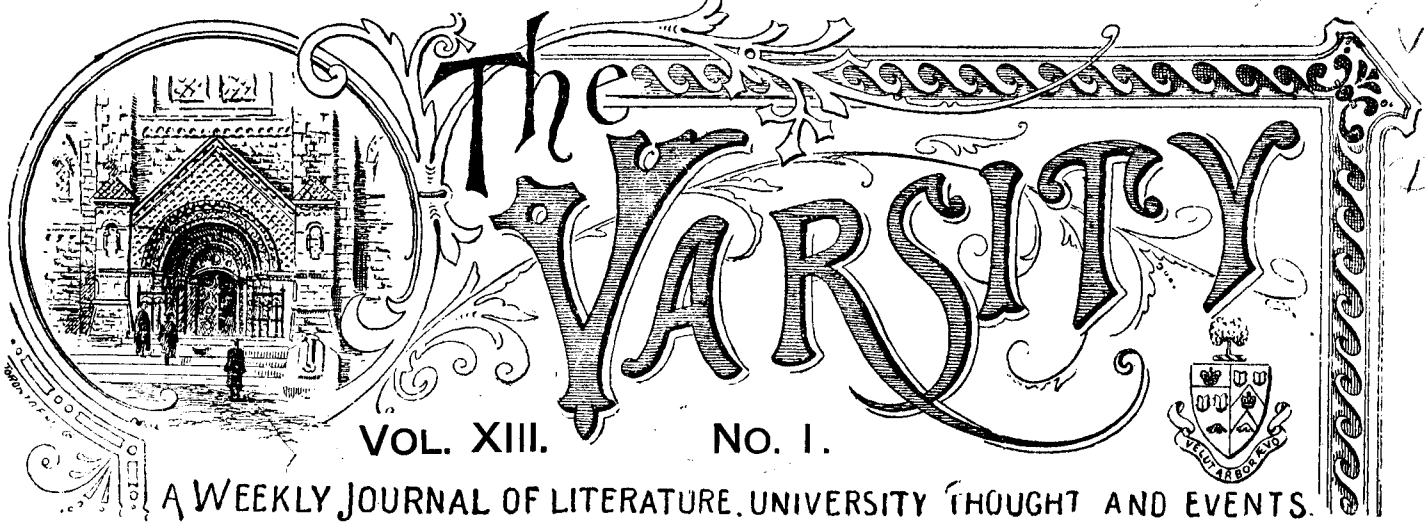


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VOL. XIII. No. 1.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, UNIVERSITY THOUGHT AND EVENTS.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1893.

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# THE VARSITY

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1893.

No. 1.

## Editorial Comments.



WITH this number VARSITY enters upon the thirteenth year of its existence. Its history during this period may be broadly divided into two sections. During the first of these it was under the control of a joint stock company, composed mainly of graduates. This regime lasted up to 1889 and was followed by a year of great darkness in our literary world, when its lamp ceased to shine. But happily our *Dark Ages* were only of brief duration, and after an interval of one year the paper was revived under a new management

Under the present system, inaugurated in 1890, VARSITY is a purely undergraduate concern, controlled by a body of directors but subordinate to that great organ of student opinion, the Literary Society. As to its success hitherto, public opinion is unanimous. Guided by some of the ablest men whom our University has sent out in recent years, it has sped onward in prosperous course. It is our hope and it shall be our endeavor to secure it a like good fortune during the academic year on which we are now entering.

So much for the past—we turn now to the future. There are various opinions as to the ideal to which this Journal should strive to attain. The safest conclusions on such a subject can be reached only by careful consideration of the position in which we stand. Briefly stated it is this—that we are forced to make one paper perform two entirely distinct functions, to serve as a newspaper, and also as a literary journal. The dawning of that happy era, when each of these functions will have its own separate organ, will settle many vexed questions in regard to the style and conduct of journalism in our University. But till then we must live as best we can.

Hitherto VARSITY has aimed at combining both these elements. Whilst giving the news of the College, it has striven also to afford a medium of communication for such as have felt the burden of messages, literary and otherwise, to the University public lying heavy upon them. The difficulties attaching to this dual position almost all centre around the question as to the relative importance of these two branches of our work. Some there are who advise the elimination of the newspaper side of that work. But the advocacy of any hasty or radical changes in that direction fails to recognize the fact that we have as yet no other agency for the publication of such items of news as concern simply the student-body. The city papers, it is true, to a certain extent accomplish this end; but their primary object is to interest the general public and it is to that end that their column of College topics is directed. Here then is a felt need: and, so long as the

present condition of affairs remains, VARSITY must endeavor, in some measure at least, to meet that need.

But let us not be misunderstood in this matter. It is by no means our opinion that VARSITY should be devoted mainly to this end. Newspaper work is only a part, and a subordinate part at that, of its mission. Its higher aim, as performing the function of a literary journal, must ever be kept in view. And it would be well that this side of its work should receive increasing attention as time goes by, and thus the transition period in which we now stand be brought to a termination. By such means gradual but substantial progress would be made; for in this, as in so many other instances, the old caution "*festina lente*" is not superfluous.

It must not be forgotten, however, that unless our students themselves are ready to contribute literary matter, the conduct of the paper along such lines will be difficult, nay rather impossible. It is not the duty of the Editor and his associates to monopolize its columns from week to week with their own productions. Their duty is rather that of selection and supervision than that of creation. We entertain the hope that there will be no difficulty in this regard, and that each and all of our subscribers will recognize his duty and will not be negligent in fulfilling it.

