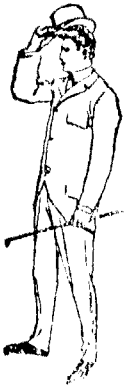


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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events

VOL. XXV.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1905

No. 10

A Greeting from Ralph Connor

My dear Varsity:—

A word of greeting through you to the men of old 'Varsity, wherever they be and whatever doing.

At this season of the year great thoughts and great emotions lie near our hearts. A good fortune is ours in that we are Canadians, and that to us is given some large part, or small, in the greatest of all enterprises, the making of the last of the Anglo-Saxon empires. Our fathers, by the sea or in the forests of old Canada, fought bravely their fight and built solidly their foundations. To-day our heritage is the noblest ever nation received, our opportunities greater than those our fathers wrought with, and the promise of return richer.

For this it was we began to fit ourselves at the old 'Varsity, and for this we have been fitting ourselves in the world's greater gymnasium ever since. Now let us get at it, building each in our place solidly, honestly, and enduringly, fighting each our fight in the great warfare appointed unto true men for righteousness, for country, for God; and all, too, in charity and mutual forbearance. For Canadians are brothers whatever be their speech toward men, whatever their faith toward God.

Thus building and fighting, Canada shall be the better for us, and our fathers' sons will not prove unworthy of their sires, nor recreant to their trust, but will keep free from taint our name and fame, and pass on to those that follow this task of making an empire worthy of the great peoples whose sons are here to-day steadfastly regarding the magnificence of their great attempt, and humbly praying God that they be worthy.

CHARLES W. GORDON.

A Metaphysician of Jug Cove.

By Norman Duncan

Jug Cove is far away—not only from these places: it is remote, even, from the harbors near by. It lies to the westward of Fog Island, something below the Black Gravestones, where the Soldier of the Cross was picked up by Satan's Tail in the Year of the Big Shore Catch. You open the Cove when the mail-boat rounds Greedy Head of the Hen-an'-Chickens, and, with face averted from the wretched settlement, wallows off toward Gentleman Tickle on the other side of the Bay. "Ay," said Tumm, the clerk of the Quick as Wink, "'tis a mean place—this Jug Cove: tight an' dismal as chokee, with walls o' black rock an' as nasty a front-yard o' sea as ever I seed in my life." And it turned out, when we dropped the anchor of the little Quick as Wink in that harbor, that Tumm was right, as always.

The harbor lights were out. All the world of sea and barren rock was black. It was Sunday—after night: the first snow flying in the dark. Half a gale from the northeast troubled the rigging—by turns angry and plaintive: never at ease. The crew, from the skipper to the cook, being as hardy as pious, were all gone ashore to church. I was alone in the fore-castle—and vastly content with my situation: for the schooner was out of the heave of the sea, and the fore-castle fire was roaring, and there was no disturbance whatsoever, save the low, weird noises in the rigging, which were an inspiration to dreaming. Presently I was interrupted by the fall of feet on the deck; and almost immediately a gust of bitter wind darted down the opened hatch, and a pair of booted legs appeared on the ladder, and, in a moment, an old, old fisherman, with a marvellously wrinkled face, and a ragged white beard, and the mildest of blue eyes, in which there was a kindly twinkle, bade me good-evening in the heartiest, bluffest way.

"And welcome!" said I.

"I 'lowed I come aboard, zur," he said, by way of explanation, "just for a bit of a yarn."

"'Twas a brave idea, man!"

He laughed—this in childlike delight. Indeed, he was very much like a child: as curious and gentle and responsive.

"So," said I, "let's get at it!"

And we got underway; and we yarned of many things and places and kinds of hearts, and of many lives and deaths, while the fore-castle fire roared a sympathetic accompaniment, and the gale troubled the rigging, but did not trouble us. By and by, as foolish men will, we fell upon the intimate things—soul-deep riddles, to which we sought solutions by the light of our combined and vastly different experiences. And, at last, he looked up, with the smile of a child who is about to impart some interesting thing, newly discovered, treasured to be told.

"Look you!" he whispered.

I bent closer.

"You is," said he.

It puzzled me. He watched my wonder with engaging amusement. But still I was puzzled.

"Is?" I asked. "What am I?"

"You don't find me," said he. "I says, you is."

"Yes—but what?"

"Just—is!"

Then I understood. I had heard something like that before. But he had stated the bare conclusion—not the argument. "I think; therefore, I am." I looked up astounded.

"You find me?" he asked, gently.

"Yes," I answered; "but how did you find that out?"

"Oh," he said, with a sigh, "I thunk it out for meself—out there/on the grounds."

He was very proud of it.

On the fishing grounds! This is a reef-strewn stretch of sea: distant, a coast of jagged black rock, kept wet and white by gigantic breakers; beyond, blue hills, a wilderness; elsewhere, unfeeling waters, spread with ice, roamed by the winds and fogs. The grounds provoke a morbid and superstitious philosophy; the toil of them is malfoming to the body, no less warping to the soul. "'Tis a wonderful error," Tumm once said, "for a man at the fishin' t' think. Think? Don't think! Leave some other fool t' do it for you. 'Tis unhealthy. They's too sea an' sky an' rock in the world—too much cloud an' wind an' spume. The man that thinks at the fishin' comes to a bad end. Cotch fish! I 'low your soul will be the better o' the fish you puts in your belly." 'Twas a wonder the old man had survived the evil influences. I looked into his eyes. They were steady, alight, courageous.

"An'," he continued, hitching the stool nearer, "where was you?"

"We traded Dead Man's Tickle," I began, taken off my guard, "and Whale Run——"

"You don't find me," he interrupted. "Where was you afore you was is?"

"It doesn't sound right," I protested.

"Oh, ay," he replied, quickly. "'Tis a plain question. You is, isn't you? Then you must have been was. Now then, zur, where was you?"

"Oh!" said I.

"Ay," he exclaimed, with delight. "Now, you finds me. Where was you afore you was is?"

"I don't know," I answered.

"No more does I," said he; "nor where you will be. But if you is, you was; an' if you is an' was, you will be. I done a power o' thinkin' in my life, zur," he continued, "out there on the grounds, between the Dagger an' the Pillar o' Cloud; an' the more I think, the less I knowed. When I was a young feller, I 'low I had almost everything settled; but now that I'm old, I only knows three things. An' them things is this: I is; I was; I will be." He sighed. "I 'low, zur," he went on, "that I'm almighty near rid o' the was; an' if I goes on thinkin'," he added, brushing his great, toil-stained hand over his brow, "I fears me I'll get rid o' the will be."

"Oh," said I, "I hope not!"

"I fears me," he repeated, in a low voice, wearily, "that I'll get rid o' that will be."

He sighed—but immediately smiled again.

Knox College, Toronto

By J. W. Bengough

Mark whaur oor Alma Mater stan's
In a clear circle, an' comman's
A view that North an' Sooth expan's
 Wi' clean, straight sweep;
An' East an' West;—aye, on a' haun's
Fair view des keep.

The noontide sun her front des licht,
As des the calm-like moon at nicht,
An' doon the Avenue broad an' bricht
 Baith nicht an' day
Unmoved she meets, wi' sense o' micht,
The face o' clay!

The fearsome cars frae up an' doon
Approach her wi' a threatenin' soon',
But nearer-by they change their tune
 An' mak' a curve;
Ae' mortal thing maun juist gang roon',
Knox desna' swerve.

Thus des she justify her name;
For wesna' John Knox set the same,
On a high place o' power an' fame,
 In God's fenced ring,
The path o' duty to proclaim
 To clown an' king?

An' werna' a' the foes that roared
Against him, arm'd wi' fire an' sword,
Restrained by his protectin' Lord
 An' hairmless turn'd,
So that alike their rage he scorn'd
 An' flattery spurn'd?

An' wesna Knox set high to see
Straight doon the way o' liberty,
To the bricht glory yet to be—
 The goal o' Truth,
E'en as oor tower, wi' faithfu' e'e,
Marks the dim Sooth?

The outward parable we show;
Within we hae the spirit, too;
We look that a' Knox men stan' true
 For God an' richt,
An' like their Patron dare and do
 In the stern ficht.

Tak' up oor History; heart an' brain
Ha'e here been workin' no' in vain
These mony years;—a glorious chain
 O' splendid men;
A truly apostolic train,
An' a' far ben.

Willis an' Burns o' early day,
An' Young, the giant gran' an' gray,
Thomson, Robinson,—weel ye may
 Search college ha's
For nobler men than we display
 Upon oor wa's.

Amang the deid a chiefest place
Hauds noo the man o' modest face
An' native air o' gentle grace
 That speaks o' heav'n;
Yet dull's the e'en that canna' trace
 The Knox in Caven.

Proodfoot as well is ta'en by Death;
A learned man, wha kept the faith
An' foucht the ficht, as Scripture saith.
 O' the auld guard
Gregg an' McLaren, honored baith,
 Wait their reward.

Successors to this royal line,
The men wha in the chairs noo shine
(Neath good McLaren's sway benign)
 Are unco' bricht;
As scholars ilka ane is fine;
 Knox is a' richt!

There's Ballantyne, a teacher braw,
Wha's hair is no' yet touched wi' snaw;
(Frae sic a fate it's rin awa'
 To some extent)
His kindly hand to ane an' a'
 Is freely lent.

Mair youthfu' still—a'maist a lad—
McFadyen mak's us prood an' glad;
A greater man Knox never had
 In a' her past;
Yet strivin' mair an' mair to add
 To's learnin' vast.

If ony ane could be his peer,
It seems to maist obsairvers clear
Not ane but twa ha'e come this year
 To join the staff;
Nae wonner that we roar an' cheer
 An' loup an' laugh!

Wi' Kennedy an' Kilpatrick, we
(Coontin' McFadyen in) hae three
Warld-famous men,—an' no to be
 Inveedious so—
Auld Knox may fairly dance wi' glee,
 An' what for no?

A Letter from Professor Hellemms

To the Editor of The Varsity:

Dear Sir,—In the golden age of my first year at Toronto the honored Principal of University College, then Professor of Greek, treated me with a puzzled but forbearing kindness that inevitably made him a sufferer from my persistent confidences. After some particularly atrocious performance, hard to recall specifically among so many, I went to him in an eminently proper frame of mind and admitted that I had made an egregious fool of myself. His answer came with Homeric directness: "I am so glad to learn your opinion in the matter, Mr. Hellemms, for that makes it unanimous." *

At the present moment I am possessed of the same contrite spirit and am laying myself open to the same rejoinder for everybody knows that in an old graduate a folly's crown of folly is to hope that he can interest the younger generation. However, if a man has ever stretched his legs under the editorial table of Varsity it is almost impossible for him to decline the opening given by such an invitation as yours and I have not the strength to deny myself the pleasure of entering again the columns with which I was so glad to be associated. Moreover, Megan, of '95, once said with his ingenuous smile that it was worth while printing anything from a graduate of more than ten years standing because the man himself was so delighted, and to this indulgence I am entitled, for I shall be pleased, and the years since my graduation are more than ten. In fact my freshman year saw the great fire and the last year of my fellowship saw the dismissal of Pro-

* This and many other incidents of bygone years have since made the rounds of the comic papers in some guise or other. For instance, it was in the career of a couple of men of '92 that the following occurred: X lived in the old Residence while Y boarded on College Street. One morning about two o'clock the hilarious pair made their appearance at the Residence gate in a condition of insobriety worthy of Kipling—I mean of his pen—and demanded that the porter should decide which of the two lived there and sort him out so that the other could go home. It was a Divinity man of '93, now eminent in a great American theological school, who made this plea as a Scriptural excuse for working on Sunday near examination time. "I hardly think I am an ox, but I am fairly clear that I am an ass and I am perfectly clear that I am in a hole." Mr. C. A. Stuart, of '91, was standing by the Chapel door one morning when Sir Daniel Wilson, the most venerable of Presidents, was escorted to prayers by Robert McKim, the most picturesque of beadles. The usual congregation of seven had vanished to that joyous refuge of mathematicians, the house of Zero, and the loyal old beadle was desperate. Sallying forth and seizing grimly upon the brilliant Vice-President of the Literary Society he said like the staunch old Crimean veteran he was: "Go into prayers, sir, go in instantly, damn you. Save for Sir Daniel and myself there is not a God-fearing man left in the place?" At another time Mr. A. T. De Lury—but he is on the Faculty.

fessor William Dale and the expulsion of Mr. James A. Tucker. Naturally, in view of the circumstances under which I withdrew from the University it would ill become me to discuss any of the problems clamoring for solution, however close to my heart they may lie, so I shall have to limit myself to a nugatory letter, which if it must be uninteresting shall at least be innocuous.

In the first place, as I think of the student body I have no disposition to raise the inmemorial wail of the old graduate, "Heu pietas, heu prisca fides;" for the students seem to be little changed in spirit from the students of my own day. Indeed, there are two things at Toronto that seem to me ever unscathed of fate and unmarred of time, the beauty of the old Main Building and the spirit of the student body. It is true that the ivied walls present now and again varying aspects as cloud and sun touch this point or that, emphasizing some unperceived sombreness or fixing for a moment some elusive charin; but the main lines of strength and beauty abide unaltered, almost, one thinks, unalterable, and ever one may turn to them with the confident hope of joy for the eye and of uplifting for the soul. It has fallen to my lot to see a few of the architectural glories of the world and with them all our fire-touched walls, foregoing the rivalry of concrete achievement, may claim close kinship of spirit. Last August as I looked through a beating rain across the campus, enjoying a particular view which the excavations seemed to warn me I must not hope to enjoy again, there came the same hush in my being that was shed over me at my first sight of the Parthenon. Here seemed to rise an emblem of what there is most permanent and abiding; here if anywhere, a man might find healing for life's fitful fever and learn to scorn the falsehood of extremes. With some such nascent unvoiced feeling I first looked upon the reverend walls in my impressionable youth; but last summer in my more sober years the feeling was unchanged save that it took more definite form, and to-day, when I am separated from the old scenes by half a continent, it is stronger still. Even as I write there is before my eyes a vivid picture and to my ears come some olden words, that the University and time have taught me to understand.

