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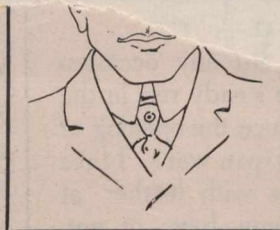
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*October:*

1. Ontario Normal College opens.  
Night Schools open (session 1906-1907).  
Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due.

*November:*

9. KING'S BIRTHDAY (Friday).

*December:*

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees.  
Municipal Clerks to transmit to County Inspectors statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter.
10. County Model Schools Examination begins.
11. 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.  
County Model Schools close. Reg. 58.
15. Municipal Councils to pay Secretary-Treasurer of Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in township.  
County Councils to pay Treasurers of High Schools.
18. Provincial Normal Schools close. (First term.)
20. Last day for notice of formation of new school sections to be posted by Township Clerks.
21. High Schools first term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Tuesday).  
High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.  
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect. By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
26. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools.
29. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due. Reports of Boards of Examiners on third Class Professional Examination, to Department, due.
31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.  
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer, due.  
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

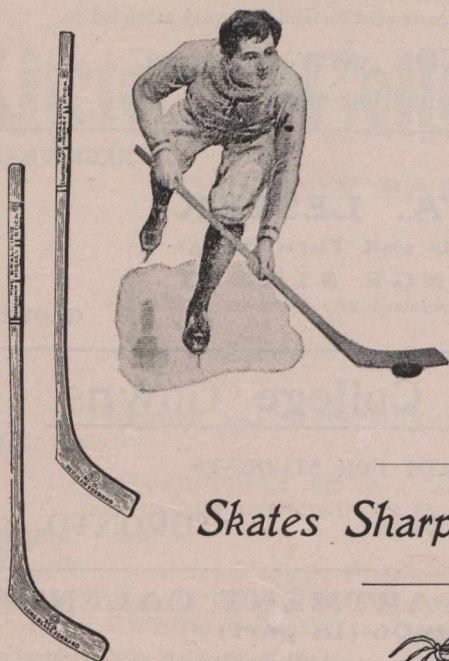
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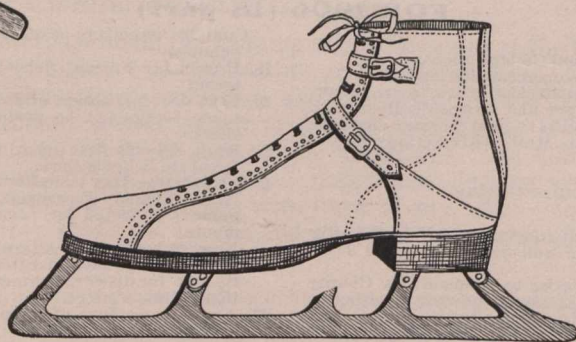
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THE IRIS

G. A. REID, R.C.A.





# Acta Victoriana

*Published monthly during the College year by the Union  
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto*

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## *The Christmas Song*

ETHEL HUME PATTERSON, '05.

**T**HE Christmas Song is the Song of Love; the Christmas message is the message of love. Love of God to man in that He revealed Himself; love of man to man, for there is to be "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

The Messenger of Love took up the song of the angels, and sang it tenderly, compellingly to men, but they heeded not, and silenced the Singer, but not the song. For some had heard it, some had caught the glory of its celestial melodies and their souls were flooded with its mighty harmonies.

Christmastide followed Christmastide, and the song of the angels seemed to have been lost—the melody was gone, the harmony was broken; and men took up the notes and tried to make another song. They covered up the broken places, and lost and tangled chords with the blare of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the march of armed men; they built great churches and cathedrals and gathered together great multitudes to sing, but their songs were pitiful; they left the market-place and the palace and went into the quiet secret places to listen and remember, but the great Song came not; they gathered together the wise men who searched the words of wisdom. But in vain! They cried in their despair, "There is no Song" "Never has there been a Song," "Let each man make unto himself a new Song." But



God, who is Love, heard their cries and put His song into the hearts of His servants, who sang again and again. And men listened and were startled as the cry went forth:

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates;  
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;  
And the King of glory shall come in.”

And they flung wide the portals and the mighty cosmic harmonies of God's Infinite Universe rushed in upon their souls, filling them with a new rapture and a new hope. And they are singing a new song, piecing together the wrested notes and the broken chords, so that some day in His own good time, there shall be sung again God's great symphony, which is to blend all discords of doubt and suffering and sin into one vast harmony of truth and beauty and love.

“Good-will to men”—it is the song of Christmas, and it is the song of the New Year. It is not dead—nay, it calls to us softly, persistently, imperatively. And we know the keynote, for the keynote is love.

“Divinest self-forgetfulness, at first  
A task, and then a tonic, then a need.”

And this is life more abundant, life fuller, richer, deeper—the largest life.

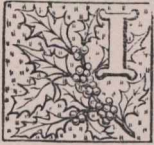
Rejoice and be glad, for the song is not hushed! The chords of the world's thought and passion are still throbbing with the touch of unseen fingers; the air is still pulsating with music great and glorious! Rejoice and be glad! Then lift your hope to the larger Hope, your will to the great Will, your life to the great Song of Infinite Love:

“O sing unto the Lord a new song—  
Sing unto the Lord all the earth—  
Sing unto the Lord, bless His name;  
Shew forth His salvation from day to day.  
Declare His glory among the heathen,  
His wonders among all people.”



*George Agnew Reid*

AN INTERVIEW.



T was a cold, raw November day, with a hint of snow in the air, as we made our way through the somewhat malodorous district of Queen and Dundas to the outskirts of the city. There alighting from the car, a few minutes' walk brought us to the beautifully tree-shaded Indian Road.

Even before we had seen the number we had picked out the quaint, many cornered, much-bewindowed house, with its absurdly insufficient stone fence, as the home of Mr. G. A. Reid, president of the Royal Canadian Academy, whom we had come to visit. It was with some trepidation that we laid hold of the big iron knocker; but the door was opened for us by Mr. Reid himself, and his appearance and cordial welcome soon made us feel at home.

Mr. Reid is a broad-shouldered man of a little above the average height, with dark beard and moustache, and hair that begins to show a touch of white. He has a pleasant manner and a quiet smile that is very genial and reassuring. He was dressed in a loose-fitting Norfolk jacket, with corduroy velvet vest, a costume that seemed to fit in very well with one's preconceived ideas as to what an artist should wear.

We were ushered through a narrow hallway into Mr. Reid's lofty studio, where in a little alcove a cheerful fire of logs was burning. While we were putting certain questions we had time to notice our surroundings. The studio is a large, square room running the full height of the house to the beamed ceiling above. A balcony runs along the south side of the room, while opposite it is an immense window that floods the room with light. Scattered here and there were the varied paraphernalia of the artist's craft. On a sumptuously carved chest stood a curiously-fashioned vase full of all sorts and conditions of brushes; some evidently favorites, for their bristles were beginning to wear thin, while others were quite new. On an easel in another part of the room hung a palette with its gay daubs of color. On the walls were here an antique cast, here a bit of tapestry or a rough study for some



picture, while a piano with painted panels and a litter of books showed Mr. Reid to have artistic sympathies beyond the sphere of art to which he has given his life.

The why and wherefore of a man's work must always be of interest, and with this thought in mind we put a number of



GEORGE AGNEW REID, R.C.A.

A STUDY BY F. S. CHALLENGER, R.C.A.

questions to Mr. Reid dealing with the impulses that led him to take up art as a profession, his ideals and activities, and his ideas concerning artistic education in Canada. With this data we have tried to sum up Mr. Reid's ideas as faithfully as might be in the following pages.

Born and brought up on a farm near Wingham, Ontario, where there can have been little opportunity or incentive for this kind of work, it seems strange that he should have chosen it as a life calling, and yet when he was eleven years of age he had firmly made up his mind to be a painter. Possibly the force most instrumental in fixing his decision was the English illustrated papers and magazines that came to his home, for pictures of any kind always had an intense fascination for him. Up to his



MR. REID IN HIS STUDIO.

eighteenth year he had never seen an original painting, but at that time his firmly grounded intention and a very marked ability for drawing led him to take a definite step, and in 1878 he came to Toronto to study at the Art School. After four years spent here he went to Philadelphia, and for three years remained in the Academy of Fine Arts of that city, under the guidance of Thomas Eakins. As no artist is fully equipped without absorbing something of the atmosphere and inspiration of the old masters, Mr. Reid, in 1888, visited the galleries of England, France, Spain and Italy; returning, in 1889, to Paris, where for





MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

a year, he studied in the famous Julian Academy, under the instruction of that well-known artist, the late Benjamin Constant. Here he won the prize of the combined academies for the painted figure. In 1890 Mr. Reid was elected to the Royal Canadian Academy, of which he is now president, and from 1895 to 1900



A STUDY OF A HEAD.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

served as president of the Ontario Society of Artists. Mr. Reid has frequently exhibited at the Paris Salon and other large exhibitions, and his work is well and widely known. He was one of those fortunate enough to receive medals at the World's Fair Exhibitions of Chicago and St. Louis, and served as Canadian representative on the jury of awards at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. This, in brief, is a statement of Mr. Reid's past life and achievements; let us turn now to his ideas concerning certain phases of our national art.





THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

Canadian art, he says, is only in its infancy. We have no Canadian school; we have only influences. The French and English schools, perhaps, have had the most to do in moulding Canadian art, while probably the former was the more influential in Mr. Reid's individual case. As yet we have not developed anything distinctly Canadian, or, if we have, the difference is so subtle as to escape notice. But Canadian art is bound to develop along this line, and have for its ultimate end the expression of Canadian life, sentiments and characteristics. Of course, here also we meet with the difficulty that our life does not differ materially from that of other lands. Perhaps the most characteristically Canadian



SPRING.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

of Mr. Reid's pictures are his scenes of lowly life. "Mortgaging the Homestead," "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage," and "Family Prayer," will be familiar to all. But aside from this phase, Canadian art ought to represent the idea of nationality and development. This will probably come in the process of time with the more esthetic character into which our national art is likely to develop. This will call for the symbolic treatment of the patriotic idea, the depiction of historical episodes in our development, and all those ideas which demand imaginative treatment. This, of course, will only be possible through the somewhat bigger treat-





THE PIONEERS—A MURAL DECORATION IN THE CITY HALL, TORONTO.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

ment of the subject which will likely come with the advent of decorative and mural painting. In this connection it might be mentioned that a proposition has been brought before the Ontario Government for the decoration of the Parliament Buildings, which scheme, though received with a certain amount of favor, is still in abeyance. A plan was also brought before the City Council



ADAGIO.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

for the decoration of the municipal buildings, but owing to financial reasons it was not carried through. To show the possibilities of this work, and to encourage efforts in this direction, Mr. Reid, at his own expense, painted the six large panels, the beginning of a series in honor of the pioneers, which are to be seen in the entrance way of the Toronto City Hall.

The central organization for the propagation of artistic ideals in Canada is, of course, the Royal Canadian Academy, of which Mr. Reid is President. This institution was founded in 1880, with the same object as the Royal Academy of England—to be a national association of artists, sculptors, designers and architects. The Academy has also founded a National Gallery at Ottawa, where members on being elected deposit a diploma picture. These pictures form the nucleus of a national collection. Mr. Reid is



represented in this gallery by two important works, "Mortgaging the Homestead," and "Dreaming." As yet the collection is small, though there are *some* foreign pictures, chiefly English, but it is the hope of the members of the Academy that within a short



FAMILY PRAYER.

G. A. REID, R.C.A.

space of years they may be able to induce the Canadian Government to purchase representative works of the different foreign schools, and thus form a valuable artistic asset to add to the somewhat scanty advantages of the Canadian art student. In addition to this, the Academy carries on its work by annual exhibitions in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, while two exhibitions have also been held in Halifax. It is the intention to gradually widen the scope, till they take in all the principal cities of the Dominion.

The permanent collections accessible to the public in Canada are only two in number, the afore-mentioned National Gallery at Ottawa, and one at Montreal, which is under the auspices of the Montreal Art Association, and is managed by citizens interested in art. It is quite largely endowed, and though small is a very creditable collection. Mr. Reid is the secretary of a movement

for the establishment of an art museum in Toronto. Some steps have been taken towards this object, with encouraging results, and the erection of a temporary building to serve this purpose till something more suitable and permanent can be developed is now under consideration. Outside of these sources there is a collection that has been bought by the Canadian Government, and a few pictures purchased by the Ontario Government, prominent among which is Mr. Reid's "Berry Pickers." These, by agreement with the Ontario Society of Artists, have been placed where the public may have access to them, in the halls of the Ontario Normal College.

The last question we put to Mr. Reid was regarding the steps that might be taken to encourage the study and appreciation of art among university students. In reply Mr. Reid thought that this might be accomplished by the establishment of a chair of Esthetics, such as Ruskin held for some time at Oxford, though in a measure the extension lectures in Greek and Italian painting and sculpture have answered that need. Professor Kirschmann's lectures on the psychology of color were, he remarked, both interesting and instructive in this direction, while the magnificent collection of prints that now adorn the college halls are likely to do more than anything else to engender a love of art among the students.

As we were about to leave Mr. Reid very kindly offered to show us some of his work. There at the rear of the studio was "The Iris," with its beautiful, delicate coloring, that attracted so much attention at the last Canadian National Exhibition. From behind a stack of canvases Mr. Reid brought out another picture—of a girl, sitting in a kind of reverie—its dominant color a pale yellow, which was almost, if not quite, as attractive as "The Iris." Then there were a series of landscapes in oil crayon, pastel and water color, done with broad strokes of yellow and purple and greens—scenes at Rice Lake and the Catskills, where Mr. Reid spends his summers—night scenes, and beautiful snow effects, though Mr. Reid remarked that such pictures were rather at a discount since Kipling made his unfortunate remarks about "Our Lady of the Snows."

But the afternoon was already darkening into evening, and very reluctantly we left the Mecca of art, with an inward wish that we might more often have the opportunity of enjoying just such afternoons as this.

J. L. R.



*Carol*

J. R. NEWELL.

## I.

FROM the starry heav'ns descending  
 Herald angels in their flight,  
     Nearer winging,  
     Clearer singing,  
 Thrilled with harmony the night.  
 "Glory, glory in the highest!"  
 Sang they yet and yet again,  
     Sweeter, clearer,  
     Floating nearer,  
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

## II.

Shepherds in the field abiding,  
 Roused from sleep that gladsome morn,  
     Saw the glory,  
     Heard the story  
 That the Prince of Peace was born.  
 "Glory, glory in the highest!"  
 Sang the angel choir again,  
     Nearer winging,  
     Clearer singing,  
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

## III.

Swept the angel singers onward,  
 Died the song upon the air;  
     But the glory  
     Of that story  
 Grows and triumphs everywhere.  
 And when glow the Yuletide heavens,  
 Seems that glorious song again  
     Floating nearer,  
     Sweeter, clearer,  
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Wallaceburg, Ont.



UNION LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1906.

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*The Shelley-Keats Memorial*

PELHAM EDGAR, PH.D.

**T**O the properly-constituted Christian the deserving beggar is always welcome; in the open-hearted Christmastide he sues with an irresistible appeal. I choose this moment, therefore, to bring to your notice a project which must command the sympathy of all those who cherish the tenderest traditions of our English poetry.

The proposal, in brief, is to raise by private subscription a fund of some thirty thousand dollars, for the purpose of purchasing and repairing the house in which Keats died, and establishing in it a library which shall serve as a permanent memorial to both Keats and Shelley. The graves of the two poets are in constant jeopardy owing to vandalistic schemes of civic improvement, and not long since the proposal to remove the remains of Keats and Severn was with difficulty frustrated.

The initial impulse in a movement, which is now international in character, must be credited to a small group of American writers, who met in Rome in 1903, and organized a committee of English and American men of letters to carry the project to a successful issue. Eleven thousand dollars have already been subscribed, and I am glad to say that Canada is to be given an opportunity of becoming associated in the movement.

The caprices of nature are no less bewildering than her ordered regularity, her patient care no less amazing than her prodigal wastefulness. In the heart of Cockney London a poet was born whom all the laws of heredity and environment, as we imperfectly apprehend them, condemned to a life of commonplace circumstance. His swiftly maturing genius imperiously created for itself a world of ideal beauty into which the brightness of classic myth, and the sombreness of mediæval story poured their brimming streams. In another home set amid the Sussex fields a boy grew up whom fortune would seem to have marked out as a governor of wide estates, a pillar of orthodoxy, a barrier of respectability. His impetuous genius also breaks the meshes of its environment. He flings himself athwart all the conventionalities amidst which his youth was nurtured, his voice becomes a clarion of revolt, his



very name a symbol of anarchy and opprobrium to the generation which gave him birth.

Thus I would indicate the apparent capriciousness of Nature, yet withal her infinite care, when in the leisurely revolution of her centuries she compounds with subtle alchemy the elements from which genius is fashioned in the fulness of the years. Not once, but many times, she makes and breaks the mould. And having observed her care now mark her wastefulness. Among her many million births are two in whom the divine spark is hidden. She casts them forth into the world. They battle and grow strong. The power, the penetrating insight, the human tenderness, the divining sympathy which the slow centuries have moulded are now unfolding to their perfect fruition. But Nature with that unfathomable indifference which is the deepest mystery of life, slays the one in Rome at the age of twenty-five, and over the other the waters of his beloved Mediterranean have closed before his thirtieth year has passed.

What these two extraordinarily gifted youths have left us is much; what they might have accomplished had longer life been theirs is mere surmise for the imagination to dwell upon, although tracing out the shining path of their development we may see indications clearly evident of the direction in which their genius was tending. Shelley's mind had fed upon the ambrosial food of dreams, and with a whimsical reflection of the truth he once said that one might as reasonably go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as expect human poetry from him. But this is the poet of the "Prometheus" and "Epipsychidion" who is speaking, not the poet of the exquisitely human verses to Jane Williams, nor the poet of that masterly fragment of "Charles I.," in which is revealed the capitulation of his distaste for history and a new evidence of his power to deal with the business of daily life, and to represent the characters of men whose feet are planted on the earth. The "Triumph of Life" gives us assurance that the broadening of his human sympathies would have involved no diminution of his soaring optimism, though it would have been tempered by contact with realities and by a saner wisdom. And always, we may be sure, his moods of despondency and his moments of springing ecstasy would have engendered snatches of lyric song, which would perpetuate to all time the emotion of an hour.



Prophecy writes with no more uncertain finger in the case of his brother poet. Between two modes of perfection there is no rivalry, and comparison for the sake of ranking one poet above the other is futile. I feel that Keats' was the more richly endowed poetic nature, and Shelley's the more multifarious mind. Shelley was about equally interested in the national debt, a chorus of Aristophanes, and an experiment in chemistry. Keats thought and lived in poetry, and for poetry alone. He had no monsters to slay, no chimeras to pursue. He would have jumped down Etna for any public good, but his common-sense measured to a nicety the amount of personal sacrifice which the world merited, and he was cheated by no delusions. Shelley, on the other hand, was perpetually jumping down Etna; perpetually the vision of the future obscured the vision of the present hour; with the result that in Keats we feel that poetry is the ripened fruit of slow hours of brooding meditation upon beauty and poetic truth; whereas in the case of Shelley poetry is merely the most natural channel into which are poured with impetuous speed his millennial politics, his own and Plato's metaphysic, the hopes and fears, the sympathies and antipathies of a revolutionary enthusiast.

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### *To Those Who Wait*

H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

**D**ISCOURAGED soul, thy God doth answer prayer;  
Await His time and will; we know not where,  
Or when, or how. Love never can forget,  
He worketh hitherto, and who shall let?

Do well thy task, unlovely though it be,  
And some sweet moment there may come to thee,  
As unto Gideon by the threshing-floor,  
An angel swinging wide some long-closed door.

*A Letter from Dr. Grenfell*

HOSPITAL STEAMER "STRATHCONA."  
LABRADOR COAST.

WILFRID GRENFELL.



O make no effort to send the contribution asked for your paper would ill become me; for our work has received so much at the hands of Canadians, and even Toronto University herself has sent us of her sons.

A contribution I have just received from Montreal for the work would suggest the message I should like to give. I was lying at anchor under the shelter of a group of rocky islands

well down the East Labrador coast. We had just been doctoring among the numbers of fishermen that make this their headquarters for the summer fishery. As we landed, a thin column of smoke over the southern horizon heralded the approach of the fortnightly mail, which was overdue. I was away visiting a sick woman, whom we had to send to the hospital, when the mail steamer sounded her syren off the harbor. Before I got aboard the hospital steamer, the mail-boat had again departed. My arrival over the rail was greeted by a square-shouldered, keen-faced young fellow of twenty-five.

Clothing of civilization! Who can this be? I suppose I looked it. For he volunteered the information:

"I'm the man you wired for."

"Wired!"

"Yes. Don't you remember? To Montreal."

"What's your line?"

"I'm an electrical engineer."

"And your name?"

"X——."

"Right. Excuse me half a minute." Diving into the chart-room, I seized the letter file, and soon hunted up his letter, dated



January 6th, marked "Received, July 10th." Present date is August 6th.

Briefly, what he had to say was, what I would every man could say: "My object in life is to make it tell as much as I can."

Apparently he was just free of any personal ties, and so able to stand his own expense. So he thought a mechanical engineer would find a place down here where there would not be a man in the next street able to do things better than himself. Preferring another guerdon to dollars, he had written his letter, and my wire had filtered back in the course of time, saying, "Come right along."

