEM.

"'On this great steamer's deck, how tranquilly we float, Sea-faring seems so easy now, our thanks to coal;— Come, join this merry hearted crew who man the boat.' Ah, dreamer, stand one moment in the stokers' hole !"

Another epigram of which any poet might well be proud ! But what is probably the best in the volume, with, perhaps, the exception of "The Anarchist," is the one addressed "To One in Search of Song":—

" Sweep not the skies for thine ethereal theme,

Lest near the sun thou singe the wings of song; But while lorn treaders of the stars but dream,

Beat down with rhythmic wings some earthly wrong."

A noble purpose, that, for a poet. It shows a healthy spirit, a deep consciousness of the real grandeur of his art.

* *

In one instance, I think, Mr. Stringer has let his love for the epigrammatic carry him a little too far. In the lines entitled "My Friend, the Enemy," which, if words alone be considered, are the most epigrammatical in the book, it is not easy to catch his meaning : -

" Since thy fierce hate hath so befriended me,

Who shall, in sooth, oppose thee to the end,—

Call now no truce to break my strength, but be Still in thine ancient enmity, my friend."

The stanza "After Long Silence" seems to have the same tendency towards obscurity—the epigrammatical arrangement of words shrouding the meaning rather than revealing and expounding it, as words should do.

* *

The subjects on which epigrams may be written, the subjects that are worthy of the form of the epigram, are indeed limited. As the epigram is generally understood, it is perfectly distinct, both in subject matter and in treatment, from the discriptive poem. The spheres of the epigram and the lyric are entirely separate. Of course, if the word be taken in its loose sense—or, etomologically, in its strict sense—an epigram might be written on any subject. So it is not surprising to find in this little volume two or three stanzas which are exquisite pieces of description rather than epigrams. What, for instance, could be finer than these lines on "A Twilight in Early Autumn"?—

- " The low wind sounds a million drowsy lutes,
 - The yellowing sunlight on the hillside falls;

Alone, aloud, a lingering robin flutes, And from the elm one golden oriole calls."

Had Gray penned those words they would have found a place in the Elegy! There breathes through them a delicious spirit of repose, that is in thorough harmony with the spirit of the Elegy—though, if I am not mistaken, Gray's poem refers to spring, not autumn; at any rate, he wrote for it a lovely little stanza on spring violets, which his super delicate, super-critical taste induced him to suppress. So much are these lines like Gray's own that I cannot but think that Mr. Stringer wrote them some quiet autumn evening, just after he had been re-reading the Elegy.

**

Though his success in the epigram has been so marked, I do not think that Mr. Stringer will ever do him-self full justice here. The confines of the epigram are too narrow, the space too cramped, to allow free play to the splendid powers of imagination and description of which he is undoubtedly possessed. Surely Mr Stringer must feel this curbing of his genius more keenly than anyone else. Indeed, I am tempted to think that he has devoted himself to the epigram largely for the purpose of disciplining his art-and a better discipline, or one that will be productive of more good to Mr. Stringer, it would be impossible to find-and that even this volume of epigrams, this casket of gems, is but a practice-exercise, an earnest of what we may expect from him when he graduates in the hard course he has set himself. But, as I hinted before, his admirers are anxious that he do himself more justice than he has done in the past. And if I might be allowed to offer a suggestion, I would say that the sonnet seems to be the form of verse in which he could best reveal his powers. While the sonnet sets limits almost as clearly marked as those of the epigram, it allows more room for the descriptive and imaginative artist. 1 have never seen a sonnet of Mr. Stringer's-he may never have written one-but it seems to me as though it would be a form of verse in which he would be eminently successful, Those who have read his earlier volume will, doubtless, remember the rare beauty of his lines on "Indian Summer," "World Worship," "Summer," and "Pygma-lion and Galatea." If any will read his Epigrams and see with what skill he arranges his ideas and disposes his words within the small space of a quatrain, I think they will agree with me that Mr. Stringer's faculties are peculiarly suited to the sonnet.

Much else there is that could be said of this little volume, much else there is that might well be quoted from it, but I must let "I cannot" wait upon "I would." The epigram is not the only form that is limited in space—even the wide columns of VARSITY sometimes cramp the writer. Let me add just one more quotation. In the back of my copy, Mr. Stringer has written an epilogue—written after the volume appeared from the press—which is not only one of the best epigrams in the volume, but also hints at what I have just been speaking of—that in the epigram the poet feels the lack of that liberty which he must enjoy before he can do his best work, before he can sing of his heart's true feelings :—

"' Lo now,' ye laughed, ' where one has lain

Full bare his heart for us to see ! '

My heart, ye fools ?—This shall remain A standing joke 'twixt God and me!" Thus closes the volume—a volume of which Mr. Stringer may well be proud. To the success of the author the undergraduates of Toronto University will look forward with great pleasure, taking no slight interest in the literary work of one who for three years was one of their number.

BRIAN BORU.

THE MCGILL DEBATE.

Were we not impelled by the fact that there is a writ out in the hands of the printer's imp demanding "copy," we would fain be silent for yet a little while longer concerning our Montreal experience. We would rather repose than write—for a man must needs sleep sometimes. He doesn't get much of nature's restorer amid the riotous round of revelry forever rife in the premier city of our land.

Nothing happened to mar our journey down to Montreal. We found our berths, clambered in, and awoke at our destination.

The boys of old McGill excel in many things. Especially is their excellence shown in the attentive and genial manner in which they entertain their guests. We were met on our arrival by Mr. S. G. Archibald, who took charge of us in the morning, and was joined at noon by Mr. G. R. MacLeod. These two gentlemen, whose superiors it has never been our lot to meet, entertained us right royally, acting as our guides, interpreters and friends. In collegiate vernacular, these gentlemen are "good square heads," and if they are types of the student-body of McGill (and we have no reason to doubt that they are), then that university is wonderfully blessed in having such wholesouled, honest-hearted, manly undergraduates. The art of entertaining is a product, not so much of the head as of the heart; they educate the heart—the character—at old McGill.