Ὁ φιλότατη γῆ μήτηρ, ὡς σεμνον σφόδρ' εἰ τοῖς νοῦν ἔχουσι κτήμα.

Of this inspiring home the students have not been unappreciative nor, for the most part, unworthy. Like it they present changing aspects with shifting light and shadow; but like it again they remain in the great essentials unchanged. If they have not always loved sweetness and behaved like saints they have at least loved light and behaved like men, which is better. In our day they were often wrong, falling cheerfully into human errors and, to borrow from Mr. Chamberlain, muddling through like a British Cabinet grappling with an Imperial problem; but their errors were human and in some way or other they did muddle through. From all I can learn it has not been very different since.

As my memory turns to those years there passes before its vision a series of events and a throng of individuals. To you those events seem far away and the individuals unfamiliar, but the collective events would strangely resemble the history you are making. For you The Varsity is a flourishing entity beyond the reach of death, or even of serious ill, but we were present when it was brought back from the dead largely through the work of Mr. W. S. McLay, now, I believe, at McMaster. To you the Gymnasium is only a place of recreation or a building, whereas for us it was a great issue in the Literary Society, the outgrowth as well as the occasion of most laudable efforts on the part of the students. How many of the present generation are familiar with the names of Mr. J. D. Webster and Mr. E. Gillis in this connection? And yet these men almost performed miracles. To you J. H. Brown and James A. Tucker are names, beloved perhaps, but only names; to me they are not only ideal types of the Canadian student, but also living personalities. The former had one of the finest intellects it has ever been my privilege to know and Tucker was endowed with a nature supremely lovable and chivalrous to the point of self-effacement.

Either man would have laid down his life unhesitatingly rather than evade a duty or betray a trust.

"Though all too soon in wintry gold
His sun went down,
Ne'er braver knight of old
Won wealth or crown."

But this brings me to the inevitable penalty of retrospection and the letter I began with a laughing heart threatens to end with something most unbecoming a man. It is not without a heavy penalty that the hours reverse the course of time and carry us back to the days of our youth; but it is always worth the payment, for whatever your youth or mine may be, youth itself is the most beautiful thing in the world. I do not speak of mere physical beauty, I mean beautiful to the mind and soul as well as to the eye. Youth is often ignorant, often unpardonably vain, most often criminally thoughtless of others;

but after all it is gloriously beautiful. If it forgets others it is also forgetful of self; it is generous and hopeful, peering confidently into the future with the soul still shining through its eyes, with the cry on its lips "We are young and the world is ours," and in its heart the ever-glowing fires that rally the good in the depths of a man's being, while over it all is the indescribable charm that Coleridge came so near describing when he looked back to youth and wrote, "Life went a-maying with Nature, Hope and Poesy." It is not strange that we ever dream of a fountain of eternal youth, for the finding thereof would mean joy beyond the telling. But if you cannot be young forever it is worth while being young as long as you can. Even at the best the day comes

all too soon when we must bid farewell to the quick heart of youth, as to a long-tried friend, and must accept in its stead the duller heart of advancing years; and well it is for the man to whom this day of farewell comes late, to whom a prolonged youth has been a prolonged training for a brave old age.

And, now, with apologies for my preachment, which in all probability none save the poor proof-reader has followed, I may subscribe our brief and time-honored confession of faith. "I believe in a University as a saving power as long as it does its part in the large function of Nature." "And making men is Nature's chief concern

For right men bring things right."

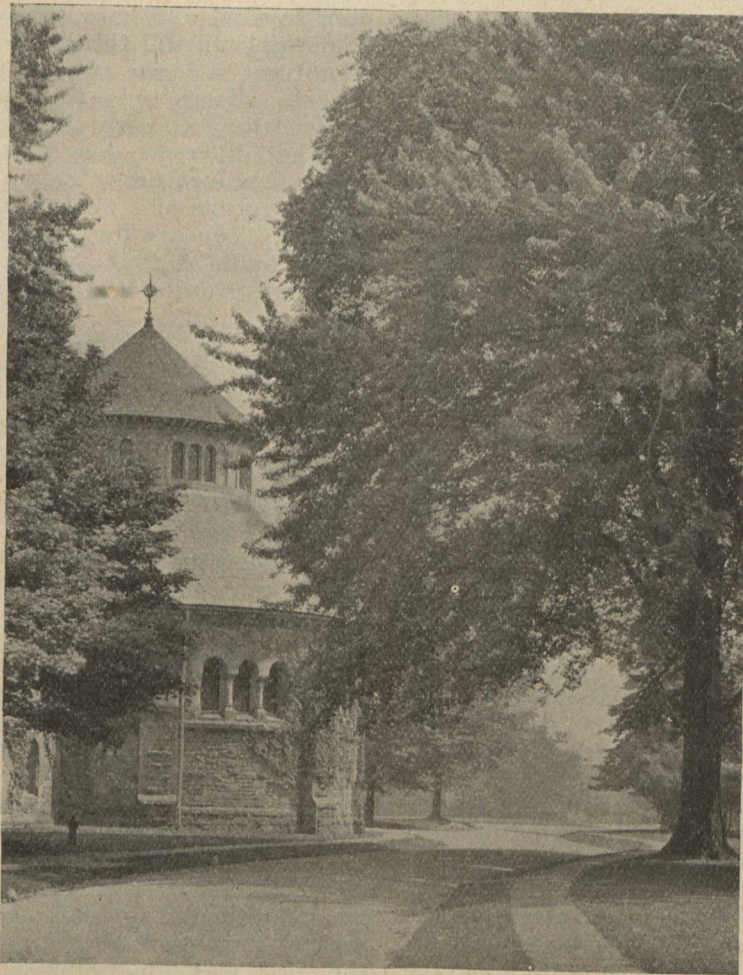
It is true that at the University of Toronto some men have been made and it must always be true that some are in the making. How many shall be made and how strong they shall be must depend upon the students themselves to a far greater extent than you or I can say.

Very sincerely yours,
Fred B. R. Hellems.



"If I were offered the choice between four years of academic work and four years in residence I should, without a moment's hesitation, choose the latter."—Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.

"He is not born for glory who knoweth not the value of time."



Ingerid's Christmas Gift

Translated from the Norwegian by Thorlief Larsen, '08

"Nowadays people talk so much about doing good, but for my part I have always had great difficulty in finding anyone who was good for the sole sake of being so. It is generally pure selfishness that prompts people to so-called beneficence.

"In my whole experience I can recollect but one instance of what I should call a deed actuated by genuine goodness. Oh, yes—I suppose I can relate it to you, although, as is so often the case with the truly great things of life, it may seem very trivial," said the schoolmaster.

* * * * *

My uncle's family and ours lived each in our little portion of the tiny house. There was sickness next door for my uncle's little daughter, Ingerid, had been ill for a whole year. Things weren't any too pleasant for her either, for she had no one to play with but the gray cat and it was the worst creature that ever lived, for it scratched and bit and snatched the food out of her hands. Her father was very hot-tempered; he was always angry and used to swear and curse terribly. Above all he was continually grumbling and scolding about that "unbearably lazy child," who was always in bed and was not good for anything but to stuff with food. The mother's heart was no doubt a little more tender for she was a God-fearing woman. Still she could not deny that it would be for the best if the Lord would take the miserable little thing; for she could never be of any use in this sinful world anyway. And all this poor little Ingerid was forced to lie there and listen to.

When I came home at Christmas I used to go in to see her almost every day and I would sit and talk with her for a while. I, who had gone to school in the town for two years, had so many beautiful things to tell about and had heard and seen so much—at any rate Ingerid thought so. She could never understand how I was able to remember so much. Just think, I could rattle off the whole Greek alphabet in one breath! She never doubted in the least that I would be the minister's successor, although, as a matter of fact, I never became the sexton.

She was the most attentive and interested listener I have ever had; her eyes shone when I described to her how the Christmas trees glittered with lights, and flags, and sweets in the houses of the city people. Of a fir tree she had absolutely no conception so that, after much trouble and explanation, all in vain, I was at last constrained to yield that the fir was a large juniper tree. Then I told how parents and children gave one another gifts, how they all danced around the Christmas tree, and so on.

"What do they give one another?" she asked with sparkling eyes.

"Oh, everything—clothes, dolls, perfume, breast-pins, pearls, books."

"Books? Large ones? With gold on the binding? Like the minister's Bible?"

"Yes—and very much nicer! And pictures and embroideries."

"Do they never give sweets?" she asked uncertainly.

"Yes, I should think so! Bon-bons and raisins and oranges—big, yellow ones, like those in the store windows in town—and apples, and cakes, and wine."

She lay for some time in deep thought. Then suddenly her sunken cheeks lit up with fresh color and a happy smile glowed on her pale lips.

"Tell more!" she begged.

And I did so in as vivid colors as possible.

"Why are not we rich also?" she asked finally.

"Had I had an orange you should have received it as a Christmas present, because you have been so kind and have sat with me and told me so many beautiful things. Father should certainly not get it," she said almost hard-heartedly, "for he wishes only that I should die. But I have nothing to give you," she ended dejectedly.

"What difference does that make?" I said, trying to comfort her, "I can get oranges in town when I return and we are just as happy in spite of that. You are my little cousin anyway—the only trouble is that you can't be up! To-day the sun is shining and the children are sleigh-riding."

"Is that so? I suppose I shall never see that again. But—but I do wish so much that I could give you something for Christmas. Things always taste nicer when I get them from you or mother. If you get anything good from someone you don't like, there doesn't seem to be anything to it, do you think? Last night Mrs. Johnson came in to see me and she had a plate of rice-porridge and milk, but it tasted like pepper. I can remember how she went and told the schoolmaster that it was I who had broken the pane in the school-house. And then the teacher thrashed me, although it was her own Elsa who had done it—but she blamed me for it—and then I got a box on the ear from father and mother cried and they took my shilling from me, which I had got of the minister's wife when I picked flowers for her last year and paid for the pane with that. I haven't forgotten it and I never shall. And, therefore, the porridge did not taste good. I should have liked to have thrown it all away but I did not dare; I managed to give the greater part of it to the cat, the ugly beast, although I was hungry myself. But the pieces of bread and butter that Mrs. Pearson sends, oh, they are so good that—yes, they almost melt in the mouth. For she is a kind woman. How long is it now until Christmas Eve?"

"There is a whole week yet."

"Have you any butter at home?"

"Butter? No—you must know we haven't that. We have some pork and salt herring and a little ham; but we are not to touch that until Christmas. The longer one saves you know, the longer it lasts."

And then came Christmas Eve. I did my best to make things as pleasant as possible at home and prepared little parcels for both parents and brothers and sisters. Father got an apple and a box of snuff; mother got an orange and two figs, and my brothers and sisters got candy and some other little things, which I had bought at a gro-

cer's, whose son I had helped through his lessons. I had spent altogether fifty cents of the nine and a half crowns which I had received as stipendium from the school's poor-box, but I soon earned the fifty cents back by writing out accounts for the merchant.

Everyone was happy in our little parlor that night, although no one had the heart to begin on his presents, except father who went and snuffed and sneezed the whole evening.

"If there is to be Christmas, let there be Christmas," he said laughing.

In the latter part of the evening I went in to Ingerid. I had bought a doll for her—true it was only two or three inches long but it was in full dress and had porcelain feet, lace, and a red belt round a blue dress.

I don't suppose any human being has ever been happier than Ingerid was when she got the doll. At first she scarcely dared to touch it—she was visibly afraid lest it might go to pieces—and then she carefully felt the fine clothes, took a good look at it from all sides, turned the wonderful porcelain object up and down and finally burst out in ecstasy:

"She has got real dresses on just like the minister's daughters—this must be the most beautiful doll in the world."

She placed the little doll on her arm, rocked it up and down and looked full of bliss.

"Cousin," she said, as I stood by the door, ready to go.

"Yes?"

"I should have liked so much to have given you a Christmas present," she said gently.

"Oh, my dear, little child, but you have nothing! Don't think about that at all!"

"Yes," she said hesitatingly, "I have something, but it is—it is almost a shame to come with it."

"What in the world can that be?" I asked wonderingly.

With burning cheeks she put her thin, waxen-pale hand into a hole in the wall over her bed and took out a slice of bread upon which lay—a large lump of butter!

"I thought," she said, blushing bashfully and almost begging me to take it, "that it must be hard for you, who always get butter when you are in town, to be here at home and not get any even on Christmas Eve and so—and so I scraped off all the butter from the bread which the neighbors sent me. Look, here it is. It is so little, but I could not get more although I scraped off all I could."

I have received many proofs of love in my day both from old and young, and rich and poor, but I do not think anything has ever produced such an impression on me as this proof of self-denial and up-offering love. The tears would come out of my eyes as I heartily kissed her damp, beating forehead. And then I hurried into our own house, cut a thick, thick slice of fine bread, ran in again to Ingerid, buttered the whole lump of butter on it and said:

"Now, you eat this up right away."

"No, I will not touch it."

"Do you think I have got the heart to eat up your bread?"

"Well, then, the cat can have it," she said with a choking voice, and with the tears hanging on her lashes. "I have saved it up for you."

"But—Ingerid—"

"No, I will not touch it—no, no."

"Yes, but we got a whole pound of butter from the grocer to-day. Well—wait then."

I went in again and buttered another piece.

"Now then, I will eat my piece, but you must also eat this; and I will give you a fig, too, which I brought from town—but not before you have eaten up the whole piece. Now then—go ahead. Hurry up before your father and mother come home."

I believe there fell tears on both the bread slices.

Peace be to her memory! She was soon allowed to go thither where there is everlasting Christmas joy.



CENSORED

"Is the point of a college song to consist in its free use of profanity? * * * * * The form of wit expressed in unprintable blanks does not deserve imitation. 'Tammany' and 'The Dutch Companee' are good catches but they need the censor."—G. P. B.

When Greek meets Greek, oh that's the happy hour,
When Dutch meets Dutch them flows the lemon sour.

For the Dutch Companee, etc.

There's the Amsterdarn Dutch and the Rotterdam Dutch
And the Potsdarn Dutch and the other darn Dutch.

