

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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STORM IN THE NIGHT.

They shriek afar i' the east from their haunted vaults—
The winds, his horséd couriers ; comes a tread
Which shakes heaven's coping. Overhead, the stars
Fall withered at the far glance of his eye.
He rides the blast, his trumpets fill the night ;
All ministering powers of light and good
Fall to the gloom of the underworld, ere yet
His swift, deep-mouthed dogs of hell hunt down
Their quarry through the sky.

W. J. H.

THE FIGHT FOR APPEARANCES.

To be rather than to seem, would be a good motto for more general adoption to-day. Not that this is an age of shams above all ages that ever were. Yet we know our own times better than it is possible for us to know any other and we can judge them more fairly.

There are, of course, different opinions as to what constitutes our well-being. And if we can suppose some approximation to absolute truth to be attainable here, then the desire to be well, and to appear well, is certainly not blameworthy. But while our capacity of desiring seems to be infinite, our powers of attainment are limited and fixed by the conditions in which we find ourselves. The result is a fight and a compromise. We struggle against the conditions and vanquish some of them ; we accept the others under tacit protest and restrain or modify our desires into a harmony of some kind with them.

In this process of conflict and adjustment the moral nature often suffers. The world judges us by appearances. There is nothing else for it to judge by. We alone may know ourselves. At the outset the world takes us to be what we seem to be. Subsequent manifestations on our part may change the judgment, but it is still a matter of appearance. And as the attainment of the reality which we desire and which the world approves, is often difficult or impossible, while the semblance of it is within easy reach, we sacrifice integrity on the shrine of appearance and sell our souls for a sham.

A considerable part of our social life is a fraud. The conventions of society and the laws of etiquette which condemn individuality and aim to make all men seem alike and act alike, are dishonest and fraudulent in their operation. Much of the current society talk, the complimentary allusion, the affected interest, are spurious and counterfeit. People say what they do not believe ; they pretend to feel what they do not feel.

There is a large element of sham in our politics, our trade, our professions and our literary and religious activities,—all

for the sake of some supposed advantage to be gained thereby. We do not stop often enough to reflect that no such gain can compensate the soul for the loss of honesty. But essayists and preachers have descanted sufficiently on this portion of the subject. For sake of variety the present article will deal with another particular phase of the evil.

I refer to our building operations. Many of the houses that are put up now-a-days are a fraud. Those who have had to live in them during the past month can well testify that they do not fulfil the primary end of a dwelling-house, which is to afford shelter and comfort. And in the secondary consideration of architectural beauty we fall equally short, though we make some pretension in this respect. People think they must have large houses, and as they can't afford to build them thus of solid stone or brick, they give the walls a brick veneer, or the front wall at least, though the sides and the back are of plaster. If the foundation is not of stone or the roof of slate, an attempt is made by the use of paint to make them appear as if they were.

Even the walls of our greatest public buildings, which to unsophisticated minds are of massive stone, turn out to be a brick-lined shell. To the Toronto University man who had passed and repassed for four years the old King's College building in the Queen's Park, and knew not too much of its history, but looked on it through a mist of romance—to such a one what a shock was given to find while the process of demolition was going on recently, that it too was a sham. We do not build now-a-days for the gods who see everywhere, but for men who look only at the surface.

There are many buildings of much pretension in Toronto, both public and private, that are disfigured with wood or metal cornices and pillars, painted with skilful trickery to the wretched semblance of stone. Even many of our churches, which at least ought to be honest buildings, are a deception with their sham stone pinnacles, turrets and mouldings. And the new hall now being built in Toronto by the Young Men's Christian Association is also to be condemned in this respect. If some of our religious buildings are in any sense an embodiment of our religious character, what a fraud we must be, to be sure !

The interiors and furniture of some of even our best houses are no better. There is too much veneer and imitation. We paint and stain and grain and paper and plaster our walls, our doors or our furniture, until we have deceived ourselves into ignorance of what plain honesty and good taste in these matters require of us. If we cannot have the reality through and through, for the sake of heaven let us not corrupt our souls with the imitation.

In matters of dress and personal adornment, the same dishonesty and vitiated taste appears. In fact, with respect to ornament, it has come to be pretty generally understood that very little that glitters is really gold, and even a lady's sealskin coat becomes an object of suspicion.

The remedy for the evil lies with the individual. Let him break from under the base compulsion of other people's opinions—and of his own. Let him moderate his desires to the point where he can satisfy them with realities. Satisfaction and success are relative terms. There is no absolute here. High satisfactions may consist with humble desires, and being, not having, is the end of life and the measure of its fullness.

A. STEVENSON.

THE NEW LITERARY SENSATION.

Amid the immensities of Western nature, men are cast in a larger mould. Under their broader skies is developed a magnificent largeness in speech and thought, now finding vent in heroic enterprise, and again in coining the queerest slang. They fondly proclaim that a new literary type is arising on the Pacific slopes, instinct with energy and life. The charms of mining with its alternate gifts of opulence and penury attracts the choicer specimens of the new race to the little mining settlements, where there is that reckless ease begot of fatalism mingled with buoyant hope. For while the hearty life of the west pulses through their limbs, it is worth while to live merely for the pleasure of living.

There is one point on which the Western community is touchy, and that is the supposed higher culture of the East. In their own vigorous way they will prove conclusively to you that the East is effete in literature as well as in men, and show that it is in the hardier West that America must find its future writers. For there the mountains, skies and grand processes of nature are never-failing sources of inspiration. At last the West has found a fit exponent of its views.

Through the kindness of a friend there has reached me the first issue of the *Lone Gulch Sanhedrim* (a quiet reference perhaps to subscription list), a literary and political weekly. Lone Gulch is a flourishing mining settlement in a spur of the Nevada Mountains. I am enabled to give a short description, because the *Sanhedrim* has for title piece a wood-cut of Lone Gulch embowered in the rays of the Western sun. About a dozen wooden shanties, all but two decorated with legends to the effect that this was the A1 Saloon, and a number of old army tents occupy a fairly level plateau at the mouth of the gulch. A fringe of tasseled pines forms a background.

The "Prospectus" is worthy of our attention, as it embodies the platform of the promoters of the new enterprise. An extract or two will convey a better idea than any description:—

"The slip-slop of Eastern Journalism is disgusting. In their periodicals there is no longer manly vigour. Men do not write what they think in good, wholesome Saxon. They seek elegance and finish at the expense of strength. The result is a nerveless sweetness only palatable to an enervated public.

* * *

We intend to say what we mean every time, no roundaboutisms with us. If we think a man is a skunk we intend to let the public know it.

* * *

We intend to show these Eastern galoots that just as good writing can be done with our dialect, as they choose to call it, as with the cold lisping language of the East. Where can you find such picturesqueness in epithet and images so forcible as in that despised Western speech. . . . &c., &c."