Now it is often charged to Christian missions that men go into them because they cannot get anywhere else, or for what they can



DR. GRENFELL.

get out of it. I think the latter is the commonest accusation, because the weakness of intellect idea has been abandoned more or less of late, as the truth gets known about the type of men who are out in the foreign fields.

On the *Strathcona* we have an electrical apparatus, an X-ray installation for our medical work, and the other electrical fittings helping us to make our work more effective and up-to-date. It was out of order, and none of us knew how to put it right.

Friend X—— has just emerged from the engine-room rather hot and dirty, because the dynamo has been stuffed up in a corner above the condenser. But he has put that electrical apparatus right, and I think he is just as satisfied as if he had an extra dollar or two, and, perhaps, he has just as much right to be thought sane in spite of it. We have laid before him the work we can give him to do, and which we cannot get done, if he doesn't do it, because we cannot afford it. He has decided as soon as our sea freezes us out (which it does not do before December), to run up to Montreal and get some more tools. It appears to us all that he is going to make himself tell somewhat in our little corner of the earth during the next twelve months.

What enables me to give the time to write this letter to you is, that there is a Havard medical down in our surgery, interviewing the fishermen, who have been coming aboard since morning for various ailments. He is a volunteer for exactly the same reason.

When I left the little hospital on Caribou Island there were two young fellows from Bowdoin University staying there, recommended to us by President Hyde as two of "the strongest men he knows in the university." They are not engineers, and they are not doctors. You might say they are just "digging," or doing anything else that comes along. As a matter of fact, the day I left they were actually digging out the foundation for an open-air shelter, which has since been completed. It is a very cute arrangement, and serves both for our convalescents and our tubercular patients—beds and all. It is going to be an uncommonly forceful sermon to a very large number of people, on the benefit of fresh-air, sunshine and the simple life. I ought to have said that these men seemed to me to be the kind of men the world wants more of.

They are not making any dollars either. Not that I am against making dollars. They have got to be made, and God bless everyone who makes them. Only you see I consider I am on the defensive when writing on missionary work in an university magazine. For somehow the title "missionary" did not seem to command itself to the young men at the universities in my day.

After the winter on the north Newfoundland shore, when this hospital boat came out of winter quarters, I would have had to



close the hospital there, as we did last summer, for the want of a man to carry on the work while we were afloat. But we were able to hold on till, at last in June, another medical volunteer stepped ashore from our tardy mail-boat.

We were rather hard put to it at the time for a nurse, and the new volunteer began by thirty-six hours' without sleep, taking a night-watch by an unconscious fisherman landed from a schooner the same day.

When last I saw him, he had just been there six weeks. We had been in twice to empty the hospital, by carrying the patients to the next northern hospital, as he only had one nurse, and she



THE MAIL GOING ASHORE.

a volunteer from England. The daylight was already coming over the hills, and the doctor was standing by the bed of a child of about eight years with acute osteo-myelitis. He had opened abscesses in eight places, both arms, both legs, both thighs, his back and head. The child was too ill to move, and our volunteer was bound on saving him. Certainly he was only a fisherman's boy, and the doctor won't get the fee that Lorenz received from Armour; but he will get a fee that will satisfy *him* all right if he pulls that child through. Because that child should have died otherwise. He told me he belonged to a Christian Endeavor band. I don't know which ecclesiastical denomination. But it seems to us down here to breed the right kind of Christian.

There is an orphanage on the hill above the hospital, and in this we have got a small collection of waifs and strays. They

are getting education, and they are getting food and clothing instead of semi-starvation and the liability to consequent tubercular trouble so common, alas! among our poorer brethren, even in this wonderfully healthy climate. These are in charge of a lady of education and means from England—a lady of social standing—who has come out to live amongst us because she thinks she can make her life tell more here than where she was at home. Those orphans seem mighty fond of her, too.

I am not going to multiply instances. My contention is that the missionary life is a sane life, whichever way we look at it. It does not really need the story of a Harry Thaw, or any other social degenerate of the extreme type, to convince reasonable minds that man can better serve the purposes he was made for by living for other ideals than those, alas! which are “normally” considered sufficient.

Of course, we can enjoy the spirit of games. Three of us have carried our university colors for athletics. Any of us can do our share with a rifle when a good shot means venison for dinner, or sealskin for a new pair of boots. We landed as many fine salmon the other evening, fishing in one of our rivers, while our steamer was loading wood nearby, as did a man of wealth whom we found from England fishing in the same pool, and we did not require any stronger tackle than he did. He is fishing there yet, and heaven only knows what he is going to do with *his* salmon. We had good use for ours. He was out fishing last year, and the year before. And it does not seem, as one gets older in life, that any sport, however *manly*, should assume the nature of a recurring decimal. One reason why I can recommend the missionary life to any man is because in most of the fields he will find an ample scope for any every talent he possesses. I used once to picture to myself that it would have been great to have been the modern Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. You can sample that pleasure in most of the mission fields. Indeed, they call for the very best that the very best men can give them, and in return they give men, who may have everything else in the world, things better than they can get in any other way, and make them into that, perhaps, nothing else can make them into. We have now on this coast four small hospitals, one hospital steamer and two motor-boats, besides our industrial work .



**Three Poems by Ethelwyn Wetherald**

**ONE DAY OF ECSTASY**

**O**NE day of ecstasy my soul has known:  
All through the black night I had striven alone,  
With Pain's unsated beak at flesh and bone.

Then just at dawn, like to a healing rain,  
Soft slumber fell on writhing nerve and brain;  
I woke to find my enemy was slain.

Body and soul sheer bliss! The hours a fleece  
Of young lambs nestling at the feet of Peace.  
How will it be when life's long pain shall cease?



**IF YOU LOVE ME**

If you love me tell me so  
In your greeting, in your eyes,  
In your footstep, swift or slow,  
In your tender-voiced replies.  
Love that stays in heart and blood  
Lives forever in the bud;  
Once in words 'tis past recall—  
Down the lovely petals fall.

If you love me tell me so  
As the dawn may hint of noon,  
As a glance the deep heart's glow,  
As hepaticas of June.  
When the summer riot runs  
'Neath the glare of burning suns,  
Naught so far—not anything—  
As the first faint breath of spring.



**PLUCK**

Thank God for pluck—unknown to slaves—  
The self ne'er of its Self bereft,  
Who, when the right arm's shattered, waves  
The good flag with the left.

### *The Future of the Novel*



WHAT is the value of the present-day novel? Whither is it tending? What will be its ultimate form? These are questions which papers with far greater pretensions than our own humble publication have asked and attempted to answer. They are questions that cannot fail to interest those who are human enough to feel a love for the novel as it comes to us in its better forms.

With the end in view of obtaining the opinions of men most competent to judge of these things, questions of such a nature were submitted by ACTA to a number of eminent authors, both on this Continent and in the Old Land. Our requests for such opinions were answered with the utmost courtesy by many of those solicited. Some few, such as Rudyard Kipling, Ian Maclaren and Hiram Corson professed their incapacity for the tasks assigned to them. But from a number of others answers were received bearing, more or less directly, upon the question at issue. While none of our correspondents profess to give the final word on the subject, their answers will nevertheless be of profound interest to many who have formed a high opinion of them as critics and novelists.

There comes first to hand this characteristic reply from John Kendrick Bangs, which, while it does not propound any comprehensive theory, at least indicates the more or less dismal future of many of our novels:

"The future of most novels will be either the waste-basket or the ash heap; some will be preserved in Carnegie cold-storage libraries; while a meritorious few will be shelved in the hearts of the readers, where we find much of Thackeray, some of Dickens, with a Hawthorne or two already."

*Sincerely yours*

*John Kendrick Bangs*



To several who were good enough to answer us, the future seems hidden in obscurity. Thus Andrew Lang, the distinguished English *Litterateur* characterizes it:

“I cannot venture into prophecy. About the future of the novel only Omnipotence knows, and only Omniscience what unborn authors may be, or whether or not public taste will go on from bad to worse.”

Very faithfully yours

A Lang

Nor is the course of the novel any more apparent to one who stands in as conspicuous a place among novel writers as does Anthony Hope. After expressing his interest in the subject, he says:

“The character of your magazine has tempted me to say something, for every college man has a feeling for college papers. But in the end, what is there to say? If I could foresee the course of the world, I might foresee the ‘future of the novel.’ But I can’t. If any of your other correspondents can, I should be most interested to see their answers.”

Yours very faithfully  
Anthony Hope Hawkins

But some of our correspondents are evidently inclined to regard the drama as a more virile form of literature than the novel. Thus, at least, it appears to Hamlin Garland:

“The novel in some form will continue, but I think the drama, as a more direct representation of life and embodying as it does so much of sculpture, painting and music, will come year by

year to a greater vogue if not to greater dignity. It will not supersede the novel, but it may come to subordinate it."

*Very sincerely yours*  
*Hamlin Garland*

Few men are in a better position to express an opinion in regard to this than the leader of the Celtic movement, William Butler Yeats. As a dramatist and a novelist he is likely to speak with authority as to the comparative merits of the two:

"I am nothing of a novel reader, or rather have read nothing of any novel, for some years now, written later than 'Gil Blas.' I think the last modern novel I read was about half of Huyssman's 'En Route,' five or six years ago. I should think that the novel will flourish most in countries where it finds new forms of life. In England and France it is, my friends tell me, threatening to die out in philosophy and essay writing. The United States have all the old delight in it, and have great numbers of people that write stories and that must be because they are very curious about themselves, and have so much life that has never come into literature. Here in Ireland we are taking to play-writing because we are curious about ourselves, yet not good readers."

*Yeats*

But there are others who are more hopeful for the permanence of the novel. Winston Churchill is without question very closely in touch with the literary movement on this side of the Atlantic, and he writes as follows:

"In reply to your enquiry, I confess to a very Catholic taste in novels, and I must also acknowledge that I have not the faintest idea whither this form of literature is tending. I like Mr. Howell's work, and I like Mr. Barrie's work, and Mr. Kipling's work, and Mrs. Wharton's work, and Mark Twain's work, and Mr. Herrick's work, and Hamlin Garland's, and the work of



many other men and women prominent at the present time. I have taken these names at hazard as they occurred to me. A good novel is, and in my opinion always will remain, a true picture of life, and as there are so many phases of life it seems to me that we are to have many kinds of novels. Perhaps it might be a fair parallel to assert that the profession of novel writing, like the profession of medicine, is tending toward the production of specialists. Some novelists treat of one phase of modern life and some of another, each according to his bent and taste and power of observation. It would be untrue, in my opinion, to assert that any particular type of novel is about to prevail."

*Walter Chubbuck*

Professor Moulton has frequently expressed his opinion in regard to other forms of literature. We who have heard these expressions will receive his views on the subject with great satisfaction:

"In answer to your query I would say that the future of the novel depends upon the further question, How much definiteness attaches to the word 'novel'? 1. If by this is meant prose fiction in general, then I should say that it will become more and more important as time goes on. Fiction is, in the study of humanity, what experiment is in the natural sciences; instead of being limited (as in history) to what happens to have happened, the novelist selects the most important conditions of things, and shows what would happen. Thus as the experimental side of human science fiction will gain increasing recognition, and become the dominant literary form. 2. If the question is of the 'novel' as distinguished from other forms of prose fiction, then I feel unable to guess the future. The trend is from elaborate to simple, and that favors the novel; but fashions may change without apparent reason."

*Sincerely Yours*

*R. G. Moulton*

Nor is the last contribution we publish of less interest. As a literary critic Professor Dowden is known to us all and his contribution to the discussion will be valued accordingly:

"The subject, 'The Future of the Novel,' is a great one, and it cannot be disposed of in a few words. The novel has been a great instrument for exploring human nature and human life, and it is too valuable a tool of the spirit to be soon laid aside. The field in which it operates seems to me to be inexhaustible. Humanity and the life of humanity are always, and are never, the same for two generations; and there will always be new combinations of thought and feeling, new provinces of action, new hopes and fears, new manners worthy of representation in art. Within my own lifetime the novel has grown much more than it was in former days a cosmopolitan power. We come to understand through it something of the mind of Russia, France, Italy and America. And of course such cosmopolitan work rests upon national and local fidelity.

"I am not greatly alarmed by the vast mass of inferior work produced. Many experiments must be made and only a few eminent successes can be attained. And I am not sure that the average modern novel is inferior to the average play of the later Elizabethan and Jacobean period. Both are poor enough; but the many failures are warranted by the few high achievements; they disappear, and the achievements will remain."

Sincerely yours,  
Edward Dowden

Thus we have given our readers the views of some of the most eminent of English literary men, though the question perhaps remains unsolved. However, our purpose is accomplished if we have imparted to our fellow students a desire to search out for themselves the various currents which make of our literature a thing of unceasing change, and therefore of unceasing interest.





WOMAN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1906-1907.

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*Where Adonais Rests*

EDWARD WILSON WALLACE, '04.



**E** could not have chosen a more fitting time for our pilgrimage. We had spent the morning without the gates, tracing St. Paul's last journey to that lonely hollow among the rolling folds of the Campagna where he suffered martyrdom; we had joined in imagination and sympathy that weeping band of Christians that bore back the mutilated corpse to its resting-place beside the road to Ostia; and our thoughts were deep and wordless. And now that rare event in Rome, a rainy afternoon in June, added a touch of melancholy to our thoughts, as we turned to that

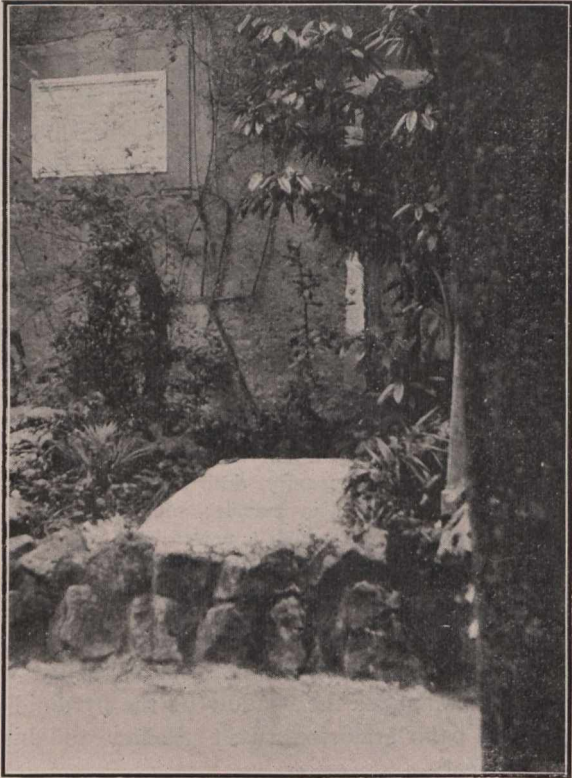
"Slope of green access,  
Where like an infant's smile, over the dead  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread;  
"And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;  
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath  
A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,  
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath."

This spot, the Protestant cemetery, is to the Englishman the most pathetic and appealing in Rome. For here, just within the Porta di San Paolo, under the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Sestius, sleep in calm seclusion sweet Shelley and his beloved Adonais, John Keats.

We passed along a road shaded by lofty trees until we reached a high stone wall, and turned aside to the gate. I pulled a bell-rope, and the clang of the little bell awakened strange echoes within that mysterious enclosure which we could not yet see. We waited for some bent and grizzled old man to open the gate. Instead, a pretty young girl came running from an adjacent house, and smilingly turned the lock, and pushed open the heavy gate.



It was strange to find a creature so radiant with life and youth as guardian of that sombre abode of the dead. And yet it was most fitting. For here are gathered no aged wanderers who have waited for the last harbor bell to toll, and have joyfully hailed its tardy summons. Here rest young men and women—the painter who laid down his brush before he had learned to reflect the beauty that illumined his own soul; the sculptor whose chisel



THE GRAVE OF SHELLEY.

still lagged behind his aspiring thought when it dropped from his hand; the poet whose strings snapped before he had drawn from them the celestial harmony that he had faintly heard and passionately followed. From England and America they came when life was radiant and all youth's roads led to Rome. The glow of

morning had not faded when the night fell, and they passed to this beautiful place of silent shadows, where flowers grow, and birds chant, and the little stream makes a sweet singing under the restless trees, and black cypresses stand as sentinels of the dead.

As we wandered amid the mute memorials of those who lie here, the words of Shelley were vividly recalled: "It might



THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Strange foreshadowing were these words in the preface to "Adonais" of the time so near at hand when he would come to rest in this sweet place.

We turned first to look for his grave in the New Cemetery. Amid the multitude of graves it was difficult to find until the



young gate-keeper directed us in her pretty broken English. It lies beside the wall in a shaded corner. Upon the ground is a plain white stone, with a touchingly simple inscription:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, COR CORDIUM  
Natus IV Aug. MDCCXCII  
Obiit VIII Jul. MDCCCXXII

Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange.

Unbidden tears sprang to my eyes as I stood at last before the grave where is buried the heart of the sweetest poet of our tongue. The violets had ceased to bloom, no lark soared in the leaden skies. Yet, as I recalled his description of himself:

“He as I guess,  
Had gazed on Nature’s naked loveliness  
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray  
With feeble steps o’er the world’s wilderness,  
And his own thoughts along that rugged way  
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey,”

there came the thought that only here could this sensitive plant find shelter from the world’s chill winds, and I was glad that he lay there. As I stooped to pluck a leaf from the violet plants besides the stone, I murmured his own elegy for Keats,

“Awake him not! surely he takes his fill  
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.”

But even more than Shelley it is Keats whose spirit creates the atmosphere of this place. He was the bold venturer who first came hither and dared to explore its silent depths. We turned down the slope where lie many whose names are familiar, and many more whose names remain only in the memories of the dead, and passed through another gate into the Old Cemetery. Here is no populous city of the dead. It is a simple grass-grown plot with a few trees to shade it. In winter it must be radiant with violets and daisies. When we saw it the only blossoms were the white tombstones that gleamed in the glistening grass. We pushed our way, guided by some unerring instinct—was it Shelley’s “spirit of the spot?”—to the far corner of the en-

closure. A little stream was murmuring in the grass; all else was deathly still as we stood among the ivy before *his* resting-place. Saddest, bravest of England's poets, what inspiration prompted thy bitter epitaph?

. This Grave  
contains all that was mortal  
of a  
YOUNG ENGLISH POET  
who  
on his death-bed  
in the bitterness of his heart  
at the malicious power of his enemies  
desired  
these words to be engraven on his tombstone  
"Here lies one  
Whose Name was writ in Water."  
Feb. 24th, 1821.

No name appears upon that stone, for his name was writ in water—and so remains, writ in the tears of the devoted lovers of his song. That sobbing stream, those tender ivy leaves, the stone itself will perish and decay, the very spot where he rests will be obliterated before his verse is neglected and his name forgotten.

"He came and bought, with price of purest breath,  
A grave among the eternal."

Strange was the fate that brought these two men to this common resting-place, but it was a kind fate that made this resting-place so sweet. It is as though Death himself, behind whose hideous mask Shelley dared to peep, and saw the kindly smile, and learned somewhat of the nature of that feared but gracious Guide to the Eternal, had repaid that moment of insight with all the charm that he could lavish upon this loved and lovely spot. If the spirits of the dead ever return to earth, we must surely believe that the tender poet of Endymion's woes, and he who wept so exquisitely the death of his friend, often float about these shady walks, and make the air musical with their unheard whisperings. They seemed very near to us that evening as we turned away in the twilight dusk and passed from the silence of the city of the dead into the clangor of the city of the living.



*A Recipe for Sunshine**E. J. M., '07*

**S**TAY! Are there sighs?  
 We know that sunlit skies  
 Are over there, beyond the gray,  
 And we need on'y push the clouds away  
 To see the everlasting blue  
 Shine through.  
 Then will you say  
 With me, to-day,  
 I'll shove—  
 And try to move  
 My clouds away from hence,  
 Keep them behind a fence  
 Of good resolves and care,  
 And do my share  
 Toward brightening up God's earth!  
 Remembering the while the birth  
 Of Him who brought  
 Good-will to men and sought  
 To give peace,  
 And from our deeds, release,  
 Whose coming drove the clouds away,  
 And made this blessed Christmas day.

*Unretouched Photographs*

ALBERT R. CARMAN.

## THE ADVENTURE.



T was a day of spring sunshine. The sky was full of blue to which floating islands of white cloud gave vivid life. The widening nostrils sought an air that fed one's ambition and called to adventure. Upon such a morning, Kipling's "Spring Running" seemed real. I was walking along the turf beside a suburban road, the growing city not having yet bound the edges of the fields just here with its prim pavements. The buds were hardly visibly swollen. All the summer—all of life—all of everything seemed before one.

Just then through the bare branches of the trees my rapidly travelling eyes caught the outlines of a building that cast a shadow over the morning. It was an Institution for the Blind. There was no blue in the sky for its sad citizens.

How could there be hope, ambition, the call to adventure, in the air for them? Just then, down a bit of sidewalk from its wide gates, I noticed two children coming—slowly, timidly, experimentally. They were plainly new comers to the Institution, and were not yet at ease on even this fragment of home sidewalk. They were a boy and girl, and they came hand-in-hand.

The sidewalk ended at a road through which ran the rails of a suburban electric railway. It occurred to me that these pathetic little figures might be in real danger if they were so wholly new to their surroundings as not to know that the railway ran just there. So I lingered, though the sight of a blind child would put out even that dazzling sun for me.

They came on in absolute silence; and the face of the boy who was leading slowly individualized itself. Ambition? It was full of it. Even a pale shadow of resolve lay about his lips. The



face of the little girl, who hung back a trifle, wore an expression that I felt I must be mis-reading. There seemed to be pride in it—not a slight pride, but a full glow of it—and she was plainly very nervous. Clearly there was something in the wind; and I decided to wait and see before speaking. I should add that their relationship of big brother and little sister was written all over them. He must have been fully ten.