For the Dutch Companee, etc.

Oh! Someone made the Irish and they don't amount to much,
But they're very much better than the horrid old Dutch.

For the Dutch Companee, etc.

Why don't you make a call on the girl you love so much,
Instead of promenading with those nasty old Dutch.

For the Dutch Companee, etc.

Now we've changed this song and we'd like to make the rule

That it only be sung in a Sunday school.

For the Dutch Companee, etc.

Anvil Chorus.



Freshman (with a great oratorical flourish of arms and voice up to key of "g").... "On! Mr. President and gentlemen, can you comprehend the profound depth of our responsibility in training ourselves as freshmen so that we, the class of '09, the future rulers of Canada, may set an example and influence for Ontario, yea, for Canada, and not only British North America, but even the whole of North America." Here he stopped—who wonders!

Modern Greece and Its People

By W. A. Kirkwood, (M.A.)

Greece, though but a small and unimportant country, has an individuality and charm which appeal to every beholder. No one can forget its past, so glorious and so precious. To the classical student this will loom so large that he is apt to despise the humbler Greece of to-day. I shall try, however, to keep in the background the Greece of the past, and to give some account of the modern kingdom, and of the character, employments and aspirations of its people.

But one who would ignore the past entirely cannot understand the Greece of to-day. Modern Hellas cannot be separated from her past. She lives upon it and draws her inspiration from it. The Greek loves to dwell upon the ancient glories of his nation, and dreams of a time in the no distant future when all the Greek lands scattered throughout the Levant shall take their laws from Athens, and Greece shall assume her proper place among the powers of the world. Outsiders may laugh at such aspirations, but must not overlook them in forming their estimate of the Greek people to-day.

Who can approach the shores of Greece without a thrill of expectation, or ever forget his first view of Athens? A small triangular plain slopes gently from the glittering Saronic Gulf to the gray ranges of Parnes and Hymettus which clasp it in and converge to the pyramidal peak of Pentelicon. In the middle of this plain, amid olive woods and orange groves, rises a group of low hills, among which the flat-topped Acropolis stands conspicuous with its crown of shattered columns. It strikes the eye of the voyager far down the gulf, and holds it continuously till he prepares to land in the busy harbor of Piraeus. Piraeus hopes, on the completion of the Government railway up through Thessaly to join the trans-continental line to Constantinople, to supplant Brindisi as the starting point of P. & O. steamers to the East. Meanwhile it is the chief Greek port, with a rapidly increasing population and most of the manufactories which the country can boast.

Athens is largely a product of the nineteenth century. In 1830, when the kingdom was organized, it was but a wretched, poverty-stricken Turkish village, and Nauplia was the first capital of modern Greece. But no other city than Athens could be the capital of the new Hellas, and thither the government was transferred in 1834. It owes its choice chiefly to its ancient greatness, for Attica is the barest and least fertile of all the provinces of Greece, and Athens has no country to draw from. It is a beautiful city of at least 150,000, with wide boulevards, spacious squares and imposing public buildings. Yet one cannot help thinking that there is something artificial about it. It is a sort of miniature Paris, a city made to order, not a busy modern town throbbing and bursting with life.

Side by side with the new Athens exist the numerous remains of the ancient city. These centre about the Acropolis, which has been cleared of all later additions and retains only its great buildings of antiquity. Its walls, built by

Kimon and Themistocles shortly after the Persian wars, are still almost entire. The Propylaea crown the steep ascent, and through their shattered columns admit to the interior of the walls. Near by, on the rock from which, as the legend tells, Aegeus threw himself when he saw the black sails of Theseus' ship returning from Crete, the restored Nike Temple has replaced the bastion built by the Turks to defend the Acropolis against the attacking Venetians. Even to-day it is a charming building—"a dream in stone—a sonnet in marble." The Parthenon adorns the highest part of the Acropolis rock. Its majestic columns "tinged as with the sunsets of two thousand years," stand erect at either end and still support fragments of architrave and pediment; in the middle, shattered and overthrown, they show the havoc wrought by the explosion of the Turkish powder magazine which wrecked it more than two centuries ago. The Erechtheum, greatly restored, stands a little to the north, and at the foot of the Acropolis' southern slope are the Dionysiac theatre, the scene of the triumphs of the great dramatists, and the Odeum built in Roman times by Herodes Atticus for the adornment of Athens and the use of its citizens.

Among the many monuments in the lower city are the great temple of Jupiter Olympus, the stadium now completely restored, and the "Theseum," the best preserved of all Greek buildings, in which the Greeks of the Revolution wished that Byron should be buried, that it might become the Westminster Abbey of modern Greece.

Except for a few churches there are no remains of the mediæval city, and every material trace of the Turkish occupation has been destroyed. The Athenian would fain forget the long period of degradation and servitude which followed upon ancient Athenian greatness, and ended only within the last century.

Athens is to-day, as much as ever before, "the eye of Greece;" it is more to Greece than is London to England, or Paris to France. Except Piraeus, which is almost a part of Athens, there are only a few ports in Greece which are worthy the name of city. Thebes and Sparta are but country towns, Corinth is a struggling village. Athens alone is at all cosmopolitan and European. It is the head, political, commercial, educational, religious and social, of the whole country.

Though less than one-fourth of the land is under cultivation, the greater part of the population of Greece is engaged in farming; for, in spite of its mountainous character, Greece possesses many fine plains and valleys of amazing fertility. The farms are usually small—of from one to fifty acres, and produce tobacco, fruits, wine and silk. The currants or Corinthian grapes form three-fifths of the total exports. Agricultural methods are of the most primitive character, and the majority of Greek farmers use the rude wooden plough and the ox-goad of antiquity, though

foreign machinery is beginning to make its appearance.

Most of the few existing industries are in the hands of foreigners. Mining is carried on to some extent in the ancient mines at Laurium and in several of the islands, and the quarries of Pentelicon are to-day worked by foreign companies and yield more than ever before. For trade and navigation, however, the Greeks have an aptitude, and every coast which the Aegean laves is visited by their tiny sailing craft.

The Greeks of to-day are unquestionably of mixed origin. Of course one dare not hint at such a thing in Athens,—an Italian Consul was indiscreet enough to do so recently, and the Greek Government demanded his recall. Slavonic and Albanian elements have mingled largely with the pure Hellenic. Still, the wonderful power of assimilation which the modern Greeks possess as largely as the ancient, promises a complete welding of these various elements into a united people. The average Greek has dark hair and an olive complexion. He is not the handsome being that our fancy pictures the Greek of olden time, but rather undersized, though the northern mountaineer is of splendid physique. The women have regular features, and are often quite beautiful when young. But they age rapidly, and the extremes of over-work among the poorer classes and lack of exercise among the wealthier make most of them either hard-featured or flaccid by the time they reach middle life.

As to character, the Greek has never enjoyed a high reputation, and "Greek guile" has been a by-word since the time of Juvenal. But is it quite fair to judge him by Western standards? If Macaulay was justified in his claim that before condemning the trickery of the Bengalee we must take into account his history and his surroundings, surely some consideration is due the Greek. For centuries he was the slave of proud and ignorant masters, from whose hands no justice could be expected. He found that, though physically weaker than the Turk, he was much sharper mentally, and that to get the better of his lord he must outwit him, as the Armenians and Syrians do to-day. So he has developed that sharpness of intellect and that laxness of morals for which he is notorious. We forget that the Greeks, though freed politically, have not yet raised themselves to Western standards of morality. They recognize this themselves to some extent. Even to-day they speak of "Europe" as if they were not a part of it.

The Greek, then, is enterprising, energetic, industrious and quick-witted, but not over-scrupulous in his business and political methods; ambitious, conceited, fickle and wily, but open-handed, fond of learning, patriotic and hospitable. It is rather unfortunate for his reputation that it is his vices, rather than his virtues, that are seen in his dealings with foreigners, and that even his virtues often lead him astray. His intense patriotism degenerates into jingoism and bombast. Greece has been the spoiled child of European diplomacy. But, unwilling to recognize that their best safeguard lies in the goodwill of the powers, the Greeks are intent upon an aggressive policy, and thirst for military glory. The fiasco of the war which they forced

on Turkey in 1897 was a salutary check, and has not been without its good effects, but even yet the Greeks try to keep up an army and a navy larger than they are able to support. No city, not Constantinople, nor even Berlin, is so full of idle army officers as is Athens. Their fleet, on which the Greeks so prided themselves, has proved to be almost worthless; but, nothing daunted, they are hard at work to raise funds for a new one by means of public lotteries.

Their excessive love of politics is another weakness. Every Greek is a politician, and enjoys nothing better than listening to political harangues, except making them himself. The cafés are centres of the keenest discussion. Faction feeling always runs high, and there is a political crisis every few months. To the foreign observer, Greek politics are highly amusing—a sort of comic opera performance. An Irish night in the House of Commons is dull in comparison with an average session of the *Boulé*.

It is such follies that make the Greeks ridiculous in foreign eyes, and cause their many real virtues to be forgotten. To the Westerner, indeed, the Greeks will often appear almost as children. They are impulsive, mercurial, fond of imitating the grown-up nations of Europe. They play at being a great power, and must now and then be punished for overstepping the bounds of decorum. But they retain much of the simplicity and joy of life which we have lost. Under the veneer of modern culture, which often sits so grotesquely upon them, they are at heart a kindly, hospitable and religious people.

W. A. Kirkwood (M. A.)



DELICIAE PRACTITAE

I found a wild rose on the street;
A strange, sweet thing to view
Amid the dust of passing feet
A bloom so fair of hue!

It seemed but lately to have left
Some smiling rural bower,
'Twas ruth to see it lie bereft
'Ere it had lived its hour.

It smiled on me with piteous grace
As if imploring aid.
I stooped and raised it to my face
Then on my breast it laid.

Its drooping petals one by one
Uncurled and spread apart,
And flaming like a golden sun
Drew warmth from out my heart.

A little while 'twas fair to see
Then faded, drooped and died.
Great grief! but yet 'tis rarity
To see sweet things abide.

Not all the gardener's tender care
Can keep the lily's grace,
Nor can a yearning wish or prayer
Lost sweetnesss replace.

A Puddingless Prospect

As I write, my little ones—as many as there are fingers on the hand that holds the pen—are ticking off on the calendar the days that stand between now, the time of ordinary, uneventful life, and the magic 25th December. There is much hopeful talk between the four girls and the boy as to sleighs, and skates and hockey, and snowshoes and skis, such things as turn a snow-shrouded Christmas into the cheeriest, brightest, laughter-filled day of the year.

When I speak to them of a Christmas without snow or ice or a green balsam tree, myriad-lighted by wax tapers, they stare aghast. How could Christmas without all these things be Christmas at all? And yet it is just such a barren Christmas that I remember with more distinctness than the others I have spent in widely separated lands.

Christmas among the Cree Indians in the far North-land I have had; upon one of them I remember there was a race with sleds between moose and horse.

Then again there was that Christmas spent in the Kuttan Valley, on the border of Afghanistan, among the wild, robber hill-men, the Marris. It was the eve of the day of peace and goodwill on earth that we searched the gorges and cliffs and the slopes of the Sulimans for our Burra Sahib, alive or dead, fearing greatly that he was dead—that he had been murdered by the cut-throat Marris. It was almost on the strike of midnight that we found him quite well and very much alive.

But neither is that the story of the well-remembered Christmas, for it was away to the south, on the coast of Burma, that this glad day of the year was indelibly stamped on my memory. And all over a plum-pudding, mind you,—indissoluble association of Christmas. Four Sahibs of us were stationed on the Berenge Island; "stationed" is a misleading word, we were marooned, we were there chained to our duties.

A small boat, depending altogether upon the caprice of the winds and the more capricious turn of the native mind, brought us supplies at intensely hyphenated intervals. At first there had been a goodly stock of English tinned goods in the bungalow go-down, jealously guarded by a most conscientious English clerk. Amongst other souvenirs of Cross & Blackwell's art, were wondrous tins of plum-pudding,—four pounds each, as I remember, and the contents rich beyond cavil.

But the uncertain boat, the ennui of everlasting murghi (chicken) had turned the godown into a Mother Hubbard's cupboard—as bare. There remained but a barrel of weevily ship's biscuits.

But Christmas came—the calendar and the sun ate into the month boatless, and we grew depressed and crabbed.

All through December the frivolous boat had loitered somewhere beyond the dip of Bengal Bay, and each night as we sat on the veranda smoking our cheroots, and discussing the advent of Christmas, our sole prayers to Santa Claus were for something to side-track the attenuated fowl and the weevily biscuit from our Christmas dinner.

I think it was Crane Sahib that fixed the value of a turkey at two hundred rupees, and a plum-pudding at two hundred more; or the two combined at five hundred rupees. However, the days between them arranged that—and I think the barrel of weevily biscuit swelled out its staves with the pomposity of knowing that it held our Christmas dinner.

Poor Abdul, the beberchi (cook), felt it as much as we did.

"Kuch na hai bara khana ki wasti" (Got nothing for the big dinner), he moaned dismally. Then he would draw upon his virile Chittagonian vocabulary of abuse to express his ideas of the ancestry that had begot the boatmen. Even the Burra Sahib at Akyab ceased to be Abdul's 'Ma bap'—that is, his father and his mother.

I think I ought to describe George, for he was the Sahib that did the thing, the magician. He was built on the plenteous lines of an elephant, his structure was architecturally, not more graceful in its lines. His English was such as one hears amongst the toilers out 'Ammer-smith way. But his heart and his intelligence were beyond the need of bolstering from fine speech or grace of deportment. Perhaps, as I write, the memory of that Christmas unduly magnifies his good qualities, and subverts the little irregularities of convention.

I remember quite well that it was George who inspired a boar hunt that Christmas morning, not pig-sticking, however, but a-foot, with rifles, to clamber through the hot jungle for wild pig. He said, wise old George: "My Word! it'll take hour minds holf the measley weevils!"

We concurred, and gloomily stalked through the dense jungle of pingade, and tsi-sapaw, and banyan.