Of course our first pilgrimage was to the college. What a fascination does the scaffold rising in the prison yard exert over the man about to bid the world a "stern good night!" Do you wonder then that we felt drawn to Molson Hall whose dumb walls in so short a time were to echo with sage words of counsel. We took our stand upon the platform, silently addressed the audience, and meekly appealed to the invisible judges whose chairs were placed before us. It seemed as if our appeal was heard. We joyously passed down the aisle, patting each venerable "pew" in the way so dear to quaint old Samuel Johnson. Then we wandered through classic corridors, peeped into lecture rooms of which some were decorated with antiquities of archaic benches, and shyly glanced at the stately Donaldas so busy at their books.

Perhaps one of the most refreshing incidents was the commentary which the worthy janitor of the Medical building vouchsafed while we made the grand tour. He "spoke of many a vanished scene" and learnedly expatiated upon the merits of the many appliances peculiar to his department, "We have 'em on every flat," quoth he. We were not long in learning that while every University may have its oracle, only McGill has its cook.

We had lunch at the Students' Club—an organization managed on the co-operative principle by faculty and students. Afterwards we drove by the circuitous route up to the top of the mount, whence we had a cool, commanding view of the city. By a more direct way we returned to make a special sociological study of the Windsor, the Oxford and "Herbie's."

* * *

Molson hall was scarcely large enough to seat the crowd, which, in spite of the counter-attraction of a football smoker, assembled to hear decided for once and forever the question: "Resolved,—That the legal prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage is right in principle and efficient in practice." Of the audience a very fair proportion consisted of young ladies, whose intelligent and appreciative attention certainly proved an inspiration to the speakers to put forth their best energies, while the familiar contingent of "the boys" at the rear added that touch of homelikeness so dear to the student heart.

Unstinted praise should be accorded the executive for their success in obtaining the assistance of Professors Campbell, Cox and Lafleur, the learned and representative men who acted as judges. Both sides felt satisfied that the verdict would be given on the merits of the argument since the decision rested with such able and impartial arbitrators.

A bright and characteristic speech by the studentpresident, Mr. MacMaster, formed a pleasing prelude to the evening's entertainment and after a glee by McGill's famous quartet, and a selection by Mr. Packard, one of the most popular reciters in the College, the leader of the affirmative was invited to present his case Mr. Heeney, with his charming personality and undeniable oratory, completely captivated the imagination of his audience. Mr. Ewing, in a clever and logical speech, which evinced much legal acumen, presented an imposing array of facts in support of prohibitive legislation.

Professor Campbell, in giving the unanimous decision of the judges, complimented the speakers upon the extremely able manner in which they had sustained their respective views, and was pleased to say that the debate had been carried on with all the frank rivalry and gentlemanly fairness that ever characterized the relations between Varsity and McGill.

Although we won the debate, still so keenly was it contested and so barely won that it seemed as if as much honor belonged to the vanquished as might redound to the victors.

Our pleasant sojourn with our friends of old McGill was a source of unlimited delight while it lasted, and will ever form material from which we shall draw the most fragrant recollections. G. S.

IN THE LIBRARY.

"Te sine nil altum mens incubat."-VIRGIL. When thou, my love, art far away My heart 's aweary; My mind thinks not the livelong day, And life is dreary.

Don.

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The second meeting of the Classical Association for this term was held on Tuesday, the 26th ult. It was an "Athenian Meeting," if we may adopt the phraseology of the Modern Language Club, and call it such. Messrs. L. H. Tasker, '97, and A. A. Scott, '99, read interesting papers, the one on "Political Parties in Athens," the other on "Athens at the opening of the Peloponnesian War." These papers were both worthy of a much larger audience than was present in Room 3, last Tuesday. Indeed, all the papers that have been read before the society this year, from its very first meeting last October, have easily maintained the high standard of excellence set by the essayists of former years; and the Committee would earnestly appeal to the members of the Association to show their interest in the work of the society by being present at the meetings.

The open meeting for the Easter Term will be held on Tuesday, the 9th of February, at 8 o'clock, in the Students' Union Hall. The programme for this meeting, which will be announced about the end of this week, promises to be most interesting. All are invited to be present. P. W. SAUNDERS, Sec.

INSTRUCTIVE POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

BALLAD OF NAUGHTY MARY GREY.

- " I will not learn to bake the bread," Cried naughty Mary Grey; " But I will go to Varsity,
- And culture seek alway. " I will not learn to sweep the floor ; I will not hem a seam ; But I will learn philosophy,
- And live a poet's dream." " O, Mary Grey, you wicked child!"
- O, Mary Grey, you wicked child ! " Did her fond mother cry;
 You will regret these words you've spoke, When you are come to die."
- But Mary proudly tossed her head, And pulled a saucy face ; " Unlettered ignorance," she cried, " No more shall me disgrace."
- "To sew! To darn!" She stamped her foot. "And sweep!—Shall I, who feel The loftiness of woman's sphere? And iron?—I'd rather steal!"
- "Well, have your way," her mother said, And used her handkerchief; And Mary G. resolved to be Another Bashkirtseff.
 - Six courses she designed to take, But was confined to three; And so, to pass the time, she sought "Co-ed." society.
 - Now fair to see was Mary Gray, (She never drank much tea) Not "bad-complected" nor shrill-voiced; *Distinguée* Mary G. !
 - Her silky hair she never banged; It waved luxuriously,
 - Madonna bands—a perfect dream A coiffure for to see !
 - The little boys to elevate Was all her aim. Perchance There came a promenade "At Home," Then in the halls she'd dance.
 - She did orate in Women's Lits, And honors crowned her brow ;
 - No hat worn in a theatre Was e'er so great, I trow !
 - No more she blushed a shy freshette, Nor frisked flirtatiously; Her shoulders bore a weight of lore, And stately dignity.
 - But when before Minerva's throne She knelt for her degree, Her heart was gone, her promise given, —— An S. P. S. C. E.
 - And now her mother's warning words She weeping did recall; Oh hear the dreadful state of things Which Mary did befall!
 - To sweep and dust, to wash and scrub, A housemaid was called in. Had Sappho been Sapolio,
 - How different 'twould have been !