In the Editorial page it will be our endeavor in every topic discussed to maintain an attitude which, while respectful to the powers that be, will yet set forth, without fear or favor, such views as we believe conducive to the best interests of the undergraduate body. As representing them, VARSITY will, of course, strive to be a faithful mirror of their opinions. Unswerving loyalty to the University will be our Alpha and our Omega. But true loyalty consists, not in unquestioning submission to established institutions, but in a fair and candid criticism of those institutions from the standpoint of those affected by them; and since the undergraduates constitute so important a factor in the University, and are largely influenced by every change in method or policy, it is not unimportant that their voice in these matters should be heard and should be uttered with no uncertain sound.

In conclusion, we would crave the indulgence of our fellow-students toward us in the new position in which we find ourselves placed. In many respects it is, indeed, a very trying one. The Editorial robe as yet sits uneasy on our shoulders. When we recollect on whose it has rested in times gone by, we are forced to utter the sentiment of Horace: "*The era of our sires has brought forth us, their more degenerate sons.*" But if unwearying zeal and unstinted effort are of aught avail, these verily shall not be wanting. And we feel assured that if the students second as they ought, and as we are confident they will, the efforts of the staff, then VARSITY will weather safely through the winds and waters of another voyage.

It is with great regret that we are compelled to announce that our financial condition is not at present as fortunate as might be desired. Financially speaking, we cannot sit under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest us or make us afraid. In short, we are in debt. Of course, the reader will understand that we speak in our VARSITORIAL, and not in our personal capacity. VARSITY is in debt: and the problem for us is not how it came to be there, but how to get it out. But with two such business men as McMillan and McArthur to face the situation, and with a large constituency ready, nay anxious, to subscribe and to *pay up* their subscriptions, we feel certain that the present condition of things will not be of long duration.

To *pay up*: aye, there's the rub. 'Tis easy enough to give in one's name and weekly to read the paper or (which may the gods avert) consign it to the waste-basket; but to hand out the wherewithal therefor is a more arduous task. And yet it must be done. The man that will not pay his VARSITY subscription is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Put not your trust in such an one, for verily you will find cause to repent it. But in our constituency such men are rare. College men love honor beyond all things else. They will not be wanting or prove false at the critical moment when our B. M.'s agent strikes them for a contribution; nay, they will rise to the greatness of the occasion and raise the necessary dollar.

One word only of advice would we add. We often hear men recommended on election day to "vote early and often." And so too we would say "pay early and often." Pay early and so avoid the rush. Pay often and so make the heart of our B. M. to swell with joy and his face to shine with gladness. Truly the reward is ample for the sacrifice.

#### THE PRINCE OF INDIA.\*

General Lew Wallace, the author of the *Prince of India*, is a man now in his sixty-seventh year. In personal appearance he is rather tall, with grey hair and a beard also rather grey. A friend of mine, who met him in Constantinople some years ago, said his most striking characteristic was his extreme kindness and courteousness. He was born at Brookville, Indiana, where he passed most of his younger days. His favorite book was Plutarch's *Lives*; the parallels however excluded. After twelve years' schooling, during most of which time however he had not attended very regularly, he gave it up and studied painting at Indianapolis. During this time he wrote a novel called "The Man at Arms; a tale of the Tenth Century," which was never published. He also formed the plan for his "Fair God" at this period. With no prospects of a livelihood from painting, in which art he does not seem to have had much skill, the author of "Ben Hur" turned his attention to law, and this occupied his time until the outbreak of the Mexican war.

Wallace's services in this war, besides gaining him experience as a soldier, for he commanded a company organized by himself, was also productive of new ideas for his "Fair God" which he had not until then intended to finish. At the end of the war he again took up the study of law, but still maintained his connection with the militia in his position of Adjutant-General of the State. In the American Civil War he served with the Union Army, but a detailed account of his life at this time will not be necessary. Since that time he has held several diplomatic positions, the most important of which has been his last one at Constantinople.

When asked the other day if his residence at Constantinople had any connection with his new book, he

answered that he might almost say he had been sent there to write it. President Garfield, in giving him the Turkish mission, said he hoped he would not find his official duties too onerous to prevent the writing of a new book, and the *Prince of India* is the result. At Constantinople General Wallace had facilities as minister for inspecting many valuable records dealing with its fall in fourteen hundred and fifty-three, but as there are mosques by the hundred and every mosque has a library he found the undertaking rather a tiresome one. He was indebted to Professor Grosvenor, however, of the American College at Hissar, for much valuable assistance. Six years' work was necessary to complete the book, and its careful preparation is evidenced in almost every page of it.

The chief character, the Prince of India, is the Wandering Jew, who figured so prominently in the mythical legends of the middle ages. In a book of the Chronicles of the Abbey of St. Albans, which is cited by Baring-Gould in his "Myths of the Middle Ages," the story is told as follows: "When therefore the Jews were dragging Jesus forth and had reached the door of the hall of judgment, Cartaphilus, a porter of the hall, in Pilate's service, as Jesus was going out of the door, impiously struck Him on the back with his hand, and said in mockery, 'Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker; why do you loiter?' and Jesus, looking back on him with a severe countenance, said to him, 'I am going and you will wait till I return'; and according as our Lord said, this Cartaphilus is still awaiting His return. At the time of our Lord's suffering he was thirty years old, and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered. After Christ's death, when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Cartaphilus was baptized by Ananias and was called Joseph." That there is some ground for the legend of the Wandering Jew, many of whose appearances are recorded in chronicles of the middle ages, must be admitted: for in the twenty-eighth verse of the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew we find the following words: "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom." Baring-Gould, however, who has made a thorough study of the subject, claims the whole matter to be a myth even against frequent evidence of the Jew's appearance.

The incident of the young Sultan's love affair with the Princess Irene is recorded in "Knolles' History of the Turks," and is almost the same as Johnston's Tragedy of Irene. Gibbon and Von Hammer reject the story but Wallace declares it has an historical basis.