They reached the edge of the sidewalk and paused. Then he gave her hand a little squeeze, and said:

“You wait there.”

The girl gasped and stood still, her face turned toward where she could hear her brother moving. He took one—two—three short, uncertain steps toward the rails, every nerve in his little body a-tingle. His head was thrust out forward; and his face, which the sunlight flooded, was full of expectancy. Suddenly there came from the girl a sharp cry:

“Tom! Tom! Come back!”

The shrill voice was full of anxiety and fear. “Tom” hesitated a moment, and then turned and ran back to her, shouting triumphantly:

“I felt it. I felt it shaking the ground. Really I did.”

And they each took both of the other's hands, and their faces shone on one another with the high joy of achievement. Her pride in her big brother now filled all her countenance. He was the bold, daring adventurer who had pushed off into the terrible unknown and come back to her in miraculous safety; and his quivering face showed that he was conscious of what a hero he seemed.

But I thought that, perhaps, there was a little shame in it—a little doubt whether he did really feel the car coming. I noticed, too, that they didn't wait for the car. If they had, they must have waited fully five minutes.

#### THE SUBURB.

The suburb of a great city, distant from the centre, and semi-detached as it were, presents a phase of the social side of modern civilization quite distinct from all others. It is free from that lonely sense of entire immersion in an impersonal ocean which

is the most marked characteristic of mid-city life. We get to know something about most of our neighbors; and about the others we have leisure and interest enough to guess. The elderly barber who lives with his grey-haired wife on the corner, and whose grand-daughter plays in and out of the little shop—what city man thinks of a barber as having a wife and grand-children?—does most of his work through the long quiet evenings; and he has an abundance of time to form theories about his neighbors. He is French and the neighborhood is English; so his sources of social information are limited.

“I do not let rough words in my shop,” he assured me one day while cutting my hair too close, as he always did—it was the custom in his day. “I used to have a Protestant minister come to my shop when I keep down on St. Antoine Street. But I never have no cursing when he is there—I do not like it. You’re a minister, sir? What! No? Why, I see you around your place all day, having not’ing to do. Why, I thought you were a minister for sure! Why, d—n! that’s funnee.”

The suburb lacks quite as distinctly the intimate and preternaturally well-informed social life of the rural village community. We all have a great many other interests; so that our concern in each other is of the casual and door-step sort. Going into the city on the car, we are neighbors; but, once down town, our paths diverge. The corner grocery is not the social club it is in a village; nor is it the purely brisk business scene it is in the city. It is a sort of clearing house for neighborhood jokes, and the grocer presides spasmodically at the running function. There we learn, for instance, that the socially inclined Chinaman, who works in a laundry at the other corner, paid a compliment to one of the young ladies of the street recently.

“That’s a pretty girl,” he remarked to her sister with great unction, as the favored one went out of the room.

“Do you think so, John?” asked the sister amused.

“Yes,” drawled John. “She likee my girl in China.”

In fact, one of the chief points of interest in the grocery is that the few foreigners who live in our suburb distinguish themselves there sharply from the dull commonalty of the rest of us. The tall transparent-skinned Swedish maid of one of our families came in one day, and wanted to buy some “caramum.” That



was too much for the English clerk, although he is studying French. She expected him to be puzzled by it; but she explained that she wanted it to show her mistress how they made something in Sweden—it was “little breads” she wanted to make; but the clerk could not satisfy her, although he tried caraway seed and several less likely things. What she wanted is still a neighborhood mystery; for she did not stay long.

Then we have an Italian boot cobbler from whom the enterprising grocer is learning the language of Italy. But the equally enterprising Italian is learning English, but not to like an English neighborhood. When he learns that one of us has been to his country, his face lights up with interest and reminiscence, and a petition for a sympathetic understanding of all he is feeling. He has not much to charge our climate with. He has been personally just as cold in Italy. But the companionship!

“They sometimes cry in Italy,” he said to one of us; “but then they sometimes laugh.”

#### THE “KELLNER.”

These birds of strange mental plumage, who lodge furtively in our suburban bosage, always seem to me to be living satirical comments on our great North American boast of individual enterprise. In fact, I never hear one of our own people contrasting our imperial enterprise with the “stick-in-the-mud” characteristics of European peoples that my mind does not carry me back to a warm May evening in that city of perennial charm—Vienna. We were dining in the garden of the hotel after a day spent in the neighborhood of the Graben and grey St. Stephen. A cheerful-faced “kellner” hung about our table—although it was not his—because he liked to practice his English upon us. He was a young fellow, full of a gentle hopefulness, and dreaming of the day when he should have a hotel of his own.

“Yes,” he said that evening, reminiscently, “I learned my English in London; and it was not an easy thing, I tell you. I went there when I was a young chap”—this kellner was very proud of the word “chap,” and worked it in whenever he could. I could not speak a word of English, and I did not know a person. Pretty soon I met a man speaking German on the street, and he took me home with him. He got me a room and promised

to get me a place as—as—'boot.' But he did not get me a place. He got my clothes from me to take somewhere; and then I never saw him again. They turned me out on the street."

I have not attempted to reproduce the lad's pronunciation; for I doubt if spelling could do it. He had a strong Cockney accent, pronouncing his "a's" like "i's"; so much so that we could hardly tell whether he said to take a "trym" or a "tryn" to any given point of interest. Then this accent was underlaid with a rich German thickness of speech which somehow made it more musical.

"Well," he went on, "a chap told me to go to Brighton for a job he knew. So I went down. And it was awful. I worked from four in the morning till twelve and longer. I cleaned the boots—I wash the pots—I peel the potatoes—I scrub the floor. Yes, I do everything. I sleep in the kitchen on the table."

We shuddered, thinking what it might have been to get a piece of cake made on that table; but the placid-faced "kellner" took it for sympathy.

"Yes, it was awful," he repeated calmly, as if telling some one else's story. "I got away and walked back to London. By now I could speak English a little; and I got a better place. But still I had to work very, very hard. You have no idea. I never had sleep enough, and they ordered me around like a dog. I worked in the boarding houses; and if you had seen——." And here his smile congratulated us on being in clean Vienna.

"But I got to speak English at last, and then I would only take good places. They pay well there for good men—better than here."

"Why didn't you stay?" I asked.

"Oh, I had to come back to put in my time with the army," he explained, cheerfully. "Then I did not want to stay. I only went over there to learn English so I could speak it to guests here."

Did any one say "enterprise?" I wonder how many Canadian waiters would go through that experience in Vienna just to pick up German so that they would be a trifle more valuable as waiters at home.





### *Fleur de Lys*

HELEN M. MERRILL.

I N olden gardens in golden France  
 Where amber waters gleam and dance,—  
 Old gardens murmurous with streams  
 Whose music sootheth like sweet dreams,  
 And spiced breezes singing low  
 Like vague love-hauntings come and go,—  
 The strolling yellow lilies blow;  
 In gardens where the moon and sun  
 Their circling courses idly run,  
 Dream gardens of my sires of old,  
 They rove in winding lines of gold

To-day I wonder if there be  
 Such olden gardens o'er the sea,  
 And amber fountains in whose song  
 A minor, rhythmic lapsing long  
 Hath been and sad—yet not so sad  
 But that mine exiled heart be glad  
 Of vain oppression's strife. To-day  
 Do yellow, stream-side lilies stray,  
 And shadows on carved marbles fall,  
 Leaf-checked, and on stream and wall;  
 And sun-dials mark the dream-held hours  
 Full sweet with bright, old-fashioned flowers?

Oh, if these gardens be but dreams—  
 Of yesterday—nor by the streams  
 Do roving yellow lilies blow,  
 A new-world garden well I know  
 Wherein they bloom so wondrous fair,  
 Their fragrant glory lendeth there  
 An old-world glamour of romance,—  
 O golden lilies of olden France.



YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1906-07.

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**Eleutheria**

*I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.*—BURKE.

J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.

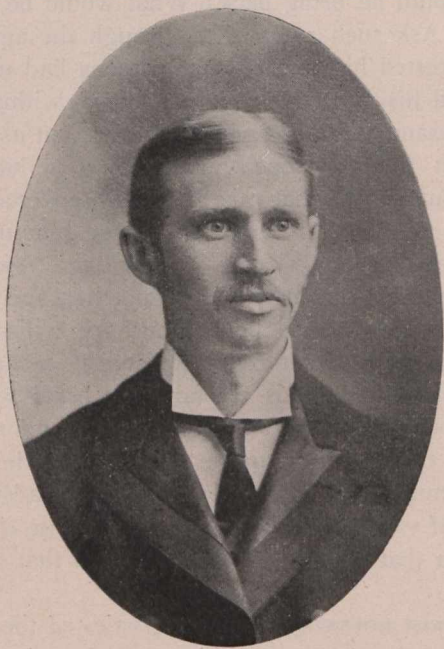


UPPOSE a typical well-educated Anglo-Celt of the present generation to be suddenly transported from the England or America of this year of grace into the midst, one after another, of various peoples living at different stages of the world's journey from long ago till now; what report would he bring back? What would be his comparative verdict? Ask such a traveller through the ages what incidents had interested him most, what persons had most attracted his regard, and his answer might not come within a thousand miles or a thousand years of ancient Greece; but ask him where, as an intelligent fully developed human being, he had found himself most at home, with what race he had discovered most points of contact and been able to enjoy the most genuine converse—ask him this, and ancient Greece would have few rivals from the dawn of history to at least the Elizabethan age.

This sympathy between Hellenism and the spirit of our modern civilization is by no means perfect at all points. Our standards, instincts and ideals are far from being wholly Greek; sometimes to our loss, and sometimes to our gain. The spirit and essence of the Greeks is quite too elusive to be summed up in a single formula; too many-sided to be seen adequately from a single point of view, and it is to one only of the chief points of contact between that distant era and our own that attention will here be drawn.

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of the Greek (perhaps we might rather say one of his most obtrusive prejudices), is his deep-seated instinct for autonomy, his feeling that independence is necessary for perfect, or even tolerable, living. It is one of the commonplaces of Greek history how that passion for autonomy affected his political relations. Split up into numberless small states by mountain ranges and deep inlets of the sea, Greece never became a united nation; with difficulty, and scarcely even with difficulty, did these warring atoms combine to resist so terrible a danger as the Persian invasion; and every effort to bring about anything like organic Pan-Hellenism was defeated by a passionate and jealous individualism.

The geographical conditions which fostered this growth of local independence produced also within small compass a wide variety of experience and a multiplicity of types that saved Greece from the dead level of monotonous uniformity so characteristic of the great Oriental civilizations; the play of opposite natures, the contact of diverse types of mind fed that intellectual flame which burned so brightly among the Greeks. Marathon, the prototype of all battles for freedom, not merely saved Europe from political subjugation to the torpid East, but rendered Europe the further service of enabling Greece to develop along her



PROF. J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.

own lines, and thus to achieve that glorious many-sided civilization which ultimately passed over to the modern world.

For this free play of the activities of the human soul, political freedom was at that time a chief prerequisite; not merely freedom from external domination, but freedom from the interferences, the necessary concessions and repressions and mutual accommodations that must have resulted from the unification of Greek government.



But, it is often asked, was not the development of civilization imperilled by the very freedom which fostered it? Was this not the fatal flaw that in the end brought ruin upon these pioneers of civilization? In a word, did not Greece fail because she loved independence not wisely but too well? Certainly no one believes that in itself it is a good thing for a great nation to cease to be, but may there not be cases where it is the lesser of two evils? We should not always estimate the success or failure of a nation merely by its ability to set up and maintain a stable organized government, any more than we should necessarily count that man's life a failure which has come to an early end, or that man's life a success which has persisted to a ripe old age, fortified against all attacks of poverty or pain. The alabaster box must be broken to set free the perfume and the balm; the seed must perish to bring forth more abundantly. So it may be with a nation; so apparently it was with Greece.

Division of labor, difference of function may exist in those various components of civilization we call nations, and Greece, we find, was called upon to contribute to the upbuilding of humanity in quite another way than Rome. It was the part of Greece to furnish to European civilization inspiration and the breath of life; Rome was to give the strength of frame which should contain the living spirit. That being so, one need have no regrets for the failure of Greece, so often deplored, to develop one strong central government such as might have saved her from disintegration and the later domination of Macedonia and Rome. Under Spartan predominance certainly Greece might have persisted as a nation, but what then would have become of her intellectual and spiritual mission? Such a saving of Greece would have been a loss to the world. Over against the fact of the political failure of Greece, and more particularly of Athens, must then be set the doubt whether the special gift of the Greek race to humanity could have become so precious but for that very failure.

This consideration gathers force when we reflect that no one thing bequeathed by that ancient people to the world has been so valuable a heritage as the spirit of freedom—freedom political, intellectual and spiritual. In Greece man first learned to talk frankly, to reason freely, to investigate without let or hindrance whatever concerns his mortal or immortal being. Neither state

nor church, priest nor potentate had power to stifle this free activity of all the powers of the human reason.\* In fact those other great gifts of Greece to the world which we commonly enumerate—her literature, her art, her science and her philosophy—these could never have been brought to such brilliance of perfection in any atmosphere but one of unhampered liberty.

It is not necessary for one moment to deny its proper value to that antithetical principle of authority and discipline which Rome represents. The world moves forward, not in one straight line nor under the influence of one steadily moving force. Rather its progress may be compared to a species of tacking, the sails spread now to catch the breeze that blows from the eternal hills, and now to that which comes from the unresting sea. At one epoch the momentous thing is to consolidate, to organize, to develop a strong framework which shall preserve against disintegration and collapse. Then comes a period when there is danger lest the crust harden too completely, lest the framework intended to support and to preserve become rather a prison-wall to cabin and confine the spirit; danger lest stagnation and the conservatism of age-long tradition stop all progress, and "custom lie upon us with a weight heavy as frost and deep almost as life." Now is the time for the spirit of man to burst the bonds of authority and custom, and issue from what was fast becoming its prison house; now the time for all the relaxing forces of nature to operate and break up the soil, as in spring time, for fresh growths and renewed garnerings. This alternating process is that which seems to have obtained within historical times, and we can readily imagine it as existing throughout the prehistoric ages of advancing civilization; but nowhere has the play of the two opposing forces (centrifugal and centripetal we may term them) been so clearly seen as in the history and influence of Greece and Rome.

When one has taken this truth to heart, and has realized also how completely the mediæval world, both in its secular life and in its theology, was under the dominion of the Roman spirit of subordination to external authority, only then does he begin to comprehend why at the time of the Renaissance the revived

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\* True, Socrates was put to death by the Athenians in an outburst of intolerance, but the incident was exceptional, not typical, and they had already allowed him to live to the age of seventy without interfering with his perfect liberty of action.



acquaintance with the spirit of Greece (and even with its pale reflection in Latin literature) should cause such an outburst of activity in all western Europe; why new conceptions should arise of civil and religious freedom; why there should be such a rapid growth of individualism, such a quickened sense of the dignity and high worth of the human soul, such a joyous aspiration for the free development of humanity.

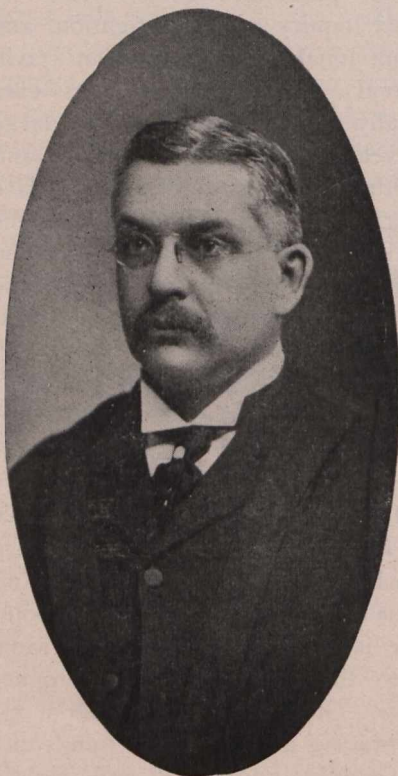
In the nineteenth century also, as at the Renaissance, there came again after a torpid period of subservience to authority, a revival of the Hellenic spirit of reasonable freedom, warring against all obscurantism and all repressive authority; the spirit which insists on proving all things and which will hold fast to nothing that the reason does not pronounce good; which demands the right of unhampered inquiry and investigation, and which has secured for each individual a larger freedom (civil, political, intellectual and spiritual) than the world has ever known before; and which finally tends continually to enlarge the opportunities of each to develop freely whatever powers and capacities he may possess. Other influences, to be sure, have combined with the Greek to bring all this about; yet none the less is the spirit which, in the last century, has moved upon the face of the waters to be identified with that "eternal spirit of the chainless mind," which first conspicuously stirred the Greek, "the eldest child of liberty."

From this point of view one may more adequately grasp the meaning of Sir Henry Maine's often quoted saying: "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world that is not Greek in its origin"; the same idea which is less strikingly but more moderately expressed in the more recent words of Sir Richard Jebb: "The creative mind of ancient Greece was the greatest originating force which the world has seen." And when, as not infrequently, some sermonizer, too eager to point his moral, asks, "And where is Greece to-day?" the same answer may be given him as to the inquirer for Christopher Wren's monument: *Circumspice*. Greece is living all about us, in the very air (if it be pure, bracing air), that our minds and spirits breathe; her influence, rightly understood and rightly estimated, we cannot escape from if we would; nor would we if we could, for to this western world she spells "the unconquerable mind and freedom's holy flame."

*Germany Fifteen Years After*

L. E. HORNING, PH.D.

IN September, 1891, at the end of a sojourn of two years and a half in Germany, I joyously began my homeward way to the Canada, which it seemed I had only begun to truly love after I had missed her sunshine and bracing air for so many long months. And yet I vaguely planned an early return to the Fatherland, for that was what it had become to me, not only because my name and race can be traced back in German records, but still more because academic *Lernfreiheit* and *Lehrfreiheit* had



DR. HORNING.

won my heart's best loyalty. So when, at last, after fifteen years, the way opened up for a sabbatic year abroad, my steps turned instinctively to the land where I had spent so many happy and profitable hours. Eight days after leaving Toronto I was on German soil, speeding on my way to Leipzig, the book centre of Germany, and was once more taking pleasure in talking and thinking in the German, the great Teutonic sister of our own mighty speech. Now, when one meets a friend after fifteen years of separation, it is a matter of course that changes will be noticed, especially if at the time of separation the friend was young. And if an Easterner were to revisit Win-

nipeg after a lapse of fifteen years, he would doubtless exclaim



with wonderment at every turn. But one scarcely expects to see so much change in a country as old as Germany. Fifteen years is a very brief space in the life of a country whose records run back over one thousand years of time.

My first stay in Germany was mostly spent in Breslau and Göttingen with enough trips in various directions to make me feel I could claim to know the country fairly well. Last April I came to Leipzig to at once take my old place at the student's desk, as the summer term was just beginning. At its close, in company with an ardent Britisher from Australia, I took a long round-trip, which included Jena, Nurenburg, Regensburg, Munich, Innsbruck and the Tyrol, the Appenzell district of Switzerland, Lucerne and its historic surroundings, the Black Forest, Strasbourg (Alsace), Heidelberg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Eisenach and Weimar, and then for the "after-cure," as a German friend cleverly called it, three weeks in the Harz Mountains. With so much experience, and after having made, during both visits to the country, a careful study of German magazines and newspapers, I feel that I shall not be going too wide of the mark when I undertake to pen a brief article under the above caption.

The very first thing that struck me on revisiting Germany was that its people had changed from little Germans into big ones, or in other words, they had become important citizens of the world, found on all highways and in all ports, striving and struggling strongly and sturdily alongside the Englishman and the American. In 1891 the German Empire was just twenty years old; now we see the full vigor and strength of the man in the prime of life, who is able and willing to plunge into the midst of affairs, conscious of his powers and with faith in his equipment. And so it has come about that commercial England is feeling keenly on every sea the competition of her younger rival. Germany's commerce has increased by leaps and bounds, and is still irresistibly going ahead. One result is reflected in the rapid growth of a navy, needed for the protection of that commerce, but considered by some to be a growing menace to the peace of Europe. But other developments follow naturally in the train of this commercial prosperity. Germany, as well as America, has its plutocrats, who can afford grand houses, fine horses and automobiles, or, if their tastes run in another direction, fine libraries with first editions of the great writers. This latter is rather a sore point

with me, as I had hoped this time to stock my library with some such treasures, having been unable to do so from pecuniary reasons in the earlier days. But, alas! books I could have purchased fifteen years ago for 20 or 30 marks now cost ten times as much, and are beyond any but the wealthy. Luxury is in evidence on all sides, but poverty is no less frequently seen; the contrast between rich and poor increases, and the attendant contests between capital and labor continually recur. And no wonder, for the prices of all necessities of life are away up in the clouds. Think of paying 40 cents a pound for beefsteak and ham, and 10 cents a pound for apples far from as good as our Northern Spies! Taxes! They seemed high enough years ago, but they have gone on increasing with the increasing needs of the Empire, until last August, it became necessary to invent a new one, viz., on railway tickets. So far as I know, the air is still free.

