

# THE VARSITY

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## MY STAR.

Behind blue hills the golden sun slides down,  
Aweared with fierce driving of his car ;  
Then swift the sea lifts up an ebon bar,  
And where was golden light now blackly frown  
The darkening clouds, and shadow all the town.  
Behold ! a rift in the veil afar—  
A sweet white hand points upward to a star,  
That soon cloud-wreaths again in darkness drown.  
Dark-shrouded I from golden gleams of light,  
By mists of care that from the earth arise,  
When thou, dear one, like angel in the night,  
Didst look upon me with thy star-pure eyes ;  
The darkness yet shall shroud my path awhile,  
Light fills my heart, remembering thy smile.

KENNETH MCKEN.

## WHY WE FIGHT.

### II

As we look carefully around us in the world, we are certain to be struck by the curious fact, that there is undoubtedly a peculiar form of pleasure experienced by human beings, at least, in the infliction of pain. The boy gives evidence of it in his nature, by the persistency with which he persecutes and even tortures the various domestic animals which come in his way ; or when he grins with suppressed merriment when one of his comrades receives a caning from the schoolmaster. Man gives evidence of it when he pushes his way into the yelling crowd, to witness a dog-fight on the street, or when he eagerly stakes his money on the champions of the prize-ring. His very games, though perhaps somewhat brutal, have in them the element of the struggle—strength contending with strength for the mastery. The continental boar-hunting and bull-fighting is born of the desire to experience this peculiar form of pleasure without restraint. The North American Indian, upon whose nature the humanizing effects of civilization or the restraints imposed by constituted authority have never acted, shows clearly his keen delight in inflicting pain. One of his greatest pleasures consists in eagerly watching the ghastly effects of slow and agonizing torture of the most ingenious kind, having for its object the infliction of the maximum amount of pain, for the longest possible time. The extent of this savage pleasure is only measured by the physical endurance of the pinioned victim. The fierce Indian wars of extermination, like that waged by the Iroquois against the Hurons, so often said to be the result of ancestral feuds, were nothing less than tribal gratifications of this extraordinary desire to destroy and inflict pain. We reach the acme of this unbridled and bestial passion when we contemplate such combats as that of the Secutor and the Retiarius on the blood-stained arena of the Coliseum.

This love of violence and combat which we find "bred in the bone" of all nations both civilized and barbaric, in all stages of the world's history, may largely account for tacit agreement among modern nations to invoke no arbiter but the sword to settle all differences, and may in part account for the

readiness in which men can be found, against sober judgment, to enter the lists, or eagerly to rush into the fray without consideration, without investigation, without aught but preparation. To fully solve the problem we must venture to follow the development of mankind backward beyond the limits of historic times, and seek for the cause among still more subtle influences.

In the long course of the ages, the rapid multiplication of species in the animal kingdom brought with it its inevitable concomitants—the extension of range, or the increased area inhabited, and the competition among individuals of the same or different species, to maintain life. Natural selection was rooting out the weaker individuals, and rendering competition more keen among the strangers. There was slowly, little by little, but nevertheless, surely developed from downright necessity, traits which have left an abiding impress on all the varied ramifications of animal life. As the severity of the contest increased, the individual pressed upon on all sides by other species, and pressed upon sorely by his own fellows in the struggle to survive must needs live by a strenuous and life-long exertion. He must obtain food at all hazards. If individuals of a neighboring species form his prey, he must sharpen his faculties, in order that he may overcome them. He must be fleet, more cunning, more on the alert, more persevering, more audacious, in a word, stronger than they are, or he will not survive. In their turn his prey will have to struggle against him, and will, like him, have to grow more fleet, more wary, more astute, match him in all his now rapidly developing powers, or perish. Again, as the prey is more difficult to catch, the competition amongst the catchers themselves increases more than a hundred-fold, and in time of death a battle for possession follows the struggle for capture. But simply to live is not all, and even if life is ensured by a desperate and ever-continued strife, it is not all. The individual must leave behind him something of his wonderfully formed individuality, and bequeath to succeeding generations the highly developed faculties which have enabled him to live his life. But even to propagate his own species is a difficult task. Sexual selection once more forces him, to engage in a struggle with individuals of his own species and sex for the possession of his mate. He fights to live, and fights to fulfil the end of living.

To live is a pleasure, and to gain food for the satisfying of famished nature, or to give sustenance to his offspring, is certainly a pleasure—no matter of how low an order we may conceive it to be—and it is not at all surprising that the habitual gaining of this kind of pleasure by the inflicting of pain, and the sight of suffering so caused, may, in the lapse of time, have come to be more or less confused with the pleasure, and at length insensibly regarded as in part its cause. The pleasure not being distinguished from its concomitant, suffering, the two which at first were only incidentally connected, come to have in the mind a definite relation one to the other. As the sight of the victim dying in agony and blood was to the victor an earnest of subsequent enjoyment, the pleasure became inseparably connected with the necessary infliction of pain. By a process known as the "Lapsing of Intelligence," an action at first rational, becomes, through constant repetition, at last instinctive and involuntary. So the constant sight of suffering preparatory to the experiencing of a species of pleasure could not fail to produce in the animal the desire to destroy and inflict pain, not always necessary. We have examples of this today of animals which kill others, not for food or for any purpose that we can see, and which appear perfectly satisfied with

simply having taken the life of their victim. After æons and æons when the anthropoid progenitors of the human race emerged from the lower stages of development, and man appeared to come bearing in his nature the animal love of destruction and the infliction of pain for the pleasure it gave him, without it in any way ministering to his actual physical wants, the exultation of victory and the anticipation of the enjoyment of food, or the possession of a mate in the animal, bequeaths to man his enjoyment in the suffering of others. So we say it is natural. The vestiges of the savage nature of man still appear in his mental life as the rudimentary organs do in his physical structure, slowly disappearing, at length to atrophy. By a sort of reversion to type we may at times see phenomenal brats in the guise of men, but the grand effort of evolution is forward.

As the effects of civilization become more and more strong; as the education of the masses is diffused; as the conditions of the environment relax their power, or as we grow strong to resist them; as the crowded nations find new homes in other parts of the globe; the onward march of the centuries will find less and less of the savage nature left in man. Commerce will become all-powerful, and nations will be too busy to quarrel, and the pursuit of the means of sustaining life will force itself upon the attention and supplant the pursuit of the means of destroying it; and, finally, in order to prevent utter extinction, not from devastating wars, but by the pressure of commercial competition from without, a nation will be forced, from the necessities of its new surroundings, to beat its swords into ploughshares and its spears into pruning-hooks.

Yale, B. C.

A. O. BROOKSIDE.

## TO A ROBIN IN NOVEMBER.

Sweet, Sweet, and the soft listening heaven reels  
In one blue ecstasy above thy song  
In the red heart of all the opening year  
In the hushed murmur of low dreaming fields  
Hung under heaven, 'twixt dim blue and blue;  
Where the young Summer purpled and pearled in dew,  
Mirrors herself in June, and knows no wrong.

Sweet, Sweet, throwing thy lack of fear  
Back to the heart of God, till heaven feels  
The throbbing of earth's music through and through.

