

Pages Missing

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 8, 1893.

No. 13.

Editorial Comments.



THE annual concert of the Glee Club is as announced elsewhere set for Feb'y 24th and the committee will spare no pains to make this worthy of its predecessor of '92.

To those who know the excellence of the programmes and the complete success which has attended previous concerts, no further recommendation is necessary and it is certain that the one important event of the University will receive an enthusiastic support from the students and their friends through a sense of its merits alone. Let every one who wishes to spend a delightful evening reserve that of Feb'y 24th for an entertainment of excellent promise which is as certain of fulfilment as anything in the future can well be.

The debate with Queen's University has fallen through. The Queen's men did not ask the earth and the fulness thereof, but if we except Hawaii and the pineapple crop, we should have a fair relative idea of the extent of the conditions they wished to impose. That they did not ask to have the debate held on neutral ground, with a doorkeeper to admit partisans of Queen's and Toronto alternately, with the right to search any one suspected of carrying in opinions prejudicial to their view of the question, is the one surprising fact in the conduct of the negotiations.

The subjects submitted for debate had relation, we believe, to that interesting subject, the Destiny of Canada, and the Limestone men seem to have firmly grasped the idea that the decision would settle that forever and the status of Queen's for a generation. In light of this it is not surprising that they wished to hedge the granting of that decision about with as many conditions as there are special constables on their football field.

But though undoubtedly correct in this view they have totally mistaken us. We get so many favourable decisions that if they had pressed the matter we could have given away one or two gratis without ever missing them.

We hope that future negotiations will result more satisfactorily and that we shall in some future time hear the eloquent sons of Queen's expatiate on Canada's political destiny.

A question that might well be agitated amongst us, is whether that entity (or non-entity, as it may be) known as University spirit is a thing capable of creation by mere appeal, or whether it has its origin in forces which lie deeper in the nature of men and things. To many of us such appeals are not only ineffective but meaningless; they pass us by and we wonder why we are not animated with the noble zeal that inspires the declaimer. And yet we hope, nay, believe, that we have something of zeal for

what is noble and just and true, and have vague intuitions that it is through a sense of the possession of these qualities that reverence and zeal for an object should be inspired. Can it be that this is wrong, that through a defect, a lack of something essential in our moral constitution, we are not subject to those influences which make for good in others, or can it be that the declaimer is a declaimer and no more, that true spirit is a thing beyond the power of mere wordy frothiness, and that if ever the semblance of what he deems noble and disinterested is called into existence thus, that it is but a semblance, a spurious imitation of the true, unworthy in its source, in its objects and in its possessor?

THE DUFF OPERA CO.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE GLEE CLUB.

A new French opera comique entitled "La Basoche," will be produced expressly in honor of Toronto University men, by the famous Duff Opera Company, at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening of this week. The night will be entirely devoted to the college boys, and in many respects will be unique. Mr. J. C. Duff, is himself, a Cambridge man, and a number of those associated with him are either English or American University graduates. This fact led the Impresario to purchase from the composer, "La Basoche," which deals entirely with student life in Paris, under Louis XII. It also led him to produce the opera in honor of the Toronto Under graduates and Alumni. The event will take place under the patronage of the University Glee Club, the members of which hope to make the night the most distinctively a student one, that we have ever known in Toronto. 'Varsity hopes that the University will turn out a rousing representation on Thursday night, such as Toronto has never known before. Miss Helen Bertram, the beautiful prima donna, has already made herself a favorite with the students, and it is believed that Miss Villa Knox, who will impersonate the wife of the student king, will quite captivate their hearts. The University colors will be worn by one of these pretty girls, and the chorus will sing one of our most popular songs.

The plot of the opera is a veritable musical comedy of errors. The students at Paris have chosen Clement Marot, a young poet, as king of their club, The Basoche. Marot has secretly been married to Colette, a rustic beauty, although the law of the Club forbids any of the members marrying during their under-graduate days. Colette appears at the University and endeavors to claim her husband, but is prevailed upon to take a room at the student's hotel, "The Pewter Platter," until he can acknowledge her. Colette, being economical, becomes a maid-of-all-work at the hotel. To this inn comes Princess Mary of England, who wishes to have a clandestine frolic in Paris before formally entering as the wife of King Louis XII, whom she has never seen. She arrives just as the students pass, escorting their monarch, Clement Marot. The Princess, at first sight, falls in love with Marot, whom, being addressed as King, she believes to be her husband, and sends him a bouquet by poor Colette, who, in her ignorance, now also believes she has married the King of

France. The Princess entices Marot to sup with her at the inn, and he, not daring to announce his marriage, accepts. Louis XIII hears that his wife is having a gay time at "The Pewter Platter" and when his messenger comes for her, Colette, in all honesty, announces herself boldly, as the Queen of France, and is escorted to the palace. From this cleverly arranged imbroglio, the characters are extracted by means which are said to be amusingly ingenious. The music accompanying all this is light and charming. The opera was the rage for two years with the students of the Sorbonne in Paris, and ran for over two hundred consecutive nights at the Royal English Opera House, London. The Toronto production will be the first given in this country expressly in honor of students.