The very pigs turned their backs upon us desisively, and scuttled away joyously to safety.

It was high noon when we trudged back to the bamboo abode of desolation. The path along which we plodded would have taken us by the door of the beberchie khana (cook house), but George, on some trivial pretext of shikarri (hunting), led us by a detour wide of the cook house and into the bungalow by the front.

The prospective Christmas dinner was not worth a change of raiment; but George was strangely insistent upon this point. "Let's perk up a bit, Sahibs," he said. "If we hain't got nothink as 'ow I'd call a dinner, hall the more we orter tog up to make it happear as 'ow we 'ad."

So we changed, rebelliously perhaps, but we liked to please old George.

The dinner table was a surprise, an innovation. Boodha, the butler, had mapped it out with croton leaves, and jasmine, and in the centre glowed like a living fire, crimson poinsetta.

"Damn mockery!" Barnes Sahib declared bitterly; then added, "Sheitan (Deuce) take the cook! What the thunder is he grinning about?" For Abdul had poked his black face through the door for a second, wreathed in smiles.

"That 'eathen don't know no better!" George commented.

(Continued on page 172.)

The Calcite Vein.

A Tale of Cobalt

I used to be leevin' on Bonami
Fines' place on de lake, you bet!
An' dough I go off only wance, sapree!
I t'ink I will leev' dere yet.
Wit' tree growin' down to de water side,
W'ere leetle bird dance an' sing,
Only come an' see you don't shout wit' me
Hooraw for Temiskaming!

But silver boom, an' de cobalt bloom
Play de devil wit' Bonami,
So off on de wood we all mus' go,
Leavin' de familiee—
Shovel an' pick, hammer an' drill,
We carry dem ev'ry w'ere,
For workin' away all night an' day,
Till it's tam to be millionaire.

So it ain't very long w'en I mak de strike,
W'at dey're callin' de vein cal-cite,
Quarter an inch, jus' a leetle "pinch"
But soon she is come all right,
An' widen out beeg, mebbe wan sixteen,
An' now we have got her sure,
So we jomp on our hat, w'en she go lak dat
Me an' Bateese Couture.

Early in spring we see dat vein,
W'en de pat-ridge begin to druin,
De leaf on de bush start in wit' a rush,
An' de skeeter commence to come—
Very nice tam on de wood, for sure,
If you want to be goin' die,
Skeeter at night, till it's come daylight,
An' after dat, small black fly.

Couple o' gang like dat, ma frien',
'Specially near de swamp
An' hongry, too, dey can bite an' chew,
An' kip you upon de jomp!
But never you min', only work away
So long as de vein is dere,
For a t'ing so small don't count at all
If you want to be millionaire.

"An' dis is de price," Bateese he say,
"T'ree million or not'ing at all,"
An' I say, "you're crazy, it's five you mean,
An' more if you wait till Fall,
An' s'pose de silver was come along
An' cobalt she bloom an' bloom—
We look very sick if we sole too quick
An' ev'ry t'ing's on de boom."

De cash we refuse, w'en dey hear de news,
W'en I t'ink of dat cash to-day,
I feel lak a mouse on a great beeg house
W'en de familiee move away—

Wan million, two million, no use to us,
Me an' Bateese Couture,
So we work away ev'ry night an' day
De sam' we was always poor.

An' den wan morning a stranger man,
A man wit' hees hair all w'ite,
Look very wise, an' he's moche surprise
W'en he's seein' dat vein cal-cite—
An' he say, "Ma frien', for de good advice
I hope you will mak' some room—
From sweetheart girl to de wide, wide worl',
Ketch ev'ry t'ing on de bloom.

Kip your eye on de vein, for dere's many a slip
Till you drink of de silver cup,
An' if you're not goin' to go 'way down,
You're goin' to go 'way, 'way up."

"Now w'at does he mean," Bateese he say,
After de oie man lef',
"Mebbe want to buy, but he t'ink it's high
So we'll finish de job ourse'f,
Purty quick too," an' den hooraw!
We form it de compaignie,
An' to give dem a sight on de vein cal-cite,
We work it on Bonami.

Can't count de monee dat's comin' in,
Sam' as de lotterie,
Ev'ry wan try, till bimeby
Dere's not many dollar on Bonami,
An' de gang we put onto de job right off,
Nearly twenty beside de cook,
Hammer an' drill till dey're nearly kill,
An' feller to watch de book.

'Too many man, an' I see it now,
An' I'm sorry 'cos I'm de boss,
For walkin' aroun' all over de groun'
Dat's de reason de vein get los'—
Easy enough wit' de lantern too,
Seein' dat vein las' night,
But to-day I'm out, lookin' all about
An' w'ere is dat vein cal-cite?

Very curious t'ing, but you can't blame me,
For I try very hard I'm sure
Helpin' dem on till de vein is gone,
Me an' Bateese Couture,
So of course I wonder de way she go
An' twenty cent, too, a share,
An' I can't understan' dat stranger man
W'at he mean w'en he's sayin' dere

"Kip your eye on de vein for dere's many a slip
Till you drink of de silver cup,
An' if you're not goin' to go 'way down,
You're goin' to go 'way, 'way up."

William Henry Drummond.

Apologia Didascalii

By Principal Auden

The need for an apology for school masters seems perennial. The Greeks of old time had a proverb recorded by Athenaeus xv. 666:

εἰ μὴ ἰατροὶ ἦσαν, οὐδὲν ἂν ἦν γραμματικῶν μωρότερον

"School teachers are the most stupid people in the world,—bar doctors," a saying undoubtedly hard on school masters and I imagine also hard on the medical profession. In modern times, too, we have all heard the story of how a certain Eton master on a Clyde steamer fell into casual conversation with a Scotch artisan; the latter on discovering the other's calling said "Shak' hands, my frien', we both belong to sair despised professions; I am a plumber mysel'." With the criticism on the last mentioned profession, many present day Torontonians will, I think, concur; vide the comments of the daily press during the last two months. From the days of Ennius to those of Archbishop Temple, both of them school masters of repute, it is true of the teaching profession that there is no other profession which so many great men have left; and the calling of a school master is nowhere held in great esteem. The public, too, often regard it as a refuge for the destitute, and express their sentiments as the Greeks did, who to those enquiring after lost relatives used to reply.

ἦτοι τέθνηκεν ἢ διδάσκει γράμματα.

"He is either dead or teaching school somewhere."

The growing disinclination on the part of University men to take up teaching as a life work and the general lack of men in all branches of education constitutes in my opinion a serious national danger. The number of first-class men from Canadian Universities who take up teaching is astoundingly small. In Oxford and Cambridge, of the first class men of any year a few go to the bar, or into the civil service, but far the majority take up teaching—this at any rate was the case till recently,—and every English Public School is usually staffed entirely by first class men, although the recent appointment of a second class man to the head-mastership of Eton may alter this tradition. Yet in England the salaries of teachers are inadequate considering what is expected of them. The English educational papers are just as full as the Canadian papers of complaints on this point. There are few educational posts which provide what I call a marrying wage, though many provide a living wage. To quote a report of six years ago, "the English Public Schools succeed in getting for absurdly inadequate salaries teachers of high ability, strong character, good social standing, and wide culture;" but to-day in both England and Scotland there is a shortage of secondary teachers.

For the lack of men as teachers in Canada there are, I believe, many reasons, poor salaries, poor prospects, overwork, and others,—all matters of common knowledge. But one point seems to me not to have been sufficiently emphasized, it is this—I believe that at the outset the average University student has a wrong conception of what teaching really is; he does not understand

the real inwardness of it. I suppose because the teacher who really loves his work does not carry his heart on his sleeve, self-advertisement is not his foible. He does not proclaim to the world why he loves his work, why he can be content with a small sphere. Thus it comes about that the University student too often looks only at the externals of teaching and passes by on the other side. He does not understand that there must be an element of missionary spirit in teaching, that it must be taken up "for the love of the thing," because it is felt to be a calling, that it is in fact closely parallel to the work of a minister of the church. Any other conception of the teachers' profession is radically wrong. The idea that teaching is a calling not a money-making trade, that it is a life of self-denial and self-sacrifice in which often work has its own reward, runs through all ages. It was so in the time of Columba, who fled from the wrath of an Irish King in his tiny coracle, to preach the gospel of sweetness and light to his Pictish brethren, and founded at Iona the monastery destined to be the parent of 300 others, and to become the central seat of learning in the Western world: this "nest of Columba" from which says Odonellus, "the sacred doves (columbae) of learning flew to every quarter of the world." So has it been from the time of Alcuin, scholar, courtier, priest, and statesman, of Abelard, that daring missionary youth, who journeyed as the knight-errant of logic, and fluent reasoning, from school to school discomfiting the ablest clerks and profoundest theologians in many an intellectual tourney, to the days of Arnold of Rugby, who always insisted that his masters should be men who worked for the work's sake, because they felt called to it; for to Arnold the business of a school master was, like that of the clergyman, "the cure of souls." From him comes that axiom of English Public School masters, "a school master is a parson with his coat off."

More than half of the school master's work concerns itself with character. A good school trains for life and helps boys to build character. It tries to make them good, not merely learned, to make good citizens, and good citizens are not made by instruction alone. Character is not formed by a time table. Education is a matter of body, mind and soul, and this Trinity is for educational purposes indivisible. No right-thinking student will go into the ministry unless he feels he is called. Nor will he take on himself the care of the moral welfare of his fellows for simple gain. He will do so because he hopes that by his work he will leave the world better, cleaner, purer, than he found it, and he looks to his own conscience for a reward. So it should be with school mastering. The present divorce between mental and moral training, the leaving of the building of moral character to parsons, and Sunday schools is very much to be deprecated. In England complaints are often made of exactly the opposite nature. To quote the words of a well-known school master, to whom, as is an open secret, the head mastership of Eton was offered, "I honestly believe," he says, "that most of

Public School masters have two strong ambitions, to make their boys good and to make them healthy, but I do not think they care to make them intellectual, the intellectual life is left to take care of itself." But I think that in Canada at present there is perhaps a tendency to overestimate the instructional part of education. Education has a larger sphere than the school-room; the student who thinks that school-mastering consists merely in imparting a certain amount of carefully peptonized, and predigested knowledge in its most attractive form to a limited number of boys is not likely to choose the teaching profession "for the love of the thing;" there is not much room for high ideals and enthusiasm in such a one-sided conception of the work. There is no doubt that a school master's life looked at from the highest point of view does satisfy those who wish to benefit their fellow-men, who feel called to live their life for others, and to be content with little of this world's goods. How many men there are who after they have destined themselves to the ministry and have taken up school work temporarily have found that in that work there was all that could satisfy their ideals of a high calling, and have never passed on to the ministry, but they have remained life-members of "the goodly fellowship of teachers."

There is another point, I think, which makes University students fight shy of taking up teaching as a profession. They see that a large number of teachers are very narrow and groovy. There is a dreadful normality about them; as students say, "I would not like to be like old so-and-so who taught me." There is undoubtedly a certain amount of uniformity amongst teachers; that is partly the result of educational systems, but speaking generally if a teacher becomes groovy it is his own fault, and he ought to fight against the tendency. In all modern systems of education there is apt to be too much cramming for examination, too much of the diploma-winning sort of training, too much reliance upon the text book only, too close a following of the beaten and dusty way. It is really the spirit of education which matters far more than the system; and the attitude of mind which it calls forth, is more important than the amount of actual knowledge which it gives. We do not want grooviness in education, and if young teachers make up their minds there is no reason why we should have it. Individuality is essential, not a cast iron system. Every true teacher must invent or borrow that system which best suits his own individuality. We want elasticity, not a dull normality. It is the duty of every teacher to try and show his boys that no opinions, no tastes, no emotions, are worth much unless they are one's own. The teacher should not be a mere priest of tradition. No system of education wants its ministers to deliberately make themselves into pedantic phonographs.

Personality is of prime value. If we may parody Buffon's famous dictum on style we may say:

"L'education c'est l'homme même."

for the ultimate lesson that a man teaches is certainly himself. The old Scots dominie who taught his lads "to fear God and write good

Latin" represents now almost a forgotten type. Yet there was much to recommend that type, such men were often odd and eccentric, but they certainly had personalities. There was in them little of that rigid uniformity which makes scoffers talk of all teachers as wooden and most extraordinarily normal, which has made a recent novelist (H. G. Wells), condemn all school masters as "dull dogs of invincible mediocrity, without enthusiasm, always in terror of the unorthodox in intellect, morals and religion."

If it should happen that any intending teacher reads this paper I would venture to give to him one word of advice; don't be misled by catch-words, which are used to cover a multitude of educational sins, and don't wander too far into the nebulous labyrinths of pedagogical psychology. Such words as "interest," "initiative," must be dealt with carefully. Nowadays we try to satisfy a boy's every want, and there is danger lest the very multiplicity of toys and interests and subjects may result in a series of endless beginnings taken up according to the caprice of the moment, and "the child's course through life may come to resemble a caravan route through the desert marked by the wreckage of abandoned interests" (J. H. Badley). It is no use trying to provide for your boys a continuous variety entertainment.

Again, try not to be overwhelmed by your work and swamped by details, keep an open mind for the broad truths of Nature, and the deep truths of the spirit. Realize your place in the scheme of things, never allow yourself to lose hope or slacken interest in the highest ideals. It is well said in "The Upton Letters," "There should be a treasure in the heart of a wise school master, not to be publicly displayed or drearily recounted, but at the right moment and in the right way he ought to be able to show a boy that there are sacred and beautiful things which rule or ought to rule the heart." Here surely is a fair ideal for anyone.

But what of the reward to those who do venture on the hard and stony road of teaching? To the question of reward we must apply the principle of the Harrow song, "How will it seem to us forty years on?" How, that is, to us and to our pupils. We cast our bread upon the waters, but we do not find it until after many weary days. It may be ten years or twenty years after a boy has left, when he returns and with the clear vision of maturer years appreciates what his school and school masters did for him and thanks them. Five words of such thanks compensate amply for five and fifty sins of omission in like case.