Dreaming in song,—great pulsing-hearted hills,  
Cradling the dawn in mists and purple veils  
Of vapors, over pearls of lakes and brooks  
Girdled about the neck of half the world,  
When the red birth of the young dreaming June,  
Kisses the lands with gales, and murmurs, and trills  
Of melody, lips that blossom with tales  
Of music and color and form and beauty of looks  
And snowy argosies in heaven furled,  
All summer set to one sweet warbled tune.

And thou, red-throated, comest back to me  
Here in the bare November bleak and chill,  
Breathing the red-ripe of the lusty June  
Over the rime of withered field and mere;  
O heart of music, while I dream of thee,  
Thou gladdest note in the dead Summer's tune,  
Great God! thou liest dead outside my sill  
Starved of the last chill berry on thy tree,  
Like some sweet instrument left all unstrung,  
The melodious orchestra of all the year.  
Dead with the sweet dead summer thou had'st sung;  
Dead with the dead year's voices and clasp of hands;  
Dead with all music and love and laughter and light,  
While chilly and bleak comes up the winter night  
And shrieks the gust across the leafless lands.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

## FANTASIO.

"My head is like an old burnt-out chimney," he said to Hartmann, in Alfred de Musset's comedy, "nothing in it but wind and ashes . . . I wish that great heavy sky was an immense cotton night-cap which would muffle this stupid city and its inhabitants down to their ears!"

" . . . What a failure the sunset is! Nature is pitiable this evening. Only look at that valley over there, and those four or five wretched clouds climbing up the side of the mountain; I used to draw landscapes like that on the fly leaves of my school books when I was twelve years old.—How I must bore you!"

"No, indeed; why should you?"

"Because you bore me so horribly. . . . If I could but come out of my skin for a couple of hours! If I could be that gentleman who is passing. See what beautiful silk breeches he has! What lovely flowers those are upon his waistcoat! His bunch of seals bobs against his paunch in emulation of his coat tails which flap against his calves. I am sure that man has a thousand notions in his head which are absolutely unknown to me. Everybody carries a whole world about in him, an unknown world which lives and dies in silence! . . . Look at this smoky old town; there is not a square, street, or alley where I have not wandered fifty times; not a flag stone over which I have not dragged my weary feet; not a house of which I don't know the old woman's or young girl's tiresome phiz, eternally to be seen at the window. I can't take a step without retracing my steps of yesterday. Well, my dear fellow, this is nothing compared to my own brain. All its purlieus are a hundred times more familiar to me; I have rambled in a hundred more directions through this dilapidated brain whereof I am the sole inhabitant; I have got drunk in all its taverns; I have rolled through it in a gilded coach, like a king; I have trotted about it on a quiet nag, like a good citizen; and now I don't dare to enter it even with a dark lantern, like a burglar."

## A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

## III

Within were galleries, long and spacious, adorned with the carved heads of bucks and unicorns; with rhinoceroses, water-horses, called *hippopotami*; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodgings of the ladies took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine.

Rabelais.

"No: my first paper is to be to-morrow. Mechanics. No cards, no cakes," Evans said, in answer to a question which met him as he came into Wiley's room early in the forenoon of the fifth of May, the first day of the Examinations. "But, I say, Jack," he continued, "what I came up for was to see if I can't get those two little stone heads, by way of chop, swap, barter, exchange, or any other way you please."

Observing that Wiley was surprised, he went on speaking, rather volubly. Out of the multiplicity of cunningly carved grotesques which peer down fantastically on you, within and without University College, from their numberless nooks and coigns of vantage, like sunbeams playing and rippling about the lines of the noble architecture, or, like fanciful gleams of humor in a grave discourse,—from amongst these countless carvings, Evans said he had discovered two, with a likeness to Wiley's small stone images; and that, as he was returning late to Residence one night, these two particular visages,—he said they were in the row running around the cornice of the low massive tower at the western end of the University,—had regarded him knowingly in the moonlight, as he passed on through the gate, and seemed to broaden slowly into distorted grins.

"But you needn't haw-haw like that, you noisy beggar," he remonstrated uneasily, at the end of this recital; for Wiley was lying back in his chair, laughing loudly. On recovering, he felt for his eye-glass,—it was a foppery he indulged in at times. "Now, Evans," he asked, smiling,

"With eye-glass poised i' the light sarcastic eye,"

"don't you want the images that you may give them to Elsie Fraine?"

It was some time before Evans, having at length admitted the point with not a little confusion and sheepishness, got possession of the small stone heads, on which his heart was set. The two then proceeded to the north reading room, which they

found filled by a noisy, jolly, undergraduate throng, moving slowly towards the door of the senate chambers. Wiley was disturbed and uneasy, and yet he smiled inwardly at himself for shrinking from thoughts of the examination; he was abler than most of those about him, but after being once plucked he could not recover full confidence in his own skill in tilting at University tests, and he felt vaguely like one standing on a wharf amid the bustle of the last few minutes before the departure of a vessel, who sees on the horizon a ship coming up from the under-world, in which he too must sail. But the designations, distinguishing words, pseudonyms, appellations,—for Mr. Baker varies neatly the phrases in his short harangues,—were at length distributed *virginibus puerisque*, as so often before, and the examinations were once again under way; and Wiley, as he saw his friends becoming more or less anxious and preoccupied, soon regained his ease of mind, and took little thought of the supplementals.

And now, while the bell is slowly ringing at two in the afternoon, our story, not unlike a pious Moslem in the gateway of a mosque, pauses on the threshold of the ladies' common room. As the door opens, we make way for a lightly moving group that comes out and passes on towards the Hall; before it closes again, we have entered.

A bright, pleasantly-lighted room, with a certain attractive and distinctively feminine air of rest and refinement, is this sanctum in our University, this abode of dove-eyed peace, with noisy corridors round about it, and gaunt, bare lecture rooms; for to those who have the privilege of entering the ladies' room they must seem so,—except, perhaps, the English lecture room, where we all were once so much at ease, as freshmen. The attractive air which I have spoken of as distinctively feminine is, of course, an added grace and charm, a something superimposed on the dull, musty, bookish traditions and arrangements of a University, making a cosy nook out of a room which in itself does not differ greatly from the other rooms about the buildings. The windows and ceiling are the same; in the library reading rooms there are just such fireplaces, with large stone mantels set in the wall about them,—but there one does not see fresh-cut flowers of a morning.

We will read one or two of the notices pinned above the letter-box. It is requested (the request is nearly a year old,) that there be "no communication between the young ladies and the young men attending the Matriculation Examinations." This survival from an irrecoverable June is now *penes nos*, carefully treasured. Here is another: "Those who wish to talk while someone is studying, will please go into the other room." Though you dislike interruptions, you are no doubt amazed at this stringent, straight-laced Draconianism in the little republic; but you will call to mind Thackeray's remark, that the gentler sex are often a great deal more exacting with one another than a man could have the heart to be. The ladies' room, it would seem then, is dwelt in by beauty, and an awful silence,

"Deeper, denser,  
Than all the works of Herbert Spencer."