There have also been very important developments. Politically my wrath was once kindled against a German professor, who assured me that Germany would have to fight for England soon, as she was rapidly ageing. But the Flying Squadron of Venezuela days rather opened the eyes of some of our continental friends, and the Boer War showed that not John Bull alone, but John Bull & Sons, Unlimited, were to be reckoned with in any future trouble. Then there have been great changes in the Occident, where Japan is a great power and China is making tremendous strides in the same direction. Russia is powerless in the East, and Austria seems on the verge of disintegration. Effete England, under the leadership of the "first diplomat of Europe," King Edward VII., is the friend and ally of all the greater powers in both East and West. Germany is isolated, and if war come, she will fight *against* not *for* England. But the Fatherland has also very troublesome home-politics. The German language is being forced upon the Poles in the north-east and the Danes of Schleswig-Holstein, with the result that they are all being driven into a large unit of bitter opposition. Then there is the large Socialist party, with its 79 members in Parliament, out of a total of 397. These, representing 400,000 voters, with growing numbers, may easily become at the next elections the strongest party. And the terrible burdens of the "folk-stupefying" military system is constantly making Socialists



and recruits. What would happen if the next elections should result in large Socialist gains? The fear of something of this nature is forcing the other parties to unite, but the latest by-elections have not brought the Unionists any great success. And the wonderful exploit of "William I. of Köpenick," as he has been called, is but fuel to the flame. There is also the troublesome colonial policy, some twenty years old, which, so far, has been very much of a fiasco. No wonder that the Emperor in his Breslau speech in September thought it necessary to utter a warning against pessimism in German affairs, for pessimism is only too well justified.

In another direction a very striking, and, to me, very acceptable change has come about in this fifteen years. My friends used to laugh at my temperance talk, but to-day there are 60,000 temperance people, with a far larger number of moderate drinkers, and non-smokers also abound. These changes are undoubtedly in the right direction. Curiously enough they seem, in many instances, combined with what some readers might call a "fad," viz., *vegetarianism*, as a dietary principle.

So far about the only change I have noticed in the religious life of the people is a growing toleration of the sects, which are gaining a foothold alongside of the three main religious bodies—Catholics, Lutherans and Reformed. The Baptists have a fine new chapel in Leipzig, and the Methodist cause is a rapidly growing one both here and elsewhere.

In all educational and scientific life Germany still holds the foremost place. The greatest respect is paid to the scholar, and the utmost freedom is granted to the investigator in every field. Freedom in teaching is a priceless jewel, and freedom in learning an equally great treasure. The universities have doubled the number of students in fifteen years. New schools are added every year to an already liberal system, and everywhere and in all classes the school is generously and willingly supported.

*A Visit to the Battlefield of Waterloo*

G. E. TRUEMAN, '06.



O the true Britisher the name of "Waterloo" is one to conjure with. Pride of Empire and pride of Victory are its associates, and the sluggish heart is stirred with patriotic fervor at the thought of that day of conflict. For, just as England sailed into maritime supremacy, as one has put it, on the prow of Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, so at Waterloo did she settle her claim of holding the balance of power in European politics. Yet, even as he stands upon the spot where history was made, the casual visitor, unless he has the true historical instinct, is liable to be disappointed at his first impression of the battlefield. If, however, in imagination he peoples the gently undulating plain before him with contending armies, sees the spirited charge and repulse, hears the reverberating boom of cannon, and, in general, wins again the most crucial conflict ever won by the unyielding bravery of men, then he will feel that it is one of the greatest privileges of his life that he has been permitted, himself a son of the Empire, to stand upon the spot where English blood swept back in its torrent the most colossal ambition of the century.

But it is not my intention here to retail the history of the battle, concerning which so much has already been written; nor is it to discuss the causes which lead Napoleon to suffer his last disastrous defeat. I wish merely to describe briefly the battlefield as it now is, with such reference to the battle itself as may enable one who has not been on the spot to form a somewhat correct impression of the position of the contending armies and the incidents of that memorable day in June.

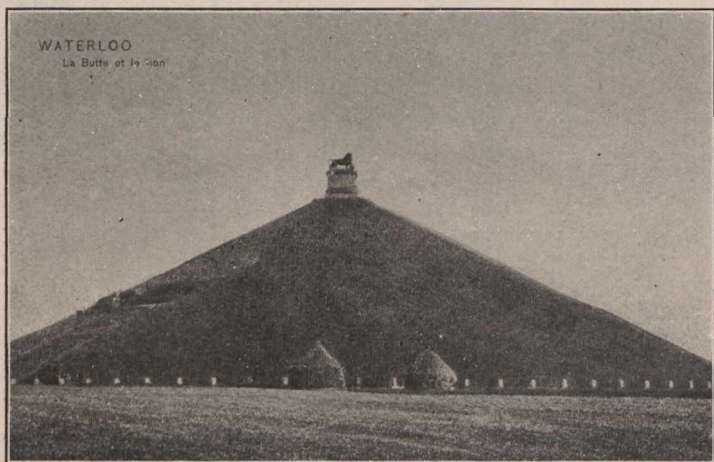
The visitor coming from Brussels does not alight at the village of Waterloo as he might expect, but is carried on some two or three miles farther to Braine L'Allend, an unpretentious place about a mile and a half from the field of battle. His martial spirit is at once aroused—a fitting thing for the occasion—by a right flank movement on the part of a horde of hotel porters, hack drivers and touts of every description, all on the lookout for the "rich American." Just before we left Brussels, however, a kindly disposed woman had informed us that there was only one





balls, etc., picked up on the field of battle—all interesting. A rather odd curio is a cross section of an apple-tree, about eight inches in diameter, with a cannon ball embedded right in the heart of it. On the way over, we were much amused at a notice printed on the back curtain of the bus just ahead—evidently by some enterprising individual not thoroughly conversant with the usages of our omnipresent English adverb. It read: "This is only the omnibus that goes round the battlefield."

We receive our first indication that we are approaching historical ground when there rises before us a huge mound of earth capped by a lofty pedestal on which rests an immense bronze lion, 48,000 pounds in weight. This Mont du Lion is 200 feet

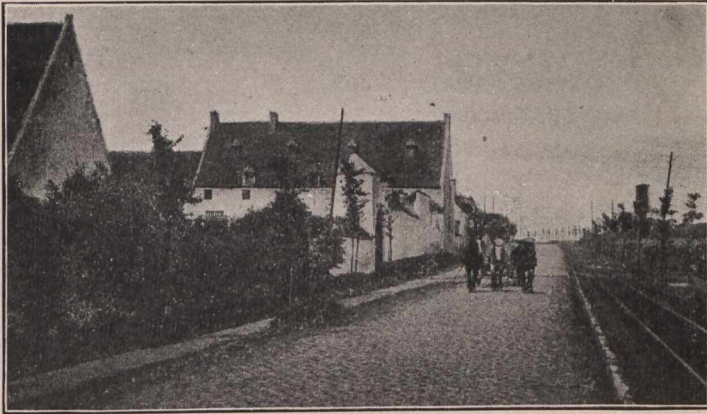


MONT DU LION.

high and about 1,700 feet in circumference. It was erected to mark the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and was, so our loquacious guide informed us, entirely the product of woman labor—they getting the princely reward of 4d. a day for their toil during the four years needed for its construction. Outside of the fact that the dirt was all carried in baskets, the interesting thing is, that the soil was taken from near the four cross roads to level the ravine that proved so fatal to Napoleon's cuirassiers. Ascending the 225 steps leading to the summit of the mound, a splendid view of the scene of battle is presented. While there with our guide and guide-books, I sketched the plan.



which is inserted opposite. Remembering how impossible it is for one to get a clear idea of the relation of the armies, from any ordinary historical account, I feel sure that anyone interested in the subject will be amply repaid for any little study it may necessitate. As we look south to right and left, at our feet in crescent form lay Wellington's army, the right flank resting at and beyond the farm of Hougomont; the left reaching across the Charlerai road to the Ferme Papellatte. Napoleon's army extended also in crescent form, the centre about 1,700 yards distant from the centre of the enemy. The French right flank rested at the Chateau Frischermont, its left stretched into the forest beyond the Nivelles road, as far as Mt. Plaisir. In this por-



LA HAYE SAINTE.

tion of the field time has wrought its greatest changes. Formerly the whole district south-west of Hougomont was forest land. This has now been cleared. In the place of the elm trees, as far as the eye can see, there stretches the cultivated land and the white-walled homes of the industrious Belgian farmer. In fact the whole field presents almost the same peaceful scene that one of our own fertile Ontario farms would at a similar time, except that there are practically no fences to mark off the lots. This is characteristic of continental farming to some degree. Running down from Brussels to Liege, on either hand of the track for miles at a stretch, the fields were quite undivided by fence or hedge.

But to return to the Mont du Lion. Before us lie the two strategic points of the day; La Haye Sainte and Hougomont. Farther down the Charlerai road is La Belle Alliance, where Wellington and Blücher met after the battle. A hundred yards or so still farther, on the opposite side of the road, is the monument erected to the French guard, who, alone of the fleeing army, courageously stood their ground, preferring rather to be cut to pieces than by flight to lessen their leader's chance of escape. A shattered bronze eagle stands upon a pedestal of stone. Although in its death throes, this emblem of France still holds in its talons the prostrate flag. Beneath is his simple inscription:

Aux  
derniers combattants de la grande armée  
18 Juin 1815.

Over to the left is the monument to the Prussian soldiers erected on the spot where they first engaged the body of the French flank. Away back at the junction of the Charlerai and Nivelles roads is the farm of Mont St. Jean, Wellington's headquarters, and where his despatches were penned. Both this farmhouse, as well as La Haye Sainte and La Belle Alliance, are in outward appearance quite similar to scores of other Belgian peasants' homes—the counterpart of which may be seen in our own country along the shores of the St. Lawrence.

At the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, however, the tenants, who are caretakers as well, still show to the tourist the evidences of the keen contest that raged there during the afternoon of the battle. In the doors are seen the bullet holes made both from within and without. At the end of the hall is the well where the twenty-five Hanoverians were thrown after the French had effected the capture of the place. On the walls behind, too, are evident traces of cannon and grape shot. But the yard with its stacks and loads of hay, its farm implements scattered in profusion about; its chickens and general air of domesticity, seems to render incongruous the stories of struggle and carnage with which we had always associated the name of La Haye Sainte.

Anyone who has read Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and the graphic picture of Hougomont he draws, needs no fuller description of its appearance. It has not altered much since his day, nor, indeed, since the great day. Nearly one hundred years



have passed since Napoleon's unsuccessful attempt to capture this little nook, which, if taken, would probably have given him the world; but so generously has time dealt with this historic spot that nearly everything remains there which was rendered memorable from the conflict. True, the chateau is now but a farm, carts and farm plugs fill the yards, where carriages and gayly caparisoned horses once were seen. But the old northern gate, or "Porte du Nord," is still the point of ingress, and, with the exception of the archway, destroyed in the attack, is practically identical with the one the French beat down during the struggle.



CHATEAU DE HOUGOMONT.

The old red wall, stone below and brick above, which through the trees the enemy mistook for the red coats of the British soldiers, and at which, as a consequence, they fired volley after volley, still surrounds the yard and orchard. There is visible evidence here that many repairs have been made. The accompanying cut shows in the foreground the old wall, now disused and overgrown with nettles, into which three hundred bodies were hastily flung after the action—and legend has it, so hastily that on the night following the burial weak voices were heard calling from the place of entombment. The chapel burnt after the temporary occupation of the French now consists of nothing but ruined walls. These enclose one room, near the altar of which there

stands a wooden statue of St. Anne; feet charred by the fire; head of the infant Christ carried away by a cannon ball, but the figure itself, so say the people round about, was miraculously saved. From the side of the chapel protrudes a wing of the chateau, the sole relic of the manor of Hougomont. Beyond the south gate, the back on the trunks of the trees there, is all seamed and scarred from the effects of the bullets. This centre witnessed the most prolonged attack of all, and, with the possible exception of La Haye Sainte, the fiercest.

Night came on before we had finished our tour of the field, so we were forced to leave unseen some of the interesting places—Frischermont, for example, and the ferme du Caillon, where Napoleon slept the night before the battle and from which he stole at midnight to inspect the field and to creep quite up to the garden wall at Hougomont. With the fall of the shadows the mind naturally turned to that other twilight nearly a century ago. We looked down the road towards Genappe to see the First Consul's hope of universal sway fleeing with his fleeing army. When he himself reached Genappe, so runs his own account, the one long street was so blocked with disbanded soldiers, generals without corps, officers without regiments, horses without riders, tumbrels, baggage, guns and broken shells, that he had great difficulty in moving along. On the battlefield of Waterloo the battle had been won and lost, but the true Waterloo lies not in so many square rods of Belgian soil, but in the invincible bravery of English hearts. Here it shall always remain—long after Hougomont and La Haye Sainte have crumbled into dust.

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### *The Stable Boy's Guest*

JEAN BLEWETT.

THE wise men came to the inn that night, "Now, open to us,"  
 they cried,  
 "We have journeyed far to kneel to One who 'neath this roof  
 doth abide."

The door was opened with eager haste, "Of whom do ye come in quest?  
 Can it be that a lord of high degree is with us this night as guest?"



Answered the wise men: "The eastern sky is luminous still, and clear  
With the radiance bright of a golden star that had led our footsteps  
here.

Blessed O keeper this house of thine, from thatch to foundation stone,  
For the open door and hearth fire warm when the King came to His  
own."

"The king! the king!" loud the keeper's cry, "the king in this house of  
mine!

Lights ho! lights ho! set the place aglow, bring forth the meat and the  
wine.

The king! let the guest-room be prepared—honor and homage we pay  
To royal son of the royal line who tarries with us to-day!"

From room to room of the inn they went, the wise men and keeper  
proud,

But not a trace of the one they sought found they in that motley crowd.

"You have other guests?" the wise men asked, and the keeper's face  
flamed red,

"But a straggling pair who came so late they found neither room nor  
bed."

"My masters," spoke up an uncouth lad, "As I gave my cattle feed,  
Came creeping down to the stable door a woman in sorest need.

I made her bed in the manger low, at head of the oxen mild,  
And, masters, I heard a moan of pain, and the cry of a new-born child!"

"A prince shalt thou be," the wise men cried, "for the kindness and  
pity shown,

A prince shalt thou be for succor given when the King came to his  
own!"

"Nay, I'm but a stable-boy," he smiled, his eager eyes aglow,  
"No king, but a little naked babe sleeps out in my manger low."

Hast come to these homes of ours, O Christ, in search of a meal or bed,  
And found no welcoming cheer set forth, nor place to pillow thine  
head!

Oh give us the passionate wish to serve, give us the pity divine,  
Then come Thou as beggar, as child, as king, the best that we have is  
Thine.

—From *The Cornflower and Other Poems*.

*A Young Matador*

C. LANGTON CLARKE.

“ I WISH I was a matador, or a picador, or a toreador,” said the small boy on the other side of the heavy kitchen table, looking up from the book over which he had been poring.

He was a very small boy, with bare, skinny legs dangling, large bright eyes, and a crop of sun-bleached hair which stood up all over his head like a field of stubble.

“ What’s them?” asked his father, with a cock of his chin whisker, and a side glance round the edge of the heavy-rimmed spectacles, through which he was reading the patent inside of the local paper.

“ Bull fighters,” said the small boy; “ Spanish bull fighters.”

“ My sake’s, Willie,” said his mother, rotund and placid, laying down a half-finished grey sock. “ You’d never want to be in no such business as that.”

“ Wouldn’t I?” There was a thrill of ecstasy in the high-pitched voice, and the finger tips made white dints in the freckled cheeks. “ Wouldn’t I? It’d be just grand. There’s a big ring, like a circus with sawdust, and thousands and thousands of people. And, then, they let in a big fierce bull, the fiercest they can find, and the toreadors—he pronounced it ‘ tauradors,’ never having heard of Carmen—they wave red flags, an’ stick little spears into him till he’s crazy, an’ then in comes the picadors on horses with long lances, an’ the bull, he jest charges ’em right an’ left, an’ rips up the horses, an’ horns the men, till he’s jest got ’em all scared to death.”

“ That must be reel excitin’ and amusin’,” was the father’s comment.

“ An’, then,” the small boy continued, disregarding the sarcasm, and working up to his climax; “ in comes the matador. And he’s the grandest and handsomest man there, all dressed in gold, with a long sword, an’ when the bull sees him he goes right for him, but the matador ain’t scared—not he. He jest does like this.” The boy wriggled out from behind the table, picked up a toasting fork, and threw himself into an exaggerated fencing attitude. “ He waits till the bull’s horns is only a few



inches away, and then he leans over, an' drives his sword into its neck, an' the bull falls dead at his feet. An' then he puts his foot on the bull, an' folds his arms an' looks all round at the people, an' they throw him hundreds and hundreds of dollars."

"That's a good price for a bit o' butcherin'," said the father. "I s'pose all them other fellers is workin' for wages?"

"I don't know," said the boy, peevishly, irritated at the parental lack of responsiveness. "I only wisht I was one of 'em."

"Well," said the father, "you'd better get yourself apprenticed to one of them what-dye-may-call-'ems, an' if you want a little practice, there's that ugly critter of Si Wenham's in his pastur', an' your uncle Abel's old Gettysburg sword upstairs."

He chuckled at his own humor, and ignored his wife's indignant, "Why, William Selby, how can you go puttin' sech ideas into the child's head?"

The boy clambered back onto his chair, and resumed his reading, but every now and again the muttering lips were pinched together, and the bright eyes, fixed vacantly on the white margin of the page would see pictured there a green pasture, a frenzied short-horn bull and himself brandishing a shining blade, and playing matador. Thus often do the thoughtless words of the old germinate and fructify in the minds of the young.

Next morning when he had dried the breakfast dishes for his mother, carried in several armfuls of wood, and attended to various household duties assigned to him—he was a conscientious little boy and never scamped his work—he slipped upstairs to Uncle Abel's room, and, climbing on a chair, took down the old cavalry sabre which hung over the bed. It was not like the matador's sword, which the picture showed long and straight, but the steel was nice and bright, with a spot of rust here and there, which he supposed to be the blood of enemies whom his uncle had killed in the great war.

When he came out from the room he carried the sword with him, deftly concealed, for the hilt rested against his collar bone under his flannel shirt, and only about half an inch of the scabbard peeped from under the fringe of one knickerbocker leg. He was doing no wrong, only following his father's advice, but he did not want his mother to see the sword. Women were unreasonable and easily scared.



He slipped out by a side door, and scuttled across the orchard as fast as his short legs, and the inconvenient nature of his burden would allow. Well out of sight of the house he thrust the weapon through a convenient rent in the waistband of his knickerbockers, and assumed a walk more befitting the dignity of a Spanish bull fighter.

Silas Wenham's bull was well-known throughout the district. Si himself said he was the ugliest-tempered piece of beef that God ever put breath into. His second son still walked with a limp, and a hired man, with a taste for litigation, had threatened to sue him for three broken ribs and a dislocated shoulder. He himself, a man of great stature and herculean strength, had had more than one tussle with the brute, and had owed his escape from injury more to good luck than to his own prowess. He was always threatening to kill the animal, but until he could make up his mind he kept him in a five-acre pasture lot with a strong fence around it.

It was on the top rail of this fence that Willie took his seat, with the drawn sword across his knees, and watched the great brown beast as he placidly cropped the grass in the upper part of the field. He was a pathetic little figure as he sat there, in his ragged shirt and knickerbockers, with his hair bristling through rents in his battered straw hat. Not that Willie had not fine clothes for occasions, such as when he drove in state with his parents to church. There was a white sailor suit for summer, and a black velvet Fauntleroy for the cooler months, but the boy loathed them both as entailing a preposterous cleanliness, and calling for a harrassing amount of parental supervision. Then, too, he found that velvet and starched linen were not only distressingly confining to the limbs, but interfered sadly with the free play of the imagination. During the dullest sermon his fancy never soared to such an ecstatic pitch as when he was lying, ragged and unkempt, under his favorite apple-tree.

Just now, however, he wore neither rags nor Sunday finery, but a brave velvet dress, sewn thick with gold braid, and a broad hat with a fine curling feather like the man in the picture. The rough hewn fence became a lofty gleaming barrier, sawdust hid the green of the pasture, and the atmosphere thickened into row upon row, and row upon row, of white strained faces.



And now the fitting phantoms with which he had peopled the arena drew back, and it behooved him, the matador, to play his part. If only he could induce the terror of Andalusia to charge him, as he stood in safety behind the fence. There was a white spot, the size of his hand, just behind the play of muscles on the huge brown shoulder. A fair mark for a death-dealing thrust from his trusty blade. Not really death-dealing, you know, but just enough to bring out the red blood on the white hairs. Not altogether sportsmanlike, perhaps; not what a really truly matador would do, but even his exuberant fancy did not altogether blind him to his own limitations.

He slipped down from the fence and advanced a little way into the field, brandishing the sword, and striking heroic attitudes. The bull raised his head, but after a swift estimate of the ground he would have to cover to catch the boy, and the distance the boy would have to run to reach the fence, concluded that he would only be wasting time and energy for nothing, and resumed his grazing.

As Willie stood, regarding his foe with folded arms, and a haughty stare, but with every muscle of his small legs braced for emergencies, he heard his name called shrilly, and turning saw a little figure, with flying skirts and hair, racing towards him, anglewise, across the lower end of the pasture.

It was Dolly Wenham, Si's four-year-old daughter, and his own true love, a knot of whose hair ribbon was securely bound to the band of his old hat, and whom he had borne countless times to safety from the jaws of dragons and the clutches of giants and pirates.

"Run for the fence, Dolly. Run! run!" he yelled at the full pitch of his lungs, "or the bull'll ketch ye."

The child turned to obey, but tripped and fell heavily, and loud lamentations were borne to his ear.

