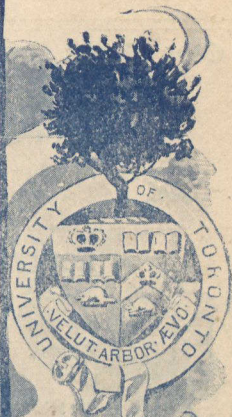
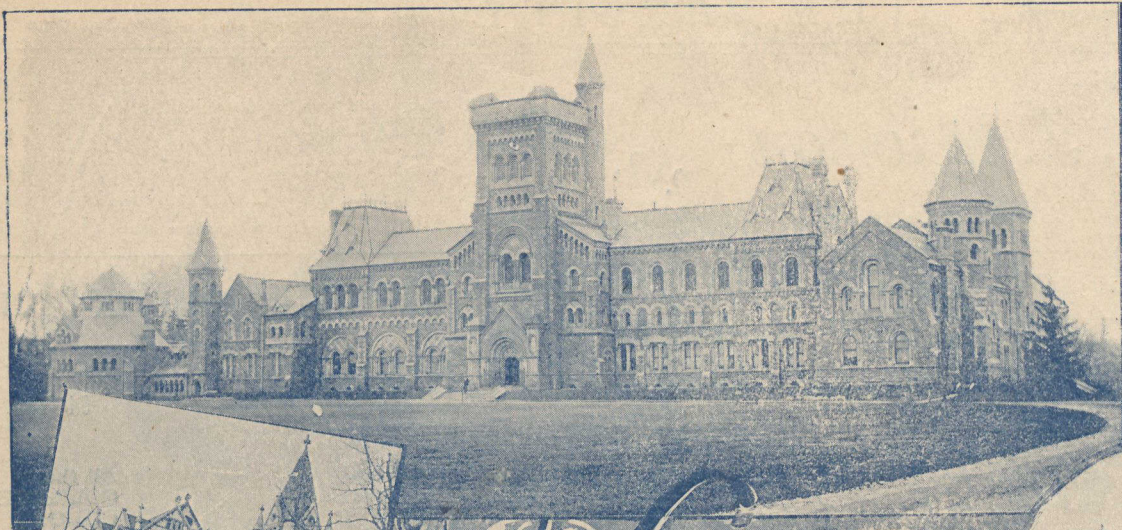


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THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 7.

University of Toronto.

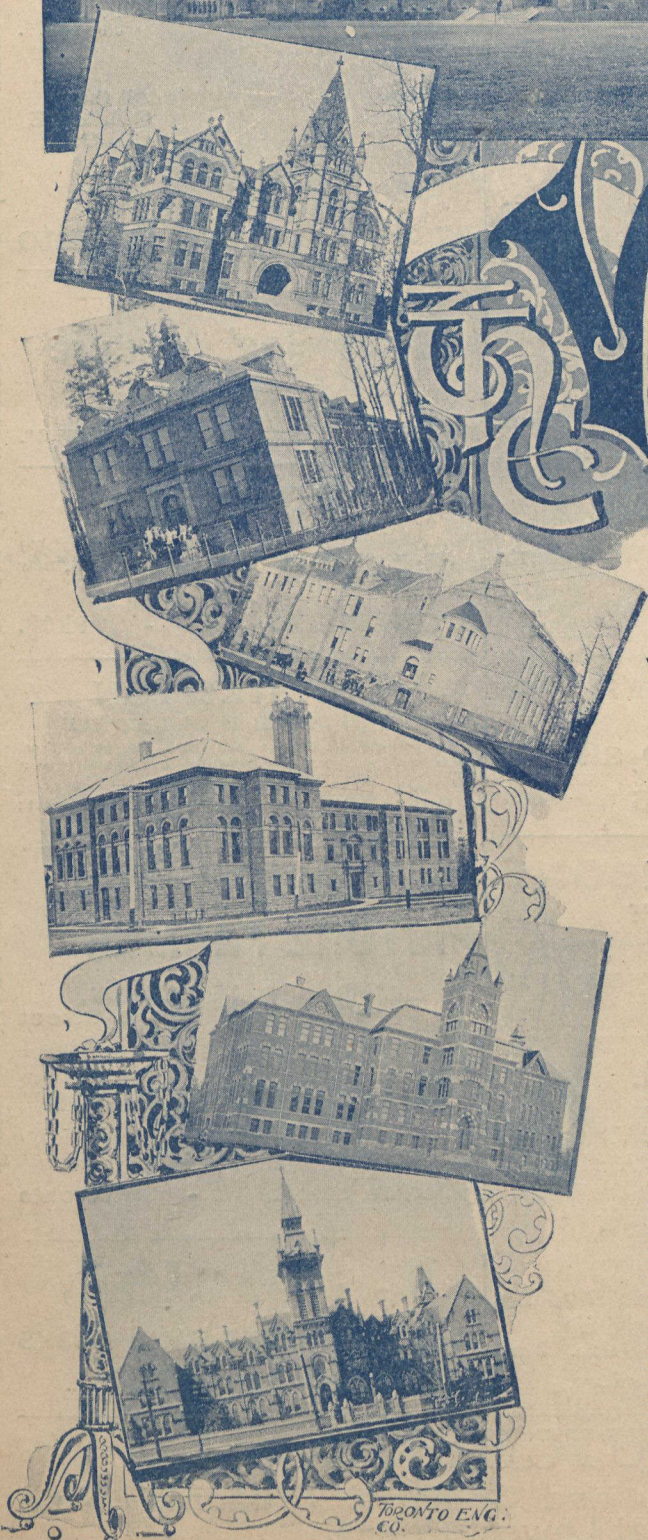
TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1896.

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THE VARSITY.

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1896.

No. 7.

A PSEUDO TRAGEDY.

“ In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.”

So sings the poet and laments that it is not so with men. For this reason it is, and because even an old wound throbs now and again, that I am going to tell you of leaves and blossoms that sprang fair in the summer only to be nipped by a winter's frost; or, to speak in unadorned prose, of a passion that grew to its climax in a July week and was chilled to death by a January day. The action of the tragedy extends over a week and a day, one in July, the other in January; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end, a development, a crisis, and a denouement; the place is a farmhouse; the *dramatis personæ*, the characters that have figured in so many summer idylls—a young farmer and a city girl.

She had come, at the invitation of his sisters, to spend a week—a long, idle, summer week—at the gray, old farmhouse. The sisters were lively girls, with a thorough good-fellowship in their relations with their brother, and a thorough unconsciousness that such good-fellowship was not to be looked for in their visitor, that drew her irresistibly into their household ways. The first night he did not appear—he was shy, or busy, it seemed—so that their meeting came about in the cheerful room where the household assembled for the morning meal, where the morning glories and the sunshine peeped in at the window-netting, and the sweet, cool air played through the open doors. He was silent: it may have been through diffidence, or because his thoughts were busy with the day's haying; she, because of the newness of all her surroundings, which affected her with a certain constraint. At dinner there was an almost imperceptible thawing. She had a certain quick and fleeting gift of repartee—perhaps an impartial observer would say—of quibbling in words, which oftenest failed her when she would have had it, but that now came upon her with full force. All her speeches ran to punning and double-meaning, not extremely amusing in themselves, but that created laughter in that simple, easily moved atmosphere. He liked it; the sharp distinctions had an attraction for him. In the evening it was the same.