In the first book we accompany the Wandering Jew in a visit to the tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre, from whose sarcophagus the former is supplied with money in jewels, which pass current everywhere. He has not visited the tomb for one thousand years and rejoices to find that it is still untouched.

After the lapse of six years the second book renews the narrative when Uel, a merchant at Constantinople, receives a letter from a Prince of India, who has known his father, asking him to aid the bearer in securing a house, as the Prince is now on his way to Constantinople in order to take up his permanent residence in that city. On his way thither the pilgrimage to Mecca is taken and there he falls in with Mirza, Emir of the Hajj, who has charge of the comfort of the pilgrims. To him the Prince relates his opinion of future events; for years the west has been the conqueror of the east, but in the son of Amurath the Second, the present Sultan, the world shall see a new eastern conqueror who shall overcome the west.

Possessed of what he declares to be a "universal solvent," the Prince of India is deeply interested in the worship of the prophet. In his opinion, God has revealed Himself to mankind in Mohammed, Buddha, Zoroaster and Christ, who are simply incarnations of the same spirit of God. In the worship of Mahomet, however, he finds God to be neglected and the prophet himself to be the sole

\* "The Prince of India; or Why Constantinople Fell." By Lew Wallace. 2 vols. Harper & Bros. 1893.

object of adoration. At Constantinople he hopes to find God worshipped more in Himself and there before the Emperor he intends to declare his new doctrine.

The scene now changes to Constantinople, where the Prince of India is at length installed in his new residence. Uel, the Jewish merchant, who has aided in procuring his quarters, has a young daughter who so resembles the former daughter of the Prince's that he prevails upon the Jew to allow him to adopt her. With her education the Prince takes great pains, and as he is well versed in the study of astronomy and astrology he instils into her young mind the hidden mysteries of the heavens.

When she and the Prince of India are one day being rowed along the Bosphorus, they are suddenly overtaken by a violent storm. The European side cannot possibly be reached, and they are therefore forced to take refuge at one of the Turkish fortresses on the opposite shore. Another boat is driven to the same harbor, and both land together. The occupants of this boat are Sergius, a young Russian monk, who is now connected with the Brotherhood of St. James, at Constantinople, and the Princess Irene, a cousin of the Emperor's. The whole party are received by an eastern knight, who acts as their host in the character of the Governor. When the Prince of India, however, is summoned to his chamber in the evening, he finds that this Governor is no other than the son of the Sultan, who has heard of the Prince from the Emir Mirza. The young prince is anxious to hear more of the prophecies of the heavens, but the Prince declares he cannot tell them until he knows the time of Amurath's death.

Later on in the evening he also visits the Princess Irene, whose looks have charmed him at the landing, but his disguise represents him to her as an Arab sheik who is a wonderful story-teller. During the whole interview, however, she thinks she detects something in his eyes by which she recognizes him, but she is not fully convinced though she considers the matter for some length of time after his departure. He at her request visits her at her palace of Therapia, but still in the character of the singing sheik.

The Emperor is now brought on the stage and we are shown him not only as a grand type of true knighthood, but also as a man greatly hampered in his acts by the religious disputes of the city. He himself is on good terms with the Sultan, but since the latter is now a very old man he cannot tell when he may be suddenly called upon to defend the city from the hot-headed son. His brother Votoras, is also aiming at the throne, but in such trying times with the Turk at the gates it is impossible for him to deal with him as he deserves. The armies again are not filled, for the brotherhoods of the city have absorbed about five thousand of the best blood of the Grecian youths. With all these cares about him, the Emperor still maintains a bold front; but the disunion of the parties weakens the city.

At the presentation of his "universal solvent" to the Emperor by the Prince of India, we are given an instance of the former's powerlessness. The Court has been summoned and also the Patriarch Hegumen and other leaders of religious thought. With respectful attention they listen to the Prince of India until he places Christ on an equality with Mahomet, when one of the brotherhoods jump up and rushing wildly past the speaker disappear down the stairs. The Emperor apologises but his powerlessness is evident. In his answer the Patriarch opposes that God alone could not be worshipped, for there must be a Saviour. This refusal of the greatest prince of Christendom to receive his new doctrine whereby all mankind might be made brethren arouses the Prince of India against the Emperor, and when the latter refuses to have the monasteries searched for Uel's daughter, who has been abducted, the Prince resolves to leave Constantinople and to aid Mahomet in its capture.

The old Sultan being now dead, his son is seated on the throne and has already begun preparations against the Grecian capital. In the city itself is the Emir Mirza in the character of an Italian, Count Corti, which title he

really holds, for he was kidnapped when young. He keeps up constant communication with the young Sultan, and sends him continually plans of the walls and fortifications. At the Sultan's command, he is especially solicitous of the welfare of the Princess Irene until their frequent meetings kindle a flame in the breast of the Italian himself. With his love for the Princess come other changes: he becomes a Christian, but more strange still, a faithful follower of the Emperor. In a secret meeting with the Sultan he discloses the changes in himself. To his surprise the Sultan declares that he has foreseen them and that the Emir is henceforth free to serve the Emperor. The siege, however, is to be for a wager: if the Turks are repulsed, Count Corti is free to press his suit with the Princess, but should they be successful the Sultan shall claim the Princess as his bride.

The Sultan has received from the Prince of India the exact date and hour of the day when the siege ought to begin. Acting upon this advice, he at the appointed hour orders his troops to advance. The assault is successful and the city is taken. Count Corti defends the Emperor until, the crowds pressing around, the latter is slain at the hands of the Prince of India. The Italian, leaving him for dead, makes his way to the house of the Princess Irene, and in the character of the Emir Mirza conducts the Princess to the appointed meeting-place at St. Sophia, where he presents her as the bride of the victorious young Sultan.

The blow from Count Corti's sword has not killed the Prince of India, who simply underwent the transformation which takes place at the end of every one hundred years.