The silence on this afternoon was broken by the entrance of Elise Fraine, flushed a little, and in smiling haste. It was probably an accident that when she put down on the table the two images which had become Evans' such a short time before, they were hidden by some books from Miss Miller, the matron, who was near the window. The cause of her being twenty minutes late was not to be guessed from her manner, but plainly it had been that incongruous dog Evans, who had not to write on history himself. After a few pleasant words with Miss Miller she hastened to the Hall—do you remember how you looked up from your papers that afternoon, not at all put out by the interruption, and watched her dreamily as she went to her desk? All this, you must know, happened in the year eighteen hundred and never mention it, when Plancus was consul.

Not many minutes after Elsie Fraine left the room, Miss Mayne came in—"you pale sweet thing, with your large eyes," Elsie would call her sometimes; for she was Elsie's greatest friend. She was quiet in her ways, and her voice was of velvet, this lily maid: Elaine they should have named her; whereas Elsie was radiant and impetuous, with a fascinating dash in her frankness. But the two loved each other, and—O, infinite small thing!—they took not a little comfort in the thought that until they were married their names would rhyme.

While Miss Mayne, having placed the book she had with her

in the elevator, was asking at the speaking-tube for *Marsh's Lectures*, Miss Miller spoke, without lifting her eyes from what was in her hands, and which, in our plentiful lack of particular knowledge on the subject, we must denominate "fancy-work."

"Please return those two *Indian Remains of the Stone Age* also, Nellie. I was looking at them a little to-day," she said, referring to Burton's well-known two volumes, which were on the table, and would have prevented her, had she looked up, from seeing the two images.

After half an hour's study, however, Miss Mayne complained of headache, and said she would go home. She was ill the following day, and did not write on the examinations that year. And though they wrote long letters to each other through the summer, it was not until the next October that Elsie learned what her friend's headache had brought about that afternoon while she, in the hall, was sorting out all manner of facts and theories for the examiner in History, and then setting herself to arrange them, "as though one were working," she said fancifully, to herself, "in coloured wools."

#### IV

Multa in collegio nostro preclara:

*Cicero, De Sen., xviii, 64.*

The elevator by which books pass on their way to and from the Library and the ladies' common room, although it may not be pointed out as one of the many notable things to be seen about University College, is worthy of attention, at least as an ingenious application of mechanical principles, if for nothing else. It probably escapes the notice of casual visitors to the Library, giving evidence of itself only by protruding a small iron crank above its two little doors, at the end of the shelf whereon rests the University's oldest volume,—Dante, imprinted by Bernardino Benali and Matthio da Parma, in the year of grace, fourteen hundred and ninety-one, at Venice.

Whether or not it was that the aged time-worn tome, speaking to him in that quiet afternoon, with a voice out of mediæval times, drew him to where it rested, is not to be known,—in truth, it was a strange place for a man from Residence; but there stood Jack Wiley, looking into the ancient book, and alone in that part of the Library, when a summons came from the ladies' room below. It was unheard by Duodecimo,—for so, in default of a more appropriate name, was the assistant who had been left in charge designated in Wiley's mental catalogue; having hoped for an almost uninterrupted afternoon's study, he was, at the time, in a far corner, hunting up a book for Chamberlain. Wiley looking about him, stepped out of a reverie woven from 'tales that have the rime of age, and chronicles of old,' and with his ear to the speaking-tube,—he used to say, "my name is Easy,"—he was asked for *Marsh's Lectures*, by a soft, strange voice. It was Miss Mayne's. And then he turned the handle, experimentally, and the elevator came up, freighted with one book and the two dumpy squat-faced little images he had given Evans in the forenoon.

Though greatly surprised at this sudden and altogether unexpected and unexplainable reappearance of theirs, *ex machina*, he had them in his pocket before Duodecimo came toward him. "A young lady," he said, "who is so near and yet so far, has just told me in low, concentrated tones, that she wants *Marsh's Lectures*." "I suppose," he added facetiously, "I suppose it's a proper book for young persons to read?"

"Why, of course it is," answered Duodecimo, "it's first year work."

This seemed to amuse Wiley. He said, as he replaced the Dante, before going,

"I have one book, myself, almost as rare as that."

"What is it?"

"It was returned to me, after being borrowed."

"Well, but what was the name of it?" asked Duodecimo, with the air of being at all times prepared to arrange any book whatever under its proper letter in the catalogue.

On reaching his room, Wiley blamed himself for not having left the images in the elevator, where he had found them; but he was soon laughing to himself, as he thought of how eager Evans had been to get them. He said, long after, that it was at this time he was first conscious of the whimsicality of the spirit under whose prompting the two small images seemed to exert an influence which was, as you will acknowledge, certainly most strange and mysterious.

(To be continued.)

## THE VARSITY.

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Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

There are frequent complaints that there is a vague unrest in men's minds as to the validity of all the clear-cut principles that have guided human action in their advancing civilization. In the economic field this is seen in the gradual saturation of our looser forms of thought with socialistic formulas. In the field of Ethics it may be described as a weakening in the moral fibre. The largely speculative character of our training may in some measure be held responsible. It is so easy to question, so hard to answer. The highest culture may come, under such a regimen, to consist in vague idealism, out of which no good can ever result. The best safeguard that can be devised is a careful scientific examination into the conditions of the existence of human society, the vital principle that seems to underlie civilization. A severely practical course in economics and jurisprudence is the easiest and most effectual stop to the crude notions that are now seeking utterance in all discussions as to property, law, government, and the like. This may yet be the consideration which will induce the Senate to establish a course with competent instructors, dealing with the great subjects of jurisprudence and sociology.

It is certainly productive of good that any system should be criticized as sharply as may be. It is thus only that the disadvantages connected therewith are brought out so clearly that our attention is attracted and a possible remedy suggested. This is the peculiar function of the idealist, who has, as a rule, a glowing picture of an ideal state in his mind. He contrasts his ideal with the reality, and the imperfections of the latter assume such large proportions as to outweigh in his mind any conceivable advantage. He forgets that in any state of society existing institutions were not established arbitrarily, but to satisfy as far as might be the wants of that society. Therefore the social enthusiast, while he is not to be treated with that contempt usually in store for him, for he merits better treatment at our hands, is not a safe leader. His narrowness of view is precisely what makes him an enthusiast, and this narrowness of view unfits him for that calm deliberation and wise foresight which must precede all innovation that is to have the confidence of men. Being blind to all but the evil of the system he opposes, he becomes a fanatic, his utterances are extreme, and his denunciations of all who admit that disadvantages exist, yet decline to commit themselves to his guidance, become so violent as to defeat his own object. For our world is a practical world, and the social enthusiast, riding his hobby, becomes wearisome, and his efforts are futile. University men should be characterized by soberness of thought and careful examination of conclusions presented to them for acceptance. This should be the case, not from any unreasoning fondness for what is old and established, but from conviction that a theory must be able to stand the severest criticism before being accepted as a guide in legislation. This position is not weakened by the theorist objecting that the present system does not satisfy this requirement. For in its practical working an insensible adjustment to circumstances has taken place. In addition to making clear the advantages of the proposed change, the theorist can be not unfairly asked to point out the manner of substitution.