So passed the first day, and the second was like unto it, until the evening meal; then the ice broke with a crash. She sat at his left hand with the air of rather reserved self-consciousness that belonged to her; he at the head of the table, serving. He handed her plate, addressing her by name, then, without warning, broke out suddenly and impulsively: “I can't call you that any longer. That is too stiff. Call me Harry and I shall call you May.” In a flash she responded with a hearty hand-shake over the table, in a fashion that belonged to her childish days, when she had wished to ratify a contract. The self-consciousness was replaced by a pleasurable excitement, intensified each time her name was spoken by this unaccustomed tongue. It had not taken her two days to find in this son of the soil, albeit sunburned and red-eyed with the fine dust of the loading

hay, a strength akin to that of nature in the midst of which his days were passed, a calmness and evenness of temperament that spoke of broad, flat sunshine and a high up-look into the heavens where the passing clouds displayed their majesty. Qualities these were that especially soothed the changeable girl, easily cast down, easily raised, and full of craving for she knew not what, of restless ambitions which would lead her she knew not whither. She rested unconsciously in his strength and was still.

From that day the haying began to claim less and less of the master's attention, except when she donned an old calico to ride in the wagon to the field and help press down the load, watching from her height, while he lifted the loose hay swiftly and easily on his fork to its place in the growing, symmetrical mound. In the evenings there were moonlight rides, with the noisy, merry party of sisters in the lumbering democrat, to gather water lilies by lantern light or to wander through the young plantations of the nurseries by the light of the moon that was like a pale dawn. There were rides in the small buggy over the crisp, brown sand of the Lake Erie shore, and around the wonderful loaf-shaped hill, which had to be climbed also by moonlight. There was the unused gas well to be opened and let off like a small geyser, with its accompanying roar, and plentiful salt water spray that had killed all the tree branches within a radius of twenty feet or more. There were innumerable other pleasant things—the gathering of the long moss in the swamp, where Harry must be guide, the ride to church behind his colts, which he would trust no one else to handle; the roystering evening in the unoccupied house of the other farm, for which Harry provided the ice cream by a secret and systematic pilfering of the eggs from the barn, to the great dismay of the women of the household, an expedient which added wonderful zest to the proceedings.

But all weeks, even the most blissful, wear away at last, and there came a ride to the station in the chilliness and grey of early morning, when an unaccountable depression kept her lips frozen, and the silence of her companion was strangely unlike his usual cheerful noting of the familiar objects on the way. Each experienced an uncomfortable sense of an interest that was too great and yet not great enough. Their inner selves had been laid bare in a happy abandon which must exist no longer. She felt the restraints which her education had imposed upon her, creeping up like a thin chilling mist and hiding them from each other. Then came a hurried good-bye, as the train slowed up at the wayside station, an expression of regret on both sides, and visit and host became a dream of the past, but a dream that gave pleasant flashes of warmth whenever it was lived through again in fancy, and vaguely delightful anticipations of what might yet be.

* * * * *

As I have said, the sequel was played out on a January day. The curtain fell on a rural landscape in the flush of summer; it arises on the streets of a city, clothed with crisp, hard-trodden snow. She had been out of the city for a few days and had not known of his arrival, so that when he met her at the station with his span of colts, it was a pleasurable shock and surprise. For the moment

the old pleasant familiarity was resumed, the environments and associations of the past were still about them like a cloud shutting out the present. But the flash of recognition was as the flash of the candle-flame before it dies out in utter darkness. Before the first ten minutes of the short drive home had passed, reality was staring in upon them; convention resumed its sway; the chill, misty, dividing wall crept up again, and parting was relief.

It is the benison of a new day that it deadens the smarts of yesterday and blurs the outlines of its hideous forms; so that we begin to think we might have been mistaken and take fresh hope. The morrow came for them, and with it another attempt at reviving the past, an attempt that fell flat under the restraint of city streets and city crowds. The farmer and his span of colts lost by the transfer from their fitting and ideal background of wide field and lofty sky, his calmness and wholesomeness showed like dull stolidity against the shrewd alertness which city life begets. A meaner feeling, too, rose in the girl's heart than that of mere distaste at incongruity: a feeling of shame, which she vainly strove to shake off as unworthy. The sunburn, the reddened eyes, the careless dress, which had secured the organic growth and fit expression of his daily life and toil, looked ridiculous, vulgar, hideous in this foreign element. She beheld him as transformed. His rugged strength appealed to her no longer now that there was varying interest and excitement in her daily life to act as a continual stimulus. Moment by moment free converse became a task, then irksome, then painful, then impossible. "Harry," she called him, he replied with "May," but this sign of easy liking became more and more like mockery.

That night was his last night of holiday. Their first parting had possessed some degree of uncertainty and stirring of hope for the future; both felt the element of finality in their last. "I am sorry you could not stay longer," she said. "Will you not come in the summer again?" he asked. "I am afraid I cannot." And he felt that it was because she would not.

PAICE.

MEANDERINGS.

The evening was not really cold, yet it was chilly enough to excuse the extravagance of lighting the grate so early in November. And what with the negative influence of the whistling wind outside, and the positive one of the grate's cosy comfort within, it really did seem a pity to go to church that night. All the rest of the family hustled off about a quarter to seven, leaving the fire and me to keep each other company. So pulling up my big arm chair—one of those low cloth-covered ones whose seat and back innumerable sittings-on have moulded into a form most exquisitely easy—and stretching out my feet on the fender, I nestled down for one of those sweet waking dreams that I suppose are as delightful to every young person as they are to me. Now gazing at the glowing coals, now watching the flickering shadows on the floor and wall, now, when the vision was brightest, closing my eyes and stuffing my hands down deeper into my trouser pockets, I lived through a lifetime in a few moments. How sweet those visions are! And as varied as the forms that the flames take on, or as the figures that the shadows weave! How interesting would be a record of all the bright fantasies that follow one another in one's wild imagination, if only some one were bold enough to write down his heart's inmost feelings. But no; they are as secret as they are sweet. One would not tell them to one's nearest friend, one hardly acknowledges them to oneself. We alone may wander through our airy castles, and even then the weight of our own personality generally brings down the fairy structure around our heads.

Anyway, such dreams^{**} are not for students. Not without good reason did I reproach myself for thus wasting

my time on a Sunday evening—Sunday, the only day in the week when one can conscientiously do a bit of reading. It is really interesting to note how much the world expects from a student's Sundays. If, when he graduates, he is to put forth the slightest claim to being "a gentleman of culture," he must spend his undergraduate Sundays, not in enjoying that luxury so dear to students—the luxury of not thinking—but he must spend them in making himself thoroughly familiar with Dickens and Thackeray and Lytton and Reade, with Scott and Byron and Wordsworth and Tennyson, with Carlyle and Macaulay and Emerson and a score of others, in fact, with every English classic to say nothing of the popular novels of the day, which pour from the press at a rate that would, to state the case moderately, allow one for each of the fifty-two Sundays of the year. He must be able to understand even the slightest allusion to any of George Eliot's characters, and must be the first to go into fits of laughter at the most mysterious reference to one of Pickwick's remarks—else this society lady will raise her eyebrows—and whisper in surprise to her neighbor, "And a University graduate too!" If some newspaper editor wants a really good "scoop," he might send a reporter up to University College to interview each student and find how many have ever read Dickens. The publication of that report would, I venture to say, shock the professors themselves almost as much as the reading public at large. It is indeed a pity that our curriculums should be so arranged that one feels as if one were committing a cardinal sin in opening any other than a text-book. It is a matter of deep regret—nay, what is more to the point—a matter for the serious consideration of the University authorities, that in the life of the Canadian student there is practically no leisure time for reading, and barely enough for physical exercise.