Wallace has treated the character of the Wandering Jew in order to bring out only one idea in his multifarious existences. This idea is simply that as he grew older the Jew grew wiser. He was skilled in the knowledge of the heavens, could read their signs and foretell events; he was well versed in all modern languages, and in fact had travelled over almost the whole known world. With a character like that of the Prince of India, who has unlimited wealth and wisdom far exceeding that of the ordinary man, an author is in a position to make his creation perform almost superhuman feats. Though this is often slightly detected yet it is disguised in the mysticism which surrounds the Jew and which causes him to appear rather more than human.

The characters of the Princess Irene and the Emperor Constantine are ably drawn, and especially must this be said of the Princess. She is herself a devout Christian but with views tending rather to Calvinism. Her acts are, however, in keeping with her faith, for she did not fear to enter the arena with the monk Sergius, who was set to face the lion for similar heretical ideas. The fear and astonishment of the multitude were great when they saw the Princess Irene, the cousin of the Emperor, suddenly enter from a private gate and join the young monk in the centre of the arena. Relief came, however, in the shape of an African servant of the Prince of India, who slew the lion after entangling him in a net. She is greatly beloved by the poor, and it is partly with the hope of the good she may do that she is persuaded to marry the victorious young Sultan.

The *Prince of India* is an historical romance and as such deserves to be widely read. Just as we prefer our dishes savoured with a little spice, so most of us prefer our history served up to us with a touch of romance. Histories are as a rule too full of realism, and the historical romance possesses realism and romanticism proportionately combined. In the romance again the dry bones of history are clothed with life and animation, and we feel that we are more in touch with the events depicted before us. On the whole, it must be said that the *Prince of India* displays not only all the beauties of the historical romance, but gives evidence that its author possesses both deep knowledge of human nature and an intimate acquaintance with the events of which he treats.

B. P. H.

# The Varsity

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THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance.

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

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OCTOBER 11, 1893.

## QUEEN'S PARK.

WRITTEN IN MY FRESHMAN DAYS.



ONE of my favorite places of resort in Toronto is the Queen's Park. A child of rural Canada, the dust of cities and the din of paved streets jades me and wearies me: and as one who in a foreign country cherishes the relics of his own land that he has brought with him, so do

I turn with grateful relief from the busy city to this quiet grassy nook, reserved for meditation and suggestive of the fields and meadows that surround my natal cot. The native verdure of my soul seems here to find an externality harmonious and correspondent with itself. Hither, therefore, I betake me at such times as I feel the need of quiet and reflection.

Entering the park from the south off College street, one of the natural beauties that first attracts the eye is a small circular-shaped garden, surrounded by a picket fence and filled with flowers and shrubs carefully laid out in regular plots. We pause and lean upon the picket fence, gazing apprehensively meanwhile at the patrol-box that stands close by. Examining the garden more carefully, we see planted within it and frowning out upon us the Russian cannon from Sebastopol. Here they rest in undisturbed old age, forgetful of the stormy scenes of forty years ago and the fortress that once they helped to defend. Sleep on, ye dogs of war! and never may the savage thunder of your throats be roused again to belch forth ruin and destruction from your iron lips! May ye be memorials of an irrevocable past rather than portents of a troubled future!

But we hasten on, past the garden-plot, past the magnificent pile of the new Provincial Parliament buildings, to the grassy campus behind, for this is our favorite spot in the Park. Here we stretch at full length on the grass, or repose on one of the commodious benches that a thoughtful City Council has provided as a resting-place for the weary passer-by. The trees around are sighing softly in the autumn breeze. From afar the din of the busy world strikes murmuring on the ear. All things invite the mind to serious thought. In meditative mood, therefore, we gaze at the Parliament buildings; "and what a snap it were," methinks, "to have some fat government situation, to feel myself the proprietor of an office in this noble edifice with nothing to do, and a handsome salary for doing it! Surely this were the summum bonum!" But even as the souls of Homer's heroes in days of yore spake to the physical frame wherein they were tenemented, so spake my soul to me as she heard these thoughts: "Poor wretch! Is this the height of thine ambition? Is this thy summum bonum? To rake in the shekels for dealing out red-tape to thy fellow-men? Gaze westward yonder, where riseth another stately dome. The place thou knowest, for thou art a denizen thereof. Thither go the sons and daughters of learning to drink deep draughts from Wisdom's sacred fount. Surely to dwell there and quaff her inspiration were better than to draw a salary for doing nothing! Is not wisdom better than riches and red-tape?"

So spake my soul within me. Filled with the grandeur of the conception she set before me, I was too absorbed to notice the rapid flight of time, till, startled to behold the sun now sinking in the west, I roused myself again. Already his last rays were gilding the pinnacles of the Parliament buildings; a moment more and he was hidden from view. I would fain have strolled through the Park still further and commented on its beauties; but the desire for supper was upon me, and an anxious fear lest my landlady would not keep it waiting for me if I tarried too long. I hastened homeward therefore, compelled to abandon my survey of the Park almost ere I had begun it.

## CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.

Mr. H. R. Fairclough, M.A., who has for several years been lecturer in Greek and Greek History, has left us. We mourn our loss; and now the Pacific slope claims him for its own. Leland Stanford, Jr., University is to be congratulated upon its new professor; and VARSITY wishes Mr. Fairclough every success in his new sphere.

Dr. Kirschmann, who has been appointed lecturer in Psychology, comes to us with the highest recommendations. The doctor was formerly assistant to Professor Wundt at Leipzig, and this alone speaks much for the ability of our new lecturer in his chosen line of work.

Mr. J. M. McEvoy, B.A., LL.B., who was, last year, lecturer in Political Science, and prior to that, fellow in the same department, has now settled down to the practice of law. The critical acumen which distinguished Mr. McEvoy in his discussions of subtle constitutional points will stand him in good stead in his practice.