- " To boil and bake," said that C. E., " I think I'll have a cook." Heart-broken Mary sought for help. (Among the ads. did look.)
 - Then spoke that cruel hubby man: "My housemaid you can't be, Nor yet my cook—nought but a chum!" — They kissed indecorously.
 - And so the awful tale is told; You've heard my dismal lay. Take warning, every little girl, By naughty Mary Grey.

Feste.

OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

If the hungry student of History—supposing there be one not yet fed, even by our multitude of courses, into an indifferent self-satisfaction—if the hungry student of History, I say, wishes any information concerning the men and manners of old England under the early Stuarts, he will find in John Earle's "Micro-Cosmographie or a Peece of the World discovered," a "fair feast of reason " plentifully larded with a fat wit. But even for those others who take no interest in the follies of the past (deeming the present a sufficiency of foolishness), Mr. Earle, though he died in 1665, has written some things not unprofitable. His little volume of essays—or characters, as they were called—contains some shrewd observations upon the nature and habits of the *genus homo*, and, among the rest, divers criticisms and appreciations of the "meere young gentlemen of the Universitie," the "downe-right Scholler," the " Pretender to Learning," the "old College Butler " and the "plodding Student," or as we should say "The Plug."

Mr. Earle—being himself bookish, a "theolog," and, at the time he wrote his *Cosmographie*, a fellow of Merton College, Oxford—had so quick a contempt for the first of these University types that he experienced some evident difficulty in restraining his wrath within the limits of a thirty line character. "The meere young gentleman of the Universitie," he begins, "is one that comes there to weare a gowne." (Alack the day! He could not say that of Toronto)—"to weare a gowne, and to say hereafter, hee has beene at the Universitie. His Father sent him thither, because hee heard there were the best Fencing and Dancing Schooles." (Tempora mutantur—and we hear no "Ladies change.") "From these he has his Education, from his Tutor the oversight. The first Element of his knowledge is to be shewne the Colledges, and initiated in a Taverne by the way, which hereafter hee will learne of himselfe."

Mr. Earle is as yet shooting wide of Toronto; but let our meere young Gentlemen ponder over this:

"The two marks of his Senioritie. is the bare Velvet of his gowne, and his proficiencie at Tennis, where when hee can once play a Set, he is a Fresh-man no more."— We might rather say "his proficiency at football;" or is that too sturdy a game for the meere young Gentlemen? At any rate, the Senior will not cavil at the bareness of the gown, remembering how he secretly abused the tell-tale freshness of his first year's silk, and how proud he has since been of it, when, worn and torn to a tattered antiquity, it fluttered about his venerable shoulders, like a Zulu's necklace of molars—the insignia of his rank; remembering, above all, how the immortal "Curly" stirred "laughter unquenchable among the blessed gods" by flitting about the platform of a Public Debate, gowned in a pair of pinion sleeves (and the connecting band of canvas), as if he expected shortly to graduate into a bodiless cherubim, all head and wings.

But Mr. Earle has the floor. "His Studie," he con-

tinues, "has commonly handsome shelves, his Bookes neate Silke strings, which he is loth to untye or take downe, for fear of misplacing. His maine loytering is at the Library" (Hear him! Hear him!) "where hee studies Armes and bookes of Honour. Of all things hee endures not to be mistaken for a Scholler, and hates a black suit though it bee of Sattin."

When we come to consider the "downe-right Scholler" there is nothing but approbation. "He is one that has much learning in the Ore, unwrought and untryde, which time and experience fashions and refines"; wherein he is the opposite of the Courtier, and though men laugh at him, and of every "unluckie absurdity" say it was "done like a Schooler," yet "his fault is onely this, that his minde is somewhat much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. He has not humbled his meditations to the industrie of compliment, nor afflicted his brain" (so burdened already) "in an elaborate legge. His body is not set upon nice Pinnes, to bee turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely, and his nod worse. He cannot kisse his hand and cry Madame, nor talk idly enough to beare her company. His smacking of a Gentlewoman is somewhat too savory, and he mistakes her nose for her lippe"—which, I submit, is a gross mistake in so admirable a scholar. "The plodding Student"—for we must not omit him—

"The plodding Student "—for we must not omit him— "ha's a strange forc't appetite to Learning, and to atchieve it, brings nothing but patience and a body. His Studie is not great but continuall, and consists much in the sitting up till after Midnight in a rug-gowne and a night cap, to the vanquishing perhaps of some six lines. Hee is a great discomforter of young Students, by telling them what travell it ha's cost him, and how often his braine turn'd at Philosophy, and makes others feare Studying as a cause of Duncery. Hee is a man much given to Apothegms which serve him for wit, and seldome breakes any Jest, but which belong'd to some Lacedemonian or Romane in Lycosthenes." Or, as Chaucer put it :—

"He selde smyld but at some auncient punne, Committed whan the worlde, I trow, were yonge,

And stolen then by Aristophanes,

And now so dry 't moght maken men to sneeze."

From which it appears that the University plug has some very stable characteristics. H. J. O'H.

THE CONVERSAT.