Though I did reproach myself for thus wasting my time, I was far too comfortable to disturb myself to get a book. The fire was getting warmer, and I removed my hands from my pockets long enough to pull up my trousers a little higher to give the heat a chance. With an indifference to the biddings of conscience, that comes only with long practice, I settled down deeper in the chair and stretched out my legs a little further. The fire was getting very hot; with an exclamation that would not have been exactly proper if there had been anyone else in the house but myself, I jumped back about six feet, chair and all. The soles of my slippers were like red-hot sheets of iron. In a few moments, however, they returned to their normal temperature, and I returned to my old place at the fire, but I was sufficiently roused to stretch out my hand and take the last number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* from the table, and to light the gas. Then drawing up my chair, I kicked off my slippers, and burying my feet snugly in the long-haired rug, I began to read a very interesting article on "Other Girls, from a Girl's Standpoint."

"People who criticize the grammar of young girls who say 'I don't think,' should take care," was the ominous way in which Miss Bell commenced her article. "For it is more true than incorrect. Most girls don't think."

"Poor, empty-pated, little creatures!" she went on to say. "Poor, lonely, little clothes racks!"

"Surely," thought I, "this is not altogether just. Are all girls like this?"

It was a great relief when I read in a following paragraph that they are not. "There are two kinds of girls," says the writer; "girls under twenty-five and others."

"And to what class," I asked myself, "do College girls belong—I mean, *our* College girls?"

If they will only read Miss Bell's portrayal of girls under twenty-five, I think that Varsity girls will forgive me for saying that they must belong to the other class. Girls certainly are silly, but so are men. When I look

back over the picnic parties of last summer and think of the clownishness of some and the nonsense of the rest, I am not surprised to find that the most popular men were those who could make fools of themselves in the most natural manner. And their popularity reflects no less on the girls than on themselves. It really seems as if to be popular in society nowadays—ordinary society, that is, for of the upper ten I know nothing—it seems as if a man's prime qualification was to be able to think of the most idiotic things to do, and to do them with a brazen face, while all that is required of a girl is that she gossip glibly and giggle gracefully.

There are Varsity girls^{* *} who are disciples of this school, but, to do them justice, they are not adepts, and their nonsense always has an unnatural air about it that is refreshing for one that looks for something higher in College girls. One expects them to be a little more serious, though preserve us from the long-faced girl! There is a happy medium, which I think the average College girl strikes. To say of College girls, as Miss Bell does of girls in general, that they care nothing for friends and only want admirers, would at once be characterized as utterly unfair by everyone who knows College girls. The trouble is, they have the reputation for being too serious. "It's quite right," a professor of one of our Universities where ladies had not yet been admitted to the lecture rooms, said to me a few months ago, referring to the effort being made to discourage all communication between the men and women of the College: "It's quite right. Just think of a household composed of two University graduates! Just think of the poor children!" He evidently thought that in such a household the happy couple would discuss the authorship of the Homeric poems over their morning coffee, and, instead of singing a lullaby, a theorem in differential calculus would be used to put the youngster to sleep; but, as a matter of fact, is the conversation of University graduates and undergraduates so very learned? Strange as it may seem to some, English is generally preferred to Latin as the medium of speech, and football is just as common a topic as Shakespeare or Goethe. Anyway, these conversations about books and authors are nine times out of ten affected, and if there is one quality more than another which differentiates the College girl from her sisters, it is the loss of affectation. Of course, that was only my humble opinion as I sat toasting my toes at the fire—and maybe I can't bring documentary evidence to prove that I am qualified to speak *ex cathedra* on such a subject. However, I am told, on tolerably good authority, that the majority of the Varsity girls can sew on a button, and that not a few are really good cooks.

After one has met so many^{* *} of these airy, fairy, namby-pamby creatures, who think everything would be just too awfully nice if only Mrs. So-and-so were here to arrange the details and accept the dreadful responsibility of cutting the cake, it is very refreshing to find that there are some girls who can be in earnest and who can mingle action with enthusiasm. And it would be hard to name any class of girls who have this characteristic more pronounced than those of the University. It is rumoured that their public spirit is so strong that they are going to occupy the gallery at the coming University dinner. What enjoyment they will get from watching some two or three hundred men eating, it would be hard to say. If they wait till the speech-making, their patience will certainly have been well proven. But if their presence will in anyway contribute to the success of the dinner, by all means let them come, for this new function is worthy of every encouragement. Not only will it develop the College spirit as opposed to the class spirit, but it will give the students one more opportunity to rub shoulders with one another in a social way, and at every rubbing some of the rough

corners of a man's rude individuality are toned down. But what seems of far more importance is, that the dinner will bring the student into closer social relation to his professors. It is one of the greatest drawbacks in a University as large as Toronto, that the student cannot come under the direct personal influence of his master. To a large number of students the professor is an impersonal creature whose sole usefulness consists in expounding and elucidating the text. Under the old English University system each student had to place himself under the care of one special master, and have his whole course directed personally by that master. The average student of to-day is just at that age when one naturally looks about him for ideals, and happy is he who can take as his ideal some man of deep learning and strong character, rather than one of his fellows who is no better than himself. Let encouragement, then, be given to anything that will bring the student into closer touch with his professor.

Thus musing, I was sitting^{* *} Sherlock-Holmes-like, my hands folded around my knees, my feet dangling before the fire, the *Ladies' Home Journal* lying open on my lap, when the door opened suddenly—I glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece—it was a quarter to nine. They were home from church. My reveries had to stop. I closed the paper quickly that they might not see what I was reading, then settled myself to listen to the discussion of the sermon and the different styles of headgear.

BRIAN BORU.

ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE.

An interesting meeting of the Literary Society was held Friday afternoon of last week, when Mr. Arthur Beatty, Mr. Day and Mr. M. W. Wallace gave concise accounts of the courses in English at Cornell and Columbia, Queen's and Toronto Universities, respectively. Mr. Beatty is a graduate of Toronto University, in the department of Modern Languages, who during the past two years has held fellowships at the above American Universities. As what he said seems to us to be of such a nature as will prove very interesting to all English students, we have decided to reproduce as nearly as possible the substance of his speech.

As already intimated the subject of Mr. Beatty's speech was "English at Cornell and Columbia Universities," and he spoke as follows:—

"What I say to you to-day on the work done in the English department of these two universities will of necessity apply rather to graduate than to undergraduate work; but some attention will be given to the latter department. My standpoint will, however, be the more profitable, perhaps, as being less understood, and as being of more direct interest to some of you at least.