There is, too, a reward in the contentment which a teacher's life provides for those who are satisfied with a quiet life and daily duty well performed. It is something to feel that he has done something useful to the world, if not to his self-development, that he has not merely helped boys through their examinations and crammed them full of knowledge, but really developed them as "full men" whom Bacon speaks of, helping to broaden their vision and increase their power of intelligent sympathy. Without these rewards a school master's life would indeed be not worth living and school masters would be of

(Continued on page 175.)

THE VARSITY

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EDITORIALS

A shadow has been cast over the last weeks of the term by the suspension of seven men from the second and third years in Arts. Five juniors were suspended for interfering with the second year when the latter were about to partake of an oyster supper as the guests of the freshmen, and two sophomores met a similar fate because they retaliated on the juniors by painting them while the latter were on their way to a class reception. The severity of the punishment meted out to the seven students is the one topic of conversation in the class-rooms and corridors, and these are days of intense anxiety to all who are directly affected by the action of the Disciplinary Committee.

On Thursday afternoon the Principal of University College addressed the men of the College on the subject, "Student Ethics." He very carefully explained the dangers of "hustles" and student broils of all kinds, and defended the apparently severe punishment which the authorities have inflicted upon the seven students who are under suspension. The large audience of undergraduates accorded the speaker a respectful and attentive hearing, but evidently did not agree with him in one or two particulars. The splendid British instinct for fair play is manifest in Canadian students also and the audience showed very plainly how distasteful to them was the punishment of seven men when a hundred were equally guilty. It is the love of justice allied with the passion for liberty that forms the most distinctive trait of the average Varsity undergrad.

General regret is expressed that the matter was not turned over to the University College Council for settlement. All recognize the fact that larger questions of discipline should be settled by a composite body such as the Disciplinary Committee, but surely in this case, where all the students engaged were University College men, the College Council might have considered the matter. In a University such as Toronto,

where college loyalty is very strong and each college produces its distinct undergraduate type, the faculty of the college are most familiar with its conditions and its spirit. In the present instance the trouble between the second and third years has closely united them, and the University College Council would know from experience that such would be the natural outcome of the fracas.

The third year showed admirable discretion in the manner in which they dealt with the difficult situation with which they were confronted. In presenting a suitable apology to the Disciplinary Committee they have in no way lowered their dignity. The undergraduates of Toronto have some reverence for law and for authority and the men of the third year feel regret that in their determination to carry out what was really only a practical joke they in some measure violated the University regulations. We sincerely trust that the Disciplinary Committee will regard the communication from the third year favorably and in the interests of peace bring to an end an extremely disagreeable and serious situation.

* * *

With the present number the duties of the Michaelmas editor come to an end. We desire to thank all those who have in any way assisted us during our term of office, to the members of the Varsity Board, with whom our relations have at all times been most friendly, to the printers, whose advice has so often been helpful, to the Business Manager, who is a pretty good fellow after all, to our contributors, lastly, thanks to whom the hook has never been without "copy." Although the task of editing a college paper is not an unmixed joy, it is with real regret that we relinquish it.

For our successor, Mr. Frank Barber, of the School of Practical Science, we beg the same measure of support that we have received. Each term brings its problems which demand solution, but Mr. Barber may feel assured of the hearty support and co-operation of the undergraduates in meeting those which may arise next term.

* * *

We desire to express our appreciation of the courtesy which has been extended to the Varsity this term by the Athletic Directorate and Rugby Club. Both organizations have been most generous in extending us the privileges of the press.

* * *

We are pleased to note the appearance of a souvenir of the University of Toronto's recent success in athletics.

Photos of the champion Canadian Rugby team and of Casey Baldwin, some suitable verse, and the calendar months of 1906 will be artistically arranged in four blue sheets in the form of a large T.

HENRY ALBERT HARPER

(Written at the time of his death.)

We crown the splendors of immortal peace
And laud the heroes of ensanguined war,
Rearing in granite memory of men
Who build the future, recreate the past,
Or animate the present dull world's pulse
With loftier riches of the human mind.

But his was greatness not of common mould,
And yet so human in its simple worth,
That any spirit plodding its slow round
Of social commonplace and daily toil,
Might blunder on such greatness, did he hold
In him the kernel-sap from which it sprung.

Men in rare hours great actions may perform,
Heroic lofty, whereof earth will ring,
A world onlooking, and the spirit strung
To high achievement, at the cannon's mouth,
Or where fierce ranks of maddened men go down.

But this was godlier. In the common round
Of life's slow action, stumbling on the brink
Of sudden opportunity, he chose
The only noble, godlike, splendid way,
And made his exit, as earth's great have gone,
By that vast doorway looking out on death.

No poet this of winged immortal pen;
No hero of an hundred victories;
Nor iron moulder of unwieldy states;
Grave counsellor of parliaments, gold-tongued
Standing in shadow of a centuried fame
Drinking the splendid plaudits of a world.

But simple, unrecorded in his days,
Unostentatious, like the average man
Of average duty, walked the common earth,
And when fate flung her challenge in his face,
Took all his spirit in his blinded eyes,
And showed in action why God made the world.

He passes as all pass, both small and great,
Oblivion-clouded, to the common goal;
And all-unmindful moves the dull world round,
With baser dreams of this material day,
And all that makes man petty; the slow pace
Of small accomplishment that mocks the soul.

But he hath taught us by this splendid deed,
That under all this brutish mask of life,
And dulled intention of ignoble ends,
Man's soul is not all sordid; that behind
This tragedy of ills and hates that seem,
There lurks a godlike impulse in the world,
And men are greater than they idly dream.

Wilfred Campbell.

THE COLLEGE GIRL

Miss J. M. Adie, Superintending Editor

SANTA CLAUS

Does it seem absurd to talk to such "grave and reverend" people, such "learned gentlemen" about the good old saint of our childhood?

Perhaps it does, and yet there are so many of us who would hate to lose the dear old myth and who hang up our stockings on Christmas Eve with something, just a little, of the same old thrill as we used to have years ago when we lay awake for hours, so it seemed waiting for Santa Claus, and yet we always missed him!

Just so we shall miss him now, the good old spirit of Christmas, the jolliest saint in the calendar, unless we learn how to "see Santa."

After all, there is something in the old adjuration that "jes' fore Crismus" you should be "good as you can be" for indeed, one gets from Christmas, as from every thing else, exactly what one puts into it.

If we could only enter into it in the spirit of childhood, frank, unquestioning and trusting, believing that because it is the Birthday of Christ, all His People, all over the world, delight to give each other gifts, in commemoration of the great gift He gave to us; feeling that Christmas is in truth the happiest time of all the year and delighted with the tiniest gift, from a five cent handkerchief to a hundred-dollar ring.

After all, what does the price matter? It isn't the thing or it's price that counts. It's the thought behind the gift, and perhaps the five cent handkerchief required more love and care in its selection than the costliest gift you received.

If we could only get over this idea of the price tag; of how much things cost. Of what use is our "higher education" if it does not teach us that money is the most useless, despicable thing in the world, save as the means to an end!

Of what use our study of the classics in all languages if we cannot grasp the Santa Claus idea; to make Christmas the brightest, happiest time of the year with the fairy of good-will?

"Peace on earth. Good will to men," rang the song of the angels, and we worry because Alice's new fur coat is more expensive than ours, or Gertrude's ring has a larger pearl, or somebody else received more gifts or most frequently because some person sent a more expensive gift than you could afford to give her.

What difference does it all make? You can be just as happy and can make yourself just as charming in your shabbier coat, your smaller ring, and as for the price of your gift, a letter, written in the thoughtful, tender spirit of Christmas time, will give more true pleasure than the most expensive present, chosen at hap-hazard because "I must send some thing, you know. She always sends me such beautiful things.

And so, I make a plea for Santa Claus, the dear old saint of jollity and generosity, who is the embodiment of the feeling that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," who never dreams of asking for a return and who is simply "the spirit of Christmas."

Irene C. Love, '05.

The University Man in Canadian National Life

More than anything else, Canada needs men. Thousands are hurrying to our shores from Europe and from the United States. They will continue to come. But the men we need most are the educated, broad-minded, public-spirited Canadians who will mould the national life of the Dominion.

The student of history pauses to-day before the task which faces the Canadian people. Though Confederated in 1867 they may be said to have awakened only recently to the development of their great resources, and to the formation of that national life which is to be, more and more, distinctly their own.

The settlement of the great Northwest, the building of two new Transcontinental railways, the expansion of manufacturing industries, and the investment in Canada of hundreds of millions of dollars of United States capital, mean much in themselves, yet they but serve to give us a glimpse of the producing Canada of the future. It was only in the year 1902, that the production of grain in Canada exceeded the production in the little Islands of Great Britain, yet to-day, the Canadian Northwest is admitted to be one of the really important factors in the world's supply. Nor is Canada to supply grain alone. The fur trade of the far North, the fisheries on all her coasts, her unequalled forest areas, her expanding mineral wealth, and her thousands of waterfalls, tell us that in many other respects, she will surely become one of the great supply houses of the world.

Noted for her enormous productive capacity, Canada's place among the nations will be enhanced as time goes on, by her central position between Europe and the Orient. She controls the shortest routes of international connection across the oceans, and with the hastening development of Asia, she will be the uniting link between East and West. To such a future Canada looks forward.

Every phase of this great future should appeal to the Canadian University graduate. His study of history and economics, of literature, of science and of philosophy has given him, let us hope, broad views, and his training should enable him to grasp the essential points in a great issue.

As he graduates from the University and comes in contact with the business and social life of the Dominion, he finds the people governed in their views by standards and traditions which in many cases exclude independent thought and are altogether petty and disappointing. In the discussion of national issues, we must admit that the average Canadian—the University student not excepted—is a blind follower of his political party. If he calls himself a Liberal he approves of whatever his party does; if he is known as a Conservative he considers it his duty to give an unwavering support to the leaders and policy of that party; while the parties themselves appear to differ not so much in policy as in their extravagant and often disgusting abuse of each other.

If the graduate travels across the Dominion, he finds national spirit hampered in many directions by narrow provincialisms. True, there is a

universal confidence in Canada's future, and a growing national pride in the products of the country; but these sentiments are influenced largely by local conditions, and have not been sufficiently strong to prevent such petty trade barriers as taxes on business firms and commercial travellers who attempt to extend trade beyond the boundaries of their own provinces.

If the graduate reads the Canadian press he finds that, with few exceptions, these also are governed by political interests, and that their editorials cling tenaciously to old party traditions, disregarding as far as it is possible to do so, the actual conditions, avoiding the real issues, and educating the public in standards of thought which are no higher than the parties they represent. A continual effort is made to pit the "Western farmer" against the "Eastern manufacturer" and the employee against the employer, completely ignoring the fact that in each case their interests are ultimately identical, and that national co-operation is necessary to national growth and prosperity.

And finally, the graduate finds that the time and thought of Canadians is given up almost entirely to money-making, and that national ideals must fight their way through a commercialism which pervades the Canadian business world. With the notable exception of the United States, most nations in their eras of prosperity have found time and means for the encouragement of some fine art. Greece favored philosophy and oratory, Rome framed laws, Britain produced authors, Italy painters, Germany composers and France writers. What is Canada doing? We have no national art schools, no national museums, no national art galleries; elocution has no place on our educational curricula, and our ablest writers are in many cases attracted to more congenial surroundings in other countries.

Nevertheless, Canada offers an inviting field to the University graduate—in fact the very existence of these unsatisfactory conditions shows a special need and exerts a corresponding attraction for the enthusiastic "grad." The country calls for men of independent thought and breadth of view. It needs them in business, in law, in the pulpit, in politics and in newspaperdom—men who will not bend to public prejudice, who prefer principle to power, who are not particular about senatorships, who recognize the value of things rather than their price, who see national problems from national standpoints, and who have the courage to act as they believe.

There is no time for pessimism. Great things are being done, and yet greater things are waiting. Magnificent possibilities should inspire high ideals. If the students of Canadian Universities are trained to grasp broad subjects on broad lines, and if they interest themselves in the public questions which as citizens they are called upon to face, their influence upon Canadian national life will have much to do with making Canada "the land of the Twentieth Century." But they must not run away with the idea that they are by any means "the whole tip."

R. J. Younge.



Compensation

(Translated from Theophile Gautier)

Beneath the sun are born creatures of noble birth,
Frames of steel, hearts of flame, and souls of perfect
dower,
Uniting all that we can dream upon the earth.

God seems to give them life to test his mighty power;
He takes a finer clay to mould them head to heel,
And oft a century prepares their natal hour.

He sets, as sculptor might, his dread deific seal
Upon their brows that glow with glory of the skies:
The burning aureole of golden rays they feel.

These men march on their path with calm and radi-
ant eyes,
Heedless, abandoning not their changeless kingly pose,
With steadfast forward gaze and mien of deities.

Their slightest thought, far-swept, eternal wisdom sows;
All yields before their might; the fickle, shifting sand
Their footprints, as of bronze, faithful, enduring shows.

In storm or calm repose, with brush or gleaming brand,
Whether to-day Chance waits, or in a hundred years,
Their glorious fate flowers forth, by favoring breezes
fanned.

Reality of dreams in their strange life appears;
They can forever fix your fabric of delight,
As skilful master rounds the pupil's wavering spheres.

Beneath the triumphal arch, whose vault with visions
dight
Your soul had reared aloft, your hid desires take horse
And pass accompanying their chargers' stately flight.

Surefooted, to the end they steadfast hold the course
Whereon you wearied sat, not daring to make choice
At the cross-roads of Doubt, life slackening at its source.

But few among each race in whom men thus rejoice—
Five or six, at the most, in fruitful centuries,
Across Time's void make heard the echo of their voice.

Penurious Nature, thou, so fertile of disease,
Mother of poisonous broods, of viper, serpent, toad,
So careful to renew their filthy progenies,

For all the monstrous births whose seed thy hand
hath sowed,
For all thy cruel beasts, dwarfs, fools who fools beget—
For all the failures strewn along thy devious road,
O Nature, thou dost owe us many poets yet!

Frederic Davidson



Two Canadian Christmas Books

The Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford. Complete edition. Edited by J. W. Garvin, B.A. With introduction by Ethelwyn Wetherald. William Briggs, Toronto.