May they succeed. As the *genre* painters grew up in defiance of all rules, as the realist school in literature started up in France and England to protest against artistic fetters, so America is to see a natural school grow up on the slopes of the Rockies. And what better champion than the Lone Gulch *Sanhedrim*.

The *Sanhedrim* is a four-page weekly, printed from old type, battered and broken, on gray wrapping paper. Its contents are a curious mixture. An account of a dance and supper up at Red Mike's Saloon, "where all the beauty and fashion of Lone Gulch were gathered on this festive occasion." An account that glows with all the imagery of a western reporter is cheek by jowl with an editorial utterance of a true frontier flavour. "Two-fingered Bill, which his other name is Short, is warned to stop loafing about the stampers, trying to steal, for the eyes of the intelligent citizens of Lone Gulch are upon him, and they will tender him a surprise party," which surprise, it is not obscurely hinted, would be in the nature of bringing his neck into sympathetic contact with a rope and an oak limb.

The election of a sheriff is coming off and, of course, the *Sanhedrim* pushes its candidate powerfully, remarking that if the other party felt aggrieved, he "could make known his objections at this office," but, at the same time, quietly suggested that it would be as well if his friends had ready a barrow to remove the remains.

In literature there is the first instalment of a story, some verse, and a singular piece entitled "A Gargoyle," which I shall quote. It seems to have a personal bearing on some "soak" of the Gulch, and is introduced by a line or two of jolly old Falstaff.

"I have maintained that salamander of yours with firr any time these two and thirty years; God reward me for it."

—Falstaff.

The carbuncular richness of his phiz was an outward and visible sign, a very beacon rather, of an inward and proof-spirit grace. By such token you might guess he was of the most noble order of toss-pots—your devil-may-care fellows who swig off their lush with the ease that only a lifetime of practise can bestow. For some five and forty years he had dandled and petted his rubicund member, and great was his reward. A mellow glow wreathed the massy structure, in which a swollen vein here and there gleamed portentous—dark purple on a sanguine field. With its fiery sheen it lighted up the ambush of his hairy muzzle, for all the world like an angry sunset in a squalid forest. Gnarled and knotted, as sometimes is the patriarch among trees, not a knob but chronicled some great effort in the service of the wine-god. This blossom—he would say, laying his finger respectfully on a particularly vicious looking excrescence that shaded its rich tones into the encircling brassy tints—cost me a good twelvemonth's devotion to a prime article of Bordeaux brandy. For as a pine by its rings marks the march of time, did his bulbous ornament in itself serve for annals. In days of old, when faith was young our sires were wont to garnish their churches with grotesque figures—*gargoyles*, that from coigns of vantage upspread to the four winds of heaven their quaint hideousness, to fright away what bad spirits ranging abroad might chance to prowl near the fold. Like fair service was rendered our jolly toper by the dazzling effulgence of his generous organ. For, overcome at sight thereof, the tapster—he who calls spirits from the vasty deep—would forget his knavish cunning and turn true man. So for the nonce there was no lime in the sack. H.

JEAN JACQUES :

A TALE OF A FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

Jean Jacques was a Frenchman.
So were his father and grandfather before him.
Jean Jacques was of noble birth.
His father was a French Count.
His full name was: Jean Jacques de la Rochejacquelin
Leon Michel de Haut-Ton.
But he was always familiarly called Jean Jacques, in imitation of another celebrated Frenchman.

CHAPTER II.

In the Revolution of six months before, Jean Jacques had staked high, and had lost.

The hated Republic had been established, and the Government had been returned with an increased majority.

But his hopes and wishes for the ultimate destiny of France were not extinguished by the inactivity of the Revolution business.

"France shall yet live," he often used to say, "Even though I die for her."

In the horoscope of political destiny Jean Jacques saw that a Revolution must come.

He was ready.

CHAPTER III.

Jean Jacques had been forced *malgre lui*, to accept a position in the Bureau of Finance.

He had to live somehow, and "why not gain some departmental knowledge? who knows but that some day—"

His salary was 1,000 francs a year,—a mere pittance—but what was sordid gold to him if France might yet be saved!

The position was respectable; and though he scorned to be employed by the Republic—bah!—he had sense enough not to starve.

CHAPTER IV.

With the characteristic love of his nation, Jean Jacques was fond of showy dress.

And so far as his salary would allow, he dressed himself in a manner becoming a true son of France, and the son of a French Count.

He usually wore a tight-fitting *surtout* of blue serge, adorned

with great brass buttons taken from an old military overcoat of the time of the Empire.

He was continually smoking cigarettes. His favorite brand was "Le Petit Caporal." The picture of Napoleon on the wrapper had first attracted his attention; and from that time his soul had been fired with a desire to rival the Sovereign of Elba.

Visions of *Coups d'Etat* floated constantly before his vision.

CHAPTER V.

Jean Jacques had an intimate friend.

The gentle reader will instantly draw the conclusion that his intimate was a woman.

And the gentle reader will be wrong.

No; Jean Jacques' friend was an obscure printer, poorer than himself.

But this printer was a Frenchman! Did not that make up for a great deal!

The printer's name was Antoine—simply this and nothing more.

If Antoine had ever had any other names he never remembered them.

If he had ever wanted more, Jean Jacques would have lent him some of his. He had often said so.

Such, gentle reader, is the power of love.

Antoine had no particular creed. He would shout himself hoarse over the Republic or Empire, according to which paid best.

Just now it was the Empire.

But if there was a real live, *AT*. Revolution on deck, why so was Antoine.

He published a newspaper,—*L'Epee de Damocles*.

Jean Jacques and Antoine were bosom friends,—*amis de sein*, in fact.

CHAPTER VI.

Jean Jacques had on several occasions asked for a "rise."

No attention having been paid to his requests he determined to take one—out of the Republic.

He came to the conclusion that it was absolutely necessary to start a revolution, or else France would be forever lost.

CHAPTER VII.

It was night.

It was dark and wet.

Jean Jacques de la Rochejacquelin Leon Michel de-Haut-Ton walked as rapidly as the length of his name would permit towards La Place de la Revolution.

Antoine sought it from another direction.

It was a propitious meeting-place!

The clocks had stricken ten.

"Ha! Voila!"

"Oui!"

"Y restez!"

"Are you prepared!"

"Je suis."

"Bien."

"Que buvez-vous?"

"Unc taille-de-coq."

"Bien."

"Hâtons-nous!"

"From this moment," said Jean Jacques, "I give myself for France. She shall live, though the very infernal regions combine against her, France shall live——."

But the cold injunction of M. le Gendarme to "*aller, au-dessous, vite*ment," cut short the impassioned eloquence of Jean Jacques.