Mr. C. A. Stuart a distinguished graduate of '91, has been appointed fellow in Political Science. Mr. Stuart, subsequent to graduation, held for some time a fellowship in History at Columbia College. We are sure that with such an addition to the already able staff, the Political Science course will be more popular than ever.

Fred Hellems, '93—we don't give his initials for everybody knows Fred—has been appointed fellow in Latin. Mr. Hellems received an offer of a fellowship from Chicago University, but preferred to cast in his lot with old VARSITY. Mr. Hellems is one of the most brilliant graduates of last year, and his well-known ability in classics, coupled with his wide reading, make his lectures attractive, even to those who are but little acquainted with the classic tongues. We wish Mr. Hellems all success, both because



he is an ex-editor of VARSITY, and also because he is a man of whom we all are proud.

Mr. A. Carruthers, B.A., has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the staff caused by Mr. Fairclough's resignation. Mr. Carruthers will not enter upon his duties till after Christmas, and until then his place will be occupied by Mr. G. Laing, '91.

Mr. W. Parks, '92, is fellow in Mineralogy and Geology. "Barkis is ever willin'" to work, and this, plus his ability, means much.

### TO A FRIEND.

We two were rear'd in different lands—  
I 'neath clear cut, northern skies,  
You where Missouri laves her sands  
'Neath mellow-clouded canopies.

The breeze that nurs'd your knitting form,  
It was mild and sweet and free ;  
You left it all for snow and storm,  
And came to find and comfort me.

We met by chance ; your figure, ripe  
In its proportions, pleas'd my eye.  
I spoke and you were mine—my *pipe*,  
My corn-cob pipe—without a sigh.

Some love sea-foam or briar wood,  
And say you're worthless and all that :  
To me a home-spun friend's as good  
As one who wears a high silk hat.

Still others hate your whole wide race—  
Call you a useless, dirty crew ;  
But I can tell them to their face  
They grievously do slander you.

I know you better far than they,  
And you are sympathetic, kind ;  
And bright or gloomy be the day,  
You meet my every mood of mind.

Am I elate ? I seek you then,  
You breathe no word to cast me down ;  
Grieved with myself or fellow-men ?  
You gently soothe away the frown.

Yet I detest that servile bend  
That kills the joys man's friendships crave ;  
And I, howe'er I be your friend,  
Would blush to think myself your slave.

This too, I'll say, who've known the taste  
Of a fever without balm,  
That in a life too full of haste,  
You give the greatest blessing—Calm.

Oft as your incense slowly swung,  
Fancy's slumb'ring soul awoke ;  
And many a thought too sweet for tongue,  
Has floated up in clouds of smoke.

Here in my cosy upper room,  
By the midnight fire's flare,  
Sooth'd by your aromatic fume,  
I build me castles in the air.

Long vanish faces I descry,  
As the vapours twine and part ;  
And sweet mists melt upon the eye,  
And flood the fountains of the heart.

And so, let men laugh loud and long—  
I, with an affection ripe,  
Am not ashamed to make a song  
In honor of my corn-cob pipe.

JAS. A. TUCKER, '95.

### THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

The most famous play of Sophocles is the "Antigone," and perhaps the most famous part of that play is the ode which it is attempted to present under the title of this article. This ode occurs in the play just after the burial of the rebel Polynices contrary to the express decree of the Theban monarch, is made known. Heavy penalties had been proclaimed against such an act, when suddenly the tidings is brought that the body has been buried. The chorus of Theban elders who attend on the king, struck with the daring spirit which must have animated the doer of so bold a deed, pass in meditation from the particular case which has engaged their attention, to the various manifestations of that same spirit as a factor in the progress of the human race. Thus the ode is a celebration of the triumphs which the indomitable will of man has won over the realm of nature. It runs as follows :—

"Many wonderful things there are, and nothing more wonderful than man ; e'en o'er the foaming sea he fares driven by the south wind's blast, through the drenching waves he cleaves a path, and the mightiest of the gods, immortal and unwearied Earth, for his gain he wears away, as his plough pursues its course year after year, tilling the field with the offspring of the steed.

"The flock of flighty birds he takes in the snare, and the race of savage beasts and the brood of ocean teeming in the sea in the meshy folds of his net, man with his cunning craft ; he subdues by subtlety the monster fierce that haunts the hills, and his yoke upon its neck shall tame the shaggy-maned steed and the mountain bull of unwearied strength.

"Language and lofty thought and civic ways he hath taught himself, and the clear chill shaft of frost to avoid and the edge of driving rain, with all-resourceful skill ; resourceless in nought he goes to meet the future ; from Deathalone shall he not obtain escape, though for baffling disease a remedy hath been devised.

"Gifted beyond all hope with inventive skill, to evil now and now to good he turns it. Honoring the laws of the land and justice sworn before heaven, he rises to power in the state ; but an outcast from the state is he with whom evil dwells for rashness' sake. Never my guest be he nor of my view who doeth this."

In this ode there is much that is worthy our close attention. We of this year of grace 1893, when the triumphs of steam are past and those of electricity are coming, when improvement and invention are progressing with a rapidity almost surpassing conception, are all too prone to fall into the error of misjudging the progress of mankind in the past and depreciating the achievements which our predecessors of the ages gone have wrought. No doubt we are the people ; yet wisdom will not die with us, neither was it born with us. But when we scan the past from the closer point of view of the ancient Greek a truer conception is obtained. The beginnings of seamanship and of agriculture, the domestication of wild animals, the construction of dwellings to give shelter against the rigors of the climate, the first steps in the art of healing, the genesis and growth of the community with all the new ideas and relations which it introduces, all these are here revealed in their true light as among the greatest of the onward results which the restless spirit of man has ever achieved. Such a view of things in their true perspective may not be so flattering to the vanity which would regard everything worth mentioning as the issue of the modern era, but it is a vastly grander and nobler view, revealing to us the invincible will of man wresting now this province and now that from the realm of nature and subduing it to himself. And let us not forget that in such a conquest the comparative ease and speed with which the later steps are taken is due wholly to the unflinching resolution which won the earlier in the days gone by. XOVTHOS.