The bull also heard, raised his head once more, and began to take an active interest in the proceedings. This prostrate bellowing child, almost in the middle of his lot, was an altogether different proposition to an active boy, within easy running distance of an impregnable fence. With a vicious lashing of the tail, and uttering deep-chested, blood-curdling grunts, he swung himself about, and came down the field at a slow, lumbering trot.



Willie's first impulse was to run—to tumble over that fence somehow—anyhow—and keep on running. All the stimulating accessories of the bull ring, which his imagination had conjured up, had vanished, and he was down to cold, hard facts. He was just a little boy—a badly scared little boy—and that brown, shining mountain of meat, with its wicked red eyes, would toss him, and gore him, and trample him, if—if he stayed long enough to give it a chance.

He looked back from the advancing bull to Dolly. She was up now and running for dear life, but—Oh! consarn girls' foolishness—not for the neighboring fence, but back along the way she had come. The bull would catch her now sure—sure, and—

He was sick with fright, and his legs shook under him, but he did not hesitate. As fast as his scuttling legs could carry him over the short grass, he ran to interpose himself and his sword between the monster and its intended victim.

Fifty yards away the bull came to an abrupt stop at sight of a frantic little figure, which leaped from side to side across his path, shrilled objurgations at him from tremulous lungs, waved a long shining piece of steel, and insulted him by the display of an old red cotton pocket handkerchief. It was something altogether new in his experience, and worth a few moments consideration. He bellowed his surprise and wrath, tore up a few yards of turf with horn and hoof, and came nearer, while the boy redoubled his yells and gesticulations.

Then the massive curled frontlet was lowered till the snorting nostrils stirred the grass, and the bull charged with the momentum of an express train on a down grade.

The ponderous mass was almost upon him when the boy leaped desperately aside. A vicious sidelong dig of the horn caught his bulging shirt, but the material was old and rotten, and ripped easily. The shock twisted him half round, and he fell on one hand and knee, but before the bull could turn he was up again. His sword and handkerchief were gone, dropped in that wild spring; his heart sent the blood pounding against his eardrums till he thought they would burst with the hammering, and his lips were dead dry, but he licked his lips moist again, and gritted his teeth, and faced his enemy like the gallant little soul he was.



Again came the headlong terrifying charge, and again the boy escaped as if by a miracle, but dazed and spent, deaf and almost blind. The horizon had contracted, ringing thirty yards of turf, and there was nothing in the world but just himself and this ravening creature, which was seeking his life. He tried hard to brace himself for another struggle, but his head swam, a deadly nausea gripped him, and he sank to his knees.

As through a mist he watched his enemy gather himself together, he saw the great head sink, and the shoulders heave, and then—his vision was blotted out by a gigantic form which leaped in front of him.

He heard the thunder of charging hoofs, saw the figure leap aside, and the gleam of an axe, swung by immense arms, heard the bite of steel crunching through flesh, bone and marrow; the bellow of the death agony, and the bewildering crash of a ton of beef collapsing in mid-stride. A yard from where he knelt he saw a vast brown head, with lolling tongue and bloody foam about the muzzle, and wicked red eyes which even in death glared at him, and, in a dull fashion, he realized that he was saved.

Next moment strong arms caught him up, and Si Wenham's whiskered face was bending over his.

"Thank you, Si," he said, faintly, for his mother had taught him to be polite.

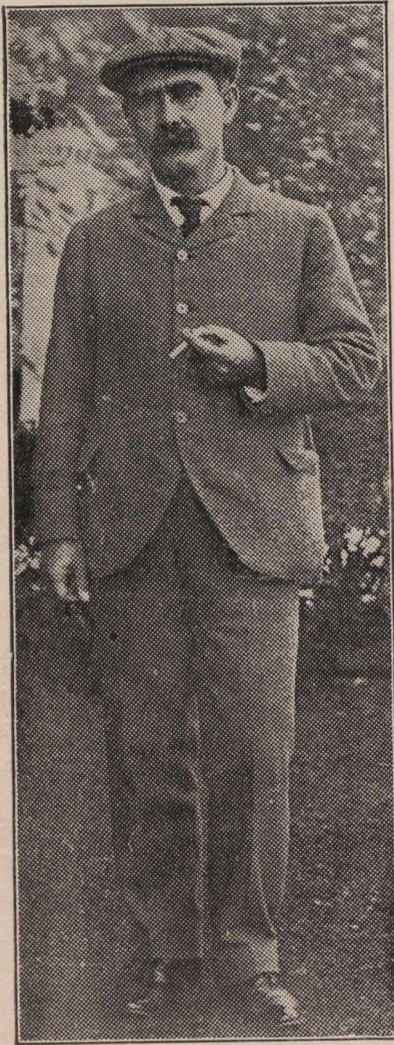
The big man's chest heaved with the violence of his exertion, and his voice came in gasps.

"Ef you ain't the finest little bit o' grit in six states," he said. "To think o' you playin' a game of tag with old Jake fer the little girl. I seen the whole thing from the back o' the woodshed, an' it's a lucky thing fer you, Willie, as my legs is long an' the axe was lyin' handy."

"You killed him, fine," murmured the boy, drowsily. "Jest like a real matador; on'y you—ought—to 'a—took—the—sword."

And then he fainted.



*Book Reviews**The Macmillan Company of Canada**Puck of Pook's Hill.* By RUDYARD KIPLING.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

EVERY once in awhile some wise one arises to proclaim that Kipling has had his day. They said so as he rested after his early successes; his answer was the "Recessional." They cried it again and he gave us "Kim." But a few short months ago we read an article, proving beyond a question, that the cult of Kipling was a dead letter, and once more he turns, from his motor-mania, and the, at times, wearisome Pycroft, and we have "Puck of Pook's Hill."

It is the old Kipling—the maker of Mogli and Kim and William the Conqueror; the man who made beasts and engines, machinery and ships speak with the human voice. From the opening line of Puck's song we feel the thrill of age old story of grandeur of our heritage. It is patriotism without the faintest touch of jingoism. We are glad we are English, because Englishmen could do such things,

and English soil could breed such sons. There are a number of



short stories dealing with the time when the Roman Legionaries built their walls and planted their standard on the shores of Merry England; of the men who fought for the fierce Duke at Santloche; of a wild cruise in a Danish longship to the shores of Africa—all told by the men who did the deeds in simple, honest, manly language. It is a children's book, I suppose, for as we grow older we lose faith in fairies, or pretend we do. But all those who found something in the jungle stories to call them back to the brave dreams of youth, will feel the same thrill as they read the story of the brave days of old.

The verses interspersed between the stories are some of the best work Mr. Kipling has ever done. From Puck's song that begins:

“ See you the dimpled track that runs,  
 All hollowed through the wheat?  
 O that was where they hauled the guns  
 That smote King Philip's fleet.”

To the children's song with its refrain—

“ Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,  
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;  
 O Motherland, we pledge to thee,  
 Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.”

that closes the volume. We feel the touch of the same earnest patriotism that marked the great “Recessional,” while the whole book rings with the splendid purpose of the man who has found himself again.



*Disenchanted.* By PIERRE LOTI.

The modern atmosphere of ancient Turkey, and particularly of the typical old city of Stamboul, with its characteristic architecture and colorings, its omnipresent Islamism, its exotic additions of a decidedly western flavor, its dogs, and its ever-present Levantine laziness is presented with decided vividness in Pierre Loti's new book, “Disenchanted,” one of the late list of the Canadian Macmillan Company.

The story centres around an intellectual French litterateur, who occupies a diplomatic position in Stamboul. His literary work has attracted the attention of the women of the higher

classes of the city, and through clandestine meetings and correspondence, with three of these, he makes a study of the unhappy lives of the Turkish women under the prevailing system of forced marriage. He even braves all kinds of dangers from social and religious sources, and visits frequently the long-forbidden Turkish harems. The book presumes to present a summary of his findings, but if these presentations are true the Turkish women of the best classes must present rather a higher level of culture than their sisters in England or America. He makes his heroine, who, by the way, is a very attractive young wife just out of her teens, and who is presented as typical of her class, a ready linguist, a devoted student of Kant and Nietzsche, as well as of the recent romanticists, an artist of some note and a musician who plays and sings the works of the masters, and renders worthy concertos of her own composition. The story is remarkably well told, however, is full of action and forces one to sympathize with its ostensible purpose.

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***The Westminster Co., Limited***

*The Doctor.* By RALPH CONNOR.

No one has done more to direct the eyes of the literary world towards Canada and Canadian novelists than Ralph Connor. This, his latest book, cannot fail to enhance his reputation. The plot of "The Doctor" displays a better conception and fuller development than that of any of his former books. The interest of the reader is kept at the tension point to the end. Like all his other books, he unites in this pathos, humor and quaint character drawing. He is faithful to life in his portrayal of human moods and passions. Two strong characters are presented in the doctor and his brother, the preacher. Altogether, it is a splendid book for a college man to read, calculated to stir the sympathies and to arouse to high endeavor.



*The Silver Maple.* By MARIAN KEITH.

This is a fit successor to the author's former book, "Duncan Polite." Though not surpassing it in characterization, the book, as a connected whole, is much better. It is a tale of early Cana-



dian life, told in a simple and interesting way. Perhaps the grandest character is the aged "Granny," who is able to restrain the fiery passions of her husband, Big Malcolm MacDonald, and whose sympathetic heart is the solace of her grandson, Scotty. Scotty is a bright, wholesome lad, with the small boy's scorn of anything effeminate, which, nevertheless, always yields to his sense of chivalry. The noble Scottish principles, which Granny has firmly inculcated in "her boy," do not desert him, but bring him safely through his trial with the unprincipled world. Isabel, with her bounding spirits, and innocent of "the sin of pride," naturally wins the love of Scotty, and forms one of the altogether attractive characters of the book. Rural life in an early



MARIAN KEITH.

Canadian settlement is well depicted, with its racial feuds gradually breaking down before a common patriotism and the advance of education and religion. The humorous element is supplied by Weaver Jimmie's attempts to woo his buxom bride, which are at last rewarded. The whole neighborhood comes to the wedding, "for one always bestowed a compliment upon one's host by attending," and, in the words of Store Thompson, "It was jist an auspicious consummation-like." There is nothing pretentious about this book, either in style or plot. It is a wholesome, interesting tale, breathing the spirit and life of nature.

***The Upper Canada Tract Society***

*Edinburgh Sermons.* By HUGH BLACK.

The acceptance by Mr. Black of a professorship in Union Theological Seminary, New York, lends a special interest to these examples of the preaching that gave him so prominent a place in the Scottish pulpit. The sermons are all excellent, and with their concise effectiveness of style, and especially when reinforced by the personal magnetism of the speaker, they go far to account for the phenomenal success of Mr. Black at Free St. George's. Assuredly, too, the preacher's choice of subjects is part of his secret. Mr. Black spends little time on problems or questions of criticism, but at once challenges the attention with a direct and fresh treatment of such every-day themes as "The Temptation of Distance," "The Courage of Consecration," "The Discipline of Change," and "The Heroism of Endurance." These and kindred subjects at once arrest the ear and lead onward and upward to higher levels of life and wider horizons of privilege. To those who are familiar with the name and work of the brilliant associate of Dr. Alexander Whyte, these Edinburgh Sermons will be especially welcome. All others, who would show what manner of man he is, would do well to secure the volume and read it.



*The Problem of the Old Testament.* By JAMES ORR, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co. 1905. Pp. lii., 562.

This book is notable as a contribution to the discussion of Old Testament questions by one of the best and most respected of living British scholars, who, nevertheless, finds it impossible to agree in every part with Wellhausen and his school. The author is eminently fair and courteous to his opponents; he recognizes the merits and the important services of criticism; he will even admit many opinions and conclusions of critics. He says (Preface, p. xv.): "The author is not of the opinion that much good is accomplished by the violent and indiscriminating assaults on the critics sometimes indulged in by very excellent men." Again (p. 9) he says: "The truth is, and the fact has to be faced, that no one who studies the Old Testament in the light of modern





ATHLETIC UNION EXECUTIVE, 1906-07.

L. N. Richardson, R. W. Edmison, J. B. Lamb, H. G. Brown, B.A., J. V. McKenzie, M. D. Madden, J. W. Kilpatrick, L. N. Green, W. L. Trench,  
*Tennis Rep. 4th Year Rep. Rugby Rep. B. D. Rep. 2nd Year Rep. Hand Ball Rep. Assoc. F. B. Rep. 1st year Rep. Athletic Stick*  
 R. P. Stockton, Sec. F. E. Coombs, Pres. R. Pearson, B.A., Hon. Pres. C. B. Kelly, 1st Vice-Pres. C. J. Ford, Treas.  
 W. W. Davidson, 3rd Year Rep. J. H. Oldham, Hockey Rep. G. Rutledge, 2nd Vice-Pres.

knowledge can help being, to some extent, a 'Higher Critic,' nor is it desirable that he should." "'Higher Criticism,' rightly understood, is simply the careful scrutiny, on the principles which it is customary to apply to all literature, of the actual phenomena of the Bible, with a view to deduce from these such conclusions as may be warranted regarding the age, authorship, mode of composition, sources, etc., of the different books; and everyone who engages in such inquiries, with whatever aim, is a 'Higher Critic,' and cannot help himself." "There is nothing in such scholarly examination of the Bible, even though the result be to present some things in a new light, which need alarm anyone."

These are wise words and are to be commended to the thoughtful consideration of some among us who still regard a critic as a ruthless antagonist, who would destroy their beloved Scriptures or tear them to pieces.

It is not the critic but the rationalist that Dr. Orr fears. He thinks, however, that the tendency of much of the scholarship of the time is toward a rationalistic view of the Bible, and it is against that tendency that he would lift up a solemn warning. Much of what he says of the extravagance of the modern school—baseless speculation, minute dissection of documents often on purely subjective grounds, exaggerated scepticism, etc.—is only too true. But the author overestimates the danger and is unable to see that the readjustment of the theory of the history in the light of recent research, both archæological and critical, shows not less, but even more clearly than before, the true inspiration of Israel's seers and prophets and the certainty of a divine revelation. The book is one that ought not to be, and, indeed, cannot be, ignored by candid students of the Old Testament.

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***Copp Clark Co., Limited***

*Prisoners.* By MARY CHOLMONDELEY. Toronto.

A compromising situation which leads Michael Carstairs to confess to the commission of a murder of which he is wholly innocent that he may shield from unjust suspicion his cousin, Fay Bellairs, is the sordid and withal hackneyed plot of Miss Cholmondeley's new story, "Prisoners."



The simple nobility of Michael's great sacrifice and the utter unworthiness of her for whom it was made, only adds to the sombre interest of the story. Why did he ruin his life, we cannot help but ask, for such a one? For with that strange, almost ruthless, interpretation of character, Miss Cholmondeley points out the total failure of Fay Bellairs to rise to the heights when such a sacrifice is understandable. In the utter heartlessness of the heroine, if such she may be called, when, with a word, she might have freed the man she claimed to have loved, and the calculating, cold-blooded self-interest that we note, when, after years of suffering, Michael is released, though the confession of the real murderer, broken in mind and body, only to find that she, for whom he had cast everything aside, with simple gallantry and self-forgetfulness, had turned her fickle affection to that stolid and insipid, though well-to-do country gentleman, his brother. In this we have the characteristic note of all Miss Cholmondeley's writings. It is with something of the cynic's viewpoint that she touches the follies, foibles and mistakes of men. It is not like the surgeon, inflicting pain for an ultimate good, but rather a minute dissection, that we may see the inner, underlying motives of mankind.

It is not a pleasant book. It will not tend to increase one's love or belief in one's fellow-men, but despite this it is not a book to be passed by unnoticed. In its marvellously acute power of characterization, its finished style, its epigrammatic dialogue and general masterly workmanship, it is a work that stands head and shoulders above most of the popular books of the day; and whether it is enjoyed or not, which will depend largely on the matter of temperament, it is a book that will well repay the reading.



*The Saint (Il Santo)*. By SENATOR ANTONIO FOGOZANO.

This is an Italian story. The free spirit of the Lombard Hills pervades it, but its central theme is the age-old and ever-new subject of the importunate demands of the goddess "custom," exemplified here in the power of the mighty organization of the Roman Church. According to its rigid formula, hallowed by the dust of antiquity, the Church lays its restraining and confining hand upon its members, and this whole volume is an eloquent plea for an uncompromising adherence to one's own personal



convictions, unhindered and uninfluenced by the usual and the expected. It is, however, an appeal for these things within the Church.

About this propaganda is woven the tale. The humble hero of the story, Piero Maironi, has turned from the life of a Latin city, with its unconventional entanglements, to the bedside of his dying wife, for years insane. A vision given him, after her death, in the little chapel near his home, changes the course of his life. "*Magister adest et vocat te*" rings in his ears and he joins a monastic community at Santa Scolastica as an under gardener. Here he gets a reputation for unusual piety, but is expelled (with the gift of the habit of a lay-brother) from the community through the influence of those who hate the Liberal movement with which he is connected, through his confessor, Don Clementi. He ministers to the peasant folk at Jenne, and his fame spreads. Henceforth the story is one of his personal popularity, the spread of the Liberal movement, the sympathy and helplessness of the Pontiff, the merciless persecution and untiring intrigue of the curia, woven in and out with the persistent shadowing of Maironi by an infidel paramour of his earlier days, Jeanne Desalle. At last she receives the crucifix from his hands.

The ideal of the teacher is mediæval—a life of renunciation. His faith in the efficacy of the Roman Church suggests to a Protestant mind the question whether Catholicism can provide for actual personal religion of the masses with anything like its present system. But the great declaration which it flings before every man is the one which the world needs to consider. Is Christianity merely an ideal system of mystical philosophy, or is it an actual guide for the life of those who profess it as a revealed religion with all that the term implies? The demand throughout the book is for honesty and real faith.

The book is on the Index Prohibitorum Librorum. It has been accepted as the creed of a group of young Italians—the Christian Democrats. It is an able expression of the *Zeitgeist* of Italy, and, perhaps, of the world; and in the words of another, its appearance is more than a publication, it is an event.



**William Briggs**

*Knights Who Fought the Dragon.* By EDWIN LESLIE.

At the great Nashville Convention, Rev. J. A. Macdonald made the following statement : " What Ralph Connor has done for the lumber camps of the Ottawa, the ranches of the foothills, and the mining towns of the Rockies, someone will yet do for the mission fields of Africa and the Orient." This is the very field which Mr. Leslie has entered in his book, " Knights Who Fought the Dragon." It is a story of missionary life in China at the time of the Boxer uprising. The book is carefully written, the story a good one, the love element dignified, and the characters well drawn. We believe that one day we will have great reason to be proud of Edwin Leslie as a Canadian author.



*Quiet Talks About Jesus.* By S. D. GORDON.

Very simple, like its companions, is this little book of Gordon's. They are, indeed, quiet talks; homely, almost colloquial in word and phrase, yet touched with that deeper, truer insight that makes them speak straight to the heart. Very quietly and reverently, yet in plain, unadorned language he deals with the matchless story of the Christ, explaining and expounding, here and there, by some quaint suggestive phrase or illustration, striking in its familiar simplicity. With this as a foundation he presents the different cares and relationships of our daily life, and shows how they may be changed into something almost divine under the guiding supremacy of Jesus Christ. In this little book there is no thought of theological profundity. It is, as its title suggests, a book for a quiet hour; a book to encourage and inspire and one that leaves us the better for the sweetness of its story.

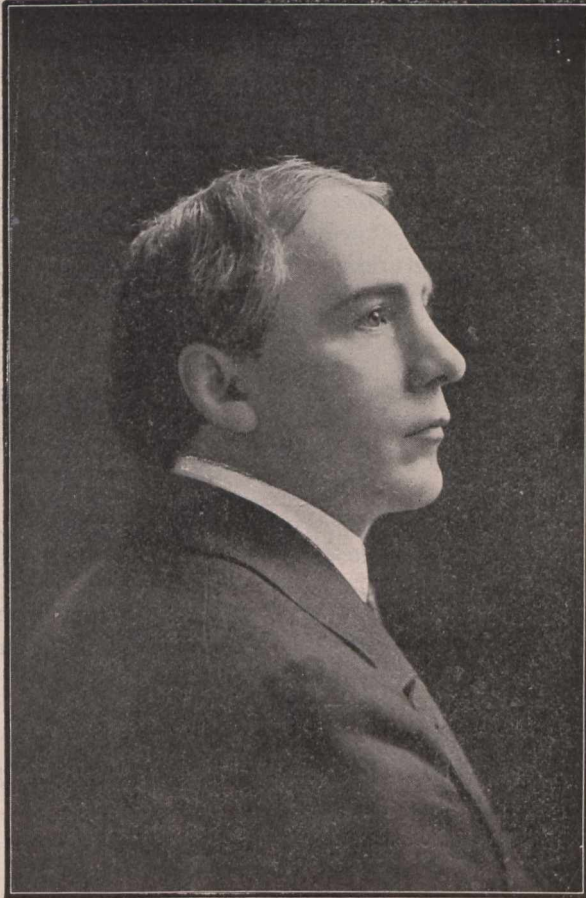
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**Henry Frowde, Toronto**

*The Undertow.* By ROBERT E. KNOWLES.

The thousands who were delighted last year with Mr. Knowles' " St. Cuthbert's " will not fail to be charmed by this, his second effort. " The Undertow " is a strong novel, and gets a hold in the beginning on the reader which it keeps to the end. It is a

book of especial interest to the college man or graduate. Stephen Wishart, the hero, was a college man, who, after graduation, had a fierce inner battle to fight. How he fought and overcome forms the basis of the story. No one can read of the young minister's struggles and final victory and not have his deepest sym-



REV. ROBERT E. KNOWLES.

pathies aroused, and feel stronger himself at the close. A fine character is created in Robert Wishart, father of the hero, as also in Stephen Wishart's wife. The book possesses a few slight faults in workmanship. The emotional element, at times, seems



to be overdone. The general excellence of the book far outweighs all this, however. Mr. Knowles has added considerably to his own reputation as a writer, and incidentally to the growing fame of Canadian writers of fiction.