The attention of everyone who has any money-or who can borrow any-is directed to the Conversazione which is to take place on the 12th of this month, and some of the 13th-up to 3 a m. This is (just at present) the one student function which every undergraduate is morally bound to support with his presence and that of as many as possible of his friends. The one feature which made last year's Conversat. so unprecedented a success-the dance-will be repeated this year, without the inconveniences resulting from the use of two buildings, and with the far larger floor space offered by the east and west halls. Every precaution has been taken to avoid the confusion usually attendant upon a large crowd, and to secure an opportunity for all the guests to inspect the building and exhibits in the early evening. Dancing will not commence until 10.30 in both halls; previous to this there will be the usual displays (including an X-ray exhibit, a Psychological exhibit and a display of cartoons by Mr. Bengough), promenade music in the entrance hall and the east hall, and from 9.15 to 10.15 a concert in the west hall, in which Miss World, Miss Edith Miller and Mr. Mackay will take part. Guests will be admitted by the eastern entrance; the ladies' cloak rooms will be upstairs in the east wing, the gentlemen's on the ground floor. All guests are requested to write their names upon the ticket, for the purpose of the press lists. Supper will be served by Webb in in the Ladies' Reading Room and the Physical Laboratory. And, in case the dynamos should go on the spree, a connection will be established with the Electric Light Company's circuit.

Inasmuch as the Society has never had more hearty co-operation than at present on the part of the College Council, has never had a more energetic committee, nor been able to offer a more attractive programme, it rests entirely with the students to make this year's function eclipse the successes of all its predecessors.

Tickets, \$1.00 each, may be obtained of Mr. George Black, secretary, or any member of the committee.

Dancing in main building at 10.30.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

There was a good attendance at the regular meeting of the club on Monday last. Mr. D. R. Keys, M.A., gave a very entertaining address on John Ruskin; B. K Sandwell followed with a bright paper on Charles Lamb; and W. A. Mackinnon gave an interesting sketch of More's "Utopia," and an account of Ruskin's "Political Economy." The English meetings of the club are naturally the most popular, and that of Monday last was no exception to that rule The committee this year made a departure from the ordinary limitation of the literaturesconsidered Next Monday will be an Italian meeting, at which Prof. Fraser will deal with Manzoni, Hugo, and the Romantics; and Signor Sacco with Alessandro Manzoni.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Natural Science Association at its last meeting had for its consideration the Life and Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. His biography was given in a well-written paper by J. H. Lemon, '98, which described his home influences at Derby, his early inclination towards natural science, his aversion to classics, hence not a college man, his experiences as a railway engineer, as an editor, essayist, and philosopher. He has lived to complete his life work on almost the same lines as announced thirtyseven years ago. His philosophy was ably treated by F. J. Johnston, '97, in a general review of his system. His postulates were an unknowable power; the existence of knowable likenesses and differences among the manifestations of that power; and a resulting segregation of the manifestations into those of subject and object, each having likenesses and differences involving secondary segregations. The modes of cohesion of these manifestations, when considered apart, are time and space; when considered along with their manifestations, matter and motion. All these are traceable to a persistent force, evidencing itself in consciousness. This persistent force is some cause that transcends our knowledge and conception. It is implied in all other truths, including the law of evolution. As force can neither come from nor lapse into nothing, there arises the uniformity of law. Force is merely transformed and follows the line of least resistance and is rhythmical.

Hence phenomena themselves must be under a law accompanying the redistribution of matter and motion. The relations of matter and motion lead to the law of evolution, which applies equally to all orders of phenomena —astronomic, geologic, biologic, sociologic, etc.—as component parts of one cosmos.

L. H. GRAHAM, Secretary.

The Varsity

TORONTO, February 3rd, 1897.

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THE UNIVERSITY ROWING CLUB.

T is with a great deal of pleasure that we publish in another column a letter from Mr. W. H. Bunting, B.A., a graduate of 1892, upon the subject of the formation of a rowing club in connection with the University. To those who were present at the meeting held in the gymnasium a week or so ago, this further enlightenment upon the matters, there discussed, will be perhaps unnecessary; but we hope through this medium to reach the absentees upon that occasion, among whom we are certain that there are very many who will become deeply interested in the proposal. Mr. Bunting, during his undergraduate career, was captain of the Rugby Football Club, doing much to place it upon its present stable basis. Since his graduation he has been prominently connected with that branch of sport in this city, which he is now trying to have fostered in our midst. He thus speaks from a very intimate acquaintance both with the merits of rowing and with our athletic needs. Presented by one whose words should bear such weight in the matter, we trust that the idea will at least be taken into a thorough consideration. When we have in our ranks plenty of men, who, if the means were afforded, would use for the benefit of this institution that skill with the oar which they have displayed in connection with non-academic organizations, there is no reason why we should not take advantage of their ability and their willingness. Further, there are many men among us who have all the requisites for the making of fine oarsmen, if an opportunity is but given of developing their latent powers in this direction. We thus in the formation of this club would not only be increasing the reputation of the athletic side of our college life, but we would be aiding this branch of athletics, deserving as it is, and improving much the general physical condition of our undergraduates.

We do not think that our students always regard athletics in quite the proper spirit. There are some who err in one extreme and some in another. Nobody who reflects at all upon the function of a university, denies that the main object for which a man pursues a college] course is to obtain that learning, that educational training, which it is generally supposed a university affords. But this is not all. There are many advantages to be obtained in connection with our life here, for which our application to whatever branch of study we adopt, is not at all responsible. Who would consider the hours spent in that social life, so peculiar a university's, as lost ? It is a mighty educative influence which springs from this constant and familiar intercourse with men of one's own age and condition. And yet we have, we regret to say, undergraduates who are so completely absorbed in the task of taking a high place in the class list that they are unable to recognize that college life has more than one side to it. It is for the most part in this class, with some very notable exceptions, that those are found who regard athletics with indifference, who do not seem to consider it as an essential, both in their own and in the University's life. To them mind is everything, the poor body nothing. It is to these that a certain very old adage should be brought home, concerning a young lad, with a very familiar name, who was in his day what might now be termed a downright "plug," who did not believe in athletics for one thing, and who ended up by not being as bright as many of those who less persistently applied themselves. We need not dwell here upon a man's duty to his physical nature. We have only to draw attention to the various brilliant young lives, which have in recent times been but short, but a short time after graduation, as a result of what was undoubtedly a neglect of the needs of the bodily frame. We do not believe that this neglect is as persistent among us as it was at one time, but there is still much room for improvement.