## RHETORIC.

The critical faculties of certain undergraduates seem to attain a development in exquisite harmony with the growth of their creative powers. It is no new thing to hear the most contemptuous censures of the College paper from persons to whom the lowliest flights of composition are almost impossible, or to find clumsy literary fledglings, who have crawled unawares into some dull corner of the contemporary press, pronounce all connection with VARSITY a serious compromise of their exalted smallness. Amusing as appears this air of lofty superiority in persons lacking the essential elements of English scholarship, it is by no means so naively interesting as the ludicrous strictures that often emanate from humbler minds. There are some readers whose highest aim and proudest boast it is, to be, and to be considered, eminently practical, and whose broad, receptive intellects can never grasp this vital truth, that in various departments of art the most practical critic must often be exactly the reverse of what is commonly understood as practical. It is altogether likely that a practical man would be a most impractical critic of Tintoretti, or Rubens, or Turner, and a practical man would hardly be able to produce a practical criticism of *Samson Agonistes*, the *Ode to Evening*, or the solemn music of *In Memoriam*. To be practical very often means to be narrow, and petty, and blind. This is seen in many departments of human activity, and in none more often than in literature. Nor is it difficult to detect your impractical practical literary critic. One test is sufficient. If ever he reads a paragraph slightly raised above mediocrity by warmth of tone or symmetry of form, he invariably delivers himself of this supposed anathema: it is *rhetorical*.

Rhetoric is nothing more nor less than the fitting expression of thought in spoken or written word. Fitting expression is not necessarily plain or bald expression. On the contrary, the most proper style of discourse is very often a forcible, an elegant, a lofty style, bald only in its grandeur, simple only in its unity and proportion. Rightly speaking, therefore, to be rhetorical means to adapt the manner to the subject and the occasion, whether the style be plain as Wellington's Waterloo despatch, or splendid as Junius' Letter to the King. Anything, however, less simple than a business letter, anything displaying more variation of color, more glow of spirit, more splendor of diction than Hallam's Constitutional History, all this is "rhetorical," all this is bad.

Such intolerance is one of the evil results of our mechanical educational methods, and the low popular ideals of the day. Masterpieces of literature are studied in the schools for the sake of the logical content, and not of the graceful form. Young men and women grow up under the influence of one predominant principle, to grasp, to get, and to hold, but the love of beauty is condemned, neglected, or suppressed. The use of the word "rhetorical," expresses the inability of a person thus trained to appreciate the emotional and æsthetic qualities of style. They desire to read, it is true, but their writers, especially their VARSITY writers, must be just a little clumsy, just a little commonplace.

The practical teaching of late years has gone altogether too far. It is a mistaken policy to focus all the attention of scholars or students upon the content of a literary production. Very likely such instruction will produce specimens who can draw up a logical analysis of a given poem, but that system must be radically defective which, while it turns out hundreds able to recount just what *Michael* contains, produces few or none of sufficient æsthetic sense to recognize the beauty of the lines *To a Highland Girl*. Such, however, is the present mode. Doubtless there are many who can describe, in orthodox critical phraseology, the faults and merits of Milton and Shelley, Keats and Rossetti; but how many have advanced far enough in the cultivation of literary taste, really to enjoy *Lycidas* and

*Adonais*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and *The Blessed Damozel*? How many can detect the "ring of false metal" in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*? How many can accurately point out where pomp becomes pomposity in the works of Dr. Johnson? No wonder such people consider forcible and elegant writing "rhetorical." They have been so busy in analysing and classifying the meaning of literature, that any attraction in literary form must seem to them heretical and almost vicious. They have subjected works of art to so close a scrutiny that they have not really seen them at all. A call to admire force and beauty of style, is to them like a call from Satan to worship his own inventions. And yet, how glorious the gift of beauty! How great the blessing to know and enjoy it. Let undergraduate readers and critics survey the ages. Let them for a moment forget their practical principles, and recognize the complex nature of man. Little indeed that was practical has survived without the aid of style, without the aid of rhetoric. Beauty of style has saved us Homer and Virgil, Herodotus and Livy, Plato, Demosthenes, and Cicero. Yes, and would there now be a Shakespeare, if no one had possessed the divine gift to write such verse as this:—

These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

Prose, good, plain, practical prose, might in some degree have conveyed to the world the facts of life and thought that Tennyson and Browning wove into the texture of their poems, but those facts would now be dead, and those great names would not be names of light. A material age may despise all that is not material, but the noble ideal of "sweetness and light," apart from the errors of its great expounder, can never die. It was a faithful oracle, that the Elizabethan born too late, spoke to the Grecian urn, and to all succeeding time:

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! With brede  
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—ALASTOR.

## A PROFESSION.

BY AN UNDERGRAD.

That idea will persist in keeping itself in view. Get out! Who wants a profession? Not I. I am well enough content as I am. What can you give me that should cause me to leave my present happy state? What can you give me to compensate for the company of the wittiest, the deepest, the most sympathetic, not only of this age and country, but of every age and nationality? You ask me to use all my energy, all my time, and whatever talent I may possess in the pursuit of what? For the gratification of ambition perhaps? Or may it be to secure comfort, or less still, a living? Granted that it is any one or all of these, I ask of what use are they? Of what use is a living, but that it may be enjoyed by oneself or others? Of what use is comfort, when all the energy



necessary to its enjoyment has been exhausted in acquiring it, when the best years of life are gone, when the talents or gifts of heart and brain have been stunted or warped by long disuse? Why struggle to gratify ambition, when the only true ambition is to be many-sided and perfectly developed.