"In considering the teaching of English in the larger universities of the United States, it must be borne in mind that the matter is much more complex than with us, because of differing circumstances. In the first place, the course system is not so closely followed as with us. The student is left comparatively free, after his second year, at least, and he chooses whatever courses best suit his individual needs. Further, the number of professors is large, and they are left free to offer whatever courses they may see fit to give. Their work is not guided by a curriculum, nor is it necessary for them to shape their work to fit in with the state system of education. To the complexity caused by the freedom given to both professor and student, there is added the additional fact that two distinct classes of students are to be provided for—undergraduates and graduates—from the man who studies English because he must, to the one who takes an advanced degree in it.

"At Cornell the work falls into three divisions—Elocution, Rhetoric and Philology, and English Literature.

"In the two first departments courses are given in elementary and advanced Elocution and Oratory, in Rhetoric, practical and theoretical, and in Anglo-Saxon and middle English in the several aspects as literature and as factors in the history of language. Old Saxon and Icelandic are provided for, and Sanscrit is necessary for advanced students of philology. The aim of the courses in philology is to train the student in the method of philological science as applied to English.

"If the watchword of the department of philology is 'scientific and exact method,' that of the department of English literature is something far other. Professor Corson, who presides over this department, directs his teaching not so much to training in 'research,' or in 'method,' as to the 'quickenings of the spiritual in man.' Not that method is neglected by him, but it is kept subordinate to what he considers far greater importance. As he so often said: 'The acquisition of knowledge is a good thing, the emendation and sharpening of the intellect is a good thing, the cultivation of science and philosophy is a good thing; but there is something of infinitely more importance than these: it is, the rectification, the adjustment, through that mysterious operation we call sympathy of the unconscious personality, the hidden soul, which, cooperates with the active powers, with the conscious intellect and, as this unconscious personality is rectified or unrectified, determines the active powers, the conscious intellect, for righteousness or unrighteousness.' Thus in all his lectures it is made a leading purpose to present literature in its essential, rather than in its historical character. It is considered all-important that students should first attain to a sympathetic appreciation of what is essential and intrinsic, before the adventitious features of literature—features due to time and place—be considered. And the only way in which this essential character of literature can be presented to the student is by vocal interpretation. In no other way can an appreciation of form be induced, and so reading is made all-important in his lectures, the great proportion of the literature dealt with being read to the class in his own singularly appreciative way. A course is given on English Literature, from the fourteenth to the nineteenth centuries inclusive, and another on Shakespeare, in which the thirty-seven plays are read. Four seminars in prose literature (essayists and novelists), are conducted, in which the principles of the lecture courses are applied to literary specimens by the students." The method pursued at Columbia will be given next week.

In Columbia University, the division of Language and Literature comprises the departments of Rhetoric and English Composition, English Language and Literature.

The professor of Rhetoric and English Composition, with his three assistants, gives courses in elementary and advanced work, graded to meet the needs of men in the first year of undergraduate work up to the needs of the graduate.

In the department of English and Literature, the subject is regarded from the distinct points of Literature and Philology in sixteen courses. Prof. Price considers the Anglo-Saxon and Middle English from the side of syntax; and conducts courses on Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Pope, who are considered in their poetic method, the method and range of their imagination. A special course is given by him on the evolution of English poetical form. Prof. Jackson deals with the philological aspect of the language, courses being given not only on the standard form of Anglo-Saxon, but also on the archaic and dialectal forms. Gothic and Icelandic are in the charge of the department of Germanic Languages; and Sanscrit, of the department of Oriental Languages. Prof. Brander Matthews specializes on American Literature in this department. Prof. G. E. Woodberry offers courses in English Literature, which

introduce the student to the method of literature and its attitude of mind. This work he supplements by courses on the history of English Literature, which take into consideration the conditions of art, society and politics of the selected period.

In the third department—that of Literature—the literature of English is considered in its relations to the wider European literature. Types are studied by Prof. Brander Matthews, in the study of the development of the Novel from its first faint beginnings to the novel of to-day; and in the study of the Drama, and of the Essay, from the same point of view. Prof. Woodberry lectures on the theory, history and practice of criticism. Theories of poetry are examined, and principles of art are deduced. Application of these principles is made to some great poem, such as the "Aeneid." In this work literature is considered as one of the fine arts, all of which are governed by the same principles. More advanced courses are given, which take for granted the work of the more elementary courses, and which deal with some great form of literature in its national and universal development—such poems as those of Homer, Virgil and Dante.

The aim of all the work in literature is to consider it as a free and independent manifestation of life in its varied activities; as something in which are embodied and revealed to consciousness "the deepest interests of humanity, and the most comprehensive truths of the mind;" that it takes its place beside science and religion and philosophy, in furnishing a theory of life—and none the less adequate, because made from the point of view of Art, and in Art's way. This is the ideal towards which the whole teaching of the English professoriate of Columbia University tends, and which finds its most complete and explicit expression in Professor George E. Woodberry.

AT THE PUBLIC DEBATE WITH HENRIETTA.

"Henrietta," said I, "will you come to our Public Debate?" Henrietta looked at me over her tea-cup. "With whom?" she asked, very properly. (The fact of the matter is she said: "Who with?"—but she would not like that made public.) "Why with me," I answered.

Henrietta looked at her mother. Her mother looked at Henrietta. She is a very proper person. (I refer of course to Henrietta.) "We will be home quite early," I ventured. "She will be delighted to go, I am sure," said mamma. Whereupon it transpired that Henrietta was also sure, which conclusively settled the negotiations.

And that is exactly how it happened that Henrietta went to the Public Debate with me—or rather that I went to the Public Debate with Henrietta. For as soon as the hall door closed behind us, she took upon herself the leadership of the expedition, and I became no more than an official bodyguard and interpreter-in-chief.

"Who is that?" she demanded of me when we had been directed to our seats by the Society's recording secretary. "That," I replied, "is Mr. Cupid Love!" "Oh dear! what a pretty name," she murmured, turning around to get a better look at the obliging Censor. "Isn't he nice?"

"Henrietta," said I, sternly, "you behave yourself or I'll tell your mother. See—the President has risen." She turned reluctantly to hear him announce that on account of the length of the programme and the lateness of the hour there would be no encores (Consequently he would accept none himself.) He called upon the Glee Club for its chorus—and they appeared in due disorder.

"Why do they call themselves the Glee Club?" pouted Henrietta. "Wait," said I, "till you see them smile." She was busied smoothing out some creases in her back hair. She never could see a joke, at any rate. However, the Club had already begun its chorus, and that may have distracted her. We listened—especi-

ally Henrietta. They sang "just too perfectly lovely," she said enthusiastically, and I felt that Daniel Webster could not have expressed it more convincingly if he had had an hour for it. (That is one thing I like about Henrietta—her vocabulary. When she is moved she rustles through the *Unabridged like a cyclone through a dust-bin.*) In the meantime the gleeful ones had relapsed into silence, and although they had been singing "Farewell! We Must Away," seemed reluctant to do so. An encore brought forth "Keemo-Kimo." Henrietta repeated her criticism. I thought so, too.