*The Adventures of Billy Topsail.* By NORMAN DUNCAN.

There is no doubt that "The Adventures of Billy Topsail" is a book which will be seized with avidity by the youth of our land, and the cry will surely be, "Just one more chapter!" when bedtime is announced by the fond mamma. But it will be read eagerly by others than the boys, for it contains the same charm which in "Doctor Luke" and "The Way of the Sea" transported us to the barren Labrador coast. Billy's character is, perhaps, not very clearly defined, but he is only the pivot around which swing vivid pictures of the lives of the hardy fishermen. The "city boy" seems a little out of place, even for the purpose of contrast, but he does not detract materially from the atmosphere of the whole. The stories are full of picturesque figures, which possess an attractiveness only increased by the quaint dialect. It is a wholesome book and gives one a desire to get out of doors and do things.

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### *Victoria's Graduates in Literature*

Just as we were going to press there was brought to our notice a book by one of Victoria's most distinguished graduates, Dr. W. H. Schofield, Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University. The book is one on English literature dealing with the period between the Norman Conquest and the time of Chaucer. It is the first of two volumes to come from the press of the MacMillans of Canada. Mr. Schofield's book will be reviewed in our next issue.



In Mr. Petrie's forthcoming book on the Egyptian Exploration Fund Expedition, we were pleased to know that another one of Victoria's graduates has had a share. Mr. C. T. Currelly, who has for some time been connected with the expedition in a high official capacity, has contributed a couple of chapters to the book, dealing with certain phases of the work on which he is an authority.

Among the later books coming from the press of William Briggs for the Christmas trade is one of peculiar interest to the men and women of Victoria. It is a book of poems, "Among the Immortals," dedicated to the late W. Graham Wright, '07, by his father. Particularly in one poem, "Bereaved," Rev. Mr. Wright has given us verse, exquisite in its beauty and pathos. The general plan of the book is unique, since it follows the Bible story, telling in "songs and sonnets" many of the lyrical and dramatic parts of the Immortal Book. It may be of interest to add that the proceeds of its sale are to go toward the establishment in this College of a prize in memory of him who has crossed the Great Divide.

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### *Age's Lament*

C. W. STANLEY, '09.

**I** WOULD I had my youthful dreams,—  
 A youth is ever what he seems,  
 He may have any being he deems  
 In very sooth;  
 Then might I muse on tree-clad hills,  
 On blue and distant, hiding hills,  
 For Beauty holds me as she wills,  
 And Distance me with yearning fills,  
 The Unseen with a mystery thrills,—  
 They did in youth.

I would I had the dreams of youth,  
 Elysian dreams, yet so like truth,  
 Whose charm dispelled wrought me no ruth  
 Nor e'er a sigh;  
 That I might gaze on evening sky,  
 With ravished heart and wistful eye,  
 To watch the phantom, fleet clouds fly  
 In splendid shapes of mystery,  
 As did I oft in days gone by,  
 In days gone by.





## *Scientific*



### *The Nevado de Toluca*

A. P. COLEMAN, M.A., PH.D.



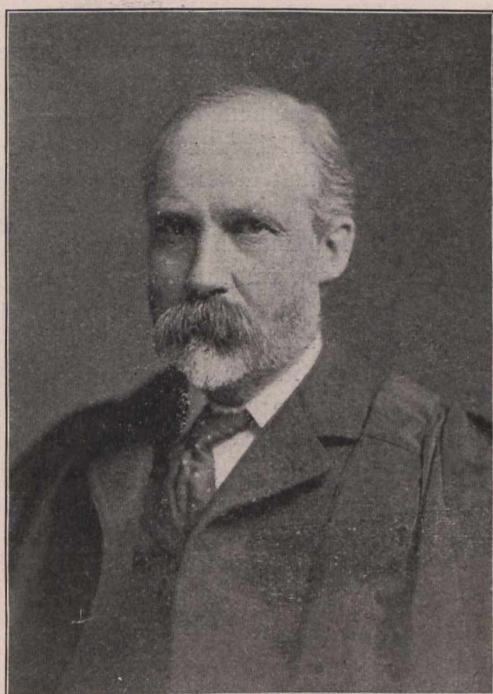
OUR narrow gauge railway climbed through pouring rain that threatened to wash away the very foundations of things from the City of Mexico over a pass at 10,000 feet and then hustled down into another valley as darkness fell, halting at the City of Toluca. Street cars drawn by little mules met us at the station, and after a formal address by the Governor of the State of Jalisco, we were taken to our hotel. Round the bare stone paved patio there were arcades, where we loitered until rooms were assigned us, and then until a half dozen porters came staggering in from the station with our mountainous luggage on their shoulders.

The formal dinner with five kinds of wine that evening in the council chamber of the state needs no description. It was interesting as the first of many banquets in the hospitable cities of Mexico, where champagne started the flow of eloquence in half a dozen languages from our polyglot company.

In the morning we took a train to a village some miles off through the corn-fields, and there found our ponies and a most picturesque escort of Rurales (mounted policemen) armed with carbine and sabre, and with a band playing lively airs. When our party of thirty had mounted we rode through the village streets, with all the inhabitants lined up on the sidewalks, or crowding doorways and windows. There was great enthusiasm among them, gaily dressed men and women, with brown faces and black eyes, laughing and chattering, while boys threw firecrackers, which our steady ponies ignored, and three men on the church tower made the three bells swing over and over, and almost crack their throats to add to the welcome.

We trotted or cantered through this and a smaller village; our guards riding before and behind, and then began to climb at a slower pace. There was a spatter of rain and our Rurales pulled black covers over their enormous sombreros, and put on

their ponchos, which were black also. From gay cavaliers in uniform with shining arms they turned to somber mutes in a funeral procession. We entered a forest of splendid long-leaved pines, and the climbing became steep, as our trail ziz-zagged up the slope, so that the ponies, though plucky, needed some urging. At last the top of the mountain ridge was reached, when our path led downwards again, for we were to lunch at the Hacienda Veladero, a widely-spread farm-house in the midst of a great estate, in the valley below. Stone walls about the patio, a one-



DR. COLEMAN.

story house of stone and tile, cool floors of stone; everything was built for eternity, except the mountains of rolls, of meat and of beans that awaited our hungry crowd on the long oak tables of the bare dining-room.

After lunch we had a long and tiresome climb of several thousand feet up the mountain slope, and through the pine



woods above the level of wheat and barley fields before our camp was reached at about 10,000 feet, where two rough board sheds had been put up just for our accommodation. Supper was late, for a whole sheep was slowly boiling in a huge stoneware crock, while the water was heating for tea in another one. It was after dark before the meal was ready, and we ate standing along a sloping table out of doors, by the light of guttering candles and blazing fires.

At 10,000 feet, even in the tropics, the nights are bitterly cold, and the canvas cots they had laboriously brought up to the camp on mule back were chilly things to sleep on. We should have been more comfortable like our Rurales, outside under the stars, for they slept on the ground.

At dawn some enthusiast shouted in German, "Get up and see Popocataypetl," so we all bundled out shivering to see the marvellous white cone of that distant volcano gleaming among the ruddy morning clouds.

Soon came breakfast and another long climb on horseback, to tree line at about 12,500 feet, and then over the sharp rim of the crater, for the Nevado de Toluca is an extinct volcano. Our party rode down into the crater, now cool and gray, with its soil of cinders and bombs, and its three beautiful little lakes round a central cone. These lakes are, perhaps, the highest in North America, being over 13,000 feet above the sea. For our pleasure eight stalwart peons had toiled up all the day before, and all the morning, while we ascended, carrying on their shoulders a dug-out canoe, thick and water-soaked, which must have weighed a ton. At last they dropped it beside the largest lake, about half a mile long, and whoever would had a ride on the crystal clear water of a lake above the clouds.

A number of us, especially English speakers, climbed the highest peak on the crater rim, a shattered and jagged point of lava, 15,000 feet above the sea. From this point we looked down on the rest of the world, the busy crowd by the lake beneath us, the broad plain around the mountain with dim villages and the red roofs of Toluca, and on distant mountains shrouded in clouds.

Going down the rugged inner slope of the crater we were soon beside the lake again, bustling to find our horses and get under way for the long ride to Calimalya, the village where we were

to take the train back to Toluca. It was a rapid change from the frigid pinnacles of the Nevado, with their snow-drifts and icy breezes, to the hot breath of the plain. There yucca palms, free cacti, and huge century plants reminded us that we were once more in a tropical climate, where boys and girls go without much clothing other than their brown skin, and grown people wear only cotton garments topped with a sombrero, suggesting the volcano in shape and size, to ward off the vertical sun.

### *The Winter Constellations*

T. H. PARKER, '07.



THE object of this sketch is to encourage acquaintance with the constellations and the planets, by noting briefly the appearance of the heavens during the winter months. One will be surprised how quickly the names of the chief stars may be learned, and how readily their positions are fastened in the memory. As these are gradually acquired our interest in the wonders of the sky grows accordingly.

At the outset it should be said that of all the constellations seen during the round of a year, those keeping watch from December to March are most splendid. Of the twenty or more stars of the first magnitude, over a third may be seen during this time.

Using the map it will not be difficult to find the principal stars and their groups. Our map pictures the heavens as they appear at midnight on December 1st, at 10 o'clock p.m. on January 1st, and at 8 o'clock p.m. on the 1st of February. To use the map hold it overhead, having the points east, west, north and south in their proper places. We must imagine it to extend down to the horizon on all sides, as a dome. The centre of the map marks the zenith.

Another way, and more convenient perhaps, is to lay the map flat, and have the lower side the same as the direction in which we are facing. Suppose we are looking toward the north. Then by both methods the Great Dipper will be seen nearly upright, as if standing on its handle. A little study will show other groups arranged as is indicated. We shall begin with the well-known





interest, Andromeda possessed the first nebula observed with the naked eye. North of the middle star are seen two fainter ones. On a clear night a tiny wisp of light may be seen close to the uppermost of the two. This is the Great Nebula in Andromeda. In the constellation of Perseus also is found the wonderful "Demon Star," which the Arabs named Algol, the "winking" star. This is a remarkable variable, whose light is periodically cut off by a huge dark companion. Algol is marked on the map immediately above the word Perseus.

Turning now to the south we notice a small group glittering almost overhead. Can these shy twinklers be the famous Pleiades? Yet this is the constellation which has been held in reverence from the most remote ages, and of which was written:

"Though small their size, and pale their light, wide is their fame."

This little group has been linked with the traditions of nearly every land. They can be seen from every inhabited part of the globe. Below the Pleiades we find another well-known group, the Hyades. They are V-shaped, distinctly having the bright red star Aldeboran at the end of the lower branch. A pretty double is seen on the same side. The Pleiades and the Hyades belong to the constellation Taurus. These but serve to usher upon the scene the finest of the constellations, the mighty Orion. Just now he is seen high up in the south-east. The general outline is soon observed, and once studied is never forgotten. No other constellation possesses as many bright stars. Orion has two of the first magnitude, Betelgeuse, the right shoulder, a red star, and Rigel in the foot, an equally bright white star; there are four of the second magnitude, including the three matched stars in the Belt; besides are three of the third, nearly fifteen of the fourth, and stars of lesser glory without number. The Great Nebula in Orion is midway in the pendant of stars hanging from the Belt and forming the sword.

On the opposite side of Taurus from Orion are the constellations of Aries, Pisces and Cetus. The latter contains another wonderful variable star, which was named "Mira" (Omicron Ceti). Its position is marked on the map, being just above the word Cetus, though its place in the heavens is rather difficult to



describe. Before quitting our survey we must find Sirius, the Great Dog-star. It surpasses all others in brilliancy, and is without a rival among the fixed stars. It is always readily found from the three stars in the Belt of Orion. These are nearly in a straight line with Sirius. Directly north we come to the bright star Procyon or the Lesser Dog-star. Between Procyon and Polaris shine the two celebrated stars in Gemini, Castor and Pollux, the former being nearer Polaris. At this time the brothers are honored as being the hosts of the planet Jupiter. Last year this huge planet was in the constellation of Taurus, but with his retinue of satellites is travelling steadily eastward among the stars. During the months of winter Jupiter will be conspicuous in Gemini. In the extreme east Regulus is just rising at the end of the Sickle, the herald of the constellation of Spring.

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### Notes

Nothing less than a supreme ambition to overcome obstacles hitherto unsurmounted, and an insatiable desire to discover realms yet unseen could suggest expeditions so perilous as those entered upon by such daring spirits as Nansen, the Duke of Abruzzi, Peary and others, in attempting to reach the North Pole. The beneficial results to follow the discovery of this geographical point are not as yet very evident, nevertheless these men even risk their lives in endeavoring to locate it, and stand where no other man has yet stood. With his crew of twenty men, Peary set sail in July, 1905, on the *Roosevelt* for the far north; after enduring untold hardships and starvation, he reached a point 2 degrees 54 minutes from the pole, that is, a distance of 201.28 English miles—some 41 miles farther north than was attained by the Duke of Abruzzi in 1900. In 1896, Nansen penetrated as far as latitude 84 degrees 14 minutes. The ice of the northern waters does not seem to afford a stable highway for a sledge expedition to the North Pole, and it is now almost evident, that if it is to be reached, that extra two hundred miles must be covered in some other way.

*Missionary*

and

*Religious*

*Enter Ye in by the Narrow Gate*

C. B. KEENLEYSIDE, B.A.

**T**HE gateway into any place worth entering is narrow. As a rule, the better the place, the narrower the gate. It is strange, too, in this day of broad-mindedness, how much real narrowness there is. Art, commerce, learning, ethics, nature, and even religion have annoyingly narrow portals.

Nature has set certain arbitrary rules, within which we must walk or be snuffed out. It is obligatory that we sleep and eat, and most of us must work. The first wastes time, the second wastes money, and the third is a dreadful bore—and yet, so narrow is this mother of ours that she says, “Do these things or move off the earth and give place to men of better sense.”

Then see the narrow views that prevail in commerce. Manufacturers and wholesalers have certain set rules which must be observed, or no goods will be sold. For instance, if your fixed habit is to allow your notes to go to protest, or if you are a drunkard, or an idiot, or are in jail, they will resolutely, though, perhaps, not politely, refuse to ship you goods on credit. You see at once how narrow this is.

Then step into the first bank you come to, and ask the young man at the “teller’s” window for a bundle of “fives.” He will courteously request you to hand up your cheque. That is easy and reasonable—though narrow—and you sign one. Then he says, “Please pass along to the ledger-keeper and have it marked.” That is easy, but still narrow. The ledger-keeper looks puzzled, and then says patiently, “No account here.” To which you reply, “No account? of course not, why should I?” With your patience sorely tried you again present the cheque to the teller, and this time he curtly says, as he hands it back, “No good unless marked.” Surely banks are embarrassingly narrow.



Perhaps you wish to write M.D. at the end of your name, and cure the ills of flesh, but find to your dismay that the gateway is so narrow that years of hard and often repulsive work is necessary before you are permitted so to do.

Mountain climbers tell us that the view from the summit of Mt. Rundel in the Rockies is superb. To the west, roll in seemingly endless tiers, and in solemn grandeur, the glory of the snow-capped ranges. To the east, through the Kananaskis gap, may be seen the almost boundless plains of the fertile farther west. But the only place to see the glories of Mt. Rundel is from the summit. Why not from the base? Why put a man to the pain and labor of so hard a climb? But nature is obdurate as well as narrow, so up you go if you mean to see the view.

Learning, too, and culture are both distressingly narrow. Learning can be had by one way only—and that way is study. Now, why not by sleeping, or by loafing, or by boozing?

And yet there is some sense in all this narrowness, some method in the all-prevailing madness.

A broad-minded, liberal bank, which cashed every cheque drawn upon it, would soon be handing out base coin and bad bills. The medical profession, which would be easy to enter, would be hard on the public. The arts degree to be had for the asking or the loafing would be a poor farce.

What, then, shall we ease up our standards? Shall the banks pass out useless money, and the medical schools dangerous because ignorant doctors, and the universities grant degrees *nolens volens*? No, in the name of common-sense, no. Let us keep up our standards—and raise the race to fit them.

And shall all these lesser things have a narrow entrance, and the one great eternal, priceless possession, which, when it was bought for us, cost the Son of God His throne in the heavens and His life upon the earth, be the only thing in all the broad universe to have a wide and gentle sloping entrance so that all who pass that way are partakers perforce of it's glory?

If the gate into heaven were so broad that men staggering down the flowery road of dalliance, or lounging thoughtless and selfish in a world filled with sorrow, could find an easy entrance, what a poor place heaven would be? How the glory would fade from the throne, and the radiance die out from the sceptre.



Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1906-07.

W. P. Clement, '09, <i>Music.</i>	J. L. Rutledge, '07, <i>Fall Campaign.</i>	J. G. Brown, B.A., <i>Devotional.</i>	G. E. Trueman, B.A., <i>Evangelistic.</i>	M. D. Madden, '07, <i>Missionary.</i>	W. B. Albertson, '07, <i>Bible Study.</i>	R. P. Stockton, '08, <i>Membership.</i>
A. O. Foreman, '08, <i>Treasurer.</i>	G. A. King, '07, <i>President.</i>	Prof. J. C. Robertson, M.A., <i>Hon. President.</i>	E. W. Roland, <i>Vice-President.</i>	H. E. Hemingway, '09, <i>Secretary.</i>		



What, then, shall we ask to have the door to the Kingdom of Heaven made wider?

The Kingdom is declared to be: "Righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," and the door is Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God. Is that not wide enough?

In these days of unrest, when ministers utter the hope that "Good ten-cent theatres may be opened for boys," and dismiss the miracle of the loaves and the fishes with the sneer that the place must have abounded with fish peddlers, one is led to wonder if the narrow gate is not in danger.

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### *The Week of Prayer*

**P**ROBABLY there is no part of the College year of so great importance as the Week of Prayer. In no other week in the year are there issues of such moment definitely at stake in the lives of the students. Would it be too much to say that the success of the year depends on the success of the Week of Prayer? Surely it does, for the individual students. What are literary, academic or athletic attainments if they are considered ends in themselves, if their pursuit is made from no higher motive than the pleasure and honor they bring? Their value depends entirely upon their bearing to the true purpose of life. The importance of their attainment is conditioned on the end for which they are sought. The object of the week of prayer is to see that every man in College has put before him, for the first time or anew, the highest purpose, the noblest ideal that mankind has ever come to know.

There are two ideas underlying the effort of the Week of Prayer. There is the recognition of the absolute necessity for men to have such an ideal if they are to have satisfaction, happiness and real success in life. There is also the conviction of the followers of Jesus Christ, that He in His life and teaching, reveals to us the only ideal that fulfils our conceptions and the only true way to live. They have as witnesses to the satisfaction that their ideal brings men who have lived the purest, the strongest, the most unselfish lives this world has known. They have men who have striven in life-long toil, who have borne the heat

and burden of the day that their fellow-men might learn to know of Jesus, and men too, who have borne cruel death, and lie now in unknown graves in distant lands, attesting with their lives the satisfaction of obedience to Jesus Christ who showed them the way of life.

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### Notes

One of the greatest preachers and thinkers of the present day has said that it would be a good thing for humanity if the present religious phraseology were buried for a hundred years. Surely this idea cannot be too much emphasized. One of the essentials of teaching of any kind is that the words of the teacher have a definite content for the mind of the learner, and that they express the sincere conviction of the teacher. There is a great temptation for teachers of any subject to use old formulas and phrases and not to experience and realize the real meaning. It is essential for effective work that the teacher have something in his experience corresponding to what he says, and not simply the memory of certain sets of phrases. Moreover he must consider the content of his words for his hearer. There is no value in words. In view of the fact then that we want to live the life Christ has shown us, and that there are those who have to learn of Him from us, let us strive for that satisfaction His service brings, and then clothe our experience in words that have living meaning for us, and that will have a definite content for them.

### God's Youth

**"In the star-depths of children's eyes,  
Where burns the light of truth,  
I see, reflected from the skies,  
God's own eternal youth."**

—By *FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT* in "*A Hymn of Empire.*"





VOL.  
XXX.

# Acta Victoriana.

No. 3.

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## Editorial

A little boy of heavenly birth  
 But far from home to-day  
 Came down to find his ball, the earth,  
 Which sin had cast away.  
 Oh comrades let us one and all  
 Join in and help him find his ball.—*Father Tabb.*

THE Christmas season is a time of profound optimism. Lying deeper than the fun of Christmas revels, the pleasure of family reunions, and the satisfaction which comes from the general manifestations of good will, is a subtler and more spiritual joy. It is the joy which comes to men and women when they are honest with their best selves. It is the joy with which men catch a glimmer of the truth that fellow men whom they have regarded with suspicion, bear about with them golden impulses. It is the joy which comes when we banish from our souls

malice and greed and envy, and the whole brood of Darkness. It is the joy which comes when we become again as little children, and so, perhaps, approach a little nearer to the Kingdom.