The conspirators strode off into the darkness.

But their souls were on fire.

France had not begun to live yet.

These were only the mutterings of the tempest.

CHAPTER VIII.

A difficulty presented itself to Jean Jacques.

He wanted a pretext for his Revolution.

At last one was vouchsafed him.

He was alone in his office one day.

He espied a scrap of paper on the floor. He picked it up.

"*Mon Dieu*," was all he said.

These were the words on the scrap of paper: "They must

be of the best German silver, as they will be used in all the Government Departments."

The scrap bore the signature of his chief, a Cabinet Minister! Jean Jacques placed his "find" next his palpitating heart, and when his work for the day was over he hurriedly sought the office of *L'Epee*.

CHAPTER IX.

He embraced Antoine, and sank into a chair, exhausted.

"Ah, mon ami, you have news?"

"France shall live. I shall save her. Read!"

Antoine read the scrap of paper, and sank into his friend's arms.

They both remained silent for a spell.

CHAPTER X.

"We must Revolute," said Jean Jacques.

"*Ca ira*, Gallagher," responded Antoine, fervently.

CHAPTER XI.

The next day, *L'Epee* contained the following:—

Aux Armes!
A Bas La Republique!
Vive L'Empire!

PATRIOTS! Read This:—

"They must be of the best GERMAN SILVER, as they will be used in all the Government Departments.

(Signed.)

"Boulangier,
Minister of War."

Patriots of France!

The Government is recreant!

It is in league with Germany!

German Boodle debauches the Executive!

German silver threatens Les Bureaux!

To arms, then!

Down with Bismarck!

A Bas the Boodle crew!

(Signed)

Jean Jacques, etc., de Haut-Ton,
Antoine.

CHAPTER XII.

Paris was moved.

The Boulevards were thronged.

L'Epee was in every hand.

Jean Jacques alone is calm.

* * * * *

Borne along by a surging mob of humanity, he sits unmoved on the triumphal seat.

They approach the *Chambre des Deputes*.

They find it deserted.

They enter with shouts and cheers.

Jean Jacques ascends the Tribune, amid cries of "Vive L'Empire," and "Vive L'Empereur!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A hush settles on the crowd. Jean Jacques speaks.

He denounces the government.

He demands that all the rivers flowing from France into the Rhine, and even that river itself, be dammed.

He proclaims the downfall of the Republic.

And announces the establishment of the Empire.

The crowd cheer, and the students of the University of Paris sing "Vive Le Roi" from the gallery.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jean Jacques is proclaimed Emperor.

Antoine secures the Government Printing contract, and is happy.

CHAPTER XV.

France lives!

She has achieved a great moral victory!

It is her first and only one! But what of that!

She has humiliated Germany!

And without spending a dollar!

Or shedding a drop of blood!

CHAPTER XVI.

O, long-headed Jean Jacques.

O, happy Boodler Antoine.

Ave!

Salve!!

Houp-la!!!

FIN.

CHIC.

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of THE VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at McAinch & Ellis's, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

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

For some time previous to the Christmas vacation various imitators were in circulation respecting THE VARSITY and its management. Since its commencement THE VARSITY has met with similar treatment periodically. The present difficulty arose, so far as we can learn, over the management of a recent college event, and the attitude therein assumed by those in whose hands has been placed the conduct of this paper. We should take no notice of the charges brought against THE VARSITY were it not that we desire to correct an impression which has evidently gained currency amongst some of our readers whose goodwill and help we should be very unwilling to lose.

Our readers will naturally wish to know what the charges are. As there is no virtue in concealment we shall be most explicit and direct in our statement of them. As is well known, there is a branch of the Zeta Psi Fraternity in existence in University College. For reasons which it is not our province to discuss, this Greek Letter Society has incurred the ill-will of certain students. During the "late unpleasantness," the action taken by the editors of THE VARSITY, in their private capacity, furnished the pretext upon which the charges were based. Thereupon a regular "Rye House Plot" was unearthed, and THE VARSITY was charged with being controlled by, and conducted in the exclusive interest of, this Greek Letter Society!

Now we have a few words to say in reply to this charge. First of all, THE VARSITY is controlled by a Joint Stock Company, and is entirely independent of any society, body or clique, except its shareholders. To these, and these alone, is it responsible. In the second place, not a single Editor of THE VARSITY belongs to the Greek Letter Society. And in the next place, considering that the Editorial Staff alone has control of the columns of THE VARSITY, we fail to see how members of the Directorate, who are not Editors, could possibly control its columns in the interests of any society!

The Editors of THE VARSITY have always adhered to the rule, that a contribution from any quarter shall be accepted, provided the subject discussed is of general interest; that it is written with some regard to literary finish, and that the article is vouched for as *bona fide*. The correspondence column is always open, and unless correspondents omit to acquaint the Editors with their names, and unless the writer wishes simply to veil personal recriminations under the cheap device of anonymity, his communication always will find a place in the columns of THE VARSITY. Opinions at variance with those of the Editors, and letters criticizing the editorial utterances of THE VARSITY, so long as they conform to the above rules, are never refused. It now only remains for us to add that those who persist, after this explanation, in bringing such charges as we have now replied to, will have the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that they are telling what is not true.

By a recent statement in the daily papers it is officially announced that Woodstock College is to be converted into a separate University. But there is also another statement which, while it does not surprise us, is to be regretted most sincerely. It is this: That the Toronto Baptist College is joining in the movement. It will

doubtless be made the Theological Faculty of the new McMaster University—if that institution ever becomes an established fact. And this THE VARSITY will most strenuously oppose. We have already stated our objections to the new University, and there is no need to go over the ground again. But this much may be said: That McMaster Hall is now affiliated to the University of Toronto; that the spirit of the terms of affiliation was that the students attending the Baptist College in that city should get their theological training there, and take their Arts course at University College, graduating in the University of Toronto.

Principal Castle, if we remember aright, was a prominent speaker at the great banquet in the Pavilion three years ago, when Confederation was the all-engrossing topic in University circles. He represented the Baptists on that occasion, and was clear and distinct in the expression of his and their sentiments of loyalty and affection for the University of Toronto. The Hon. McMaster is a Senator of Toronto University and a member of the Board of Trustees. He may not unfairly be asked why he should seek to complicate matters at the present juncture, and fail—as he practically does—in his support of the University of Toronto. Considering the official position he occupies in relation thereto, this might reasonably be expected of him.