When Mr. McLennan, introduced by Pres. Loudon, arose to give his Inaugural Address, she turned to me for information. "Mr. J. C. McLennan," said I. "Oh, I know," she replied cheerfully, "he discovered the X rays." "Discovered them?" I said reprovingly. "Invented them, Henrietta." She was visibly embarrassed. "Did I say 'discovered'?" she replied blushing. "I meant 'invented,' of course." (Henrietta, let me say, looks stunning when she blushes.)

Mr. McLennan, it would appear, did not see her. At least, if he did, he went right ahead with his address. He thanked the strangers there present for their kindness in cultivating the social proclivities of their student friends; dilated upon the beauty of the University buildings and the emptiness of the University purse. The institution was a live one. He himself had seen a great development in it—and he was "still a young man." ("And a very nice young man," said Henrietta. I refused to commit myself.) He well remembered his first day at the University; how he had approached it by the eastern entrance (from the wilderness of the old Queen's Park.) And what had he found there? A voice in the gallery: "The Bursar's office"—a reply which was apparently satisfactory; for leaving the matter there, Mr. McLennan, borne away on the tempest of a prophetic afflatus, carried his audience with him through the peroration of one of the wisest addresses delivered to the members of the Literary Society in many years. (Henrietta thought so, too.)

When Mr. Sandwell arose to read his essay I told her to prepare for one of the treats of the evening. She prepared, but the gentlemen in the gallery fell foul of the reader's accent, as usual, and we were only able to catch, here and there, a few sentences of the paper, as they were tossed out to us from the general uproar. "But what we do hear," said Henrietta, "is worth hearing" (I agreed with Henrietta. I generally do.) "Women," read Mr. Sandwell, "are more sentimental than men." "I wonder how he learned that," mused Hen., lost in admiration. "He is a very close student," said I. There were cries of "Help," and renewed disturbance in the gallery. At last Mr. Sandwell sat down, amid a whirlwind of applause, after enduring, with great good nature, a very ragged reception indeed. "Those little boys upstairs," said Henrietta, "should be heartily ashamed of themselves." "Henrietta," said I, impressively, "some of them would not have much to be ashamed of."

The Banjo and Guitar Club, being called upon to lay the tempest, responded with their usual kindness. Their two selections were listened to in a profound and welcome silence. I heard a neighbor remark that they seemed weak in guitars. I forgot to ask Henrietta about it. She was applauding wildly. So was the remainder of the audience.

And now Mr. Inkster came forth with Robert Burns in his hand. He had elected to read the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and did so with a genuine feeling and expression. Henrietta was "touched to tears." I told her not to be a goose—that Mr. Inkster was "only pretending." Of course she was angry at being called a goose. She began to make eyes at a Freshman who was sitting beside her. I didn't care—much. I listened to Mr. Inkster, and was consoled. He met with somewhat better treatment than his predecessor. I was wondering if someone told those boys in the gallery what Henrietta had said.

She was getting along famously with her Freshman, but when President Loudon announced the distribution of the Athletic and Tennis prizes she relented a little. "Am I a goose?" she inquired, loftily. "Well," I replied, "you're a goose to ——" "Thank you," she interrupted, "that will do," and dropped her handkerchief upon the floor. That Freshman picked it up for her. She smiled and thanked him. He grinned like a gargoyle. I turned away in disgust. When I looked again they were talking—especially Henrietta. I hate Freshmen.

I remember very little about the prizes. I was watching that naughty-naught. There seemed to be some trouble at the platform about bows, and one successful athlete was warned (by the Gallery) not to put his prizes in the Bursar's vault. Then the Debate opened, but Henrietta was still talking.

Mr. McNeece announced his subject as a "burning question," and proceeded to turn upon it the torrent of his eloquence. His delivery was loud and rapid; his argument mainly illustrative of the workings of the national spirit in modern Europe. But he shattered his voice, and in the agonies of his oratory clung desperately to the desk. His speech was well received, as it deserved to be. (Henrietta was still talking.)

Mr. Tasker, for the negative, began his reply in a very peculiar and sepulchral voice. The gallery resounded with groans and lamentations. An S. P. S. man began to weep aloud in the bitterness of his grief. But the orator remained unmoved, and when he finally achieved a hearing, succeeded in making the cleverest speech of the debate. I nudged Henrietta, but she took no notice, and I relapsed into melancholy.

Mr. J. S. Muldrew plunged me deeper into the slough of despond. His manner was hypochondriac; but I heard a neighbor say that he had won the debate for the affirmative. I noticed Henrietta looking at me out of the corner of her eye. I pretended to be intensely interested in Mr. Muldrew.

When Mr. Watt arose she relented again. "Who is that?" she asked coldly. "Casey Watt," I grunted. "Casey is—Short for Cassiodorus." "Is that his Christian name?" she asked sweetly. "No, his Pagan name," I retorted. Henrietta stared at me. I felt better. She turned again to her Freshman. Mr. Watt, meanwhile, had been scoring points for the negative. His address was fluent and ready. I watched him sleepily. Mr. McNeece's final declamation also failed to arouse me. He threw up his hands and retreated. President Loudon decided for the affirmative. I never moved.

"Well," said Henrietta, at last, "do you intend to remain here all night?"

"Henrietta," said I, "you are more than twelve years of age?"

"Indeed?" she snapped.

"Yes," I retorted, "and therefore altogether too old to flirt with Freshmen."

Henrietta and I do not speak now. I don't care—
O'H.

VARSAITY appears a day earlier this week on account of Thanksgiving Day (Thursday) in order that all its readers may get their copies before going home.

* * *

A grad. in Arts stole a march the other day on the Athletic Association, in the absence of their constitutional lawyer, when he argued his case to obtain the undergraduate rates for membership in that institution, on the ground that he was still an undergraduate in law, not having yet obtained an LL.B. The Secretary could not see his way out, so allowed the upholder of the constitution to come in. Who could he be? "The child is father to the man."

The Varsity

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THE great battle of the Champions has been fought and won. Our Rugby Team must rest content this year with the honor of being champions of Ontario, and not champions of Canada, for this high distinction was well and honorably won from them by Ottawa College on Saturday last. We congratulate the "Garnets" on their hard-won victory and our own Varsity Team for their gallant fight.

With this game the Rugby season for this year virtually closes. Anybody who has any power of discernment at all cannot fail to see that, though we have not won the championship, the University has been greatly benefited by the publicity it has obtained during the series of matches which have been played. For two months scarcely a day has passed that the public has not been forced to see through the eagle-eyes of the press the progressive successes of the University's representatives on the field of sports. In every High School and Collegiate Institute of the Province, which has its little band of exponents of manly sport—and what one has not?—the University of Toronto is famous for its athletic achievements. And when the students of these preparatory institutions cast around them to see where they will spend their undergraduate days they will invariably decide in favor of the University which, besides offering them a wide curriculum, with the prospect of medals and scholarship, also affords them the additional inducement of a connection, either as supporters or as players, with a victorious football team, or membership in a flourishing athletic association. The influence of these things upon the students of the University is not less strong. It creates a common bond of union amongst them, and promotes a vigorous *esprit de corps*. A victory won calls forth mutual congratulations, and a defeat suffered evokes mutual sympathy.

We would like to see Rugby encouraged until a place on the first team of Toronto University would be as much

sought after and as much prized as an oar at either Oxford or Cambridge; for we believe that the University might reap almost as much advantage by the maintenance of a high standard of athletics as it does by keeping up the reputation it has already acquired for its high standard of education.