A college paper is emphatically a medium for the expression of the thought of its students. It exists for them, and it can have no reason for existence unless it succeeds in interesting them and

drawing from them practical evidence of their interest. If the college paper succeed in doing this, in the way of cultivating the literary spirit, and in the establishment of fine literary taste, it will achieve its highest aspirations, and work a permanent good. This is, in a modest way, the aim of THE VARSITY. If we should succeed in assisting in the production of one writer, who, in after years of success and eminence, could look back to the time when he began his literary career as a contributor to these columns, great would be the ground for satisfaction and congratulation. It is with this not unworthy aim that we try to present to our readers, week by week, the best literary productions to be had in our constituency, remembering that the conditions upon which the creative faculty in literature is based, depend upon a just appreciation of what has already been written. But, as we have said, the life of the paper depends largely upon the students themselves. There must be many in attendance at the University who have thoughts worthy of expression, and who really possess facility of expression, but who abstain from modesty, from offering them for publication. If there are such, as we are persuaded there are, we urge them to assist us in this work. Fear of refusal often keeps men from offering their productions to the press. This is a great mistake. Most writers have had to suffer the humiliation of the return of manuscripts with the usual note, at the beginning of their career. The discipline, though unpleasant, is in itself wholesome. A man generally sees many of the errors in a returned manuscript, which he would never have seen if it had been accepted, and thus learns to guard against them in future. So that refusal should not at first discourage, but should lead to stronger effort.

Last week we made a suggestion looking towards a centralization of government in athletic matters. A similar one, *mutatis mutandis*, might with propriety be made with regard to the literary and scientific organizations that exist at University College. The parent society still retains its "literary" character, but the "scientific" department has been usurped by the several specialist clubs that have been formed of late years. The success of these organizations has certainly justified their formation, and reflects credit upon the enterprise and ability displayed by their founders and present members. But it has occurred to some who have noticed the tendency amongst students to gravitate into small select cliques—we use the word in its best sense—for the furtherance of their own particular objects, that by so doing they cut themselves off from participation in the more general work of the Literary Society. Excellent and even necessary as these smaller societies are, they draw off large sections of students from the parent Society, and do not help to advance one of the most important functions of the Literary Society—that of maintaining and developing the social element. If we emphasize this point—at the risk of appearing to repeat an oft-told tale—it is because we are very strongly impressed with its importance as a factor in college life, and one which needs to be constantly set before the undergraduates of Toronto University. It is far from our intention to discourage or disparage the work of any of the special clubs that exist. Our only wish is to suggest a plan by which these societies may be brought into more vital and practical relation to the undergraduate body in general. If these various organizations would consent to become sections of the Literary and Scientific Society they would then be open to all students who belonged to the general Society, and would not only become more popular and generally useful, but would do much to develop general scholarship and culture. They would benefit themselves in no small degree by this means, while ministering to the instruction and enjoyment of many at present outside the range of their influence. The British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Royal Society of Canada, furnish us with examples—with regard to management and constitution—which might be studied with advantage by those who have charge of these societies. Many of the arguments which we advanced in reference to the advantages to be derived from the formation of an Athletic Association might be used in support of the case before us. They will readily occur to the minds of our readers and need not be reproduced. We shall be glad to hear from undergraduates on the subject—which is an important and interesting one.

## THE ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

There can be no doubt that if a University exists for the advancement of higher education and culture, every branch of learning which tends in that direction, should as far as possible, have a place in its curriculum. The recognition of different graduating departments by the governing body of a University implies that each department represents in the main the same degree of scholarship, and seeks to provide the same amount of academic culture. Discussions as to the relative merits of different departments, while they may be interesting and instructive, are prone to be conducted on wrong lines. Enthusiasts for this and that department of polite learning appear to forget, in their zeal to score points in favour of their own special course, that education and the acquirement of culture do not inhere in any one study or series of studies, but in the manner in which the study is carried on. Education does not consist in the amount of information which one possesses upon any one subject, but in the mode of its acquirement. Moreover, it is not an end, but a continual development and progression, if one may so term it. And it matters comparatively little upon what lines this development and progression take place, so long as it is healthy, natural, and regular. Granting this, no exception upon these grounds can be taken against the establishment of a graduating department in Oriental Languages in the University of Toronto. Few will be so prejudiced as to deny that the study of the Oriental Languages can be placed under the head of liberal studies; or to object to their being placed upon a par with the Classics or the Modern Languages. Every additional facility and encouragement that can be given to the study of any useful branch of learning, marks an advance which all will welcome. But at the same time we cannot but acknowledge that the new department will benefit but a very small percentage of University students; and that this small percentage will be made up almost entirely of theological students attending the affiliated colleges. Now, this fact of itself would not necessarily be an argument against the establishment of the Oriental department. But attendant circumstances must be taken into account. In the first place University College is called upon to do work that lies within the province of the Theological Colleges. If there were a University Professoriate there would not be such ground of objection. But as we have not such a staff at present it is unfair to saddle University College with the expense of this department. Again, the Senate was repeatedly urged, and had indeed pledged itself to establish a Lectureship in Political Economy as soon as funds could be spared for that purpose. The study of Political Economy, every candid reader must admit, will attract and benefit a hundred students where Oriental Languages will gain one. And while we are very far from wishing to apply Mill's utilitarian axiom in matters of education, we cannot but feel that with inadequate resources, and with pressing wants, University College should, for the present at least, take great care to study in the establishment of new courses the greatest good of the greatest number. In the instance before us such has not been the case. There is no necessity to go into the reasons for this, but we can only urge upon the Senate most strongly, that since they have established a new department which will benefit but few, they will feel their responsibility even greater than before to create a Lectureship in Political Economy, which will be of incalculable benefit to hundreds of students who have to rely upon their own private reading for their knowledge of one of the greatest and most practical sciences of the day. We will not discuss the relative merits of Oriental Languages and Political Economy farther than to say that, in the present condition of affairs, the Senate of the University would have done greater service to the majority of students if it had established a chair in the latter subject. Of course a very obvious difficulty in the way of establishing a Lectureship in Political Economy is in finding a suitable man to fill it. There is no one in Canada whom we could name at present, whose attainments in this branch of science would entitle him to consideration. Doubtless there are such, but we are not aware of their names. But if the department were to be established, we doubt not that the Senate would find a suitable man to take charge of it. In the meantime we briefly sum up our position as follows: We do not object to the department on any ground but that of present utility and serviceability to the majority of students. We regard the science of Political Economy to be of more general interest and usefulness to the average student. We cordially wish the new department every measure of success, but very earnestly press upon the Senate the importance of making provision for official instruction in the science of Political Economy at the earliest date.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

## A STREET WANTED.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The authorities should obtain a right of way somewhere between St. George street and the University grounds before it is too late. Vacant lots are being bought up for building purposes, and unless this is done Knox students and others living in the west end will be seriously inconvenienced at no distant date.

NOX.

## THE UNDERGRADUATE DINNER.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—It seems that with the gradually sharpening coolness of autumn comes the appetite for this festival's good cheer. Or rather, that the hungry yearning for good fellowship is thus satisfied by a square meal. O, custom truly Britannic! To load, with offerings to the guardian gods of friendship, the groaning altar of your paunch.