As we have stated before, we would not object to the establishment of a Baptist Arts College with a good staff of instructors. There is no real pressing need even for this. The multiplication of Colleges for the purposes of giving instruction, while almost unnecessary at present in Ontario, would not have any very bad results. But the multiplication of small Colleges, endowed with University powers, has a positively vicious effect upon higher education. At the present time, when an honest attempt is being made to consolidate two of the prominent Universities in this Province, it is disheartening, to say the least, to see the project started—and that, too, by a Senator of one of the Confederating Universities—of establishing another University, which must necessarily be a rival institution. Senator McMaster's University scheme, if it goes through, will leave things in the same position practically, but in a worse condition positively, after, as before the consolidation of Toronto and Victoria. Since our last utterance on this subject the Provincial elections have been held. The same party—though with increased strength—is in power. During the contest the Reverend Principal of McMaster Hall took a hand in the discussion. His fulsome adulation of the Provincial Premier may not be without its effect. But we certainly hope the Minister of Education will think seriously before he consents to introduce a Bill into the Legislature which will confer University functions upon Woodstock College. Such a course would stultify his previous utterances and actions in reference to University Confederation. We believe he is sincere in his desire to bring the present negotiations to a successful and happy consummation. The government is secure for another four years and does not need to bid for Baptist support. We trust, therefore, that wise and statesman-like counsels will prevail, and that the government will not countenance the proposal to confer University powers on Woodstock College.

The *Knox College Monthly*, in its December number, took occasion to compliment THE VARSITY upon what it called its "change of front" with regard to theological colleges. We cannot, however, accept our contemporary's congratulations on the terms on which they are offered. We do not desire to receive praise on false pretences. We did not last year, nor do we wish this year, to be in "antagonism to theological colleges." But we did not, and shall not, hesitate when occasion arises to speak out plainly in every case in which we have reason to believe that the interests of University College are threatened, no matter from whence the danger may come. Last year we had reason for believing that the representatives on the Senate of the theological colleges had other and ulterior objects in view than those affecting the good of the University or the College as a whole. We took occasion to say so plainly. But we were not antagonistic to theological colleges, and it is most unfair to charge us with having assumed such an attitude. This year no such occasion for criticism has arisen, and we have not, therefore, said anything on the subject. From this

silence our contemporary draws the inference that we have been converted. Our attitude is one of defence, not one of defiance; we are conservative, not radical. We have no occasion, as we certainly have no desire, to put ourselves in an attitude of antagonism to the affiliated colleges. But at the same time we reserve to ourselves the right of criticism and attack when necessary. Our first duty, as we regard it, is to University College and its interests. When they are concerned it is ours to do what we can to defend and protect them. Our contemporary has, apparently, not forgiven THE VARSITY for the publication of the New Protestantism articles. We are sorry for this, but have nothing to regret in the matter. We have no quarrel with the *Knox College Monthly*, but feel it but just to the former staff of this paper, as to the present, to correct the impression which the *Monthly's* article would convey. We have nothing but the most friendly feelings for our contemporary, whose Board of Editors is composed entirely of our own graduates, and whose value as a magazine is increasing with each issue; but we must respectfully decline to receive its congratulations about our "change of front."

Not only all who have had to do with University College in the past few years, but University men generally,—and not University men alone, but all who would zealously care for and foster what there is of Canadian literature,—will welcome the announcement that Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London, are about to issue a volume of the poems of Mr. T. B. Phillips-Stewart, of THE VARSITY staff in the spirit, but long lost to us in the flesh, in his wanderings over seas. The class of '87 need not be reminded that in their sophomore year Mr. Phillips-Stewart did them the honor of winning the prize by his poem, "The New World," which has its place in "THE VARSITY Book." The poems which appeared over his name in our columns last year are familiar to our readers; and little that we can say in praise and sympathetic approval of them will have force to add to their power, and beauty, and promise.

Mr. Phillips-Stewart departs from London for Rome within the month; and it is not unlikely that before these lines are in print his volume will have been launched on the perilous sea, whose ebb-tide leaves stranded multitudes of waifs. But we have all confidence in his self-sustaining strength and the high poetic purpose which will, in time, compel the literary world to take note of him; and we are assured that the best wishes of our readers are with the gifted young Canadian in his first attempt to scale the Old World heights.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

I.—STEELE AND DEAN SWIFT.

One afternoon Mr. Addison and Sir Richard Steele entered Button's arm in arm, and found assembled most of the wits who frequented that well-known coffee-house. Mr. Ambrose Phillips, with somewhat violent gestures and not a little excitement, was delivering his opinion of Mr. Pope's paper on Pastoral Poetry in the *Guardian* of that day. Mr. Addison said but little, and seemed lost in meditation while he smoked his long pipe. Sir Richard, who had been fuddling himself earlier in the day, absorbed quantities of spirits and water, throwing out flashes of wit into the discussion going on, and then relapsing into a moody silence.

Dean Swift entered with a pretentious grandeur of manner which was lost on those present by reason of the ardour of their conversation. After a few words with Mr. Addison, the Dean, annoyed at Sir Richard's persistent inattention to his presence, bawled out with the ill-bred vulgarity which was so disagreeably characteristic of him, "So, Mr. Dick, you don't know your friends any longer now, when you see them,—eh?"

"They do tell me that I am growing short-sighted," said Steele, turning to his fellow countryman with tipsy gravity, "but if you would kindly shut your mouth so that I may see more of your face, perhaps I then shall be able to make out who you are."

II.—HUXLEY'S MERRY JEST.

"Herbert Spencer has been telling me that you were labouring last evening under extreme cerebral excitement," remarked Huxley, as he met Richard A. Proctor emerging from a London drug store on the second of January.

"I have just been procuring some bromide," returned Proctor, smiling feebly.

"I understand," Huxley continued, "that you magnanimously offered to clean out two bobbies with one hand tied behind your back, and that you drew a great crowd by rendering several local selections very acceptably——"

"Good Heavens!" gasped Proctor, "Did I do that?"

"Very acceptably," persisted Huxley, "though with a rather thick utterance. You made the street howl with melody, and were the centre-piece of a large and enthusiastic celebration."

"I haven't the slightest—I don't remember——" ejaculated Proctor, putting his hand to his head vaguely. "Last evening is a perfect blank to me!"

"Would I not be justified, now," Huxley inquired with a merry twinkle in his eye, "in putting this on record as an exceptionally well authenticated instance of Unconscious Celebration?"