The reaction in recent years in college life on this continent has certainly been, in recent years, in favor of a wider development in athletics. We cannot but welcome this as a change, which has undoubtedly done much already to increase the vigor of the college man, mentally, as well as physically. But there is a great danger in carrying the movement too far. There is a class, happily, not very numerous with us, who stand in need of reproof, quite as much as those who neglect athletics altogether. It is composed of those who devote their time and attention to the different branches of sports and pastimes to an altogether unwarrantable extent. Instead of giving over only one's leisure hour to matters in connection with athletics, these are given a man's whole attention. As a consequence, we have the American comic papers depicting the American graduate as a man of splendidly developed muscle and very diminutive intellectual capacity. Of course, this is to a great extent a caricature, but one cannot deny that there are certain tendencies which go to justify it. In fact, in some American colleges, matters have gone so far, that it has been found necessary to prohibit places on college teams to those who are seen to be so engrossed with athletic matters as to neglect everything else. Should it not be our duty to try and suppress any

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this :-- Ask any student where

such tendencies in connection with the life of this University? Let us give all honor to those who do become great athletes, but not imagine that the making of athletes is our alma mater's primary function.

We have thus wandered away from the subject of the rowing club, to discuss the matter of university athletics generally. We have tried to show what we consider should be the right way in which to regard this important side of our life. If our position is understood, one can see how we could not do otherwise than welcome this new movement, which has taken its rise during the past week. By all means let us have diversity in this as in other matters. All cannot become active oarsmen, but this is not necessary for a prosperous realization of the idea of a rowing club. Let but those who have an aptitude in this direction show what they are able to accomplish, and, in time, we believe that our athletic achievements upon the water will, at least, equal those upon what is to most of us our more native element.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Literary Society came to order last Friday evening, at the appointed and customary hour. The genial President was unable to attend longer than was necessary for the preliminary executive meeting. In his absence Mr. J. H Hancock, Vice-President, filled the chair, a position for which he is becoming, mentally and physically, more capable each succeeding week. The audience was not unusually large, but of normal proportion, seeing that there were no elections of any kind in view. Mr. L. H. Tasker, fourth year Councillor, was substituted for the Recording Secretary, and read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were adopted, nem. con. The first hour was taken up in discussing business pertaining to the Conversat. Mr. George Black, as Secretary of the Conversat. Committee, was expected to make a report in accordance with a motion by Mr. Dingman at the last meeting, setting forth the proposed allotment of moneys to the various Conversat. committees. Having received no such communication, he announced that he was "not prepared." Several of the members insisted, and, but for the timely interference of Mr. Little, who took Mr. Dingman into his confidence and persuaded him that he was misinformed as to the doings of the Executive, there was every prospect of a "scene." Upon the motion of Mr. C. H. Clegg, the report was taken as read, with a sweeping majority of two. An invitation was read by the Corresponding Secretary, from the Woman's Enfranchisement Association, asking the attendance of the members of the Lit. at their annual meeting.

The programme was then proceeded with, and Mr. B. K. Sandwell borrowed a gown from the Chairman, which he did not forget to return, and put the audience in good humor with one of his inimitable piano solos. Apologizing for monopolizing the attention of the audience, he appeared a second time to read an essay by Mr. Macfarlane, whose illness prevented his attendance. We had hoped that, by this arrangement, the reading would have been given without the hurried delivery of the author, but the substitute, imbued, no doubt, by the former's spirit, was no improvement, whatever. The subject of the essay was "Nicotiana "—an account of the history and use of tobacco. The style, as well as the matter, was original, and revealed some good points in the author as an antiquary.

Mr. J. G. S. Stanbury, '96, ex-Vice-President, who was among the audience, was called on at this juncture for a speech. Agreeable and graceful, as of yore, he responded at some length and with good effect. He reminded the audience, amid applause, of the contest of the representatives at McGill that evening and prophesied them success.

tives at McGill that evening and prophesied the representatives at McGill that evening and prophesied them success. Upon a sign from Mr. J. T. Johnston, who reclined comfortably upon the table, the Chairman announced the subject of debate. Resolved,—That Independence for Canada was preferable to Annexation. This was an interyear contest between '97, which was represented by Mr. T. Ingram McNeece and Mr. W. W. Edgar; and '99, whose cause was championed by Mr. W. Alexander and Mr. W. F. McKay, for the negative.

The leader of the affirmative, Mr. McNeese, laid stress upon the evils of annexation and pointed out with lucidity and fluency the superiority of the Canadian form of Government over that of the United States. The leader of the negative, Mr. W. H. Alexander, charged him justly with attacking the subject at the wrong end, and proceeded to show that annexation was the evident intention of nature and was the only solution of the racial and religious questions which were the perplexity of Canadian unity. Mr. Edgar, in support of the affirmative, related many internal issues of disquietude in the United States and inferred that on this account annexation was highly undesirable. The supporter of the negative, Mr. McKay, spoke in a pleasing and effective manner, but lost sight of the question for a time in discussing the merits of Free Trade vs. Protection. Both of the speeches of the champions of '99 "smelled of the lamp," and it was doubtless on this account that, after a five minutes' reply by the leader of the affirmative, the decision was given in favor of '99. The Sophs. were jubilant at the result, and the meeting adjourned to give them an opportunity of exchanging con gratulations. CRESUS.