But, after all, cannot the students do better? The two dollars apiece expended last year for one night's sociability would have gone far towards hiring rooms in the city, where friends might enjoy one another's company all year round.

SOPHOMORE.

## SUBJECTS FOR DEBATE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I have been struck by the singular way in which the committee of the Literary Society—for I imagine, they are the guilty parties—have contrived to word all the subjects for debate which have been selected thus far. They have put the subjects in the affirmative-negative form—such, for instance, as that of the recent public debate, viz.: "That the awarding of scholarships is not beneficial." Now this renders the task of the affirmative a rather difficult one, since they have to bring forward arguments of a destructively negative kind; and makes it the duty of the negative—instead of what it should properly be, one of criticism—partake of a positive and affirmative character, the only answer to which can properly be introduced in the counter-reply of the leader of the affirmative. If the Committee would take care to put the subjects for debate into a positive-affirmative form, much inconvenience would be avoided.

F. B. HODGINS.

## AN OUTSIDE OPINION.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I was an interested spectator of the well contested match played last Saturday on the fine lawn before your university, between an undergraduate team of University College and a visiting team from one of the collegiate institutions of Ottawa. Ontario has reason to be proud that her youth, while not contemning studious pursuits, enter with emulation into the mimic warfare of the campus; for if it is imperative on the one hand that the mind be duly trained in scholastic exercises, it is not the less an absolute necessity that the body, on the other hand, be schooled in the curriculum of the gymnasium and the lawn.

That to which it was my intention to animadvert in penning this communication, was the fact that a compact—I had almost said integral—body of young men stationed itself now here and now there about the field in accordance with the progress of the game, and with a continuity of concerted vociferations made under the direction of a leader, loudly encouraged the visiting team in its strenuous efforts. I was pleased at this enthusiastic display of the sentiment of fellowship; for to a stranger like myself it seemed obvious that they were students of the Ottawa institution, urging their fellows to renewed efforts. When I gathered from the desultory conversation of several bystanders, and from the answers made to my inquiries by a courteous undergraduate, that the group which was making itself prominent by its noisy applause, was composed of the students of St. Michael's College in this city, my surprise was unbounded. This institution, I learn, is in affiliation with your University; and it seems anomalous that the disposition of its students toward the undergraduate readers of your valuable journal should be such as I conjecture them to be from what I saw last Saturday. I did not think it proper to leave your beautiful city before giving expression to my sense of the bad taste which was evinced on the occasion to which I refer, by the students of the affiliated institution.

GEORGE TEMPLE STANHOPE.

Balham, Surrey, England.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

We present to the readers of *THE VARSITY* a choice specimen of the result of the spelling-reform mania upon the masses. It is quite unique in its way, and though intended to be serious, is as good a burlesque upon the system as any we could devise. The original is in our possession and can be seen in the sanctum "Tuesdays and Thursdays, on presentation of a visiting card." The post-card reads as follows:—

OBVERSE.  
Youneversete  
Coledg queen's  
park

REVERSE.  
to stydents  
o good habets  
can hav anis  
frunt bed  
Room with  
grat and  
bord if Requ  
ired  
Richmend St  
east

We have been prejudiced against spelling-reform, but this post-card convinces us that it is a necessity—so far as the communication on the post-card is concerned.

A mutual acquaintance was the grist of the conversational mill the other day, and with our usual freedom we were canvassing his peculiarities. The second actor in the colloquy seemed to think the subject of debate finally disposed of, when he remarked, "Oh! but he's an insufferable snob." Now, even after the almost divine effort of Thackeray to clear up the momentous question, What constitutes a snob? I confess that a slight haziness still darkened my faculties. Such a confession would have been too humiliating, so I sagely nodded my entire acquiescence and retreated in good order. When I found myself alone I began to reflect, and now make the public partner of my newly acquired wisdom. Of course I have consulted all authorities and merely profess to give a diagnosis corrected, as it were, for our latitude and longitude.

The man who, dazzled by the glamour of a high-sounding name, deliberately expresses his preference for tough chicken to good corn-beef, is a snob. The man who will wear to his own discomfort a trim pointed abortion of a boot, rather than a comfortable broad-heeled, thick-soled cowhide, the handiwork perchance of the humblest disciple of St. Crispin, is a snob. The man who is painfully aware that his comrade's dress is shabby and proposes to take the back street, because, you know, it is less crowded, is a snob. The man who in conversation will inflict on his listener a polysyllabic horse-mounted word, where a modest monosyllable would suffice, is a snob. The man who reads and talks about a book for which he cares nothing, because it is the proper caper, you know, is a snob. The man who will listen to a broad story with grinning face, then recollects that he is a pillar of sanctity, and upturns his gaze and reads you a moral lesson, is a snob, the snob hypocritical, the worst of the tribe. The man who—

"But," I hear you interrupting, "you might prolong your list *ad nauseam* and yet not give me clearly to understand how I may detect the snob. Can you give me no succinct description?" Not the easiest thing in the world, but I am bound to try. Shortly, egotism is the essence of snobbery. The all-important question with John Thomas, the snob, is how John Thomas doing this will look to the world. He fancies himself the centre-piece of the universe. Growing out of this egotism is a keen appreciation that everything John Thomas does must be done with *an air*, to attract the desired notice. The true snob is always playing a part, and is conscious that it is a part. Naturalness is the extreme opposite of snobbery—be natural is the best safe-guard for the snobically inclined. The snob must evince no interest in anything beyond the cut of a coat, the flavour of a cigar, &c., &c., in short, in anything that is not connected with his exquisite personality. The snob must have no trace of sentiment or affection—that is vulgar; must know as little as possible—learning is a bore; must show no enthusiasm—that is low. A snob is selfishness incarnate—a developed— On second thoughts I forbear.

For some months a genuine live specimen of the native American usually called *Yankee*, has been the unwitting subject of my observation, indeed, I may say, my minute observation. To my great delight his character is gradually unfolding itself, and I shall report progress regularly. All that a bird's-eye view of his exterior reveals is—a tall, lank figure, an active springiness in all his movements, a rather meagre face with strongly marked features, not so sharp, however, as caricatures would lead you to suppose, hard gray eyes,

with nothing filmy about them. The most significant feature about his face is the forehead, which is not what is styled spacious, but is slightly convex, and is curiously wrinkled by two deep parallel lines that run up into the centre from the base of the eyebrows—lines betokening intense thought? He speaks but little, and that not in the nasal drawl that the stage *Yankee* has stamped on the down-easter. He does not chew tobacco and does not use slang on all occasions. At first these purely negative characteristics, upsetting as they did all my preconceived notions, inspired in me deep mistrust that my swan was but a goose after all.

The conflict between science and tradition was never waged with such determination as in these days; and many are fearing that the outcome will doom all poetry and art, for the chemist analyzes his wife's tears, the Linnaeus will botanize upon his mother's grave. And hear Keats:

"There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:  
We know her woof, her texture; she is given  
In the dull catalogue of common things,  
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,  
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,  
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,—  
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made  
The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade."