The following Series of Lectures will be given on successive Saturdays during the present Easter Term, in the University Hall, at 3 p. m.:—February 11, Chancellor Burwash, M.A., S.T.D., L.L.D., "The Moral and Religious Spirit of the Greek Drama"; February 18, Professor Coleman, M.A., Ph.D., "The Building of the Mountains"; February 25, Professor vanderSmisssen, M.A., "Goethe's Faust"; March 4, W. S. Milner, B.A., "Tolstoi"; March 11, G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D., "The Nibelungenlied."

THE BEAUTY THAT HATH NOT A NAME.

Upon the margin of the lake,
A house there was, that built of wood,
Ill-planned and mean, shook where it stood,
Such place, as all but they forsake
To whom long mem'ries make it good.

Before it Erie's restless sheet,
With changing aspect, rippling lay,
Behind it, stretching far away,
Were hills and fields, and flowers sweet,
And o'er it passed the night and day.

It was a blemish on the face
Of Nature's sympathetic scene,
And colorless it was between
Glad shades, and formless midst much grace,
And better 'twere to not have been.

But once at ev'ning, to that shore
I turned, and on the land's edge where
It had found room, discovered there
A building which I scarce knew more,
For it had grown so strangely fair.

Upon the earth was shed a light
That made the waves and woods the same
In beauty that hath not a name,
And from its windows softly bright
Shone forth the sun's transfiguring flame.

E'en thus, O body, which art mine,
I find thee joyless to the eye,
An object one would fain pass by,
An error in a high design—
And I would yield thee up, and die.

Until, some hour, I do perceive
A power which in thee hath grown,
A glory which is not thine own,
A thought in which I must believe,
Far-coming from the mind unknown.

And then I deem thee less unfit,
And humbly hold to thy poor frame,
Rejoicing in a loss of shame,
Since even thou art sometimes lit
With beauty that hath not a name.

EVELYN DURAND.

AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

On an afternoon cold enough to freeze the ears and the imagination, a student was seen hastening across the Park towards the Varsity. To the ordinary observer there was nothing unusual in his aspect unless it were a heated appearance unsuitable to the temperature, and an air of suppressed excitement. His gait was admirable, his step was straight, he held his head high, and he was sufficiently shabby. He was alone, but his lips were moving with these words: "It is with pleasure I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my opinion of Mr. — (his own name was here audibly pronounced by his own lips). Among the hundreds of students who have graduated from this University, I venture to say that there have been none to rival him in character, scholarship and genius."

Where this gentleman was at that moment it is not difficult to surmise, nor is it improbable that he is the most unlikely person to receive the honours and eulogies with which he was overwhelming himself. He is not of an unsound mind, for he is like you and me. If we were more candid than sensible, and could be induced to confess the variety of our acquirements, the number of situations in which we have played the hero, the thousand careers which we have followed to glory, in our imaginary rôles, some idea might be formed of the endless drama which is daily being acted in the silent theatres of our minds. The *Unities* are entirely disregarded in our plays; neither time nor place make any difference in the action—we were about to add, nor Heaven nor earth, but on reflection decided that even the most ambitious among us are contented to perform our miracles in this world. It is impossible to know what characters we are assuming. We come upon a commonplace little person, arranging boots and shoes in his shop window—at that instant in his own eyes he may be a Gladstone engaged among the nations.

It is alarming and hopeful and pitiful—this way we have of dreaming; alarming because it means so much illusion, hopeful because it shows us always dissatisfied with what we are, and pitiful because it makes us what we never can become.

In his novel, *The Nabob*, which shows us such a terrible Paris, Alphonse Daudet has created a character to illustrate this mental habit: M. Joyeuse, the *Imaginaire*. He is a little man in body and purse, but big in heart and in the affection of his four beautiful and absorbing daughters. Absorbing they are, as far as he is concerned, for he is mother and father to them, and has no thought of which they are not the centre. One morning he escapes from their vigorous embraces, and with their youthful voices ringing in his ears, hastens down the street to hail an omnibus. He gets inside and sits quietly down facing a Colossus on the other side. We said that his daughters were always in his thoughts—his thoughts were always in the air, an equivocal position. Suddenly he sees Elise, the fairest of his flock, seated beside the giant, who has passed his arm about her. "Take away your arm, Sir," thunders the little father in his dream. The monster pays not the slightest attention to him and bends to kiss her. Springing to his feet, still in imagination, M. Joyeuse plunges his knife into the villain's breast and then rushes to the police to tell them of his deed and nobly delivers himself into their hands. "I have just killed a man in an omnibus," he cries, and this time aloud. Confusion ensues, the passengers rise in consternation, and the unfortunate *Imaginaire* leaves the omnibus.

A REVIEW

We are indebted to Mr. Jas. A. McLean, and Wm. Briggs, publishers, for two elegant little volumes of verse, that from the former, being a collection of short poems, by students of Columbia College, many of them relating to the College and College life, although not a few of them are of the sentimental type to be looked for in a volume of student composition. Some of these are very pretty. Amongst them is the well-known elocutionary morsel, "Rejected or A Similar Case." In the light of last October's proceedings a short poem on the "Modern Cane Rush," might prove interesting, but we select instead the following which first appeared in the Blue and White, 1891:

SENIORS.