W. J. H.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

"A SUGGESTION."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

DEAR SIRS,—In your last number appears one of the most astounding instances of the "consciousness of genius" that the American continent has produced. I attack the article from cover because the author's acquaintance is a source of intellectual profit to me. I confess that the first sentence of "A Suggestion" slightly staggered me. On recovering, it occurred to me, "this *must* be a joke." But the "suggestion" of this galaxy "Rasselas," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and "A Suggestion," so primarily essential to its creation in the mind, is evidently *no* joke. The author might have omitted poor Ben Jonson's name, and certainly he ought not to have tried to father his hasty *suggestio mei* on the undefended dead. You must understand, Mr. Editor, that I proceed according to the canon that "Brevity is the soul of wit," and, therefore, do I conclude that the first thirty lines are *not* a very prosy joke, but a little revelation of genius. The author finishes (alas! too soon) by throwing out the suggestion. What a pity this was not done instead of putting it in print. But—and here ensues another train of subtle philosophy fairly sampled thus—"I cannot help thinking that to some the VARSITY has been merely a vehicle for the insertion of 'copy' which could not elsewhere be inserted," and "But 'comely,' truly, VARSITY articles have almost always been." This latter phrase must, according to Ruskin and Arnold, mean that the articles in question are beautiful within and without. Here, evidently, one of the "fat women" came betwixt his "wit" and his sense. Roget and many others use the word "Psychics," and it can be found in many dictionaries, so that this special coining of the author must be, as it indeed appears, a counterfeited. Still we may acquit him of any criminal offence for he observes: "Doubtless, there are many in University College who know much more of the matter than do I."

And here let me notice a pretty literary gem of your own, Mr. Editor: "The *battle* of the magazines will open this winter with a brilliant *campaign*."

Yours feebly,

OLD SLEDGE.

"VARSITY."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Every time that I take up your valuable paper my highly strung nerves receive a shock on observing the title which to me savours somewhat of slang. I have heard the term used at Oxford in reference to the Varsity boat or the Varsity Football team, etc., such being also the case at Cambridge University. I think it would seem to any one unbecoming that the first word which meets the eye in the organ of this great Educational Institution, which would be supposed to be devoted entirely to articles in cultured language and other matter of the same kind, should be of the nature of slang. I will not, however, go so far as this without making some suggestion myself; I think some such title as University Gazette or Chronicle would be more appropriate. When I leave University College I am sure I shall feel much more inclined to continue taking your valuable paper, if it bears a different name. I have spoken to other University men on the subject and fancy a change of name would meet with general acceptance; the same, I think, will prove true with regard to the outside public, not to speak of our graduates. If I have not made myself prominent in any other way in University College affairs I shall feel much gratified if I shall prove to be the means of bringing about this much needed reform; or, at any rate, to bring about a thorough discussion of the subject. Hoping this will meet with your approval,

I remain yours,

J. C. BURROWS.

University College, Toronto, Dec. 8th, 1886.

ROUND THE TABLE.

In the "Breakfast Table Series," Oliver Wendell Holmes occasionally takes us into his confidence. At least he seems to do so, when he mentions that a tendency to *mal apropos* remarks in conversation has proved to him a fruitful source of embarrassment. He candidly tells us that whenever he talks with an Irishman, he has to keep constant watch over himself to avoid some reference to Paddy, though that endearing diminutive finds no place in his ordinary vocabulary. In this tendency I suspect that the autocrat is not alone; do we not all recollect times when we would create the most favourable impression, but have blundered out some clumsy phrase, some "crass fate," as it were, compelling us to disappoint our own eagerness? My own latest I here set down with no extenuating circumstances.

A week or so ago I was picking my arduous way through that cavernous opening in the Park where soon a stately pile will uprear its massive grandeur. I stopped midway to admire the scene and to listen to the shouts of workmen and creak of teams, till the place seemed alive with all the bustle of a busy mart of trade. (I think I have seen that phrase somewhere; at present, however, I am unable to place it. And then observe how finely it rounds off the sentence.) In my abstracted mood I noticed a stranger, with the well-known formidable English air, approaching. Had I but been on the alert I might have taken warning, for there was a question in his eye, and so have nerved myself for the encounter. But on my heedless ear the question fell. Again, in courteous terms, he inquired of me whether that was the site of the new Legislative Buildings. I bluntly assented and then, bethinking myself that our English visitor might carry away an displeasing impression of Canadian brusqueness, I hastily rummaged through my mind for some appropriate remark. Out it came at last, seemingly after due deliberation and looking around on every side, for in my helplessness I sought inspiration from without,—"*a pretty sizey hole?*" with the rising inflection.

Think of it ye gods! I who have haunted the groves of Academe, who have drunk of ancient and modern springs of Parnassus, who am a flower of Ontario youth (for so our friends flatter us), to be able on such an occasion, when Canada was represented in my person, to say but this—"*a pretty sizey hole?*" The Englishman seemed pained and I—I left.

When the critic saw the article headed "A Russian Fabulist," he perused it very carefully and then laid it down with an air of disappointment mingled with contempt. On our asking what the matter was, he said, "Now, there's a fellow who doesn't know his opportunity. Such a chance he may never have again. Why, actually, in talking about fables and personification, he had not go enough in him to refer to the '*Anthropopathic tendency in man.*'" We, on the contrary, rejoiced with exceeding joy that the writer had spared us.

The gentlemanly Gifford, who wrote the "famous infamous" review of "Endymion" in the *Quarterly*, was the first, if I mistake not, to characterize Keats, Leigh Hunt, Lamb, Hazlitt and others, as the "Cockney School"; the point of the witticism lying wholly in the fact that the reviewer affected to believe that the coterie was made up entirely of Londoners. I may be mistaken as to Gifford, for, though I have read a great deal about his momentous article, and have enjoyed the imagination of how he must have satisfied poetic justice in writing under Shelley's slings and arrows, I have never gone through the article itself, —*pars minima est ipsa puella sui*. I am well enough up in Keats, however, to be able to point out in "Endymion" a few of the deviations from ritualized literary English which with us merit the epithet "cockney," though in a slightly different sense from that in which it was used by Gifford.

About one hundred and fifty lines from the end of the first book of "Endymion" we read:

"—a hope beyond the shadow of a dream.
My sayings will the less obscure seem,
When I have told thee how my waking sight

Has made me scruple whether the same night
Was spent in dreaming."

In the second line *obscure* must obviously be read *ob-skew-ah*, a word of three syllables.

In the middle of the third book:—

"Groanings swelled
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
The nearer I approached a flame's gaunt blue,
That glared before me through a thorny brake.
This *fire*, like the eye of gordian snake,
Bewitch'd me towards."

More than five hundred lines farther on in the same book:—

"Not flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping dove, or river's flow,—
No, nor the Æolian twang of Love's own bow,
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess Cytherea."

And in the fourth book, four or five hundred lines from the opening:—

"These raven horses, though they foster'd are
Of earth's splenetic *fire*, dully drop
Their full-veined ears, nostrils blood wide, and stop;
Upon the spiritless mist have they outspread
Their ample feathers, are in slumber dead,—
And on those pinions, level in mid-air,
Endymion sleepeth and the lady fair."