But while the imaginings of noble minds are greater for all time than mere facts are, as such, the advance of science is as grand as the entranced poet's dream; and, indeed, poets and artists keep pace with the scientific *renaissance*. They even forestall some of its greatest wonders. I heard a freshman in the Library yesterday ask for Victor Hugo's "Chants of a *Corpuscle*."

Though it seems to be thought the proper thing to speak of *Puck* with a certain tone of disparagement, one finds no little difficulty in elbowing his way to the copy in the Society reading room. I do not wish to claim for *Puck* more consideration than what may be accorded to the light *vers de société* of the day, and the bright gossip of clever men; but why should you, sir, who are consumed with laughter when telling how awfully good that thing in *Punch* was, don't you know—why should you be half ashamed to own that you've read last week's *Puck* too?

We will say nothing now of the weight of either in the world of politics, though in neither case is that a thing to be made light of. I once admitted (in an argument) that the best things in *Punch* are better than the best in *Puck*; and sometimes I am not sure that I wouldn't do so again. It would depend on who the other man was.

*Punch*, of course, is under the disadvantage of being considered, rightly or not, the head and front of English wit and humour; and it's a fact that your Englishman laughs before you have begun to repeat to him one of its jokes. The humorous intention suffices; it does not often, indeed, go beyond being an intention. *Puck*, on the other hand, is merely the work of a few New York journalists, and some other penmen. Burnand is not to be compared with Bunner. The latter has lately won his spurs as a novelist, and his "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" are as graceful and charming as the deftest verses of Dobson and Lang. His more ideal lyrics and sonnets are commended by the fairest of critics for the depth of feeling under their grace. It may be, indeed, that lightness of touch is becoming a disease in Literature (printed with the capital L, and pronounced with bated breath); but it is certainly the life of journals such as we are speaking of. And the present writers for *Punch* seem absolutely unfitted to be gifted with that airy cleverness of thought and expression which I may be allowed to call the Puckesque.

Wit and humor, it has been well said, are born of sober parents. *Punch*, in a land where an aristocracy is not yet an anomaly, may, perhaps, rest on its fathers,—and Thackeray, Hood, Leech, Cruickshank, are not names that will be forgotten. In these later days, however,—not taking into account, of course, Du Maurier's delightful work,—its wit and humor seem to come of a rather dull parentage. "I suppose you have lots of jokes in here," remarked Gilbert, coming into the *Punch* sanctum one day. "Oh, yes," said Burnand, rubbing his hands together cheerfully, "Oceans of 'em, —oceans of 'em, old man!" "I say," said Gilbert, with the air of one who has a felicitous thought, "why don't you print one or two?"

"Do you remember," asked the ingenious man, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "these verses from *L'Allegro*—

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Johnson's learned sock be on?'"

On learning that our remembrance of them had not faded, "I was thinking," he said, "that if they were known to the dealer in 'gents' furnishings' down town who entraps us all into reading his rigmorole advertisements by having his name printed without a capital, they might be put to a use undreamt of by Milton, when he penned them."

HHH.

## UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

Mr. W. Hird is at Strathroy Training Institute.

Mr. W. Steven is at Hamilton Training Institute.

Mr. D. Maclean is in Guthrie's law office in Guelph.

The committee appointed by the Fourth year has decided to hold the entertainment for the First year on Tuesday evening next in Moss Hall.

The Modern Language Club met in the Y. M. C. A. building on Monday. Heine was the author under discussion. An essay was read by Mr. J. N. Dales, and readings were given by Messrs. A. H. Gibbard and F. J. Steen. There was a good attendance. Some time was spent in German conversation. Ruskin's works will be taken up on Monday next.

The Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science held its first meeting this year in Prof. Pike's lecture room on the 21st of October. The President, Prof. Galbraith, opened the meeting with his inaugural address, taking for the subject, "The Disposal of Sewage." A paper on trench-marks and reference points was read, being the contribution of J. H. Kennedy, C.E., and proved the source of much useful information. A large number of applications for membership were received, proving the interest being taken in the Society. The next meeting will be on the 9th inst.

On Tuesday, the 26th, a very important and interesting meeting of the Knox College Student Missionary Society was held to discuss the practicability of sending out, in conjunction with the alumni, a missionary to the foreign field, and supporting him while there. The scheme was entered upon with enthusiasm, and a committee was appointed to canvass the students, and the subscription list has mounted up to about six hundred dollars, which is a very promising sum to begin with. The gentleman has not been actually chosen, but the next thing to it, and he is one very suitable for the life work he has selected. The field is to be China, but the exact post is not known as yet.

The Games Committee met on Tuesday last at 5.30 p.m. in Moss Hall. It was then decided to hold the cross country race about the 24th or the 25th of the month. The course will be the same as that on which the Canadian championship race was run on the 30th of October last, viz.: from Rosedale Grounds, via Taylor's Mills, to Oulcott's Hotel, Eglinton. The distance is about 5 miles. The first prize will be the Windrum cup, valued at \$20. Other prizes will be given by the Committee. It is expected that about forty or fifty will enter for the race. A supper will be on the cards at Oulcott's at the conclusion of the race. The exact date, with particulars of the course, rules, and number of prizes, will be published as soon as final arrangements are completed. The committee have decided to charge an entrance fee of 25 cents. Entries should be made at once to the Secretary, Mr. F. B. Hodgins.

The Glee Club organized for the season on Friday, the 29th ult. Mr. W. E. Haslam, the conductor, was present, and tried the voices of the members, for the purpose of ascertaining their power and compass. About fifty names were enrolled. The Club is in great need of tenors, and will be most happy to welcome any accessions to this section of the chorus. After some preliminary practice the chorus "Brigadier" was sung. The Club has now in rehearsal "The Winds Whistle Cold," a glee by Bishop, from the incidental music to the opera of "Guy Mannering." Practices will be held every Friday at 4 o'clock sharp in the West end lecture room. It is hoped that every member will be regular and punctual in his attendance, as it is only by such co-operation on the part of the members that the Club can hope to achieve that success which it deserves and which it can attain. The annual fee is \$1.00, and should be paid as soon as may be to Mr. T. Nattress, the Treasurer, in order that the Club may meet necessary current expenses.