And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, every one!"—



*Anon.*

### ***Propaganda***

Let it not be thought that because the plans for a Men's Residence are in course of preparation, the students have nothing to do. Watching the other man work is most interesting indeed, but that will never finish the task of the looker-on. The men of the College—and the women also who are charitably inclined—have a splendid opportunity of assisting the institution in becoming exponents in their various communities during the Christmas vacation of the need of these buildings. The liberal gifts of wealthy men have aided Victoria very greatly in the past as they have all universities. But these men cannot, and it is not fair to ask that they should bear too large a share of the burden. The assistance of the people is a necessity. Let them feel their responsibility and they will rise to the occasion. The sons of the people are coming to Victoria, and as graduates they are going back to serve the communities from which they come with commodities that money cannot buy. It will not be asked of them that they provide everything for themselves. Our confidence is in the people.

Let this not be forgotten.



### ***Men and Women***

Happily for Victoria's men and women, this College has been very free from any problem of co-education. In this respect the spirit of the institution has been very nearly ideal, at least for communities of the New World, in which it is claimed that with the extension of the area of woman's activities there is necessarily a curtailment of the forms in which the deep respect which every true man must have for womankind finds expression. But even this has not been noticeable here, and whatever criticism has been made has had to direct itself against a superabundant social life within the College.





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"Women," the late Sir Oliver Mowat brilliantly remarked, "are the poetry of life." Perhaps some women think some men are crass in their appreciation of "the poetry of life." Often the complaint is justifiable. But difficulties in the harmonious working of a body of men and women will and do usually arise from a confusion of the old chivalric ideal with the conditions imposed upon a woman by the ambitious energies of her half of humankind. We have not all learned just how to blend these elements so as to maintain concord within "the family." Perhaps the Freshmen have learned less of it than the Seniors, but they still have their opportunity, and it is hoped that they will make use of it.

Around the insignia of college life some reserve must be thrown if these are to mean anything. To this extent the proposals of the Women's Literary Society were *intra vires* and justifiable, and should have received the endorsement of the men of all the years. And since the question has been put forward it might be well if the University or College authorities would make it compulsory for those entering with intention of taking work in special subjects to obtain some sort of entrance standing. This is required of the regular students and for the sake of the faculty and of the students themselves, as well as for the reputation of the institution as a whole should be enforced more rigidly than it is. But obviously this is a measure with which the students cannot deal. Perhaps these recommendations should have been made to the other representative society of the College—the Alma Mater Society—but as the position of that society is not so established as it possibly will be in the future, there was little objection to be made on this head. Besides the matter affected some classes much more than others, and the emphasis on its application to the particular grievances rather than to general policy adds justification to the action of the society in not only handling it, but in sending it to the various classes.

By the time this writing will appear before the students, the incidents will, perhaps, be half-forgotten. Such are the limitations even of our century. But we hope that one lesson has been learned; and that is the necessity of discussing questions of this sort when introduced by the women students with perfect candor, and yet we hope without discourtesy.



### *The Essay and Short Story Competition*

In a previous issue, an announcement was made of the two competitions to be held under the Board of Management of this journal. We are exceedingly grateful for the interest that has been shown in these contests already, and we shall be delighted if the fruition is as great as the promise.

It has been thought unwise to limit the subject or the choice of subject for the essay competition in any way. The conception which the theme chosen involves should be a consideration in the estimate of any essay quite as much as the artistic and literary qualities of its execution. And besides, it is usually on the subject that appeals particularly to the writer that his best work is done. Considering the character of this magazine, however, literary, educational, or economical (including national) studies should pretty well cover the field. Nevertheless no essay will be handicapped in the contest because its subject is not found within this list. The writers will confer a favor on the Board if they will confine their essays to a maximum length of two thousand words. Essays are to be placed in an envelope on which the name of the writer is, but no name is to be on the essay itself.

The award will be made by a Committee composed of Dr. Edgar, Professor Robertson, Mr. J. L. Rutledge and the Editor-in-Chief, the final decision to rest with the members of the Faculty who are members of the Committee.

In the short story competition no limit is placed upon the flight of the author's genius. This is a special effort on the part of the Board, and it is hoped that it will be supported liberally by the students.



To all who have contributed to this number of ACTA, the Board of Management wish to extend their very hearty thanks. To Mr. Reid, who has placed at our disposal so many illustrations of his work, we are particularly grateful. We trust that all those who have given of their work to the production of the magazine may find their reward in a task fulfilling its end.

# Personals

and

# Exchanges

Our readers ACTA extends best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

## *The Class of 1903*

Hoopedy! Hoopedy! Zip, zip, zip!  
Hurrah! Hooroo! Hurree!  
Boom-a-laca, ching-a-laca, 19'3!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The members of the "Best Company," are now located as follows:

### GRADUATES.

Miss Rose V. Beatty is teaching Moderns at O.L.C., Whitby. At the end of the year she intends leaving for foreign mission work in the East.

Miss Sadie Bristol is Professor of Moderns at Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.

Miss Edith Campbell is teaching Moderns in East Toronto Collegiate Institute.

Miss Rose Cullen is travelling on the Continent, and expects to spend a year abroad.

Miss E. Edna Dingwall is engaged in Y.W.C.A. work in Berlin, Ontario.

Miss F. M. Eby is teaching in the High School at Georgetown, Ontario.

Miss S. Jackson is teaching in Drayton High School.

Miss R. M. Jolliffe is still teaching in Walla Walla University, Washington State.

Miss Olive Lindsay is teaching at Qu'Appelle.

Miss L. P. Smith is still at Midland, Ont., teaching Moderns in the High School there.



Miss A. A. Will is teaching Moderns in Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont.

R. C. Armstrong is at Hamamatsu, Japan, engaged in missionary work.

T. A. Bagshaw is engaged in newspaper work in Chicago.

F. L. Barber is pastor of Paisley Street Church, Guelph.

N. E. Bowles left in November, for China, where he will engage in missionary work.

J. F. Chapman is preaching at Pontypool, Ont.

J. H. Chown is with the C. P. R. at Brandon, Man.

W. Conway is pastor of the Methodist Church at Kerwood, Ont.

R. G. Dingman is still dividing his attention between the Toronto Carpet Co., and Broadway Tabernacle.

E. Forster is chemist for the Canada Process Co., Toronto.

A. R. Ford is on the staff of the Winnipeg *Telegram*. He is now telegraph editor.

R. S. Glass is still in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa. He is not yet married, but—

G. H. Grey is practising law at Grand Valley, Ontario.

R. O. Jolliffe is at Yuin Hsien, Sz-Chuan, China, engaged in missionary work.

E. H. Jolliffe still holds his position as chemist with the Canada Foundry Company.

J. I. Hughes is stationed at Hatley, Quebec.

E. C. Irvine is Professor of Mathematics (and athletics), at Stanstead College, Quebec.

D. B. Kennedy is preaching at Rouleau, Sask.

P. McD. Kerr is Professor of Classics at and Registrar of Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.

John McKenzie is preaching the doctrines of John Knox to the people of Hornby.

W. E. C. Millar, whereabouts unknown to Secretary.

W. P. Near is with the Government boundary survey party in British Columbia with headquarters at Chilliwack.

D. P. Rees is in Chicago, engaged in newspaper advertising.

D. A. Walker is stationed at Wellandport, Ont.; married and settled down in the traditional way.

J. H. Wallace is engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in China. His address is 15B Pekin Road, Shanghai.

Amos J. Thomas is pastor of Hill Street Methodist Church, London, Ontario.

C. W. Webb is at his home at Ancaster, Ontario.

C. J. Wilson is preaching at Forest, Man.

T. E. Wilson is practising law at Calgary, Alta.

UNDERGRADUATES AND SPECIALISTS.

Mrs. Jennings Hood (Miss W. Douglas), is living in Philadelphia.

Miss Hazel Hedly is at her home, St. Joseph Street, Toronto.

Miss Edna Hutchinson is at her home in Toronto.

Miss Edna Paul is living at 35 Grosvenor Street, Toronto.

Miss Alice Rockwell is teacher of English in Duluth Central High School.

Miss Pearl Rutley is at her home, Maple Avenue, Toronto.

Miss Silverthorn is at her home, College Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Biehn (Miss Rose Winter) is residing at Berlin, Ont.

R. H. Brett is preaching at Epsom, Ont. He has never forgotten "them oxen."

E. S. Bishop has married and settled down as pastor of the Methodist Church, Okotoks, Alberta.

W. G. Cates ('04), chairman of "'03 Bob" Committee, is engaged in journalistic work in Moose Jaw, Alberta. He is also a member of the school board of that enterprising town.

A. Crux is at the Medical College, Toronto.

E. W. S. Coates is stationed at Ormstown, Que.

Charles Douglas is with the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.

"Teddie" Eakins is one of Port Arthur's progressive M.D.'s.

W. W. McKee is preaching at Schuyler, Nebraska.

V. W. Odlum is engaged in real estate work in Winnipeg with the Fisher Hamilton Co.

J. F. Rockwell is city editor of the Duluth Evening *Herald*.

The Secretary of the Class, T. E. Wilson, Drawer 1309, Calgary, Alberta, wishes all members of the Class to notify him of any change of address, and would be glad if any whose names do not appear in the above list would communicate with him.



*Personals*

The Editor of this Department has on two different occasions tried to write a report of the last two graduating classes, but has been unable to get the necessary particulars concerning them. Anyone sending information regarding the graduates of these two years will be suitably rewarded by knowing that such news will be most gratefully received.

At the Lakeside Convention, held during the summer vacation, the Victoria delegates were much pleased to see Charles W. Bishop, '04, taking a very prominent part in conducting the musical exercises of the convention. The many students present learned to appreciate him and his work much the same as did we during his sojourn at Victoria.

Mr. J. W. Cantelon, '04, has been appointed teacher of Mathematics in the High School at Georgetown.

Rev. A. J. Bruce, who has been pastor of the East End Methodist Church, New Westminster, B.C., is now in charge of the Y.M.C.A. work in Victoria, B.C.

The November number of the *Vox Wesleyana* has this to say of a member of the Class '04: "Mr. C. F. Ward, B.A., was appointed to the position left vacant by the resignation of Prof. Spence (Chair of Moderns). . . . He comes to us full of youth, energy, ambition and knowledge, and we much mistake if he does not show himself to be well worthy of the position to which he has been appointed."

Rev. F. J. Rutherford, '05, and wife have returned to Sandon, B.C., where he will resume his work of the ministry. Speaking of his return the *Slocan Miner* says: "It was a sea of faces which greeted the Rev. F. J. and Mrs. Rutherford in the spacious basement of the Methodist Church building on Tuesday evening last. It was a representative gathering of citizens, dames and fair damsels to welcome back to Sandon the reverend gentleman and his wife, and to congratulate them upon their union." An entertaining programme was given during the



ALMA MATER EXECUTIVE, 1906-07.

A. D. Macfarlane, *Editor-in-Chief of "Acta."* E. G. Saunders, *Pres. Glee Club.* M. D. Madden, *Pres. Miss'y Society.* G. A. King, *Pres. Y.M.C.A.*  
E. H. Ley, *Treasurer.* E. J. Moore, *President.* Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D., *Hon. President.* W. T. Brown, *1st Vice-President.* W. N. Courtice, *Sec'y.*  
F. E. Coombs, *Pres. Athletic Union.* D. Wren, *Pres. Union Literary Society.*



evening, after which they were presented with a handsome case of cutlery and a cut-glass salad bowl. ACTA can confidently speak for the students of Victoria in joining in hearty congratulations and good wishes to Mr. Rutherford and his wife.

### *Last Farewell to Victoria's Missionaries*

A very enjoyable event took place at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, on Monday, November 19th, 1906, when a Victoria reunion dinner was given in honor of Rev. E. W. Morgan, B.A., and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Robertson, the outgoing missionaries to China, who were remaining over for a little in that city. After partaking of a delicious menu, Mr. C. F. Ward, of Wesley College, who presided, proposed the toast to the King, which was appropriately honored, and then called upon Mr. E. W. Stapleford to propose the health of the guests of honor, which he did in his usual felicitous manner, Messrs. Morgan and Robertson responding. After other toasts and music the guests went to the C. P. R. station to say farewell to their esteemed friends, whom many good wishes will follow on their far Western trip. Among those present were: Misses M. and E. Woodsworth, Mr. J. H. Gain, Mr. S. W. Eakins, Mr. J. Stanley Will, Mr. E. W. Stapleford, Mr. J. Reginald Davidson, Mr. Arthur R. Ford.—*Winnipeg Correspondent.*

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### *Obituary*

Canadian Methodism lost one of its grand old men, and Victoria College one of her most distinguished and loyal graduates in the death of Senator Wm. Kerr, of Cobourg, which occurred on Thursday, November 22nd. The death followed an operation in the Toronto General Hospital, which at first appeared to have been successfully performed.

The late Vice-Chancellor was one of the early students of our Alma Mater, receiving his B.A. degree in 1855. Part of his course was contemporaneous with that of Chancellor Burwash, who graduated in '58. The graduates of '55 numbered only

four, and it is a remarkable fact that Senator Kerr's death makes the first break in the group. The other members, who are all prominent men, are Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Church, Dr. E. B. Ryckman, of the Montreal Conference, and Dr. Moses Aikins, of Burnhamthorpe.

Probably no man has been more intimately associated with the life of Victoria College during the last half century than Wm. Kerr. As treasurer of the Board of Trustees for many years, and as Vice-Chancellor since the establishment of that office, he shared the burdens which rested on the shoulders of the friends of the school in its earlier days, and materially assisted the Chancellor and the students, whose interests were always dear to his heart. The example of his loyal service to his Alma Mater will inspire students and graduates of Victoria, and serve to keep his memory green.

Prior to the removal of the remains to Cobourg on Friday a short funeral service was held in the chapel, where Chancellor Burwash and Dr. Reynar spoke feelingly of the loss sustained by the College, and their own personal bereavement.

This notice is somewhat short, owing to the necessity of going to press, but a fuller biographical sketch will appear in the next number.

E. H. L.

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### *Exchanges*

“Who shall dispute what the reviewers say!  
 Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason  
 In such a state as theirs is downright treason.”

—*Churchill.*

“Of the making of books there is no end.” A modern revision of this old proverb might read, “Of the making of papers there is no end,” and the remark would apply fittingly to that particular species of paper, the college journal. Evidence of growing interest in college journalism is found in the fact that though the academic year is but two months old exchanges have been coming in so rapidly that now they are in number twenty-four. And the exchange editor is sad.



There seems to be no standard for a college paper, either in design, literary style or mode of publication. Some come to us weekly, some monthly, while the *Queen's University Journal* is issued fortnightly. Some confine their articles to topics of local interest; others vie with magazines of international circulation in their literary efforts, and utterly neglect matters of college import. Then, what variety of cover designs are shown! From the almost forbidding plainness of the highest magazines, they range through many shades of many colors, to the pleasing white of the *O. A. C. Review* or the artistic designs of the *McMaster Monthly* and the *Argosy*.

#### I. BRITISH EXCHANGES.

From the British universities we have two weekly visitors, *The Oxford Monthly* and *The Student*, of Edinburgh. To rightly appreciate these one should be well informed regarding the British universities and British manners and customs. *The Oxford Magazine* is typical of the English paper. Severe in appearance, lacking in illustration, it is not the kind of paper to attract the interest of the student body. Nor does any attempt seem to be made to make it such. Appearances, however, are misleading, for when one reads it closely, he views it in another light. He begins to appreciate then its strongly written articles, the richness of classical allusion, and the abundance of what the world calls wisdom—common sense in an uncommon degree.

*The Student* this year has received a great impetus from an extensive students union extension movement that has been gradually reaching a climax there. The first numbers of the paper are devoted almost entirely to this and are well worth any student's attention. These numbers are quite like the American ideal—handsomely bound, well illustrated, and written in a very interesting style. We hope that all the numbers for the year will be equally as good as the first two numbers have promised. Both *The Student* and *The Oxford Magazine* devote much space to athletics, and also have a column peculiar to these alone, in which the theatre is discussed weekly. It might also be of interest to our readers to note that *The Student* has a subscription of 12,000.

FAREWELL LINES ADDRESSED TO THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME  
BY MONSEIGNEUR CANON JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

“The boy—’tis said—is ‘father to the man.’  
’Tis so; and in each unformed lad we can  
Discern the promise of the future day,  
When eyes grow bleared and hair is turning grey.

Prepare then, O thou quickly growing youth,  
And train thy soul to discipline and truth,  
And learn betimes that each eventful day  
Thou dost the seeds of shame or glory lay.  
Be upright, pure and leal to Church and State,  
And practise virtue now, lest, when too late,  
Remorse for years misspent should wring thy soul,  
And flood thy heart with grief beyond control.

Be sober, self-contained, and ever strive  
To keep the flame of piety alive.  
To God, to country, and to friends most dear,  
Conduct thyself with loyalty; and fear  
To sow the seeds of vice in thoughtless youth,  
Which springing up in later years, forsooth,  
Will choke thy better self and dim thy fame,  
And set perchance a blight upon thy name.

The seasons pass; and boyhood’s morning ray  
Gives place at last to man’s maturer day.  
Then habits formed in youth will still hold sway,  
And virtues, sturdy grown, will guide the way.  
The discipline and training of the past  
Will yet retain their wonted hold and last  
Till boyhood seems, at best, a distant dream  
And college days but memory’s fading theme.”

—From *Notre Dame Scholastic*.





## Locals



IT is reported that Saunders, '08, president of the Glee Club, has been introducing classical music to the benighted inhabitants of the "North Countree." We have it on good authority that he introduced that famous song, "Everybody Works But Father," at a Sunday evening service during his sojourn there.

### AT '08 GATHERING.

Voice—"You have more girls on your side than we have."

McCubbin, '08—"What we have, we hold."

Trueman, B.A.—"I think I'll get married and take a post-graduate course in Leipzig myself. Getting married is the big part of it, though."

Miss B—o—h, '07—"I can remember the time when I was a mere little Freshette."

Green, '10 (puzzled at the suggestion of sending a telegram to the *Empress of China*, as the boys are leaving Vancouver)—"The 'Empress of China!' Why, how would she know what was meant?"

### LOCHINVAR UP-TO-DATE.

On a recent Sunday afternoon, Turnbull, formerly of '08, with a friend, called on a charming young lady in the city and were persuaded to "stay for tea." After the evening meal both of the young gallants began to lay plans to secure the aforementioned young lady's company for the evening.

In the midst of their cogitations, who should appear, panting and excited, but withal smiling and triumphant, but our friend Albright, '08. Needless to say, he was entirely successful in his modern impersonation of Lochinvar, and metaphorically, if not literally, carried off the young lady.

Miss C—r—n, '07—"I'm developing every side of my nature. I'm taking sewing lessons, studying art catalogues, going to arts lectures, and when I have taken a little household science, I will be a regular 'polygon.'"

At the station farewell to some of the outgoing missionaries the usual college yells were being given, when a curious bystander accosted one of the boys, and the following conversation ensued:

Stranger—"What's all the celebration for?"

Student—"Some of the students are going to China as missionaries."

Stranger—"Oh, I thought someone had won a 100 yards dash!"

Miss M—s—n, '08—"I thought your arm was in a sling?"

Stockton, '08—"I took it out when I heard you were coming home."

#### THE FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION.

Once more a Freshman class has come, seen and conquered. On November 16th the class of 1910 was at home to all the College, the Occasionals not being forgotten. The decorations were very tasty and showed that the Freshettes were determined to leave no cushion unturned to make the evening most enjoyable and pleasant.

The programme speaks volumes for the musical abilities of '10. Burt, '10, rendered an instrumental selection that shows him to be a decided acquisition to our College. Miss Davison, '10, and Kirby, '10, contributed very acceptable solos. Mr. Bennett made his maiden speech as Hon. President of the class of 1910 in his usual bright, witty manner.

During the promenades there were, to quote from a Freshman's essay, "The usual number of well-dressed people wearing a frown and knitted eyebrows." However, with the exception of these individuals, everyone enjoyed this portion of the programme.

The evening closed with the usual good old College yells, a new one being added, indicative of the missionary spirit of our College:

"Hong Kong, Sz-Chuan, Yang-tse-Kiang;  
Heathen! heathen! Horang! Horang! Horang!!"

And now a word of advice to some students at Victoria. It is not according to the best traditions of our College for a man





CLASS OF '07 EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1906.

H. J. Sheridan.	Miss M. N. Dafoe.	Miss E. G. Chadwick.	C. F. Logan.	H. F. Woodsworth.	J. L. Rutledge.
W. L. Trench.	W. L. L. Lawrence.	E. J. Moore.	Miss H. A. Biggar.	Miss M. E. Birnie.	
W. L. Hiles.	Miss I. B. Burgess, <i>Treas.</i>	C. J. Ford, <i>Pres.</i>	Dr. Blewett, <i>Hon. Pres.</i>	Miss G. E. Grange, <i>Vice-Pres.</i>	F. Owen, <i>Sec.</i> Miss P. B. Faint.
		F. E. Coombs.	J. N. Tribble.	D. Wren.	

to force his acquaintance on a lady at a reception without seeking an introduction. Here is a specimen from a recent function to ponder over:

Student—"I don't know you—but I'd like to. Can I have a promenade?"

'Nuff sed!

Among the verses with which the Freshmen decorated the announcement of their reception, we quote:

To the class which we love best of all,  
 "Zona Krota" they shout in their bawl—  
 You'll be filled with remorse  
 If you let any force  
 Compel you to stay from "our Hall."

To which we append this query: Have the Freshmen secured possession of Annesley or the Drynan residence?

Geo. Gullen, '09 (referring to a recent Sunday evening)—  
 "I stayed till after eleven, but I would have felt better if I had left at ten."

French, '10 (trying to catch Miss M—t—n by 'phone at the Hall, out of hours):

To the maid—"Give the old girl my love, anyway."