In the first and third of these quotations I have italicized "fire," which in both verses is made *fire ah*. Elsewhere in the poem the word is generally of one syllable.

The second quotation contains, perhaps, the most unpardonable rhyme ever made by poet, which is saying a very great deal, indeed:—

"Music fit for the soft e-ah
Of goddess Cytheréa."

To colonials, at any rate, whose every-day intercourse lacks the gracious halo thrown around even the commonest words by "the English accent,"—the use of which, I am however given to understand, is among the most inestimable of the privileges enjoyed by those who attend Trinity College,—it is likely to be a matter of surprise that so supreme a poet and artist as Keats, with such a "mastery of his mystery," whose hand was so masterful and true in the finest, most evasive shades of subtle suggestion, should allow such verses to stand in "Endymion." There are other slight metrical blemishes in the poem into which it is not needful to inquire too nicely.

One does not like to be thought guilty of bringing a charge of this kind against the *clarum ac venerabile nomen* of the Laureate. But the laurel rests over an ear which only once forgot its cunning and its delicate perception, and was betrayed—whisper it not in the streets of Askelon!—into a "cockney" rhyme. In the *Gem*, a literary annual for 1831, Tennyson printed two short poems which are not found in all the ordinary editions of the poet. My presumption has carried me to the length of underlining the objectionable rhyme in one of them.

ANACREONTICS.

"With roses musky-breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-leaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown *before her*.
For her I love so dearly,
A garland for *Lenora*.
With a silken cord I bound it.
Lenora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after."

The ingenious man asked to be allowed to read an elegiac distich,—"*a small, slight thing, but his own*":

Man has known no rest or quiet since Adam, in Eden,
Startled from peaceful sleep, stared in surprise at his wife.
HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

T. Marshall, B.A., '86, has been appointed on the pedagogic staff of Dundas.

G. D. Wilson, B.A., '86, is Classical Master in Uxbridge Collegiate Institute.

F. H. Sykes, M.A., '85, is Modern Language Master in Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

T. G. Campbell, B. A., of Whitby, has been appointed Inspector of Schools for South Gray.

Wm. Houston, M.A., now holds a place on the Board of Trustees of Toronto Collegiate Institute.

A. S. Johnson, M.A., '82, formerly Fellow in Mental and Moral Science, is now on the staff of Cornell University.

The VARSITY will be sent to all new subscribers from now until end of academic year (including Christmas and June special numbers) for \$1.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam will, it is expected, deliver a lecture to the Modern Language Club at no very distant date, on the subject of "Canadian Authors."

Mr. J. N. McKendrick, '87, went to Queen's to represent University College at the dinner of the graduating class, and at the Royal College conversazione.

The Rev. Jeffroy Hill, M.A., of Chatham, will deliver a lecture in Moss Hall on Saturday evening next, Jan. 22, at 8 p.m., on the subject "Marmion and Mark Twain," or "What I Saw in France and Italy."

The Literary and Scientific Society have failed to arrange for an intercollegiate debate with McGill this year. It is expected, however, that representatives will be sent to Kingston to take part in a debate with Queen's College Alma Mater Society some time in February.

Extract from a letter from Johns Hopkins University:—"At the January examinations, H. R. Fairclough took a scholarship in Greek, and A. MacMechan a scholarship in German. All the Toronto men here are either Fellows or Scholars. They never get left. Send on another contingent for '87-'88."

Rev. Jeffrey Hill, M.A., '65, will lecture under the auspices of the Literary and Scientific Society on Saturday evening, January 22nd, on the subject of "Marmion and Mark Twain." The lecturer will illustrate his subject by blackboard sketches of a comic nature. The Y. M. C. A. are expected to grant the use of their rooms for the occasion.

Copies of the Constitution, By-Laws, List of Members, Chronological List of Officers from time of inauguration, &c., of the Literary and Scientific Society of the College have been issued in neat and convenient pamphlet form, and may be had of various members of the Committee. Each member of the Society would do well to possess himself of a copy. The price is merely nominal.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—The semi-annual meeting of this club was held in Moss Hall on Wednesday, January 19th. The committee was elected as follows:—President, G. Boyd; Sec'y.-Treasurer, G. C. Biggor; Committee—Fourth Year—H. McLaren, E. C. Senkler, W. McKay. Third year—J. H. Senkler, F. X. Mill, F. Suetsinger. Second year—E. A. Sullivan, G. B. McClean, A. T. Watt. C. Marani and G. Boyd were elected delegates to the Union.

At the Modern Language meeting on Monday last, a great many visitors were present, attracted, doubtless, by the very interesting programme which the committee had provided. Byron and his works were the subjects of three very interesting essays. Dr. Wilson, who presided as chairman of the meeting, gave an exceedingly entertaining discourse on Byron. Mr. T. M. Logie read an essay on Manfred. Mr. F. J. Steen read an essay on Childe Harold. The last paper, a very witty production, was read by Mr. Boulbee. After a short discussion of the essays, Dr. Wilson was heartily thanked for his kindness in presiding. The meeting then adjourned.

About a month ago there appeared in the cable news of the city papers a notice of the death of Professor H. Alleyn Nicholson, formerly Professor of Natural History in University College, and then occupying the same chair in Aberdeen University. This week, however, it is learned from the best authority, viz., himself, that he is not only alive, but in excellent health. The death of his father recently probably gave rise to the mistake. Our Canadian editors yield at times to the temptation of amplifying their meagre cable news. An item comes of the death of H. A. Nicholson. The "Men of the Times" is hunted up, and "our own correspondent" is credited with a full account of what turns out to have never occurred. Professor Nicholson succeeded Professor Hincks, and resigned to take the chair in the University of St. Andrews, from which he has since been promoted to that of Aberdeen.

The preliminary preparations for the publication of a University College Song Book are now completed. The Glee Club has decided that we must have a song book of our own, and has appointed the following committee to compile and issue the book: M. S. Mercer, B.A., W. Elliott Haslam, J. W. Garvin, R. M. Hamilton, R. L. Johnston, A. H. Young, W. J. Healy, F. B. Hodgins, J. E. Jones, N. Kent, J. D. Spence, and J. J. Ferguson. Negotiations are now in progress to get some publisher to take hold of the book, which it is hoped will be published about August. The price will probably be about one dollar. As it will be necessary to get a large subscription list, it is confidently expected that a large number of graduates and admirers of College songs will put their names down at once for a copy. The book is one that will commend itself to every College man, and will certainly raise the status of our chorus singing. Many a camp fire will no doubt be enlivened this summer by it, and subscribers, especially College students, will do well to send in their summer addresses, that the book may reach them as soon as it is published.