The Mathematical and Physical Society met on Tuesday afternoon last at 4 o'clock in lecture room No. 8, the President, Mr. T. J. Mulvey, B.A., in the chair. An interesting paper on "Units" was read by Mr. I. E. Martin, B.A. Experiments in Electricity were performed by Mr. W. J. Loudon, M.A., Demonstrator of Physics. Mr. T. Gill, of the second year, read a paper on Des Cartes, his life and works, after which a discussion was carried on by Messrs. Loudon, Mulvey, Bowerman, and others. Mr. J. G. Wilton was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Society. Mr. W. McTaggart was elected to represent the First year on the Committee. The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, the 16th of the

month, when a paper on Newton will be read by H. R. Moore; also one by J. M. Clark, M.A., on a subject to be hereafter announced. It is the intention of the Society to have a paper read at each meeting on the life and works of some eminent mathematician. This new departure will be a most interesting feature of future meetings.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's Hall, at the corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets, on Wednesday afternoon, the President, Mr. Houston, in the chair. After the transaction of the business, which included the election of ten new members and notice given of two or three important resolutions to be moved at next meeting, the Association listened to an able and interesting address by the President on "The place of Historical and Political Science in a Liberal Education." The aim and scope of the science was stated and the principal subjects included under it defined at length in their relation to one another. History and Political Science should be studied together, for one throws great light upon the other. Constitutional Law, International Law, Jurisprudence and Political Economy, too, form very important parts of this comprehensive science. The speaker then dwelt at length on the method in which these should be studied. The study of Political History should begin with our own times and our own country. International law should be studied in connection with the relations of Canada to neighbouring nations. Political Science should have a large place in a liberal education on account of the culture which the student derives from its study through the contact with great minds, on account also of its great value as an intellectual training and the toleration and broad sympathy it imparts. If we should study physical science because we are surrounded by a physical world, we should study Social and Political Science because we have such an environment. The next meeting will be held at the same place at 4.15 p.m., on Wednesday, Nov. 10th, the subject being "The Definition of Political Economy."

An unusually large number of students assembled at the usual meeting of the U. C. Y. M. C. A., on Friday evening of last week, to hear Dr. Wilson's address, the meeting having been postponed from Thursday in response to a request from the Sports Committee. The Doctor, at the close of an eloquent and instructive address on the Christian soldier, learning that there was a debt of \$200 on the building, expressed his regret that such was the case, and offered to pay one quarter of this sum if the students succeeded in raising the balance within six weeks. This generous offer, supplementing, as it did, a liberal subscription on the inauguration of the scheme, elicited such prolonged applause that before it subsided the Doctor had retired from the meeting. The students should respond to such an offer by promptly raising the amount required to clear off the debt.—This week the regular meeting was conducted by Mr. H. J. Cody. About one hundred students were present. The subject under discussion was "The Wages of Sin." Rom. 6: 23. This dark side of the picture was drawn by the young speaker in the most touching manner, and when the bright side was reached, where life was offered through faith in Jesus Christ, a real weight seemed to be lifted from the attentive audience. A number of others took part in the discussion, among whom was Mr. Fatt, of Wycliffe College, a well known Y. M. C. A. secretary. At the close of the meeting, the first of a series of missionary concerts was announced for Tuesday, 2nd Nov., at 4.45 p.m. The speakers, Messrs. Reid, McLeod, Scott, Sparling and Hart, are to discuss mission work in Inland China.—The work of giving instruction to the newsboys in their Lodging on Frederick St. is to be carried on this year as usual by the Association. The following gentlemen have charge of the work for next week:—Monday evening, Mr. John Crawford; Tuesday, Messrs. W. Gale and W. V. Wright; Thursday, Messrs. G. A. Wilson and W. G. W. Fortune.—The College Secretary, Mr. L. D. Wishard, of New York, who was present at the opening of the new building, and made so many warm friends among the students, will visit the College next week. As he can only stay twelve hours in the city, he will address but one meeting. This will be held on Thursday, Nov. 4th, at 4.30 p.m. Mr. Wishard being an out-and-out college man (Princeton), will no doubt meet a "packed house" on Thursday next.

During the last two weeks, several very interesting matches have been played by the association Football club, in all of which the Varsity team has been successful, except that played with the Aetnas on Saturday, 30th ult. This resulted in favor of the latter club, owing principally to the number of second eleven men which the committee were obliged to place in the field on account of the absence and inability of many of the first team to play. Tuesday, 26th ult., saw the teams of the Toronto School of Medicine and Varsity face each other on the lawn. The contest proved rather interesting, but resulted disastrously for the "Meds," as at the finish the score stood 5 goals to 1 in favor of Varsity. On Friday, 29th ult., a team journeyed east as far as Cobourg, and tried their strength against a representative team of Victoria University. After a very exciting contest, which was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic

crowd, the game fell to Varsity by a score of 3 goals to 1. The "Vics" have a good team and gave Varsity the hardest work they have had this season. There was a regular boom in Football on Wednesday afternoon on the lawn, where two matches were played. The first took place between a team from Weston High School and the Varsity second eleven. Some of the players on both teams did good service for their respective sides, but the game was characterized by long kicking rather than sure passing. The result was 1 to 0 in favor of Varsity. Soon after the close of this match the "Normals" and Varsity 1st eleven took their places on the field. As the Normals have a strong team and are taking a very good stand with other clubs in the City, a keen contest was expected. But, although the forwards of the latter team made several good rushes on the Varsity goal, the sphere was almost continually in dangerous proximity to their own. When time was called Varsity had succeeded in passing the ball four times beneath the tape, while their opponents had failed to score. A very exciting contest may be expected on Saturday, 6th, when Varsity meet the Victorias in their first cup-tie match. As this game will decide which team is to hold the championship of Toronto, considerable interest will no doubt be manifested. Thus far, then, the association club has scored 13 goals to 2, a very good showing indeed.

The long expected match between Ottawa College and the Varsity for the College championship of Ontario took place on Saturday. It will be remembered that last year the Varsity suffered defeat in Ottawa by 19 points to 2. But those who saw that match thought there was no such disparity in the play as the figures would seem to indicate, and our boys felt confident of making a much closer game on their own ground. Nor was their confidence unfounded, for a closer match than Saturday's was never played. In order to be in the best possible condition, the Ottawa men left home at noon on Friday, arriving here that evening, and enjoyed a good night's rest at the Rossin. On the other hand, the Varsity left nothing undone to improve their condition. Those who were present at the match with Upper Canada College shook their heads, but a week's hard training made all the difference in the world. As each day passed their chances became better. "Scout" MacLaren returned in the nick of time—Sullivan's shoulder improved continually—the new men on the team fell into their places instinctively. Saturday was as fine a day as ever favoured a football match. At the commencement of the game there was present the largest and most enthusiastic crowd of spectators ever seen on the lawn—among them a large percentage of ladies. Although the game lasted for an unprecedentedly long time, their number was apparently undiminished, while their enthusiasm seemed to have increased. The teams were composed as follows:—Ottawa College—Back, J. Murphy; half-backs, T. Murphy and Riley; quarter-backs, O'Malley (Captain) and Bannon; forwards, Hillman, Delancy, McConly, McLaughlin, Guillet, Gascon, Mahoney, McDonald, Kavanagh and Masson; umpire, Max. Hamilton (Peterboro'). Toronto University—Back, W. P. Mustard; half-backs, F. Mill and J. H. Senkler; quarter-backs, G. B. McClean and E. C. Senkler; forwards, W. B. Nesbitt, E. A. Sullivan, R. McDowall, W. Cross, J. S. MacLean (Captain), E. G. Rykert, H. MacLaren, D. Ferguson, A. G. Smith and A. H. O'Brien; umpire, E. W. H. Blake. Referee, R. Max. Dennistoun, Queen's College. The Ottawa men wore a pretty suit of garnet jerseys and stockings and gray knickerbockers, while the Varsity appeared in their well-known blue and white. Captain O'Malley won the toss and elected to defend the northern goal, and the ball was kicked off by Mustard promptly at 3 o'clock. It was returned by Murphy, the Ottawa back, and then scrimmaged. We may here remark that the game was almost a series of scrimmages from beginning to end. The ball was very seldom out of the scrimmages, and even then only for short periods. Before long it went into touch, and Mahoney had an opportunity of showing his skill at throwing out. He was the best man at it we have ever seen, always placing the ball where he wanted it. In a few minutes Mill got the ball, made a run and kicked it far down the field. Murphy returned it and scrimmaging again followed. The ball was passed to Bannon, who ran back nearly ten yards in the hope of passing Ferguson, but the latter tackled him in beautiful style. Scrimmaging followed in which Ottawa had the best of it until half-way was reached. Mustard got the ball, but, unfortunately, kicked it side-ways into touch. For a considerable time the Varsity goal was in great danger, but when time was called, the Varsity forwards had worked the ball up a few yards again. After a few minutes' intermission play was recommenced. O'Malley, instead of giving a long kick, merely touched the ball and then picked it up. The Varsity forwards were too sharp for him and immediately tackled him, thus spoiling the little trick. Scrimmaging again followed. One of the Ottawa backs kicked the ball behind the Varsity goal, and before it could be returned rolled into touch; 1 point for Ottawa College. The ball was kicked off, and shortly after O'Malley obtained a fair catch from which a goal was nearly obtained. The Ottawa forwards charged so fast that Mustard was unable to get the ball out and had to rouge; 2 points for Ottawa College. The ball was again kicked off. Shortly afterwards the ball was passed to H. Senkler, who made the longest run of the day before being tackled. For the remainder of the three-quarters of an hour the honours were evenly divided, and when time was called the score was 2 to 0 in favour of Ottawa College. As