The Poems of Wilfrid Campbell. Complete edition. William Briggs, Toronto.

With the white snow and the Christmas carols have come these two "complete editions" of two Canadian poets. There is a peculiar pathos about the appearance so long delayed of the complete poetical works of Miss Crawford. During these busy shopping weeks indifferent, sleek-gloved hands of fashionable dames will turn the leaves of this book and cold voices will say, "Who was Isabella Valancy Crawford?" She was a tender soul, musical, Celtic, sensitive as Keats, hurled by the quiet gods, whom Gloucester in "King Lear" compares most disrespectfully to wanton boys killing flies for their sport, into the midst of a people just awakening into material development, whose ears loved the stern music of hammer wedding steel rails to the prairie better than the modulations of a poet. While lusty, animal Canada was out-of-doors, sweating and struggling with metals and forests and rivers, spanning a continent with iron, this feminine soul, withdrawn from the tumult, conceived delicate, crystal thoughts, which fluttered out into this rough world and fell on these hard iron things and broke. "When the lamp is shattered, The light in the dust lies dead." Soon after the failure of her published poems to attract attention, Isabella Valancy Crawford died—Canada's first regal sacrificial offering to the god of the Philistines.

Twenty years have passed, and Miss Crawford's fame is being vindicated. Appreciative notices of her life and work have appeared in Canadian periodicals and now at last we have before us the first complete edition of her works. It is a well-filled volume and I must confine myself here to picking a few lines here and there from the shorter poems. Miss Crawford's most salient characteristic is her Aeschylean boldness in metaphor. Take as an example these stanzas from "A Harvest Song":

"The noon was a crystal bowl
The red wine mantled through;
Around it like a Viking's beard
The red-gold hazes blew,
As tho' he quaffed the ruddy draught
While swift his galley flew.
This mighty Viking was the Night;
He sailed about the earth,
And called the merry harvest-time
To sing him songs of mirth;
And all on earth or in the sea
To melody gave birth."

At other times, the combination of daintiness and boldness of fancy reminds one of Victor Hugo's lyrics, as in the best-known short poem of Miss Crawford, beginning:

"O, Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rosy cloud
And sometimes Love builds on the land."

This lyric is, I think, Miss Crawford's best work in the lighter vein. But this poetess did not stay only in the outer courts of poetry. Sometimes she touches the quick of humanity as in "The Mother's Soul," of which I quote a stanza:

"The sun set his loom to weave the day;
The frost bit sharp like a silent cur;
The child by her pillow paused in his play;
"Mother, build up the sweet fire of fir!"
But the fir tree shook its cones,
And loud cried the pitiful stones:
"Wolf death has thy mother's bones!"

The volume reveals an amazing variety of metrical poem, more, I should say, than would be found in any contemporary Canadian poet. One of Miss Crawford's qualities is her freedom from fatal facility, that curse which damns so many Canadian poets. Her poems are seldom loquacious, transparent brooks; they are usually dark tarns whose secret is not won at first glances. One of her short poems which will repay a double or triple reading is "The Hidden Room." Here is the last stanza:

"Yet marvel I, my soul,
Know I thy very whole,
Or dost thou hide a chamber still from me?
Is it built upon the wall?
Is it spacious? Is it small?
Is it God, or man, or I who hold the key?"

I have drawn my examples of Miss Crawford's work only from the shorter poems, which form Book I. of the complete edition. The reader of the whole volume will conclude that the workmanship of it was at least earnest of high achievement which the "blind fury with the abhorred shears" defrauded of fruition.

I have left myself cramped space to do justice to the second volume Mr. Briggs is bringing out for lovers of Canada—the Poems of Wilfrid Campbell. But—place aux dames. Mr. Campbell is a man and is still with us in the arena—he can fight for himself. The present volume contains all his poems which he cares to preserve, except his dramas. Mr. Campbell has always seemed to me the strongest, the boldest of our poets. He lacks the debonair finish of Mr. Roberts, the charm of phrase of Lampman, the Swinburne-like music of Bliss Carman; but, on the other hand, his poetry is never invertebrate, as too much of the work of these masters of technique is, Mr. Campbell deals with the ultimate things. He has convictions; he has passions. He can storm; he can caress. Take for example, "The Lyre Degenerate." Below the title Mr. Campbell states his thesis in five lines of prose—"the decadent worship of beast, gnat and straddle-bug in the animal story and the artificial nature-verse of today is degrading." Indignation against materialistic neo-paganism throbs in stanzas like the following:

"Sunk to the law of the jungle and fen
From the dream of the godlike man,
To learn in the lore of reptile and brute
The cunning of Caliban."

Often, in these pages, one sees evidence of a passion for righteousness which, for all our vaunted religiosity, finds little sincere or puissant expression in Canadian poetry. When it does appear, as in Mr. Campbell, we are willing to pardon a thousand artistic faults. And this volume has many of them. Much of the verse could have been improved by a little revision. Surely there is something wrong with a stanza like this:

"This was the mightiest house that God e'er made,
This roofless mansion of the incorruptible.
These joists and bastions once bore walls as fair
As Solomon's palace of bright ivory.
Here majesty and love and beauty dwelt,
Shakespeare's wit from these lorn walls looked down.
Sadness like the autumn made it bare,

Gloriana

Prof. Goldwin Smith

Egypt adored the feline kind;
Who is in "Woolcote" now enshrined?
Thou, Gloriana!

Who is of the Royal race
Of Persian tabbies first in grace?
Thou, Gloriana!

Who, to attest her lineage rare,
Can count relatives in Mayfair?
Thou, Gloriana!

Who boasts the richest, softest fur?
Who the most fascinating purr?
Thou, Gloriana!

Who, as she glides about at night,
Shows eyes like emeralds, green and bright?
Thou, Gloriana!

Who, now a kitten fancy free,
Will soon a grave Grimalkin be?
Thou, Gloriana!

Who will be Queen of all the cats,
Terror of all the mice and rats?
Thou, Gloriana!

Who will upon the housetop soon
Most sweetly serenade the moon?
Thou, Gloriana!

Who has nine lives, to all which we
Wish happiness, with three times three?
Thou, Gloriana!

"Yea, better than all this age can give,
Rather our lowest our least;
Better to sin as men and women
Than sink to the best of the beast."

However, Mr. Campbell can write flawless verse when he likes. I know no better blank verse in Canadian poetry than is contained in the "Lines on a Skeleton," of which I quote the first few lines:

Passion like a tempest shook its base
And joy filled all its hall with ecstasy."

Finally, let me add a wish that Santa Claus may stock his sleigh full with these volumes and that on Christmas Day many delighted hands may tremble with patriotic emotion as they cut the leaves of these two tasteful and interesting gift-books.

A. F. B. Clark.

The Oxford Letter

November 12th, 1905.

In my last letter I undertook to describe in brief outline a typical day of undergraduate life at Oxford. Owing, however, to an insufferable verbosity I got no further than remarking that the hours of the morning are devoted to study and lectures. Let me now proceed to the afternoon and endeavor to complete the sketch in as few words as possible.

2.00-4.30 (and during the summer term, till much later). This period of the day is set apart for sport and recreation. The remarkably large proportion of students who take regular exercise is the finest feature of Oxford athletics. Games of all kinds are played and each college has one or two teams for each. The number of inter-college matches is almost beyond reckoning. There is, indeed, very little "practising," as we understand it, but if a man is chosen on his college team, he plays in a match almost every other day. In the autumnal season the chief games are Rugby, Association and hockey. Smile not, O Canadian, at the last named. The most ardent enthusiast would have to acknowledge its inferiority to our grand winter sport, but it is by no manner of means a poor game, and at its best calls for all the qualities characteristic of the athlete—speed, agility, strength, endurance and "eye." Besides these games golf has many followers and a certain amount of tennis is played on gravel courts during the winter months. Nor should one forget lacrosse which is, I think, growing in popularity. Some few take up swimming (*rari nantes*), gymnastics, fencing, or fives. Among the richer men riding is, of course, a favorite diversion, and even hunting has its definite place among Oxford sports. Indeed in one way or another a large majority of the students get exercise almost every day, and he whom no special form of athletics attracts usually takes a run or goes for a long walk "to keep from getting slack."

4.30—A substantial tea, as a rule with friends. English people find it hard to believe that man can subsist on three meals per diem.

5.00 or 5.30-7.00.—Another period of study.

7.00.—Dinner in Hall.

The evening may be spent in a great variety of ways. Each college has its debating clubs, and there are many political, literary and musical societies that hold weekly meetings. The Union, too, attracts large numbers, and it is even said that the theatre is not wholly tabooed by men of the gown. But even though he spends a part of the evening in any of these ways, the student (if he be a student) will contrive to do at least a little reading and will try to bring his total for the day up to six or seven hours,—a good day's work in the judgment of the Oxonian. This will not be difficult to do if he has followed the programme that I have set forth (which he very often doesn't of course), and on a free evening he will perhaps have time for a pleasant game of bridge, or a letter (to mother or cousin or—"O! to whom?") or possibly a novel (some debonair and gentle tale of love and languishment) or, it may be, a book of verses, his chair drawn close

to the fantastic fire. And perhaps as the hour grows late he will call in a few friends to drink cocoa and eat cake with him the fifth and (I assure you) the last meal of the day. Then after cheerful chatter, bed, and (let us hope) the sweet sleep of an easy conscience.

The great event of the past week at Oxford has been the visit of the New Zealand Rugby team that is now touring through England. Unfortunately the 'Varsity could not offer any strong resistance to the redoubtable colonists, but if the contest was not good as a match, at least it was wonderful as an exhibition of football. The "running-passing" game has been brought almost to absolute perfection by the New Zealanders, and their tackling and dribbling are scarcely less splendid. Perhaps in a later letter I may say something of English Rugby as compared with the Canadian game, and of its possibilities as revealed by the Antipodeans.

Many readers of The Varsity will know that S. A. Cudmore, the new Flavelle scholar, is a member of Wadham College. He is fast becoming accustomed to strange conditions and customs, and is already deep in the lore of Modern History.

E. R. P.



A PUDDINGLESS PROSPECT

(Continued from page 162)

But now, as we sat down, wind from the door of the beberchie khana (cook-house), an indefinable perfume of almost forgotten things flushed our nostrils. Closer, closer down wind came a fragment of the scent.

"Hare soup! by the cross of St. George!"

Indeed it was.

Then the chickens roasted to a turn. But it wasn't really the chickens that whetted our appetites till we were ravenous, there was something else of perfume issuing tantalizingly from that magic cave beyond. No Sahib dared name it, even, for fear of disillusionment.

Once George said, "I reckon as 'ow I'd save a corner for somethink, if I was you, gentlemen; it might be as 'ow Abdul is 'avin' a lark wi' us."

So the chicken plates were sent away; there was a little solemn wait, and then Boodha, followed by Abdul, marched proudly in, carrying like a jeweled crown on a salver, a huge plum-pudding shrouded in a blue blaze.

"Heavens!"

And then George cried, "Bring that 'ere beer, Abdul."

And beer!

We fell upon George and blessed him. We patted his huge bald head approvingly. And, when the plum-pudding had loosened his speech we wheeled from him the story, of how, months before, he had purloined the beer, and the pudding, and the tinned soup from under the Clerk Sahib's very nose, and hid them in his box against the coming of Christmas.

W. A. Fraser.

JOKE EDITOR

The Joke Editor of the Undergraduate Squeal sat in his easy chair smoking his gold mounted meerscham. So intent was he in his work of securing an elusive idea that he did not hear the faint ghostly creak of the mahogany door. There was not the faintest sound of a footfall, but presently there stood before the editor a strangely familiar figure. It was a boy, but oh! so old and weary looking, with high water trousers, a coat far too short in the arms, a pink and white collar and a flaming red tie. His hair was black and straight and surmounted by an old felt hat. His boots were heavy and hob-nailed and he wore massive, grey, woollen socks. The Editor was first to speak.

"I believe I've met you before," he said with a puzzled look on his face, "Sure I have."

The grotesque figure beside him smiled a wan world-weary smile.

"I am the Freshman Joke," he replied in a thin voice. There was, moreover, an uncouth pronunciation of the words, the hesitancy of the man who is trying to fit his speech to the locality.

"Yes, and you've employed me," he sat in the visitor's chair and so thin was he that the rungs showed through his body. "For centuries," he sighed as he continued, "I was the fashion. When Pythagoras taught I was there. Every editor wanted me. I was in a dozen different jokes in the same issue. People raved over me; they split their sides laughing. On through the ages I went the same old joke with only a change of clothes now and again to keep me up to date. I have spoken more tongues and dialects than you ever heard of. I am the one and original freshman joke. There are none other than me. And then—two huge tears rolled down the pallid cheeks—"Then came the era of co-education, the 'freshette' joke began to supplant me. I meet her now," his voice shook and his tone was bitter, "I meet her now when I go into an office looking for work. She is always there, primping herself and playing around ensnaring the editor. She and the useless Graduate Joke. It is hard—hard—hard," and he broke into racking sobs.

"I'm sorry for you old chap," said the editor with a covert glance at the door, "but we are full up this week; awfully sorry I can't use you, old chap."

He slipped to the door and it closed behind him.

The Freshman Joke looked at the deserted room. Then with a new gleam in his eye he went to the book on the desk. Presently he found what he was seeking—a Refreshment Joke. He laid it out on the desk—it was all there, ice cream, macaroons, water ice, lemonade, sandwiches—and with a half scared glance around him he ate. Sumptuously he repasted until every vestige was gone.

Away down on the file lay side by side a Turkish Cigarette Joke and a Pousse Café Joke. In a moment he was puffing the cigarette and sipping his liquor.

With expert hands he routed out a Study Fire Joke, and, placing it before him, he luxuriously stretched out his legs to the blaze. Long he stayed there, half reclining in the velvet chair, drinking in the dreamy pleasure of the fire till

the last ember had turned to a dull gray. Then with a sigh he walked to the file and carefully impaled himself thereon.

Squeal bore the well remembered face of the Freshman Joke.