* * *

Frequently the papers of the city make comments, wise and otherwise, upon the students of the city and upon the affairs of the University. As a rule their remarks are decidedly otherwise, but an exception may be made in the case of the *Toronto Saturday Night*. This paper has not much to recommend it to the average student. But it would pay every student to read its editorial page from week to week. In the issue of the 14th of November it sizes up to perfection the street "loafers" and corner "bums" of the city, who are notoriously ubiquitous and offensive, and concludes as follows:—

"The old university practice of putting freshmen through a severe ordeal was often abused, but most graduates will say that it had its advantages and that very salutary reforms were worked in the characters of boys. Instead of putting a stop to this sort of thing in universities, I should almost like to see it incorporated somehow into our public school system. We meet boys every day who are in pitiful need of being held under a pump, and otherwise disciplined as only boys know how. At a hazing the freshman has the kinks taken out of his character—the side growths that escaped the eyes of his parents and tutors. He comes forth meek and anxious to improve and please. In the exaggerated respect which he must show to sophomores and seniors, there is symbolized the respect that youth should pay to age. He is made to feel that it is an impertinence for him to throw a shadow while walking in the sun, and anything that will reduce the growing youth to this condition of humility is, in our day and age, a precious institution. The students should be hired to haze one hundred town boys per annum."

* * *

In an editorial in the first issue of the *Queen's University Journal*, after attributing the defeat of the Queen's team to lack of organization and discipline on the part of the management and want of practice on the part of the players, it is said: "We cannot conclude this article without congratulating Varsity on her present position. Her success so far has been due to indefatigable effort, and in the hour of our defeat we can truly say we were beaten by a better team. As a sister college we wish for her in her final matches the same success as has heretofore attended her. And should it be hers to battle for the honor of our Province, the men of Queen's will be glad to see the boys in blue enrolled once more as "Champions of Canada." We admire the sentiment expressed by the esteemed organ of our "sister college," and the kindly spirit of sympathy by which it was prompted. These good wishes coming from the college paper are doubly appreciated when we remember the unfair utterances of the newspapers of that city. We may say with all frankness that next to the Varsity Team, we would wish to see no other carry off the

rewards of victory sooner than the Team which received their defeat so gracefully. But Fate has destined them for other hands than ours this year.

* * *

The President of the Literary Society made a good impression by delivering a good inaugural address. If we did not get the text of his speech we caught its spirit. It was high time somebody of authority should speak with frankness in reference to the attitude which students should take towards the University. We have no wish to flatter ourselves by observing that we took the first opportunity afforded us in our first issue to make a few remarks of a like nature. The "eleventh professor" asked a pointed question of the student, and it may be the means of impressing on us more forcibly the reason why we are here. Our great advantages awaken great expectations. They may or may not be realized, but it is a good thing to be reminded often of something which the attractions of the hour render hard sometimes to keep in mind.

S. P. S. NOTES.

College life in general is but an embryonic presentation of the pleasures and anxieties of after life. Here the wants of the body, mind and soul are supplied with unerring certainty and regularity. We are a little, artificial, socialistic community, propped up by the stern efforts of "individualists" who are battling in the natural sphere of life. Every year a portion—the ripened fruit—of the community is removed to the sphere of individualism, to be, we hope, a material exponent of the advantages of three years' life at the S.P.S. It is only when we thus enter real life that we can realize to what extent the work at the school represents the actual practice of an engineer.

But there is one feature of our College education which we can rest assured is a genuine fac-simile of what all, or nearly all, of us must experience on some, and perhaps many, occasions in the future; this is the annual dinner, the great climax of the pleasures of school life. For once we can forget all about bending moments, imaginary planes and labyrinthodonts, and realize to a slight extent the magnitude of the temptation of "Care," who

—mad to see a man sae happy
Drowned himself among the nappy.

But, no, we must not go too far. Last year, as a prominent member of the Faculty remarked, we had the best conducted dinner on record, and we intend that this year a similar (?) statement, with emphasis, shall not be a trespass beyond the truth. Of course we trust there is no one who does not feel it his bounden duty to attend the dinner; and besides, we all want to get through in the spring. But these warnings are superfluous. The Fourth, Third and Second years, with the possible exception of two or three who fear that they will not be entirely over their Thanksgiving dinner, are going in a body, and it is hardly likely that the First Year will break the long-established precedent of manifesting their sportive proclivities by acting similarly.

What was that extra five cents added to the Hallowe'en tickets for? We were told it was for decoration purposes. Where were the decorations? Not in the gods (strictly speaking) We noticed a private box nicely decorated, bearing the S.P.S. colors. Surely the money did not go to beautify this box. It *could* not be. The character of the committee men who occupied it were far beyond suspicion. Alas! this little affair will long remain a mystery. We pray

to the gods that there will be no extra five cents added to the price of the dinner tickets. In fact we know there will not be; as the committee elected this year are a set of efficient individuals; free from "clicks" or "rings," who have the interest and welfare of the school at heart both individually and collectively.

A DIRE DISASTER.

To-day, the sounds of mourning fill our halls and it is with a heart grieving over the dissipation of those fond hopes of a championship for the second year, that THE VARSITY proceeds with the duty of recording in its columns the result of last Saturday's contest at Rosedale. Ottawa College has won, and shown us that there is a better team in the Dominion than is ours, and that we must be content with showing our supremacy over but one Province. Yet in the winning of their victory, their opponents were so worthy of them, as to afford one of the most interesting exhibitions of football ever witnessed in Canada, and this despite the fact that the weather was most miserable. Snow and slush covered the field, and yet upon the whole it was a superior exhibition of football that both teams presented. But now that it is all over, and that Ottawa College are entitled to the position of premier exponents of the noble game in Canada, it is only just to say that perhaps in every part of the field they showed a superiority over our men. Their half-backs played an almost faultless game, our former full-back was as effective and as fearless as ever. On the other hand, our representatives behind the scrimmage, while doing some truly wonderful work at times, were not by any means as sure, making some bad fumbles. But in considering the play of the respective back divisions, we must never lose sight of the fact, that Smith, Gleason, Shea and Murphy, were for the most parts given a free hand, as the splendid work of their wing line prevented ours from breaking through to any dangerous extent, while they themselves seemed to be able to get around on our halves and pin down our quarter with regularity. Their scrimmage seemed to have the advantage over ours, allowing Smith to play a magnificent game, while our own Hobbs seemed very seldom to be able to get into the game. In only one point do we think that Varsity excelled the College, and that was in their dribbling, through which it was that both their tries were scored. With all justice to the others, we think that it should be said that on the wing line Campbell and McDougall shone conspicuously. While we regret having to do so, we must admit that it was the better team that won. To have been beaten by such a small margin, by such opponents, is indeed no disgrace.