Come around me again, my books, ye who, as many tell me, are of no practical value. Come around me again my friends of old time, by whose pleasing company and instruction my eyes were first opened to a world of beauty formerly unknown and to mysteries never to be solved; ye, in whose guidance we trusted in the dark days of perplexity, and who have never led us astray. What comfort have we not drawn from you when the troubles which assail even youth came upon us, and when first we realized what solitude means. Hours of joy, hours of sorrow, hours of peace, hours of trouble, in all of these ye have been with me; and, please God, in many more such shall ye cheer or sober me.

Ah, profession! you have nothing to offer that can compare with these. Hours of drudgery, hours of toil, blessed only if there be some relaxation in which former pursuits may be indulged with increased zest. But no, you demand too much fixed attention, all the energy of the best years of life; there is left no time for the pleasures which we would fain enjoy. I see your set determined face, you know too well that some day I will be your victim. True, but may that day be long postponed, so while I may, your image shall be kept well out of mind.

"Carpe diem": I will. Some may call me dilettante, others impractical, or what you will; I am content. Life is the sum of little moments, and we will do well to take the advice of Horace and fill up the measure of every present moment to the full; none of these can be missed without loss. Life is not a series of stationary points, the intervals being only of value in proportion as they contribute to make the next halting place more pleasant. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is true in this sense at least. Why should I, an undergraduate, look forward to my degree eagerly and expectantly. Is a degree or a profession the object of university life? I think not, or else why distinguish between a university and training schools. Perhaps, after all, university life is worth living for its own sake, and for the sake of that foretaste which it gives us of a companionship that will never leave us in life.

#### Y. M. C. A.

The management of the Y. M. C. A. are making things pretty lively in that institution for this year. After the shaking up which J. R. Mott gave us last winter we have been looking for results; and signs of the "good time coming" are already apparent. The morning meetings are being well attended, and the gathering at the first regular meeting on Thursday afternoon last is said to have been the largest at any first meeting for years past. One of the hopeful signs of the meeting was the number of first year men present; and the interest they are taking in the work augurs well for the future.

It is proposed to have two meetings per week throughout this year—on Thursdays as usual, and on Sunday afternoons at 3 p.m. The former will be taken up with a Bible study in the life of Christ; the latter are especially intended to enlist the sympathy and secure the support of non-members for the Y. M. C. A. and the cause which it represents. We hope that many of the students will be able to take advantage of these opportunities.

Mr. F. B. Allan, '93, has been appointed fellow in Chemistry. Mr. Allan's course as an undergraduate was a distinguished one, a fact which augurs well for his success in his present position.

#### MASS MEETING.

An enthusiastic mass meeting of the students, held last Friday afternoon, affords a clear indication of the increased interest manifested by the undergraduates in that most important department of University life, physical culture. Before this meeting was laid the report of the old gymnasium committee, who now go out of office, giving place to the Board of Directors elected last spring to assume the management of gymnasium matters. The financial report as read by the President of the Committee, Mr. J. D. Webster, met with a reception which reflected the greatest credit on the retiring officers for the conscientious manner in which they have discharged their arduous and thankless duties. The following figures show the present financial position of gymnasium affairs:—

|                        |            |
|------------------------|------------|
| Total receipts.....    | \$2,356.50 |
| Total expenditure..... | 2,333.75   |

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Balance on hand.....                          | \$22.75 |
| Due Nov. 15th, Balance of \$770 on apparatus. |         |
| \$1,000 borrowed from the Bank of Commerce.   |         |

Rousing speeches from Dr. Gilbert Gordon, Dr. W. P. Thomson and K. D. W. McMillan went far toward convincing the students that they are morally responsible for the payment of the considerable balance still due.

#### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

There have been many gloomy predictions concerning this year's Association football club. No less than five of last year's players are off the team and it was thought to be impossible to fill their places. However, a number of new players have been showing up splendidly in the practices and Captain Linglebach is confident that the team will be as strong as ever. For the second team there is a host to choose from and there is no reason why they should not win the intermediate championship. The senior schedule has been arranged as follows:—

Oct. 14th—Gorevales vs. Varsity

Oct. 21st—Scots vs. Varsity.

Oct. 28th—Torontos vs. Varsity

The first team has not yet been selected, but will probably be chosen from the following players:—Sims, Burnett, Stuart, Taylor, McArthur, Godbolt, Forrester, Campbell, Sheppard, McKay, Roxborough, Linglebach, Buckingham, McDonald.

All matches will be played on the lawn.

#### RUGBY.

Everything points to a season of unprecedented success for the Rugby men. Each afternoon the west side of the lawn is alive with three or four dozen athletes clad in highly variegated jerseys. It is the intention of the Committee to place three fifteens in the field. Varsity has received many valuable acquisitions from Upper Canada and Bishop Ridley.

The first team play the winners of Ottawa College and Queen's at Ottawa or Kingston on Oct. 21st. On the 28th the return match will be played on the lawn.

Dr. Bowdler Sharpe suggested in a recent lecture on the geographical distribution of birds, before the Royal Institution of London, that there was once a great continent with its centre at the South Pole, now submerged under 2,000 fathoms of ocean. It embraced, he said, South America, Madagascar, Mauritius, New Zealand and Australia; and thus is explained the existence of the cognate struthious birds that now exist, or once existed, in those countries.

## MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Another year has come and gone, and, as the poet asked, "on sout les neiges d'anlay?" So ask we where are the men of former days.

F. Heney, '90, has given up the estate of single blessedness.

Miss F. G. Kenny, '93, rests from her labours at her home in Ottawa.