Matthias Rex.

* * *

TWO TYRANTS

O Cap! Whene'er I put thee on
Bid all my purple thoughts begone!
Constrain my fancy, apt to roam,
And vaulting Reason keep at home!
Girdle my brain and squeeze my head
Of all that Life and Death have said!
Let others think! Not mine to see
Beyond thy dark concavity!

O Gown! Whene'er I put thee on
Bid all my soaring dreams begone!
Enclose me round and weigh me down!
Tangle my hands and feet, O Gown!
Make me as heavy as my looks!
Make me as dull as printed books!
Upon thy sleeve I find three bars
To fence mine eyes against the stars.

H. F. Gadsby.

* * *

STUDENTS BEFORE COMMISSION

The representatives of the various colleges appointed for that purpose waited on the University Commission last Thursday. The Commissioners informed the delegates that they did not want any "kicks," that their mission was "constructive, not destructive." The Commissioners remarked that there was no central student organization and asked if the delegates thought it would be feasible for the heads of the various faculty societies to form, ex officio, an intermediary committee.

Among other matters discussed was that of athletics. It was suggested that a compulsory athletic fee be imposed on every student; this fee to cover admission to all athletic privileges and to all University games. Also, that some form of athletics be made compulsory on every student, and that there be a medical adviser in connection with the gymnasium.

Mr. Loudon, on being called on for his opinions, informed the Commission that owing to the trouble at the School, he had been unable to hold a meeting and was consequently uninstructed by the students. To another question, Mr. Loudon said that one grave fault at the School was the small number of lecturers. There was only one lecturer to every 25 students, whereas in Arts there was one lecturer to every 13 students. Mr. Loudon also advised that instead of being continually referred to, officially and otherwise, as the School of Practical Science, it should be known as the Faculty of Applied Science of the University. After some further discussion, the delegates were informed that they would probably be called on again in the near future.

* * *

One day our little Willy fell
Down a deep and darksome well.
Mother's worried 'bout his ways,
Willy is so hard to raise.

—Ex.

IN LOVE

When he walks round the halls and can't take a
jolly
He wakes with a start when you give him a
shove,
If his head's in a whirl
Stake your soul it's a girl.
Had you asked him his name he'd have answered
you "Dolly."
Take pity, I pray you, the poor chap's in love.

Maybe he's working away at his Horace
And comes to the line "Permutare velis
Crine Licymniae." "Rubbish," says he,
All the hair on his head was n't 1, 2, 3,
'Longside tresses I know of. These old poets
bore us.
Poor fellow, he never saw hair like my Ella's."

"If there's A ways of losing and B ways of
not"—

Now he's trying to study the rules of chance—
"Each one the result will see

It is $\frac{a}{a+b}$ —"

"Such nonsense! This talk about losing is rot.
Else she would not have said what she did at
the dance."

Now he leaps in despair and picks up his hat,
Grabs his books from the table, "This thing is
no joke,

All my French and Biology,
German, Physics, Psychology,
Every road leads to Rome whatever I'm at.
Deuce take it! I think I'll go outside and
smoke.

Matthias Rex.



UTOPIA

In time lecturers and lectured grew into such
accord that the students lost no opportunity of
showing their appreciation of the fidelity and
steadfastness of their teachers.

As a mark of esteem, at the close of one year
the students unanimously suspended their own
men.

At the close of the next year they gave a fur-
ther manifestation of their understanding of the
needs of the teaching classes by agreeing to work
on legal holidays and Sundays without throwing
money in lectures.

Of course the natural eventuation eventuated.

Emboldened by the apparent dependence of the
students, the Teachers' Union voted a universal
strike.

After that the same old effort to bring the stu-
dents and teachers together was resumed.



DECEPTION

When roses are sweet
Beware of a thorn.
For 'tis often a cheat
When roses are sweet;
If her mantle be neat
'Tis to hide a skirt torn.
When roses are sweet
Beware of a thorn.

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There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger,
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

Idem Graece Redditum.

ἡ κόρη ἢ ἐπεμελεῖτο
ὡς τίγριδος ἐπιτιθεῖτο
ἀπήλλαξαν ὅμως
ἢ μὲν τίγρις μειδῶσ'
ἢ δὲ γυνὴ ἔσω ἐφορεῖτο.

M. H.



THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB

The Modern Language Club held its first open meeting on Monday, Dec. 4th, at 8 p.m., in the Chemical Amphitheatre. Prof. Horning, of Victoria College, delivered before a very fair audience a lecture on "Canadian Literature," dealing with the subject historically rather than critically. He divided the history of Canadian literature into three periods, the first containing the names of Richardson and Haliburton, the second those of Heavyssege, Sangster, McLachlan and Kirby, and the third those of Carman, Lampman, Roberts, Campbell and Drummond in poetry, and of Parker, Connor, etc., in fiction. Prof. Horning read selections from Sangster, Carman and Campbell.



SOME UNDERGRADUATE POEMS

We have been favored with the advance sheets of a new volume of poetry, entitled, "Some Undergraduate Poems." The editors of the collection are three undergraduates of the University of Toronto, Thorleif Iarsen, Leo Buchanan and G. B. Coutts, and they have succeeded in making a collection which is of a very high order of merit. The contributors are only six in number, but they have written on a great variety of subjects and in many styles. The editors are to be commended for the enterprise they have shown.

APOLOGIA DIDASCALI

(Continued from page 165)

all men the most miserable. But there is always a vague hope that Kipling's words may perhaps apply

"Bless and praise we famous men,
Men of little showing,
For their worth continueth,
For their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Great beyond their knowing."

And so this medley ends with that on which it began,—"men." We want good men, the very best men. Men of high personal character and cultivated mind who will devote great intellectual power and strong moral purpose to the problems of the teaching profession. If such men join the profession in large numbers public opinion cannot remain apathetic, it will be forced to realize that unless the nation wishes to neglect its most vital interests it must encourage its teachers as they deserve.

God give us men. A time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith, and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will.



PLUTUS

In the school of finance
John D. is a scholar,
Bright offers entrance
In the school of finance;
If his oil stocks advance
'Tis to earn a new dollar.
In the school of finance
John D. is a scholar.

R. C. R.

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THE LACROSSE TRIP

The annual trip of the Varsity lacrosse team through the Eastern States again proved a brilliant success and added another championship to the club's already long list. The "Blue and White's" superiority over the American colleges in our national game was fully demonstrated. The coveted title of "Intercollegiate Champions of America" which had been lost by the team of 1904 to Swarthmore College was won back from that College.

May 24th witnessed the commencement of the trip. On that date the following members of the team set out in charge of Manager Wallace McKay: Lash, Phillips, Doane, Lailey, Trench, Morrow, Speirs, Leadley, Heyd, Coombs, Carswell and Coleman. Graham (Capt.) was unable to play in the first two games, being detained by examinations, and his place was taken by the manager. H. W. Thomson and C. Morrow accompanied the team as "rooters."

Geneva was the first stopping-place. The team was entertained at lunch before the game by the members of the opposing team, Hobart College. The game was an easy win for Varsity by a score of 6 to 3. The wearers of the "Blue and White" were cheered on by old graduates of Varsity who had come from Rochester and other points to see the game. Among them were noticed F. H. Phipps, B.A., '02, and Tom Buck, M.B., '04. After the game the members of the team were billeted around among the different fraternities and were entertained by them over night.

The following morning the team proceeded to Ithaca, and played Cornell in the afternoon. Varsity again had an easy victory, taking the Cornell team into camp to the tune of 8 to 1. In the evening Capt. Hunter and several other members of the Cornell team took the team in charge and conducted the boys through the University buildings and about the campus and grounds, which constitute an ideal site for a college, commanding as they do a beautiful prospect of Lakes Keuka and Seneca. The team left on the midnight train for New York.

On arriving in New York the team immediately went to the Crescent Athletic Club, in Brooklyn, whose guests they were from May 26th to May 31st. Capt. Vic Graham joined the team here and strengthened it materially. Two games were played with the Crescents, and though defeated in both matches, the Varsity acquitted itself very creditably, as the Crescents are undoubtedly the strongest team in the Eastern States. The first match was played on May 27th before a crowd of about 4,000 people. The half-time score was a tie, 3 all, but in the second half the Crescents tallied eight times, while Varsity only found the nets once, making the score for the game 11 to 4. The second game was played

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on May 30th, Decoration Day, before a crowd of over 6,000, among whom Varsity found many supporters. The first half ended 5 to 0 in favor of the Crescents, but the second half was Varsity's all the way, the wearers of the "Blue and White" scoring 3 goals, while the Crescents added only 1 to their score, leaving the score for the match 6 to 3. As usual the hospitality of the Crescent Club was most generous, and the stay there constituted one of the most enjoyable parts of the trip.

The next game scheduled was with the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. On reaching Philadelphia the team was greatly surprised when informed by the Pennsylvania Athletic Association that the game had been cancelled. The Varsity team had not been notified of this step before reaching Philadelphia and was consequently put to much unnecessary expense, of which the Pennsylvania management refused to bear even a share. This shabby treatment, for which the Pennsylvania Athletic Association is notorious, was the only unpleasant feature of the whole trip.

The last game on the schedule was the championship game with the Swarthmore College team, which had wrested the championship from Varsity in 1904. The game was bitterly contested and it was only the magnificent playing of every man on the team that prevented a repetition of the defeat of the previous year. The half-time score was 4 to 2 in Varsity's favor. The last half saw the best lacrosse played during the whole trip. Swarthmore succeeded in tying the score at 4 all, but Varsity, amid great enthusiasm, scored 3 goals in quick succession, leaving the score for the match 7 to 4.

The team returned to Philadelphia immediately after the game, and left for home in the evening, arriving in Toronto on Sunday, June 4th.



REVISED RUGBY

The following set of rules for a modified game of football have been handed into the Editor. After reading them the Business Manager decided to present a "Hymnal" to be competed for by two teams from S.P.S. in a game under these regulations. Hugh Ritchie has kindly consented to referee the game.

"Selection of Players.—The fourteen players constituting the team shall be selected by the faculty, and the student who has received the highest grade in Greek anthology shall be captain

of the team. No student shall be eligible for the team unless he is up in all his class work and has an established reputation for piety.

"Preliminaries.—When a team appears on a field for a contest it shall greet the opposing team with the Chautauqua salute, which consists of waving the handkerchief. After this a few minutes of social intercourse, with friendly chats concerning books and writers, may precede the opening of the game.

"Substitute for the 'Toss.'—Instead of tossing a coin to determine which side gets the ball, the two captains shall be called upon to extract the cube root of a number given out by the professor of mathematics. The captain who is first to hand in the correct sum gets the ball.

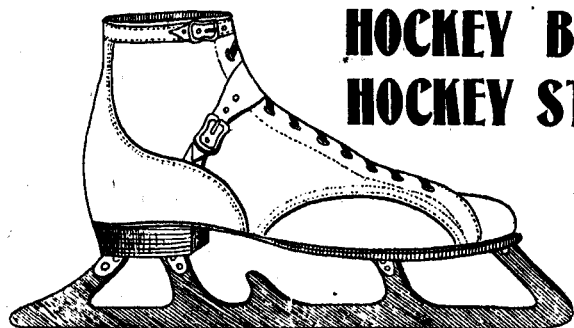
"Advancing the Ball.—The ball having been placed in the centre of the field, the umpire, who must be a professor of geology, exhibits to the team having possession of the ball a fossil. All members of the team who think that they can name the geological period to which the fossil belongs will hold up their right hand. The umpire will select a player to name the period. If he answers correctly he advances the ball two yards. If, in addition, he gives the scientific name of the fossil, he advances the ball five yards. If no member of the team can answer the question propounded by the umpire, the opposing team shall be given a trial. If successful, it is given the ball.

"Substitute for Kicking the Ball.—After a touchdown has been made the one making it shall translate 500 words of 'Caesar's Commentaries.' If he does so without an error his team is given an additional point, the same as if a goal were kicked. If he fails, the ball goes to the opposing team on the twenty-five yard line.

"Resuming Play.—On resuming play after a touchdown, one of the players, to be known as 'it,' is blindfolded and the other players join hands and circle around, singing:

London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down;
London bridge is falling down,
So farewell, my ladies.

"While the players are circling around, the player known as 'it' touches one of the other players in a gentlemanly manner and asks him three questions, which must be answered; then he tries to guess the name of the player. If he succeeds, he picks up the ball and advances it fifteen yards."



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COMMENT

Speculation has been rife the past couple of weeks among the students as to the disposal of the unusually large gate receipts taken at the Rugby games this fall. Many wild rumors concerning the amount paid over to the University authorities by the Athletic Directorate have been going the rounds. Suggestions as to how this year's Rugby profits should be spent are plentiful, while the improvements that are advocated have been numerous and costly. In all the talk and criticism of the Athletic Directorate for their manner of managing affairs the students should remember that they are not as conversant with the situation as the Directorate, and that possibly they have not seen the thing they are advocating in every light. It is only right that before the students criticize they should be aware of the facts, for there is no doubt that a great many unwarranted insinuations and charges are made against the management simply through ignorance. With the idea of giving the students a knowledge of the way athletics are managed at Toronto, Dr. W. G. Wood, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Directorate, will shortly write an article for *The Varsity* on the athletic situation here, with a statement of the finances for the year. We hoped to publish this in *The Christmas Varsity*, but as the annual meeting of the Directorate does not take place till January, were unable to do so. It will be published some time next term, and until it appears the students should be cautious in their criticisms.

An example of the extreme unfairness of the criticism which the Athletic Directorate comes in for was "Alan Marten's" letter of two weeks ago in *The Varsity*. Not only was this letter bitter and malicious, but it also showed a lack of knowledge and broad consideration of the subject on the part of the writer which is characteristic of much of the talk which goes on around the University. The first part of the letter is worthy of some attention, but the writer destroyed the whole effect by his unwarranted and unkind assertions in the last sentence. Ignorance of the facts is the only excuse for such statements, and every student should make sure of his ground before venturing a criticism on a subject of which he has only partial knowledge.