this constituted a draw it was decided to play half-an-hour longer, fifteen minutes each way. Mustard made a splendid kick-off and scrimmaging ensued again. Ed. Senkler obtained a fair catch from which Harry Senkler almost obtained a goal. However, Ottawa College was compelled to rouge; 1 point for the Varsity. Shortly afterwards the ball was dribbled over Ottawa goal-line. Cross made a dash and almost succeeded in obtaining a try, but the Ottawa backs ran into him with such force as to knock the ball from his hands, and Ottawa managed to rouge again; 2 points for the Varsity. During the remainder of the first fifteen minutes and the whole of the second fifteen, play was about even, and when time was again called the score was still a draw 2 points to 2. The Captains agreed to play twenty minutes longer in the hope of settling the question. It was now becoming rapidly dark and difficult to see the ball. Heavy scrimmaging was the order and both sides lay on the ball considerably. At length time was called and the match declared a draw.

The tie of last Saturday was played off on Thursday afternoon on the Rosedale grounds in the presence of a large number of spectators. The same teams as played last week faced each other at 2.30 when the ball was kicked off. Remembering the great staying powers of the Varsity team, the Ottawa College men put forth tremendous exertion, which was somewhat of a surprise as they kept the ball in the scrimmage in the last match. The result was that owing to a miss-kick by Mustard, they secured a try in the first fifteen minutes. Soon after this, Mustard was badly kicked on the shin, which spoiled his kicking for the rest of the game. Harry Senkler was also lame, and many of the onlookers were enraged to see him successfully tackled, where on ordinary occasions he would have shown a clean pair of heels. Soon after the try O'Malley was tackled in goal, which added four points to the Ottawa College score. Four rouges raised the score to twelve where it stayed. Just as our men were waking up thoroughly and were working the ball up the field, half time was called, score 12 to 0. Things now looked decidedly blue, and the hearts of Varsity supporters began to sink. But in the second half they nobly redeemed their reputation, and though they only managed to score one point, they played a brilliant game, and had decidedly the best of it, keeping the ball well up toward their opponents goal. It would be unfair to individualize. Our forwards, we may safely say, never played so well before, and will compare with any team forwards in Canada. The whole team is worthy of the college; they should receive only stronger support on account of the lost game of Thursday. Upon one thing we may congratulate ourselves; our men play a square, honest game; they never take unfair advantage. This can hardly be said of the Ottawa College team. Their forwards played off-side whenever there was an opportunity of eluding the vigilance of the referee. The ball too was not unfrequently picked out of the scrimmage and passed back to be punted. The referee deserves a vote of thanks for his strict fairness in ruling. He took the greatest pains to make an impartial ruling in every case of dispute. Thus is the championship once more lost to us; we can only hope, and back our team to our utmost next year.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The Novel is continued. In the next issue will appear the first of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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### DI-VARSITIES.

"Why," asked a School of Science man on the lawn yesterday, "Why is the College paper like San Francisco?" "Because its the far city."

In Russia no one ever asks, "What's in a name?" generally speaking there's the whole alphabet.

#### RHYMES A LA MODE.

There was a young fellow named Jno.  
Who went skating out over the Dno.  
The ice being thin,  
Poor Jno'y fell in,  
And was, very nearly, quite gno.

There once was a fellow called Jas.  
Who called a companion bad nas.  
His playmate replied  
With a kick in the sied,  
And this put an end to their gas.

There was once a Freemason bro.  
Who told all he knew to ano.  
The Grand Lodge agreed,  
On account of his screed,  
That the recreant Mason they'd smo.  
—Eric.

A despatch says that Alphonse Daudet has been going through a cure at Malon. It does not state what he got, but leads us to infer that novel-writing must be dull when an author is compelled to rob a clergyman.

There is a man over in Brooklyn who has been robbed so many times that he has taken out his burglar alarm and replaced it with a chestnut indicator.—Life.

An attachee of this office recently heard a skilled vocalist sing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll by." She rendered it:

"Wah taw the claw raw baw, Jawy,  
Wah taw the claw raw baw,  
Jawy, maw aw traw lah wah,  
Waw taw the claw raw baw."

And then she smiled so sweetly and broadly over the well-merited applause that the corners of her mouth had a sociable on the back of her head.—Ex.

"Why so gloomy this morning, Jacob?"  
"Ah, my poor leetle Benjamin Levi :—he is deat!"  
"Dead? You surprise me. How did he die?"

"Vell, you see, my leetle Benjamin was at der synagogue to say his brayers, and a poy put his het in at der door and gries 'Job Lot!' and leetle Benjamin vas gilt in der grush."

A female of uncertain age was asked by a census taker—

"How old are you, madam?"

"Thirty years," she replied.

"That's what you told me last census, ten years ago."

"Well, I'm not one of the kind of women who tell one story at one time and another story another."

"Teach Yer Gran'mither," etc.—Englishman (to Highland friend, who is on a visit south, and "fir-rst acquaint" with asparagus)—"Mac! Mac!" (in a whisper) "you're eating it at the wrong end!"

Mac (who is not inclined for learning anything from a "gowk of a Saxon")—"Ah, but ye dinna ken, man, ah pr-ruffur-r-r't!"—Punch.

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—Thoreau.

A correspondent writes to ask what age has done the most for journalism. You can't "stick" us on that, friend. The mucilage, by long odds.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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"Dat's not right. You must quit dat."

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