S. P. S. NOTES.

W. B. Mundie, M. Am. Inst. Arch. of Chicago, will deliver a paper on "The High Building Problem," before the Engineering Society, on Feb. 10th.

In these days so innumerable are the institutions, clubs, schools, etc., that exist all around us, that language becomes exhausted in the attempt to give a logical and significant name to each. Consequently it is advisable for people for their own sake to observe the exact names of institutions with which they are in correspondence. There is a school of Practical Science in the city, commonly called for brevity's sake, the School of Science; but it is not a school of cookery. A curious blunder, consequent side was written: " Dear Madam, Would you kindly tell me the name, price and where procured of your latest recipe book, and oblige, Mrs--, D--. Ont.' We explain the foregoing as the result of a muddling of names-there being, no doubt, several schools in the city where cooking is taught-as we cannot see what could have inspired the good lady with the idea that we possessed a "Domestic department"—unless she had been visiting the assaying laboratories. True, the work down there does bear a strong analogy to that of the kitchen. But the "cook's" wear dirty, brown aprons instead of clean, white ones; and "roasting" furnishes nothing more enticing than sulphurous fumes. And although we go to the extent of obtaining the "noble" metals from the " baser " ones, we do not provide the elixir of life such as would a domestic department in cooking. But, perhaps, she visited the engineering laboratory during an engine test. Now, these tests last for two or three days, and going home at mid-day, on the part of the experimenters, is out of the question. If she had appeared about luncheon time, she had, very probably, seen several of the fourth

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.-Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St W.

year unfortunates trying to roast potatoes or boil rice while the rest were looking after the engine.

What has the art of fencing to do with architecture? There must be some intimate connection. It is an established fact that the S P. S. students have a monopoly of the "gym." But they mostly go in for the more violent kinds of exercise, neglecting the "lighter" arts of fencing, etc. The Architectural Department now, however, evidently intends to hold a little monopoly on the latter. Whatever may be the advantages of fencing we would advise students in this department, on the strength of the above facts, to consider seriously the advisability of taking it up.

A UNIVERSITY ROWING CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VARSITY:

SIR,—At the recent annual meeting of the University Athletic Association I was accorded the privilege of saying a few words regarding the proposed establishment of rowing as a branch of University athletics, and of urging the acceptance of the offer of assistance made by the Argonaut Rowing Club. With your permission, I should like, in the columns of your valuable paper, to again commend the project to the favorable consideration of the students. It was in the capacity of Secretary of the Argonaut Rowing Club that I spoke at the meeting; I write now as a graduate who has the best interests of the University at heart.

In the arena of aquatic sport Toronto University, as well as every other seat of learning in Canada, is unknown, but I am convinced that the time for an advance is at hand. Canada is famous all the world over for the many oarsmen, both amateur and professional, that she has produced, but it is a curious and regrettable fact that no Canadian college can claim any share of the credit. Among the various colleges there is, however, none in which the conditions and opportunities are so favorable as at Varsity. The chief difficulty has been in making a beginning, for the expense involved in getting boat-house accommodation, equipment and coaching is greater that in other branches of sport, but this difficulty is in a large measure overcome by the offer made by the Argonaut Rowing Club. A boathouse, well-equipped, commodious and convenient, is available, with the advantage of coaching, advice and assistance from some of the best professional and amateur exponents of the art, and the expense involved is trifling. In the great universities of the United States and England, where the conditions are often much less favorable, the sport is thriving and annual international contests seem to

be in order. In these latter there can be little doubt that Toronto University would in time become a successful participant. Another supposed difficulty is found in the fact that the rowing season begins and ends with the long vacation. It must be remembered, however, that in May and June the activity is greatest. The spring races of the rowing clubs in Canada and the United States take place in June, and one of the best Canadian regattas is held on Toronto Bay on Dominion Day. It should be an easy matter for Varsity, with its hundreds of students, to have a four or an eight in training until the beginning of July.

I sincerely hope that the committee of students that was appointed to take action in this matter will be the nucleus of a University Rowing Club, that will in due course be represented at the Canadian and American regattas and alternately at Henley. In no branch of sport could Varsity win more credit and renown.

Faithfully yours,

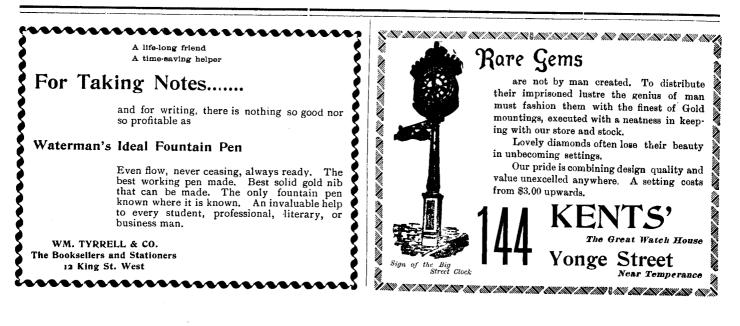
W. H. BUNTING, '92. Toronto, January 23rd.

McGILL CONVERSAT.

The Conversat of the Arts Faculty of McGill College was held on the 26th inst., and, as I was chosen to represent Varsity, I feel that I owe some account of it. I arrived in Montreal Tuesday morning, after meeting the representative from Queen's on the train. We met the Reception Committee, who showed us the sights of the town, including McGill, which has a number of very fine buildings, belonging mostly to the Science faculty.