The fifth regular meeting of the NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION was held in Dr. Pike's lecture room, S. P. S., on Thursday, the 13th inst., the president in the chair. Mr. Shutt read a communication from a botanical firm in Paris, offering to exchange plants, etc.—laid over for further discussion. There being no further business the programme was taken up, the first paper being by Mr. A. B. MacCallum, B.A., on the origin of haemoglobin. The speaker gave a resume of the recent literature on his subject, followed by an account of some experiments, at present being carried on by himself, tending to show that haemoglobin is a degeneration product of the nucleus. This paper, which was well received, was illustrated by black-board drawings and microscopical preparations. Mr. W. L. Miller then read a paper on the fractionation of yttria, being a digest of a series of investigations undertaken by Crookes, the vice-president of the Chemical Society; after which there was an informal discussion on the value of spectroscopic indication as a guide to chemical composition. The association then adjourned until January 27th.

While the rest of the undergraduates are talking about promoting sociability among the students, the Glee Club is trying to do something in a practical way. They have revived the old custom of making little trips about town and into the country to assist at different concerts. The songs they sang at a concert at the Church of the Redeemer, on Dec. 16th, were received and encored most enthusiastically. Four young men who had played brass instruments at the concert, led the march home, Wycliffe College and the Residence being serenaded en route. On Jan. 12th, between thirty and forty members went on a sleighing party to Weston, there to furnish some music for a concert given by the C. E. T. S. After a jolly drive, they arrived at Weston to find that their advent had been heralded by large posters, and that they were expected to supply the whole concert. However, the Club managed to make up a full programme with choruses, solos, recitations, band performances, etc., that delighted the audience of over three hundred that had gathered to hear them. After the concert, and during the supper which was supplied by the ladies of Weston, the students surpassed themselves in jollity and good fellowship.

A SERIES OF LECTURES is to be delivered in the Convocation Hall of Trinity University, as was the case last winter. Friends of the College and the public generally are cordially invited. Following is the programme:—

Friday, January 21st.—"Shakespeare and his Influence on the English Language," by the REV. CANON NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

Friday, January 28th.—"Social Life at Rome under the Early Empire," by the REV. PROF. BOYS.

Thursday, February 3rd, and Friday, February 4th.—"The Roman Catholic Church after the Council of Trent," and "The Anglican Reformation," by the RIGHT REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., Bishop of Western New York.

Friday, February 11th.—"Carlyle," by the REV. PROF. CLARK.

Friday, February 18th.—"Latest Advices," by the VERY REV. PRESIDENT NELLES, President of Victoria University, Cobourg.

THE MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY met on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 14th, '86. The President, Mr. T. Mulvey, B. A., in the chair. Mr. Robertson read a biographical sketch of Leibnitz, and the members of the society discussed his works. Mr. L. H. Bowerman, B.A., read an excellent paper on the Mathematics of Insurance and Mortality, showing the calculations on which Insurance Companies base their business transactions. Messrs. Dixon and Duff gave experiments in Acoustics. On motion, the problems were held over until the next meeting, January 11th, 1887, when a paper on Galileo will be read. The General Committee has decided to make some slight changes in the programmes, which will come in force next term.

The severity of the weather on Tuesday, 11th inst., evidently kept a number of the Mathematical students away from the meeting of their Society, which opened the proceedings of the year on that day. Mr. J. B. Bowerman was nominated for membership. Mr. J. A. Duff offered an excellent paper on Friction, which evoked considerable discussion. This is the first paper read by an undergraduate during the academic year. It is hoped that the other undergraduates will take the exhortation of the President to heart, and follow the example set by Mr. Duff. Problems were solved by Messrs. Bowerman, Rosebrugh and McGowan.

A report from the General Committee, arranging some changes in the programmes, was read and adopted.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The first meeting for the term was held on Friday evening, the 14th inst. In the unavoidable absence of the President, Mr. T. C. Robinette was requested to take the chair. After routine business, Mr. J. A. Ferguson was nominated for the vacant office of Vice-President. It will be remembered that Mr. T. B. P. Stewart was elected to this office last March, but failing to put in an appearance in October, he was granted a lengthy leave of absence. A communication from Mr. Stewart was read to the society on Friday evening, in which Mr. Stewart expressed his regrets that his health compelled him to remain in Europe. He thanked the society for granting his leave of absence, and after wishing every success to the society in its good work of fitting men to influence their country's destiny, urged its members to be true to their fatherland, to have faith in its future, and to direct their talents and education to advance humanization and civilization. It is in the power of all to do something in this direction by earnest effort. The literary programme was of an interesting nature. Mr. L. B. Stephenson's reading from Nicholas Nickleby was well received. The debate was very lively, and we cannot help thinking that the committee would do well to have parliamentary debates more frequently. Mr. J. J. Hughes moved that "in the opinion of this society popular theatre going is a benefit to the community." Mr. J. S. Johnston seconded this motion in an able speech. Mr. A. H. O'Brien moved in amendment, seconded by Mr. Jeffrey, that the present low tone of the popular drama is deleterious rather than beneficial to the community. On a subsequent objection taken to its form the amendment was ruled out of order. Several other speakers followed, among whom were Messrs. A. T. Hunter, Macdonald, J. M. Talbot, J. A. Garvin, Ritchie and G. C. Biggar. After an able summing up, the chairman put the motion to the meeting and declared it carried.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's hall, Wednesday, Jan. 19th; President Houston in the chair. A paper was read by J. M. Clark, B. A. The object of representative institutions was pointed out, viz., that the wishes of those who have a rational will should be represented. The present system of electing representatives fails to do this; for all majorities are represented, but minorities have no representation, or are misrepresented. Elected bodies often fail to reflect the true public opinion, and may even be directly opposed to it. Sometimes the party supported by the largest number of voters has a minority of representatives. The system of representing merely local majorities develops party feeling, gives local interest too much influence in deciding elections, often gives the floating popularity control, and tends to lower the intellectual qualifications of representatives. The essayist mentioned a number of other methods. (1) The plan tried in South Australia—the whole country is the constituency, and each voter has as many votes as there are candidates; (2) cumulative voting, which is much the same as (1); (3) Lord John Russell's method of forming "three-cornered constituencies," each constituency elects three members, and a voter may vote for two candidates. This is the method followed in Toronto in electing representatives for the Ontario Legislature; (4) Mr. Hare's method—"proportional representation." The constituency is the whole country; a man may record his vote for any candidate; (5) a modified form of this suitable for Canada. Let a province be divided into districts each electing, say, twelve members; a man could vote for as many candidates as he pleases, indicating his preference by numbers opposite their names. A limit would be placed to the number of votes required for the election of a candidate, and candidates would be elected in the order of their preference by the public. This would secure the election of the men of the greatest calibre and avoid many evils of our present system. A discussion by

members of the association followed, in which objections and questions were stated and answered. The next meeting will be held at 4:15 p.m., Jan. 26. Papers will be read next Wednesday on "Natural Positive Law," by Messrs. J. A. McMillan and N. H. Russell. As Lorimer and Maine will be discussed, it is hoped a large number will be present.