It is to be regretted that Varsity did not meet the Tigers and settle once for all the championship aspirations of that team. There is a great deal to be said for the decision of the Rugby management in not giving them a game. The season was already very late, and the weather conditions of last Saturday justified their stand on this point. The players too are justified in not wanting a game. They have had a long, hard season and certainly deserve a rest. But the fact remains that Hamilton are still unbeaten, and while they had no legal right to expect a game, still Varsity would have proved its right to the championship by giving Tigers their first defeat. Besides it would have put an end to all the Hamilton talk, which judging by the past two weeks would be a great consideration.

The Varsity championship team had its picture taken on the front step of the Main Building last Monday afternoon, and after the group was taken a meeting was held to choose a captain for 1906. Ray Montague, this year's quarter-back, was the

man chosen to guide next year's team to victory. From his play this year and the ability he has shown in learning the game of Rugby since coming to College, no better man could have been selected. Although only about five or six of this year's team will be available next year, there is plenty of good material around and under Captain Montague's direction a good team will be brought out for the championship of 1906.



ASSOCIATION AT PHILADELPHIA

The University of Toronto Association team went to Philadelphia on Wednesday morning last for a series of three games with the strongest teams in the United States. They returned on Sunday at noon after a thoroughly enjoyable and fairly successful trip.

The only game lost was on Thursday morning, the American Thanksgiving Day, to the strong All-Philadelphia team, the pick of that city's six best teams, while against the All-Cricketers' team and the University of Pennsylvania team the Blue and White triumphed.

The following men went down to represent Varsity: Meds., Shaw, Robert, Organ, Heatley, Williams; S.P.S., Blackwood (Captain), McKenzie, Murray, Stover, Reesor; Arts, Mustard, Fraser, Macdonald; manager, Reid, Med.; Dental, Strachan.

ALL PHILADELPHIA, 3; VARSITY, 0.

The first game against the All-Philadelphia team was played on Thanksgiving morning before a crowd of 3,500 people. The Philadelphia team was composed wholly of Englishmen selected from the six best clubs in the city and played a skilful game of the English type. They proved a little too much for Varsity, who were beaten by the above score. Varsity suffered a little from the referee's work, which was according to the English view, and so handicapped the Toronto team. The play was pretty even in the first half, which ended 1 to 0 against Varsity, but in the second Philadelphia got going with their combination and Varsity was defeated by 3 to 0 in the end. For Varsity, Strachan, Robert, Shaw and Mustard played good games, Strachan's rushes being very good. Organ was hurt in the second half, retiring in favor of Heatley.

VARSITY, 4; ALL-CRICKETERS, 1.

The second game was played Friday afternoon at the cricket grounds before a smaller crowd of spectators. The Cricketers rushed at the start and scored in a minute, but Varsity evened up a moment later on a penalty which Strachan landed very neatly. The first half ended a tie, and the game was very close and hard all through, Varsity winning out in the last half. Strachan, Reesor and Williams scoring near the end. For Varsity, Strachan, Reesor, McKenzie and Mustard deserve mention for their play.

VARSITY, 5; UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1.

The last game was played Saturday afternoon with the University team before 2,000 people, resulting in an easy win for Varsity, who thus landed the Intercollegiate championship of America. Varsity's goals were scored by Reesor, Williams and Macdonald. The game was safe for Varsity all through. On Thanksgiving afternoon the team had the pleasure of witnessing the great Cornell-Pennsylvania football game.



Mr. Harton.

The Dis. Committee request the pleasure of your company in the President's room at 10.30 a.m. To meet Mr. Crooke.

McNeil "had a lovely time" at the Lady Meds' reception. One of the ladies, 'tis said, took McNeil to a statue of Venus over which a 'Varsity gown had been draped, and introduced him to the speechless beauty. She then hurried away to converse with an interesting Med., while McNeil was left to play the part of Pygmalion to his unresponsive marble.

P. G. Brown took no dinner before he went to the Lady Meds' reception. But his plans miscarried and he got no refreshments. Munro found him about one thirty a.m. in a state of exhaustion leaning against a fence on College St.

The Lit

On Friday night Messrs. H. C. Pickup and M. Paulin debated the question of the distribution of the funds of the Scottish Church by the House of Lords, with Messrs. Cousins and Calder, of McGill. Our representatives held that the action of the House of Lords in giving the funds to the minority called the Wee Frees who held to the old Church constitution was unjustifiable. Their contention was that the majority who had joined the Free Kirk had given up no fundamental doctrines in so doing, and therefore were to all intents and purposes the same church, and therefore entitled to the funds donated to the Church before the secession. For further proof of this Mr. Paulin showed that not only did donations continue to be given after amalgamation had been resolved upon, but these donations increased afterward and amalgamation had been suggested, and that Lord Overtoun, the most liberal donor, had been in favor of amalgamation.

The McGill debaters based their argument on the legal aspect of the question. The moneys had been given by the donors to the original church to remain with it forever. They quoted from legal records to show that when any public institution is endowed, such endowment is forfeited when the original purpose of the institution is changed nor can the money be used for any other purpose without the consent of the donors, failing any saving clause in the original contract. The majority of the

donors of money to the Church in this case had been long dead, nor had there been any clauses in the bequests foreseeing a change in the Church; therefore the money was inalienately the possession of the Church as originally constituted. The Church in its original form was constituted at the present time by the Wee Frees.

The McGill debaters made most excellent speeches and all agreed that they won the debate fairly. But our representatives acquitted themselves most admirably and we feel that they certainly had to uphold the hardest end of the question.



The Fourth year class in hydraulics had an excursion to Haulan's Point last Thursday afternoon to see the new steel conduit laid from the intake pipe in the lake to the shaft at the end of the tunnel which is to be driven under the bay. Several took the trouble to go down into the pipe and examine some of the interesting points in its construction.

On the editorial page of The Varsity for last week was a statement that certain students representing the different faculties of the University were to go before The University Commission recently appointed by the government. It was intended that these students should carry any recommendations from student bodies and for this purpose each should have consulted the students in his faculty on what report should be sent to the Commission. For some reason, so far unexplained, no meeting of the students of The School was ever called nor was anything done about the matter at the meetings of the Engineering Society. It is unfortunate that no attempt was made by those responsible to obtain any ideas the students of the School had on the matters under consideration of the commission. One of these matters concerns the school very closely and for that reason it would seem most important that our representative should go before the commission with more ideas than his own.

Principal Galbraith made a joke in a lecture last week when he said, "This couple has sense, some havn't."

It may be said that Mr. Loudon intimated to the Commission that he had had no opportunity of calling a meeting of the students on account of the disturbances at the School.

"Prof." Graham was much shocked at the rumor that the First Year instead of returning were going to apply for admission to Queen's and McGill.

Dr. Galbraith is a "World" beater.

Third Year meeting,—Mr. B.—I move that Mr. W. take the chair. Mr. W.—I think, gentlemen, that Mr. B. has something to say to you. Mr. B. makes a motion. Mr. W.—Those in favor, etc.—Motion carried.—Meeting adjourned.

Blackwood—"The water at Philadelphia was so bad that we had to drink——"

The five suspended S.P.S. men have made their peace with the University Committee on Discipline and the first and second year school men who had declared their intention of staying out of school during the suspension of the five men are to be dealt with by the School Council who will now doubtless readmit them. The resolutions of the sophomores regarding the alleged unfitnes of certain members of the staff was embodied in a letter to the principal and the matter will be discussed by the School Council. This class is to be congratulated on the orderly and businesslike manner in which they have conducted their daily meetings.

The possible action of the third year men was awaited with some interest. They refused to go on strike and contented themselves with sending a letter expressing sympathy with the junior years.



Sometimes it is hard for our college scribe to find things to write about as he scans one week's life about our halls. Our life has in it not much that finds its way into publicity. One day there is a foot ball match, a debate, or an open meeting of the Lit. or other society which brings amongst us a bit of the world. But day after day passes over us and we know them by no mark. Little change, but not monotony is our lot. Monotony counts the hours slowly, our hours are never counted. We are here but a day, and already sundry notices on Bulletin Boards re examinations and little heart tuggings tell us that the web of another year has been almost completed and is getting ready to submit itself to the inevitable of

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Time. We shall go back to the old home, this time and a few more and then? Well we do not know, but that home is meaning more to us as the days go by. Our horizons is a little wider than it was in other days, and as it widens, the place where moves the gray heads and stooping shoulders we love so well, becomes more and more beautiful. Perhaps we add a little to its charms. Perhaps men might call them common place, but men do not know. We are going back again. Some of us will see no vacant chair, and some will, we shall be happy if we can, but whether the old circle be complete, or whether there are but memories to cheer our sorrows we shall come back to our old halls and old friends, to be better men.

Rev. Dr. Robertson conducted the Friday service last week.

The arrangements for the At Home are complete and an excellent time is assured.

Rev. R. P. McKay, D.D., Foreign Mission secretary for the Presbyterian Church in Canada, addressed the students on Thursday evening on "Our Work amongst the Indians of Canada."

Among the prominent members of the first year who attended the "McMaster At Home" on Friday last were Messrs. Lane, Gordon and McCulloch. All three report a most enjoyable time.



Dr. F. N. G. Starr to Crux, '07, at bed side clinic:—Do you see anything abnormal in these feet, Mr. Crux?

M. C.:—Well, I would say this right foot is somewhat larger than the left.

Dr.:—Yes! anything else?

Mr. C.:—No I can't say that I do.

Dr.:—Count the toes.

Mr. C.:—(Left foot one, two, three, four) (Right foot one, two, three, four, five.) Why, yes, the right foot has an extra toe.

On Monday afternoon, at a fairly well attended game, the Second Year defeated the Fourth Year in interyear association foot-ball by a score of 3-1. This was the final game and '08 as interyear champions deserve credit for it has been a closely contested series of games.

Base-ball seems to be getting a cold shoulder.

We are glad to see that Bryans came out of the bout with McCanneth with nothing less than Epistaxis.

THE CANADA MEDICAL ACT

The prospects for an early adoption of Dr. Roddick's Bill for the establishment of a Dominion Medical Council seem brighter now than at any time in the past.

This Bill passed the Dominion House of Commons in May 1902, and was then referred to the different provinces for their acceptance. In 1903 Manitoba, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick,

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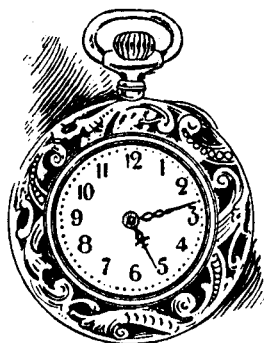
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Prince Edward Island and the North West Territories passed this necessary legislation. Little or nothing was then heard of the Bill until it was taken up by the students of McGill in 1905. As a result the representatives to the Medical At Home of Nov. 24, came armed with largely signed petitions and with representatives from Toronto Medical College, bearing an almost unanimous petition of their fellow students formed a deputation that on Saturday Nov. 25 waited on Hon. Dr. Pyne. They begged that he would use his influence to have the matter brought before the Ontario Legislature at the earliest opportunity. The students are planning an active campaign by appealing to graduates in Medicine and by each bringing what influence he has to bear on his local representative in the Legislature. As the Bill is now much more favorably considered in Quebec than when first introduced it seems probable that a Dominion Medical Council will be a realized fact before many of the present students have left the college halls.



On Dec. 15th the first Oratorical Contest in the history of Wycliffe will be held in the Convocation Hall. The council will present a medal to the winner. The number of men who have signified their intention of entering the contest shows that the action of the council is a popular one. An excellent programme is being arranged, and it is to be hoped that the new venture will prove such a complete success that it will become an annual function of the college. The following is the list of would-be orators, and their subjects:

- "What is worth while," Mr. Day.
- "Imperialism," Mr. E. C. Earp.
- "The Holy City," Mr. Ben Olieh.
- "The Value of Ideals," Mr. Gibson.
- "International Arbitration," Mr. Hornby.

"The Moral Obligations of the Daily Press," Mr. Emmet.

"The Influence of a University Training on the Development of Character," Mr. Bilkey.

McI.—(gazing sadly at the veal stew) "That calf certainly did get into a stew. Alas; my poor brother!"

A most lamentable case of sacrilege was tried before his "holyness" pope Wagner last week. The accused, needless to say were freshmen; no one else would be guilty of a crime so heinous as that which was perpetrated. The charge laid against them was that they "did feloniously, viciously, and of malice prepense, break open, unclose and otherwise dislocate the door, cover, or encasement of, attached and appertaining to a portion, part or fraction of the museum or collection of antiques and sacred relics, situate in and the rightful property of that institution, establishment or

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seminary known, called, and otherwise designated as Wycliffe College, in the city of Toronto, in the county of York; and did purloin, remove, and otherwise burglariously detach therefrom, a hat, tile, or article of head-gear, contrary to law." A room in a remote and secluded part of the college was prepared for the trial and at a suitable hour the culprits were brought in. A darkness of the blackest variety prevailed and the thunderings of the heavens and groans of the faithful added to the awful solemnity of the proceedings. From the very first the evidence told terribly against the prisoners, and in spite of the untiring efforts of their counsel, Mr. Watkins, crown attorney Bilkey had no difficulty in securing a conviction. In a silence in which you might have heard the nightfall, a hat of vast proportions and most curious design was solemnly consigned to the flames. Then with downcast eyes and hair erect the terrified prisoners heard their doom pronounced and were forthwith incarcerated in the lowest dungeon of the crypt of the vatican. But "when rosy-fingered dawn appeared," "cotton" rose again and through the mists once more rose Snowden's shaggy heights.

Divisions I and II met in debate last Friday evening. Messrs. Gray and Lowe for Div. II supported the resolution "that the press has a greater influence on the morality of a nation than the pulpit." On behalf of Division I Messrs. Despard and Cotton opposed the resolution. Mr. W. H. Tackaberry kindly acted as judge, and awarded the decision to Division II. All four speakers acquitted themselves creditably. The tug-of-war now falls to Division II and IV.

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CALENDAR 1905

12—County Model Schools Examination begins.

Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board.

Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.

14—Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.

15—County Model Schools close.

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