The Conversat in the evening was held in the Arts building, which was neatly but not elaborately decorated. It was very nice-a small edition of our own-the programme being divided into two parts-a concert and a dance. There were about 300 present-nearly all McGill students or Donaldas, as the lady students are called. Were they nice? I am not sure. Most of them thought I was a McGill student, and the little piece of blue and white ribbon I wore, a badge of some temperance society. I didn't enlighten them ; I thought it was the duty of their professors. However, I was enjoying myself very well, until some young lady, brighter than the rest (?), asked me if I was from Queen's That was the last straw (also the last dance). I took my broken spirits to the Reception Committee and demanded that we take instant departure, which we did. Next day the Committee were again on hand, nor did they cease their attentions until the evening train tore us away.

J. E. WALLBRIDGE, '97.





TORONTO

Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

Saturday evening's meeting for young men at the city Young Men's Christian Association was addressed by Messrs. Burch and McKay of '99 and Wilson and Jolley of '00

At last Thursday's meeting of the Association Mr. Barron gave a concise report of the Provincial Y.M.C.A. Convention at Ottawa. The speaker of the afternoon was Mr. F. M. Pratt, general secretary of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association. In opening he emphasized the point Mr. Barron had made regarding the responsibility resting on College Association men after graduation for the loyal support of the town and city Associations. All Young Men's Christian Association work, whether in college or not, is a unit. Referring to the 12th Chapter of John, Mr. Pratt spoke of the problems and struggles of Christ's life. That He had such there can be no doubt. That they are the very problems and struggles with which we are confronted, we are equally well assured. In this chapter the veil is lifted and we see the inner struggles of Christ. Perhaps in the Gospel of John this chapter takes the place of the account of Gethsemane. Christ says (v. 23) that His Father is now to be glorified, and then tells how He is to be glorified-even by the death of the Son. And so Christ unfolds the deep truth that a man must die in order to be fruitful. A man's life is like a grain of wheat He may use it only in one of two ways. He may eat it up or he may sow it—the selfish or the unselfish life. The mother of the Wesleys died to herself, but her life brought forth a great harvest. John R. Mott decided to lose his life for the Master's sake, but he has found it. Only one thing is more important than making a living, and that is making a life. Many college men are faced with the problem of what to do with their lives. If they want to find them, they must first lose them-lose them, perhaps, in the sands of Africa or in the slums of a great city. Christ was faced with the problem, and He decided to lose His life, and so He found it. But it involved a struggle "Now is my soul troubled. And what shall I say?" And then, in the stress of the struggle, "Father, save me from this hour." But He conquered, "Father, glorify Thy name." And so Christ found His life. Thus the crisis of many struggles is marked. For when the heart says "Father, glorify Thy name," the victory is gained, the life is found.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Wednesday last, with a very fair attendance. The order of business having been promptly disposed of, a thoughtful and clearly expressed paper, on the topic "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," was read by Miss Menhennick, '98. After the singing of a hymn, Miss Bapty took up the regular topic for the day, the parable of "The Unmerciful Servant." Miss Bapty brought out several ideas in the parable which do not lie quite on the surface, and closed her address with a well-applied quotation from Thomas A. Kempis. Owing to the fact that there have been two missionary meetings in succession, next week's meeting will not be a missionary meeting, but, instead, the topic which should have been taken up on January 20th, will be discussed. E. M S., '99.,

Cor. Secy.

A GIRL I KNOW.

(With apologies to Whittier.)

Laughing eyes bright as the day, Rosy cheeks and tresses gay, Steal from out behind thy fan, Girl in white, with cheeks of tan.

With thy roses in thy hand, My true homage you command. Give it to thee, yes, I can, Girl in white, with cheeks of tan !

Figure, slender and erect! Charms, our wanderings to correct! Truer love had never man For a girl in white and tan!

Q.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held in Room 16, Friday, January 22nd, the President, Mr. J. A. Rusk, B.A., in the chair. The origin and development of the Galvanometer was traced by G. W. Keith, '97. Miss M. A. Harvey, '98, carefully reviewed the recent productions of the scientific world. A description of the opening and of the work of the new Davy-Faraday laboratory in London was interesting, as showing the efforts of the British to overcome the lead of the Germans in the field of physics and chemistry. The work of Indian and Russian physicists, the discovery of a new comet by the Lick observatory, and the work of Dr. Hammond on X rays, were dealt with in turn. The paper concluded with a suggestion for fourth year original work. Mr. Bush raised the enthusiasm of the members for mathematics by his paper on Mathematics as Related to the Useful and Beautiful. He clearly showed that everything beautiful can only be fully appreciated by a knowledge of mathematics.





CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. A. Meighan, '96, is President of the Lit. at the School of Pedagogy.

Mr. J. W. Fraser, '97, has returned to take the work of the Easter Term.

Mr. Ned Boyle, '97, has recovered from a serious illness, and is attentive to his work as formerly.

The Grand Opera House presents a very amusing comedy, "My Friend from India," as its attraction this week. Next week the ever-popular Sothern returns.

Newton H. Brown, Pharmacy, '95, has opened out for himself on Yonge St., and, of course, advertises in this night, reaching the city shortly after journal. His many friends in the midnight. From every point of view, senior years wish him every success.

The Junior Chess Tournament has

strong are now a tie for first place. It the Club, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, is likely that another match with Residence will be arranged shortly.