CONVERSAZIONE.—The first meeting of the conversazione committee was held in Moss Hall on Wednesday, January 12th. The principal business consisted in striking off the sub-committees, which are as follows:—

Dressing-room.—J. S. MacLean (Convener), W. P. Thompson, F. F. Manley, M.A., J. G. Hume, R. L. Johnston, N. H. Russell, G. A. H. Fraser, J. F. Shesinger, R. H. Johnston, H. E. T. Haultain.

Finance.—F. H. Saffel (Convener), J. H. Moss, W. A. Bradley, W. F. W. Creelman, W. H. Irving, T. C. Robinette, Andrew Elliott, D. J. MacMurchy, J. F. Brown, W. H. Smith, J. A. Ferguson, T. A. Gibson, W. H. Hodges, B. Atkins, LaFamme, H. Richardson, C. M. Canniff, J. E. Jones, P. Porin, W. Cross, H. E. T. Haultain, W. J. Burt, S. A. Ball, A. McNally, A. Watt, W. H. Graham, F. H. Moss, T. E. Smith.

Music.—R. M. Hamilton (Convener), J. O. Miller, J. A. Garvin, W. H. Blake, B.A., M. S. Mercer, B.A., W. A. Frost, B.A., A. J. McLeod, B.A., C. W. Gordon, B.A. A. H. Young, J. E. Jones, J. D. Spence, J. J. Ferguson, A. T. Thompson.

Reception.—A. H. O'Brien (Convener), G. C. Biggar, F. H. Moss, W. A. Bradley, A. J. Hamilton, B.A., A. D. Brooks, B.A., R. McArthur, W. L. Miller, H. B. Bruce, N. H. Russell, V. M. McKay, P. McLeay, G. Boyd, E. C. Senkler, G. A. H. Fraser, R. J. Gibson, A. A. Macdonald, D. Boyd, E. Sullivan, A. Watt.

Heating, Seating, Lighting.—McKendrick (Convener), J. H. Rodd, J. A. McMillan, J. B. McEroy, W. A. Langport, H. J. Cady, H. W. C. Shore, W. Taylor, L. Boyd, R. McIlraith, A. T. Proctor.

Decoration.—E. C. Acheson, J. O. Miller, M. V. Kelly, C. Marani, J. H. Bowes, B.A., C. C. Owen, R.A., George Acheson, B. A., A. J. Armstrong, J. A. McMillan, E. F. Blake, W. E. Burritt, H. McClaren, L. E. Skey, D. Ferguson, C. M. Canniff, J. D. Spence, P. Porin, J. B. Pike, A. D. Thompson, G. B. McClean, J. Douglas, W. I. Senkler, W. J. Burt, G. A. Ball, A. McNally, W. B. Smith.

Refreshments.—H. A. Atkins (Convener), G. Logie, W. P. Mustard, P. McKeown, G. Boyd, J. S. Johnston, A. T. Hunter, T. B. Smith, W. H. Graham.

Invitation.—F. Redden (Convener), J. A. Patterson, M.A., W. H. Hunter, J. H. Moss, A. A. Macdonald.

Printing.—F. B. Hodgins (Convener), F. A. C. Redden, H. A. Atkins, T. Nattress, W. McBrady, T. Rogers, W. J. Healy.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

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

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The New Literary Sensation. H. Jean Jacques. CHIC.

Topics of the Hour.

Unrecorded Conversations of Great Men. W. J. H.

Communications.

"A Suggestion." OLD_SLEDGE. "Varsity." J. C. BURROWS.

Round the Table.

University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



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DI-VARSITIES.

The wife of the Mikado of Japan is a graduate of Vassar.

A druggist received the following note :—
“Dear Sir, please give bearer a sucking bottle for a baby with a long tube. Mrs. Smith.”

Mr. Skinfint Vanastorbilt (handing the waiter a nickel).—“Here, my friend, is a slight compensation.”

Waiter.—“Thanks, Gov'ner, keep it. I was poor once myself.”

A doctor in Dayton, Ohio, who lives on a street through which many funerals pass on their way to the cemetery, has a sign-board not unlike a railroad semaphore. When a funeral is passing, it swings out and displays this legend : “Not My Patient. I can cure any man who will follow my directions.”

“Now this piece is a very difficult one,” said the orchestra leader, “and I shall try something distinctively new in it. All but the trombone player are to stop at a certain time when I nod my head instead of waving the baton.”

“When shall I stop?” asked the trombonist.

“Just before I nod my head,” replied the leader.

Young Man : I love your daughter, sir, and would make her my wife.

Father : What are your prospects ?
Young man : I think they'll be pretty good, if you say yes.

In a late number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, it is stated that the institution from which this esteemed exchange of ours emanates keeps six teams busy hauling coal, and uses 28 tons per day in heating the “great institution.” We would ask if these tons are guaranteed 2,000 pounds to the ton. Our printer's devil says “that ain't nothin' to blow about. He seen a steamer wot consumed 3,189 tons of coal a day, and then didn't think itself any perticler punkins.”

Am. Sportsman : “What did I bring down, Pat?” Pat : “Yer own dog, sur ; blew his head all off.” Am. Sportsman : “Where's the bird?” Pat : “Picking at ther dog, sur !”

“Somehow or other I don't think I'd care to be the prettiest girl in the world,” he remarked. She : “Why not?” He : “Because I'd rather be next to the prettiest.”

“Is it correct to say, ‘I put up at the X— Hotel?’” inquired one travelling man of another. “No,” “What ought I to say?” “I put up with the X— Hotel would be about the thing.”

Invalid wife (to husband) : “The doctor tells me that I ought to have a change of climate.” Husband (hopefully) : “All right, my dear. I see by the ‘probabilities’ that we are going to have colder weather with snow, followed by warmer weather with rain.”

Young Woman (at Central Park menagerie) : “And what is the name of that odd looking bird, papa?” Papa : “That is a stork, my dear.” Young Woman (surprised) : “Are you sure? I have always supposed that storks have but one leg.”

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Austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's yesterday, and said to the yellow-headed clerk: "I would like to get a muff." "What fur?" inquired the dude. "To keep my hands warm," exclaimed the madame, crushing him like a thunder-storm.

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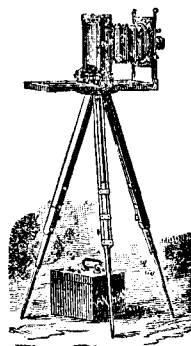
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