W. M. Davidson, '93, is a member of the Fourth estate; for now he serveth the *World*.

F. A. McGee, '92, is a diligent student of Coke upon Littleton, and similar works at Osgoode Hall.

F. E. Bigelow, '94, spent part of his summer learning Turkish from a fair preceptress at the World's Fair.

A. H. Burns, '93, is teaching at Bishop Ridley College. Mr. Burns' numerous friends wish him every success.

Varsity extends its sympathy to Miss Fleming, on account of the sad accident which deprived her of her sister.

M. M. Hart, '93, is taking a year's rest. Mr. Hart intends during the year to indulge in a course of general reading.

C. B. Pratt, '93, is a devotee of the blind-folded goddess, and is studying the dictates of Justice in an Ottawa law office.

L. J. McDonell, '92, has gone to the place where they don't shovel snow; for now he is a professor in a Mexican College.

*On dit*—that a member of '97 enquired from the registrar what date had been chosen by the College Council for the annual hustle.

The students in classics at Victoria find a worthy preceptor in the person of G. H. Locke, '93, who is fellow in classics in that institution.

F. Osborne, '93, is now a denizen of the wild and woolly west. As fellow in moderns he instructs the youth of Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

J. Green, '93, is a scribe of the Press. His classical training will enable him to quote "Platostotle" and "Aristocrates" with telling effect.

J. L. McDougall, '93, is studying law in Ottawa. Mr. McDougall also plays tennis and shoots partridge—in the streets of Ottawa—at odd times.

Merkley, '94, has been surveying the rocks and boulders of the Upper Gatineau. He reports that, as yet, he is not monarch of "all he surveyed."

Hammil, '91, who is mathematical master at Collingwood Collegiate, has gone over to the great and silent majority—of the married. Rumour saith that the "woman in the case" is an heiress. Congratulations.

J. A. Kerr, '91, is teaching in Vancouver Collegiate Institute. The mountain air and the freedom of the untrammelled west agrees with him.

W. P. Bull, '93, went to the Mackenzie River this summer in order to obtain material for another lecture on Indian life. He is now carrying a law student's bag.

D. P. McColl, '92, holds a good position in Calgary High School. Our travelling reporter saith that "Dunc." is living on bison's hump and the fat of the land.

B. A. C. Craig, '94, spent his summer on the shores of Lake Huron; and has brought back a plentiful supply of fish stories, which are not receiving much credence.

Rumour hath it, that a freshman in residence tried to blow out the gas the other night. Next night the porter handed him a tallow candle and told him not to monkey with the gas jet.

Miss Telfer, '93, although pronounced a Bachelor of Arts, by the Vice Chancellor last June, has proved that the sentence was not a continuing one, for now she is a member of the ranks of the married.

Varsity is a polyglot institution: for it is rumoured that, as a consequence of his sojourn in the land of salmon, Chinamen and Siwash, K. W. McMillan, '94, now speaks to the referee in pigeon English.

G. H. Ling, '93, has shaken off the classic dust of Varsity, and now looks out from the windows of Columbia College upon the streets of the modern Gotham. A Fellowship in Mathematics takes up the rest of his time.

Messrs. Boles, Shaw, McKenzie, Phillips, Faircloth, Parker and Sampson are devotees of Justice and are diligently following in her footsteps at Osgoode Hall. Our good wishes go with these incipient Knights of the law-brief.

R. S. Strath, '93, last year's editor-in-chief, is assistant mathematical master in Harbord St. Collegiate. The tact and talent which made "R. S." one of the successful and popular men of Varsity availeth much in his new position.

The Greek play is now engaging attention, and rumour hath it that Creon will be well enacted. Of the other characters it is reported they are making excellent progress. The play will be a topic of entrancing interest for several moons yet.

D. E. Galbraith, '93, succeeds F. Shipley as classical master in Collingwood Collegiate Institute. Mr. Shipley has gone to Lindsay Collegiate where he telleth of Plato and Aristotle and receiveth in return a greater amount of the "filthy palimpsest" than in former days.

J. A. McLean, '92, spent part of his summer reading up the statutes of Canada in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. He, however, escaped from Sodom unhurt. The results of "J. A.'s" researches will be embodied in a Ph.D. Thesis which will be a marked addition to economic literature.

G. R. Anderson, '93, who steered the Varsity through financial waters last year, is now a teacher in Gananogue High School. He escaped the School of Pedagogy and is now teaching the youth of Gananogue school a truth that the Varsity habitues could never learn, viz., that order is heaven's first law.

The School of Pedagogy claims many of our graduates, and this year is no exception to the rule. Within the walls of the Pedagogical Seminary may be seen Misses Balmer, Lindsay, Johnson, Smith, Fleming, Parkinson, Young, McCutcheon and Messrs. Allen, McVannel, Lane, Jenkins, Moore, Warren, Wilson, Massey, Hutchinson, Liddy, Walks, Crosby, Breckenbridge, McDougall, Stuart, Stoddart and Taylor.

The Sunday afternoon meeting in the Y.M.C.A. this week was very well attended indeed, over one hundred of the students being present. Prof. Dale addressed the meeting, taking as his subject: "Christianity from the Historical Standpoint," and dwelling at some length on the importance of the time of Christ's coming and the significance of His work in the history of the world. The address was both pleasant and profitable to all present.




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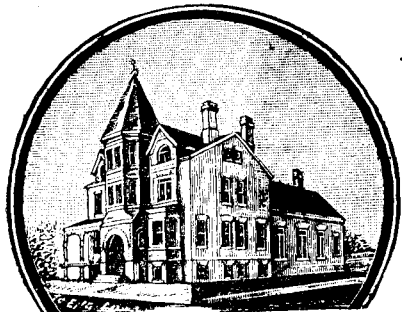
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