Ottawa won the toss and kicked westward, but there was little advantage in the choice of positions. The play began and continued back and forth, for the most part to Varsity's advantage. The Ottawa men began what is known as screwing the scrimmage, a tactic which Varsity seemed unable to meet. Varsity, on the other hand, adopted the practice of kicking down from the centre half-back to the outside wing, on a free kick, and by this succeeded in gaining considerable ground. Finally, on a dribble, Elliot went over, after 16 minutes' play, for a try, which he failed to convert. After an alternation of half back play, and close scrimmage, on a kick from Gleason, Boyd was forced to make a safety touch, 4—2. After this Ottawa began to play with more spirit, Shea made a fine run, and Smith continued to feed the halves in a faultless manner. An exceedingly pretty combination play by Counsell and McDougall gained considerable ground. Finally Gleason scored a touch-down, 6—4. Again, after a period of good defensive work by Counsell, he went over again for a try. This, with a rouge, completed the scoring for the first half. 11—4.

The second half began with the ball for the most part in Varsity's territory. Gleason punted behind the goal, and a rouge by Boyd was forced, ending the scoring for Ottawa. However, they continued to force matters, and further loss was only staved off through brilliant reliefs by Counsell and Morrison. The former with four men right upon him behind the goal saved a point in a most marvellous manner. Then Varsity began to rush the ball into Ottawa territory. On a dribble a touch-down resulted, and their supporters in the audience gained a new hope. Again they took it down almost to the Ottawa goal line. Our hearts stood still, but gradually the scrimmage worked it out, and then with a free kick, which was well followed up, the chance of Ottawa's scoring again began to look rosy. Indeed, the ball was almost upon Varsity's goal line when time was called. No crowd of enthusiastic Varsity men thronged the field. With a stride less buoyant than that with which they had come, they wended their way back over the bridges or through the ravines of Rosedale. For the first time in two years the spell of the name Varsity in the football world was broken.

The teams were :

Ottawa College—Back, Belanger ; halves, Shea, Gleason, Murphy ; quarter, Smith ; scrimmage, Clancy, Bush, McCredie ; wings, Foley, Prudhomme, Green, Tobin, James, Lafleur, Quilty.

Varsity—Back, Morrison ; halves, Boyd, Counsell, Kingstone ; quarter, Hobbs ; scrimmage, Mallock, Perry, Dodds ; wings, Bradley, McKenzie, Caldwell, McDougall, Barr, Elliot, Campbell.

* * *

ASSOCIATION.

The inter-year final Association match between '97 and '99 was played off on Wednesday afternoon before a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators. It seemed to be the general impression that the senior year would win, judging from the number of members of the first College team that they were playing. However, the Sophomore forwards were of a better class than had been anticipated, and it is to them that the victory is mostly due, Sinclair and Wrenn doing particularly good work, the latter scoring both times. The game ended with these two goals to the credit of '99, while '97 had failed to score. The teams were :—

'97.—Bray, Sellery, Taylor, Jackson, Gibson, French, McKinnon, Barron, Norman, Cooper, Mollins.

'99.—Armstrong, McLeod, Abraham, McMordie, Hogg, Hughes, Dickson, Wrenn, Sinclair, Patterson.

THE LADIES' GLEE CLUB.

The Ladies' Glee Club will hold their First Annual Concert on the 4th of December in the Gymnasium Building. As this is the first public concert given by the Club it is sure to be well patronized by the students and the general public. Besides the choruses given by the ladies, they have been fortunate in securing the assistance of the following superb talent for their comprehensive programme : the Mendelssohn Trio, composed of Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Adamson and Miss Massey. The services of Mrs. Youngheart and Miss De Geer have also been retained. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the Conductor of the Glee Club, and Mr. C. Frank King, of the School of Science, will take part as well.

From such an attractive list on their programme the first appearance of the Ladies' Glee Club is assured a large audience and a good reception. There will be no reserved seats—only a general admission of twenty-five cents. Tickets may be secured from any member of the Committee: Pres., Miss Bapty; Vice-Pres., Miss Nichols; Secretary, Miss Lick; Treas., Miss Gilfillan; Curator, Miss Dodge; Pianist, Miss Rosenstadt.

BALLAD OF YE MAIDENS OF '99.

Let them sing their lays of the golden days,
When the knights were brave and bold,
When maidens fair listened everywhere
To the story sweet and old.

When Robin Hood and his rollicking brood,
Drank their nut-brown ale so mellow,
And roundly swore as they paid their score
With the cash of some other fellow.

When warlike wight in armor bright
Went forth to doughty deeds,
And eyes flashed bright at the martial sight
Of the wild careering steeds.

When the Lion Heart played a noble part,
'Neath the burning eastern sun,
When the Hermit's ire set the land on fire
At the deeds that the Turk had done.

Of the rippling rills that from storied hills
Adown to the ocean run,
Of fabled strands where golden sands
Smile back to the laughing sun.

Of turtle doves that coo their loves
To their mates 'neath the gabled eaves,
Of the soft sweet breeze, that stirs the trees
And whispers alove to the leaves.

Of the houris sweet that wait to greet
Mohamet's faithful flock,
Of the sirens three that sang in glee
From their home on the sea-kissed rock.

Of the heaven-born maids that in sylvan shades
Proclaimed the birth of day,
Of the fairy queen that on meadows green
Strewed the flowers of the laughing May.

But all these themes are as troubled dreams
To the theme on my muse that calls,
'Tis the maids divine that in ninety-nine
Will leave these classic halls.

But an Orphean lyre, with Delphic fire,
Alone can tell the story ;
For my muse is tame and her flight is lame,
As she tries to sing their glory.

Then hail to the year, without a peer
In Varsity's noble four,
And the ladies fair, by them we'll swear
Henceforth and forever more.

And when at last, our labors past,
We out in the big world shine,
We'll sing their praise to endless days,
Sweet maidens of ninety-nine. —J. M. KNOX, '99.



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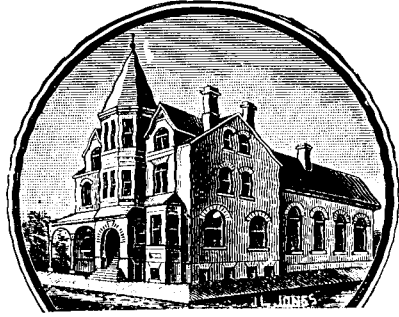
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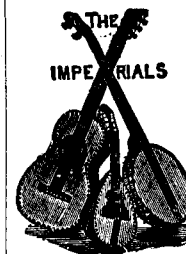
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SKITS.

I.—ROSES.

At Cupid's birth the Dryads danced
 In merry, wanton pleasure ;
 The Nymphs by golden dream entranced
 Whirled swift in joyful measure.

There in the shady grass-grown dells,
 'Neath olive groves and myrtle ;
 Where touched their feet, the poet tells,
 Fair mother earth was fertile.

Up sprung their homage due to pay
 To Love's new-dawning presence ;
 The roses, creatures of a day,
 Of sweetness full the essence.

II.—DESPAIR.

Despair has touched with leprous finger tips,
 The heart of one who long with pleasure strayed,
 And through his veins the deadly poison slips,
 Turning the sweet to bitter, light to shade.

III.—JOY AND SORROW.

Silver sails the summer moon,
 Summer seas are gleaming ;
 Pleasant flits the month of June,
 Life is passed in dreaming,

Heavy hangs the thunder-cloud,
 Heaven and earth are mourning ;
 Dark the trees beneath the shroud,
 Full of direful warning.