Ockley, '09 (after calling at the Drynan residence)—"I won't be able to sleep to-night for thinking of all the joy I had to-night at "Skiddoo Hall."

Armstrong, '07—"I was talking to a Freshette and she was full of confidences, and all that sort of thing."

Sophette—"Are you really so much better since your trip abroad?"

Howlett, '09—"Yes, indeed! I'm quite another man, I assure you."

Sophette—"I am sure all your friends will be delighted to hear it."

Miss B—rn—e, '09 (waiting for gentleman, whose name is withheld by request, to promenade at Freshmen's reception)—  
 "Oh, where—oh, where is my little dog gone?"

D. M. Perley, B.A. (after starting a "stamp" in the library)—  
 "That giveth me an inward glow of satisfaction to think I started that."



A friend to Tom Todd, '09—"When you're beside a girl, Tom, you're beside yourself."

Saunders, '03 (to Coatsworth, '08, who is in a hurry)—"Read me some of this German."

Coatsworth, '08—"I can't read German. I haven't got my star off yet."

Raymer, '08 (at Lit. musical evening)—"Verdi composed only comedies until he was married, after which he was able to write only tragedies."

Dr. Reynar (in '08 lecture)—"Lyrics also include love songs."

Lamb, '08—"Now, we are coming to something we understand."

Mr. Bennett (at Freshmen's reception)—"When we came in as Freshmen we were as grasshoppers in our own sight. When we got our Latin exercises back we felt like grasshoppers in the professor's sight."

Zinkan, '09—"I always had a weakness for red hair—it must be pretty, though."

Prof. Edgar—"What is that 'eût' in the subjunctive?"

Manning, '09—"That is just what I was going to ask you, professor."

Leader of Government (at Lit., to Saunders, '08, who has asked a question)—"Will the honorable gentleman repeat his question—if it is worth while?"

Silence!

Allan, '10 (at prayer-meeting)—"When I first heard our young friend (E. W. Wallace, B.A., B.D.) speak, I thought a great mistake had been made in sending out one so young and so inexperienced to the mission field."

SELECTIONS FROM FRESHMEN'S ESSAYS ON "FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE."

"I elbowed my way through well-dressed people, most of them wearing a frown and knitted eyebrows."

"My mind wandered unbidden to 'Varsity, and I brought it back with a jerk."

"The fairer sex—the girls—who flit about in artistic attire and almost with fantastic tread, who live at Annesley Hall, we view at a distance—as yet."

[Would the author kindly inform the Local Ed. if the distance is appreciably less since Freshmen's reception, etc.?)

"The beautiful face of John Wesley flanked by that of his brother Charles, is to be seen in the chapel."

"The College smacks of beauty."

"Soon I entered the great arch over the doorway."

"The large hall was loosely filled with students."

The burial of the hatchet was synonymized as—

"The funeral rites of the sharp-edged axe."

The motto over the College entrance according to "Ye Freshman":

"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Kelly, '08, was recently heard to remark that he "Had not heard a funny thing in an age." Now we hope this is a case parallel with that of David, who said that "He had never seen the righteous beg bread," simply because his knowledge in that regard was limited. However, if there be such a dearth of "funny things," it is high time we were cultivating the humorous in our College life and incidentally helping the Local Ed.

It has been suggested, however, that Kelly's remark is a stab at the jokes of his room-mate, Rutledge, '07.

Dr. Reynar—"Now, any of you who are not here should remember to remind me if you cannot get here."

"Oh, I forgot—I'm addressing the absentees."

Some of the degrees granted in the "Speech from the Throne" brought down by the new Government at Lit.—to all of which there is a dark, hidden meaning:

Manning, '09; Moyer, '09, and Green, '10, all obtained the degree of M.P.P. (Midnight Parkdale Pedestrians).

Collis, '08, K.C.B. (Knight Commander of the Bath).

Moore, '10, I.P.B. (Ideal Preacher's Boy).

The open meeting of the Union Lit. was held on November 17th, and was an unqualified success. The Literary programme centred around the debate, "Resolved, That Canada offers greater advantages for personal advancement than the United



States." The affirmative was the winning side, being upheld by Messrs. Moyer and Arnup, '09, and the negative by Messrs. Cass and Down, '08.

Some very bright things were said:

Moyer, '09—"New York was settled by the Dutch, run by the Irish and owned by the Jews."

"One New York millionaire has \$3,000 invested in a Cobalt mine."

Arnup, '09—"Doctors, lawyers and what not will prepare these immigrants to live in our country. The preachers must help to prepare them for the only land we know of that is better."

"If a Canadian will make better poetry than Virgil, or a better picture than Michael Angelo, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Cass, '08—"Take Tommy Green; he's not so green but he can see the advantages of American universities."

The debate was supplemented by a solo from Ley, '08, in his usual acceptable manner, and by a reading from G. E. Gullen, '09. Mr. Norman Jolliffe, who is always a favorite at Victoria, rendered a couple of good songs. Special mention must be made of the College quartette, which introduced some local hits in their selection, "Who Killed Cock Robin." We quote a verse:

Who's our Lit. President?

"I," from the chair, says wee Davy Wren,

"I'm the Lit. President."

All the birds of the air went a-sighing and a-sobbing

When they heard that a Wren was a Lit. President.

The picture of the class of '06 was unveiled by C. J. Ford, President of '07. This was performed in a very happy manner, and we join with the critic in wondering wherein lay Mr. Ford's special inspiration.

The Government business was handled expeditiously. In private members' business a rather amusing incident took place when the Secretary of State was charged with conspiring with the lady undergraduates against the best interests of the Union Lit. The Opposition members were, of course, unable to substantiate their charges.

The Kids' Korner were in evidence, although they showed the lack of Lawrence, '07, who, it is said, deserted the corner at the eleventh hour, in order to grace the ladies' gallery with his presence.

The Women's Literary Society held their open meeting on November 29th. It was very instructive, and, in Madam President's words, was a "truly typical meeting." Considerable amusement was aroused in government business by the motion that tin mugs be purchased to replenish the supply of dishes for receptions. These mugs were intended for the Freshmen only, and were to have inscribed on them the motto, "For a good child."

The following comprehensive papers on Norwegian men of letters were given: Hans Christian Andersen, by Miss Hurlburt, '09; Dr. Georg Brandes, by Miss Laird, '08; Bjornstjerne Bjornson, by Miss Hildred, '08; Henrik Ibsen, by Miss Booth, '07. The musical part of the programme was excellent, including an instrumental solo by Miss Gale, '09; duet by Miss Colling, '09, and Miss Drew, '09, and a song by Miss Mason, '08.

Miss Addison presented the prizes of the tennis tournament, giving an interesting account of the founding of the Athletic Association.

The Kids' Corner was very much in evidence, contributing their part of the programme in a manner much above the ordinary. However, the order would have been improved if some of their selections had been given at proper intervals.

Trueman, B.A.—"I cut my face while shaving to-day."

Miller, '09—"I never did that yet and I have shaved three times."

Green, '10 (noticing the President of '10 opening a letter from the Secretary)—"I know that handwriting—it's Mabel's."

Smith, '08—"I do like auburn hair with a complexion to match."

Freshette—"I hear Mr. Rutledge, '09, was tapped for rushing a Specialist?"

Ockley, '09—"Oh, no; Gordon was tapped for specializing."

Junior—"I think the women are selfish in cutting out the Occasionals. Most of those young ladies live in the city and can entertain us."



M. de Champs (discussing concerts, theatres, etc.)—"How many were down to see Rosenthal?"

Shipman, '10 (to neighbor)—"What does Rosenthal mean? Is it opera glasses?"

Miss C—d—w—k, '07—"I met the greatest man in Duncan's the other day. Why he is just like Mr. Macfarlane, '07. He'll stand and talk to you by the hour."

Miss C—pb—l, '10 (day after the reception)—"Say, girls, I'm going to be in ACTA this month. I asked very innocently what a 'crush' was, but I found out last night."

Stranger (in front of Annesley Hall)—"Is that a ladies' college?"

Answer—"Oh, no! That's Mrs. Raff's new school, the most perfect piece of Greek art on the continent. Why, it's modelled after the Parthenon."

Senior—"What is this 'Art' Miss C— talks about all the time?"

2nd Senior—"I don't know unless it is Mr. Macfarlane, '07."

Question—"Have you been plugging for that psychology exam?"

Occasional—"No, I'm not going to take the exam. I'm 'specializing' in psychology."

Mr. Raymer, '08, is very much worried over the rumor that has got abroad that he is engaged, and has implored us to announce that it is groundless, and that he is still open for engagements.

Armstrong, '07—"As one gazes on England's beauty, he cannot help wishing that his brother—his sister—and, perhaps, another were there to enjoy it." Poor Heman!

Macklin, '10—"I can't follow Prof. Baker at all in his 'analyzed' geometry."

Haynes, '09 (to a Senior M. and P. man about Trigonometry)—"By the way, what do you mean by that '*sin*' thing?"

Green, '10—"When on a circuit, I shall rehearse my sermons on horseback—thus illustrating the 'Sermon on the Mount.'"



## *Athletics*



### *Victoria, 9—Junior Meds., 8*



HE first game of the Mulock Cup Series was played on Varsity Athletic Field, Monday, November 12th, and Victoria came out victorious by the score of 9 to 8. It took ten minutes overtime, however, to turn the trick. Although the weather made the ball hard to handle, the game was snappy and interesting throughout.

The Junior Meds. lined up as follows: Back, Lunz; halves, Clarke, Dickson, Brown; quarter, Ecclestone; scrimmage, McBride, Kells, Telford; inside wings, Brandon, Campbell; middle, Morgan, Jamieson; outside, Spohn, Patton; while Capt. Lamb's aggregation were composed of: Back, Kerr; halves, Green, Lamb, McCubbin; quarter, K. Manning; scrimmage, Downey, Bridgeman, Woodsworth; inside wings, J. V. McKenzie, Morrison; middle wings, Gundy, Kelly; outside wings, G. Rutledge, Davidson. A. W. McPherson refereed, while E. Henderson acted as umpire.

At half-time Victoria was ahead, 8—0, but full time saw the score-card 8—8, the Meds. having made a try and three rouges in the last half. It was decided to play five minutes overtime each way, and during this time we managed to prevent the Meds. from scoring, at the same time adding one rouge to our own tally, and thus the final score, 9 to 8.

The game started with Victoria defending the north goal. Things looked bright for us, when a rouge and safety touch were soon followed by a try, which Capt. "Jimmie" failed to convert. Dickson, centre half, for Junior Meds., fumbled a long punt behind the line, and Kent Manning fell on it for a try. Now the Meds. began to play in earnest, but they failed to connect, although they had the ball within a few yards of our line once or twice before half time.

In the second half the Meds. began to force matters, and in a few minutes McBride dropped on the ball for a try from a fumble behind the line—5 points. Woodsworth hurt his



shoulder and retired about ten minutes after the second half started, and Brandon was laid off to even up. Aided by the strong wind which was blowing down the field the Meds. added three more points to their count from rouges—score, 8—8. More determined than ever the would-be doctors began to boot the ball at every opportunity, but our boys worked hard and prevented further scoring. G. Rutledge and McBride came together head-on in this half, but after a few minutes they were both able to continue the game.

During the extra time Victoria seemed to play steadier than in the second half, and scored a rouge. In the lead, they now



THE RUGBY TEAM.

held the ball, and prevented the Meds. from kicking by a series of bucks and end-runs, in which Manning, Gundy and Davidson shone.

And so the game ended 9—8 for Vics.

The tackling, though inclined to be high at times, was fairly good. Our wing line, as usual, was like a stone wall for buck-

ing and little ground was gained against us by that style of play. On the whole, the boys played good Rugby, though in some cases they showed lack of knowledge in the finer points of the game.

The way in which "Davy" reeled off some of those end-runs during the last five minutes, showed that "something" might have happened had they been "signalled" earlier in the game.



### *Long Punts*

A combination play is much more effective than individual grandstand rushes.

We learn to do by doing. There's nothing for practice like the game itself.

There is a science in all games nowadays which only hard, steady practice can acquire.

The team this year got working better than for many years, and though they were unsuccessful against Junior School, they understand the game better.

This is interesting in view of the fact that a large number of first year men were on the line-up. Beware, School!

Did you notice that combination play—in the game against the Meds.—Lamb, Davidson and Green? That's the style that pays, boys!

There should only be one general on the field. Everybody giving orders, not only looks bad, but is contrary to the rules of discipline. This is small; but, oh, my!



### *Junior S. P. S., 1—Victoria, 0*

The first game of the semi-finals in the Mulock Cup Series was played on Varsity oval, Monday, November 19th, between Junior S. P. S. and Victoria. The teams were well matched, as indicated by the score, the School forcing Morrison to rouge two minutes before time.

Victoria was superior in the line, the wings holding their men well at all stages of the game. Green punted and caught well, and together with Davidson worked some fine end-runs,



which should have resulted in "trys." Allison did the greater part of the kicking for the School, but several times he tried runs where punting would have been of greater advantage to his team. The ground was very wet and soggy, making it hard for either side to catch the ball.

Quarter-back Allen, of the School team, had his ankle broken during the second half, and was replaced by Jones. Victoria fought hard all the way through the game, following the pace set by Capt. Lamb, and their being able to hold a School team so close augurs well for the success of the team in future.

Line up—Lamb (captain), Green, Morrison, Davidson, Manning, Rutledge, Connor, Kilpatrick, Bridgeman, Downey, Kelly, Moore, McKenzie, Gundy.



### *Association*

On November 14th the Association Football team were defeated by the Senior Arts by a score of 2—0. The day was most unsuitable for a good exhibition of football, being wet and sloppy, but in spite of this some good work was seen on both sides. The Arts' forward line was faster than ours, and they had a splendid defence, their half-back line being particularly strong. The Victoria defence was good, but at times the half-back line showed itself somewhat weak.



### *Victoria College Athletic Club*

The Field Hockey practices are enthusiastically attended by those who have once played the game. The weather has been somewhat against daily practices, so the girls should make it a point to come out every fair day.

The coach is very anxious to get up two teams on the field in order that they may work up combination playing. Those who have not played do not realize what they are missing. When they have once come out they will probably exclaim, like a Sophomore the other day after a practice: "Oh! Why didn't you drag me out before. It is the most fun I ever had?"



VICTORIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC CLUB EXECUTIVE, 1906-1907.

Miss F. V. Gibbard,  
*Secy.-Treas.*

Miss K. Bearman,  
*3rd Year Rep.*

Miss M. Crews,  
*1st Year Rep.*  
Miss O. A. Norsworthy,  
*President.*

Miss A. Smith,  
*2nd Year Rep.*

Miss L. Bicknell,  
*4th Year Rep.*



A new game, centre ball, is being played by the girls of University College Athletic Association and Victoria College Athletic Club. It is taking the place of indoor basket ball.



The St. Hilda's Athletic Association gave a very enjoyable cross country paper chase on Saturday, November 10th, to the U.C.A.A. and the V.C.A.C. The trail lay in High Park, ending at Sunnyside. A pleasant time was spent afterwards at St. Hilda's, where tea was served.



### *Notes*

The close of the football season has come and the premonitions of frost and winter bid us turn the direction of our athletic aspirations into a perhaps more seductive field than the dirty, if glorious, gridiron—the ice. Changes are being made in the arrangement of the buildings and rinks, and Jerry assures us confidently that we may expect ice of the case-hardened variety, and lots of it, too. With the hockey material we possess the Jennings Cup seems closer to our grasp than ever before, while the good showing made by the ladies' team last year has encouraged the idea that other conquests may be won than those of mere men. We would like to impress on everyone interested in hockey the benefit of practice, and particularly of matches of some kind; inter-year games being of, perhaps, the greatest value. To the new men we would urge the importance of getting out and doing what they can, either in practices or on the team, for the honor of old Vic.

The generous frame of Homer Brown, '06, was a conspicuous figure in the Varsity-Queen's game, and his energetic method of keeping the ball away from the danger line might well be described as "Homeric."

The careful brush and the artistic eye of Jerry Breen have for some time lately been employed in adding beauty after beauty to the interior of the Athletic Building.

The Tennis Tournament, though long drawn out on account of unsuitable weather, has been very successful on the whole.

Many new players have come up well in the lists, and promise to be winners next year, and taken altogether the standard of play is fairly high. Two events have yet to be finished, the mixed doubles and ladies' singles. The results of the others are given here:

HANDICAP.

First Round		Second Round		Third Round		Fourth Round	
- 30	Moore.....	Moore.....	Moore.....	Moore.....	Zinkar.....	} McKenzie ... 6-4, 6-1	} McKenzie.... 8-10, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4
s	Reaney.....	6-1, 6-1	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	Gifford.....	Gifford.....	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
+ ½	15 Clement.....	6-4, 6-3	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	Willans.....	Willans.....	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	Wright.....	6-2, 6-4	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	Zinkar.....	Zinkar.....	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
- ½	30 Breckan.....	6-4, 5-7, 6-0	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
- ½	30 Horning.....	Horning.....	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	Jenkin.....	5-7, 6-3, 6-1	7-5, 9-7	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	King.....	McKenzie...	6-4, 6-2	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
- ½	30 McKenzie...	6-0, 6-9	6-4, 6-2	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	McCubbin...	Manning.....	6-4, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	Manning.....	6-4, 6-3	6-0, 2-6, 7-5	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	Macfarlane...	Raymer.....	6-0, 2-6, 7-5	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
- 15	Raymer.....	6-3, 6-0	6-0, 2-6, 7-5	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
+ 15	Pearly.....	Tribble.....	6-4, 5-7, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
- ½	15 Tribble.....	6-0, 6-2	6-4, 5-7, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
+ 15	Graham.....	Graham.....	6-4, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
- 30	Sanders.....	6-4, 2-6, 6-4	6-4, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
+ ½	15 Ley.....	Ley.....	6-4, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
- 15	Brownlee.....	Def.	6-4, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	Richardson...	Macfarlane...	6-4, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
s	P. B. Macfarlane.....	Macfarlane...	6-4, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
+ 15	Allen.....	Allen.....	6-4, 6-3	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
+ 15	McCamus.....	6-1, 6-3	6-4, 6-4	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
	Oldham.....	Oldham.....	6-4, 6-4	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		
- ½	30 Trueman.....	Oldham.....	6-4, 6-4	Zinkar.....	6-4, 6-1		

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

First Round		Second Round		Third Round		Fourth Round	
Horning.....	Willans.....	McKenzie.....	McKenzie.....	McKenzie.....	McKenzie.....	} McKenzie..... 6-0, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4	} McKenzie..... 6-0, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4
Willans.....	4-6, 7-5, 7-5	6-0, 6-0	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		
McKenzie.....	McKenzie.....	6-0, 6-0	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		
Jenkins.....	6-0, 6-0	6-0, 6-0	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		
Manning.....	Richardson.....	bye	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		
Richardson.....	6-3, 6-2	bye	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		
Moore.....	Moore.....	bye	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		
Raymer.....	6-2, 4-6, 6-2	Sanders.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		
Brownlee.....	Sanders.....	7-5, 8-6	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		
Sanders.....	Def.	7-5, 8-6	6-3, 2-6, 6-2	McKenzie.....	6-3, 2-6, 6-2		

MEN'S DOUBLES.

Wright and Willans.....	Zinkar and Todd.....	Miller and Hemingway.....	Rutledge and McKenzie.....	} Trueman and Sanders 5-2, 6-4, 6-2
Zinkar and Todd.....	6-2, 2-6, 6-3	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
Graham and Allen.....	Miller and Hemingway.....	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
Miller and Hemingway.....	6-4, 7-5	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
Brecken and Horning.....	Brecken and Horning.....	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
Green and Manning.....	6-3, 6-1	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
Rutledge and McKenzie.....	Rutledge and McKenzie.....	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
Jenkins and Manning.....	6-3, 6-1	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
Gifford and Oldham.....	Trueman and Sanders.....	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
Trueman and Sanders.....	6-1, 6-0	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	
R and Smi.....	bye	6-2, 6-4	6-2, 8-6	



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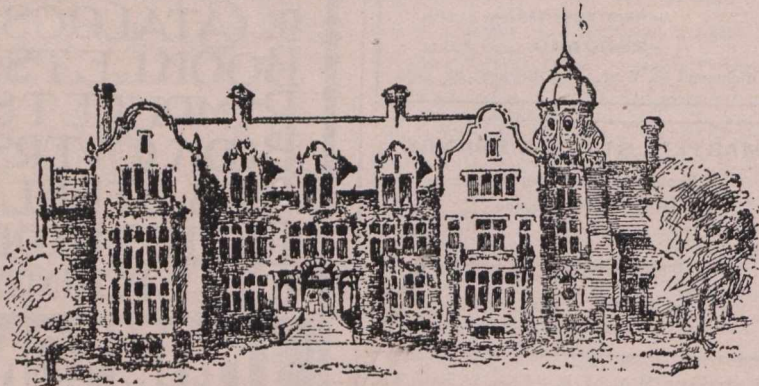
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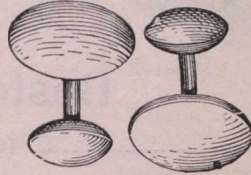
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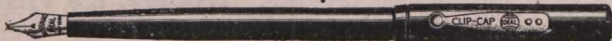
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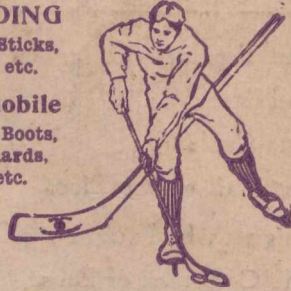
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