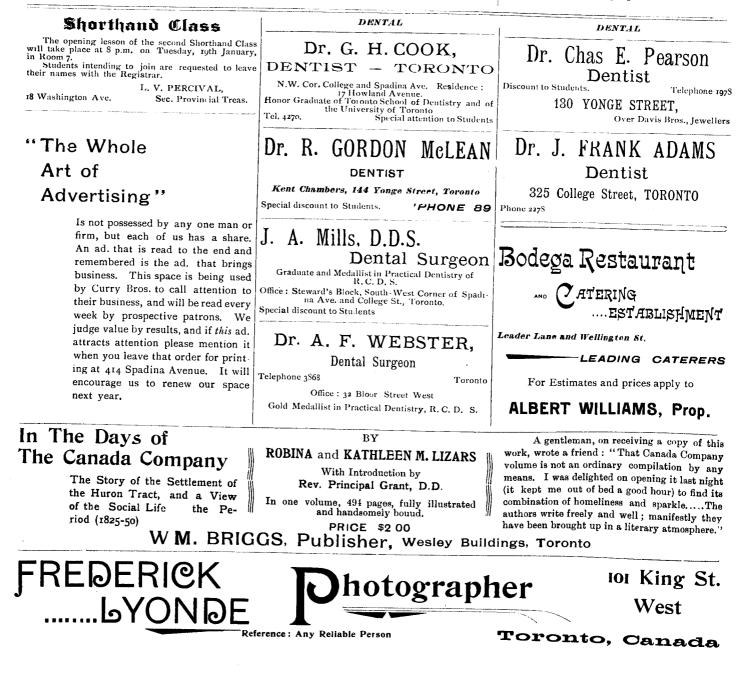
On Monday evening, Jan. 25th, the Glee Club, accompanied by the Mandolin Club, journeyed to Hamilton, where they made their first appearance in that well-known musical centre. One need only refer to the splendid notices which the press of the city, critical as it is known to be, to assure oneself of the fine impression which was made. The concert was given in Association Hall, under the auspices of the Graduates' Association, and was attended by a large and select audience. The Clubs returned to Toronto on the same the Glee Club are congratulating them-

selves on the success of the venture. been progressing steadily during the For this happy outcome the credit lies past week. Messrs. Hobbs and Arm- almost wholly with the conductor of on Feb. 11th at 2.30 p.m.

and his genial brother, Mr. Wm. F. Rob. inson, who so energetically looked after the concert arrangements in Hamilton.

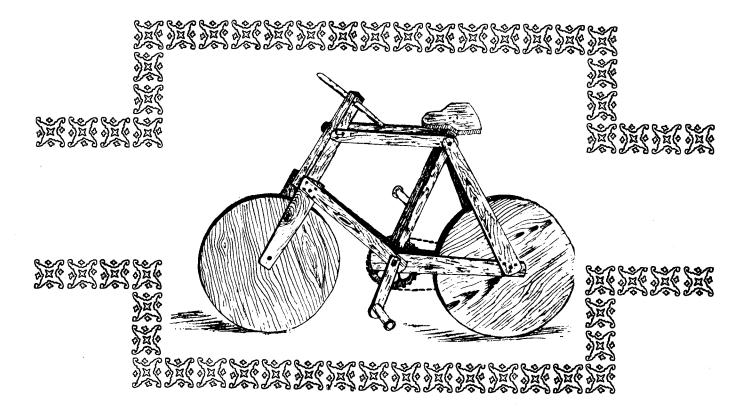
Invitations have been issued by the Women's Literary Society for an At-Home, to be given in the Students Union, on Saturday evening, Feb. 6th. As a consequence, all those who have had the good fortune to be honored are awaiting the event with the most pleasant anticipations. The "At Home" will be from 7 to 9 o'clock, and afterwards there will be an informal dance, which will be chaperoned by the following ladies: Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Mavor, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Fraser and Miss Salter.

The meeting of the Baseball Club will be held in the Students' Union,



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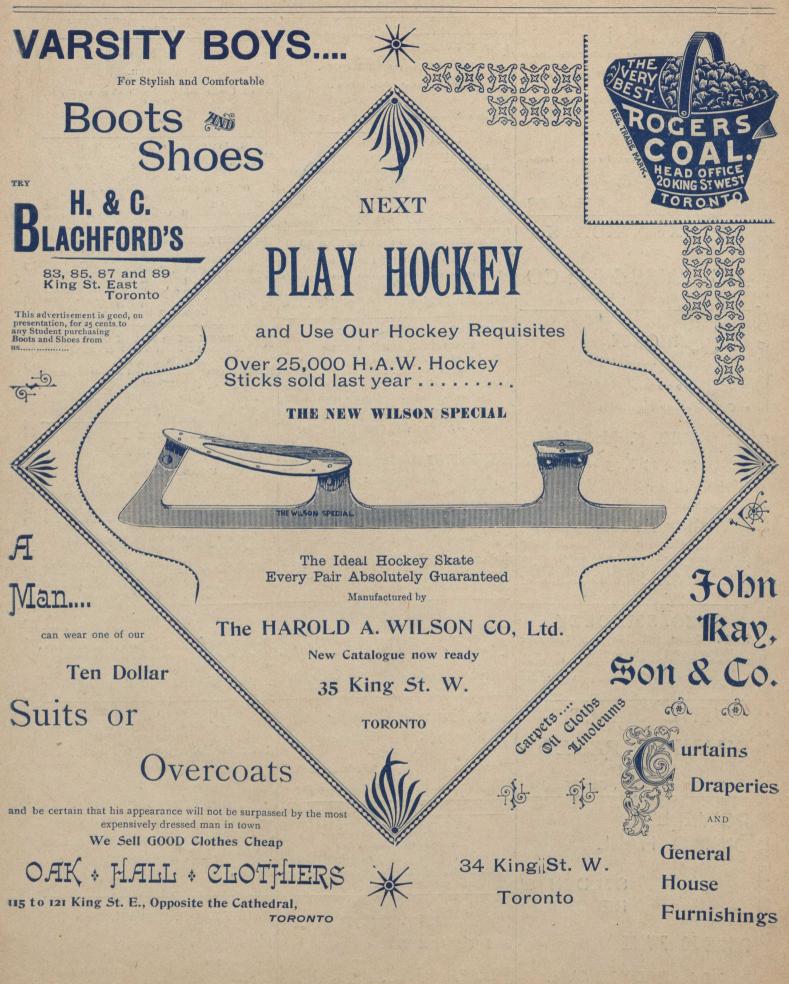
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