IV.—LOVE.

When hand clasps hand in summer days,
 And eyes their message speak ;
 Love still sleeps on, nor heart-throb weighs,
 Through all the halcyon weeks. C.

THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Classical Association held its first open meeting last Wednesday afternoon in the large lecture room of the Biological building. Prof. Goldwin Smith and Prof. Hutton addressed the meeting. The Association easily maintained the high reputation hitherto enjoyed, and the classical and other friends departed well pleased.

Y. M. C. A.

On Thursday afternoon about 70 students listened to one of the most interesting missionary addresses which have been heard in the Y.M.C.A. Hall. Dr. R. A. Hardie, who is the missionary of the Canadian Colleges in Corea, told of his work there for the past six years. The lecture was illustrated by a series of pictures sketched by a native artist. After giving an outline of the history and aims of the Canadian Colleges' Mission, Dr. Hardie spoke of the general lack of progress in Corea, pointing out the primitive modes of transportation, manufacture, etc., that are still employed by the natives. A number of peculiar customs were alluded to, such as the fact of a name being first given to a boy when he dresses his hair, which till then has been hanging in a braid, in a top-knot. The garments worn are large and flowing and of very bright colors. The men are lazy and thriftless, Women occupy an inferior position and have to work very hard, and except in the poorer homes the women are shut up in separate quarters of the house. The language of the people is Chinese. Their religion is Buddhism. Various superstitions and practices of sorcery still exist. Polygamy and liquor are the two chief obstacles in the work.

Corea is about half the size of Japan and is densely populated, there being from ten to fifteen millions of inhabitants. There are in all 78 missionaries who would each have, if the work were evenly distributed amongst them, 200,000 persons to look after. The same proportion would give Ontario five ministers and five doctors. Russia may yet possess Corea, and the Greek Church will, in that case, make a strong effort to prevent all other mission work. But our work there is prospering. There are over 1,000 converts. These pay over \$500 for the work, which, considering the poverty of the people, is a strong example of earnestness and self-sacrifice. Concluding, Dr. Hardie said "Greater work is needed at home, and the men of this college should be the mainstay of the Korean ministry ; and if ten years are given they can light such a fire as the Greek Church can never put out."

NOTES.

Thursday 26th, being Thanksgiving, no meeting will be held this week.

The usual prayer-meetings will be held on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday mornings.

It is hoped that Prof. Wm. Clark, of Trinity, will address the Association on Thursday, Dec 3rd.

The Agnes Knox Recital proved an unqualified success, financially and otherwise. If students had attended as well as the general public, the hall would have been quite filled.



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CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Princeton defeated Yale on Saturday—24 to 6.

Why did Caldwell not attend the Public Debate and collect his Prizes?

It is expected that Mr. Jas. A. Tucker, '95, will attend the University College Dinner.

The Ramsay Graduate Scholarship was awarded to J. Roy Perry and F. B. Proctor (æq).

The class of '99 are to be congratulated on winning the Inter-Year Championship in Association.

Mr. A. W. Baines, formerly of '97, and now Mathematical Master in the Warton High School, has been visiting in the city during the past week. His numerous friends were glad to see him and enjoyed his short stay amongst them.

Victoria College was in a fearful state of excitement all last week owing to the refusal of the Freshmen to patronize the "Bob." The performance took place as usual on Friday night, and was a pronounced success notwithstanding.

Amongst the audience at the Public Debate on Friday night we noticed a number of last year's grads and "friends,"—C. G. Paterson, M. W.

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Wallace, R. W. Allin, W. J. Wright, F. K. Johnston, R. F. McWilliams, G. T. Henry and D. G. McRobbie.

Mr. R. H. Coates, '96, ex-Editor of VARSITY, was the fortunate competitor for the Frederick Wyld Prose Prize this year. His subject was the comparison of the works of Thackeray and Dickens, and his essay was of an unusually high order. THE VARSITY extends its congratulations.

The annual sale of periodicals of Literary Society has been postponed from Thursday, 19th, till Monday, Nov. 30, at 4 p.m. As there are about thirty magazines to be disposed of, it is specially urged that every student be present and avail himself of this opportunity of securing these first-class magazines at students' rates.

The Political Science Club is showing commendable enterprise this year in drawing up its yearly programme. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Bourinot, of the Dominion House of Commons, and other prominent men to address the Association at different times during the year. Mr. Bourinot while here will be the guest of Professor Wrong.

We were pleased to see Mr. Lockie Burwash, the Rugby veteran, able to be about again, even on crutches. His enthusiasm for the game has increased during his confinement from the injuries received in the T.A.C.-Varsity practice match. The reference to him in the "local" song by the Glee Club on Friday night was well done, and it ex-

pressed exactly the sentiments of his admiring friends.

John Hare, the great English actor, is at the Grand this week. On Thanksgiving evening Mr. Hare will appear in the part he created ten years ago—"Mr. Spencer Jermyn,"—in the comedy the "Hobby Horse," by Pinero. Next week Robert Mantell will play in "The Corsican Brothers." These men are worth seeing, and a night spent at the Grand any time during these two weeks would be spent profitably.

A mistake occurred in awarding the MacKenzie Scholarships in Political Science last spring. The Senate at the last meeting conferred a special scholarship of \$75 on Mr. A. W. Hendrick, he being the only student who obtained First Class Honors in every subject of the course—a requirement which is specially stipulated in the Calendar, but which was overlooked by those who awarded the Scholarships in the first instance.

The Century Class held their initial reception on Friday afternoon, in the East Hall. Those of the senior years, and they were many, who had the good fortune to be present, report that the affair was most enjoyable and well conducted. The electric lights were unkind enough to go out for a few minutes, but this was no hindrance to the general happiness which prevailed. The Centuries are to be congratulated on having made their *debut* into the social life of the University such a pleasing success.

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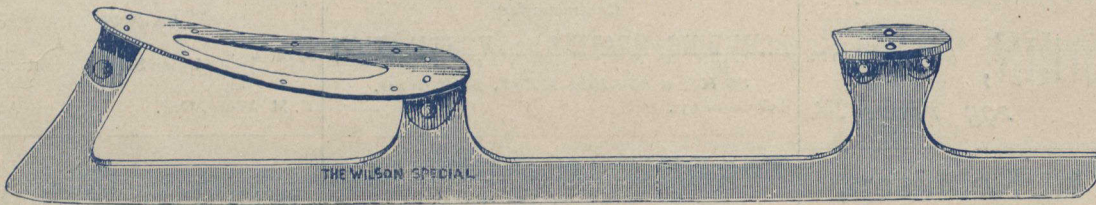
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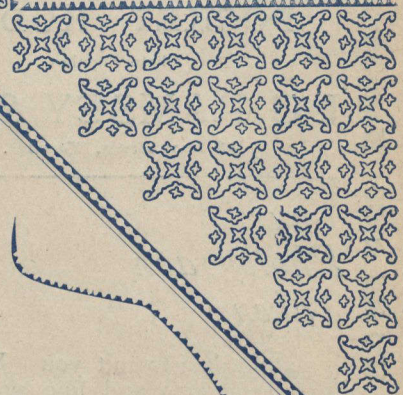
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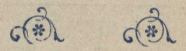
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