Something was said at the dinner
That pierced through the shouts and the cheers
Like the notes of a battle-call bugle
That signals each soldier who hears.
The night had been mad in its pleasure,
And we, just a trifle too gay,
Stood waiting to catch from our leader
The last jolly word he might say.

As he rose—tall and straight was our hero
The captain who won us the game—
We cheered with a will for the college
And team, and we shouted his name
Till the glasses just rang on the table;
And he through deafening noise,
Cried "Fellows, one cheer for our parting,
Our very last parting as boys.

"I've led you in many a 'racket,'
And many a mischievous bout.
And whether it was wisdom or folly
I can't very clearly make out.
In any event, they are over,
Those jovial and jubilant days,
And to-night—what a night to remember—
We stand at the parting of ways.

"Just boys for once more, and, dear comrades,
Should we meet in re-union again,
Shall we find ourselves quite as true-hearted
And loyal—as men, among men?
We'll not blush for the past, not at twenty,
And what proper old fellows we'll be,
If still able to blush when we're forty
For the years when we earned our degree.

"But at forty—let's swear, boys, that forty
Shall find us so clean, soul and name,
That the spirit of twenty might face us
With never a feeling of shame."
Then we cheered once again at his bidding,
Clasped hands, said good-bye to our joys,
And felt we were men from the moment
Of our very last parting as boys.

"Heliotrope," relates in a few charming stanzas, the sad story of a "Saucy little Sophomora" who had a tenderness for "one" particular professor, and we hope to find space for it in next issue, and with apologies to the Faculty and the ladies of '95 we insert instead the shorter,

IN THE LIBRARY.

With hastening feet the daylight flies,
I hear the patter of the rain,
And grayish light from cloudy skies,
Strays thro' many a diamond pane.
And I am sitting close behind
A girl—and pretty, I'll be bound.

But no, upon a ponderous book
Her eyes are fixed in knowing way;
I can't help wondering, as I look
Whether those eyes are blue or gray.

I catch the curve of one soft cheek
And of her gentle breath the sound.
I wonder if she's gay or meek?
If she would only turn around!

But, perhaps, upon the whole it's wise
That she conceals her face from view.
She may be ugly, and her eyes
Be green instead of grey or blue.
Perhaps she squints—nay, leave the rest,
I shudder at the very sound,
I'd rather dream, 'tis far the best,
I hope she doesn't turn around.

The Columbia Spectator, April 28th, 1892.

The second volume referred to is "This Canada of Ours and other Poems," by J. D. Edgar. All but one or two are distinctively Canadian in subject and in style. "Un Canadien Errant," "Saguenay" and "A Summer's Night" are translations from the French of Louis Frechette and Gérald Lajoie.

The most ambitious poem, "The White Stone Canoe," tells in the metre of Hiawatha, an old legend of the Ottawas, but the following will give, perhaps, a better idea of the style and sentiment of the author.

CANADIAN AUTUMN TINTS.

We wandered off together,
We walked in dreamful ease,
In mellow autumn weather,
Past autumn tinted trees;
The breath of soft September
Left fragrance in the air,
And well do I remember,
I thought you true as fair.

The Maples' deep carnations,
The beeches' silv'ry sheen,
Hid nature's sad mutations,
And I forgot the green:
Forgot the green of summer,
The buds of early spring,
And gave the latest comer
My false heart's offering.

O painted autumn roses!
O dying autumn leaves!
Your beauty fades and closes,
That gaudy hue deceives:
Like clouds that gather golden
Around the setting sun,
Your glories are beholden
Just ere the day is done.

Or, like th' electric flushes
That fire Canadian skies,
Your bright and changeful blushes
In gold and crimson rise.
But health has long departed
From all that hectic glare;
And love sees, broken hearted,
The fate that's pictured there.

The brush that paints so brightly
No mortal artist wields;
He touches all things lightly,
But sweeps the broadest fields.
The fairest flowers are closen
To wither at his breath;
The hand is cold and frozen
That paints those hues of death.

We wandered back together,
With hearts but ill at ease,
In mellow autumn weather,
Past autumn-tinted trees;
The breath of soft September
Left fragrance in the air,
And well we both remember
The love that ended there.

The Varsity

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The office of THE VARSITY is at the corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street, Rooms 2 and 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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FEBRUARY 8, 1893.



GRAND and glorious is the Lit. Great and glorious are its meetings, and of the greatest and most glorious was that of last Friday. At 8:15 the president called the meeting to order, and the secretary *pro tem* read the minutes of the preceding meeting in that tone of voice which it is the ambition of all secretaries to acquire; one which effectually prevents any mortal from understanding the matter read. Our representatives to Queen's, having been fully exonerated for not having surrendered any of our ancient and inalienable rights and privileges to our Eastern friends, we proceeded to elect first year councillors, Messrs. Robertson and Allen, desired with becoming humility and blushing modesty to withdraw their names. But their nominators refused to come forward, being cast down with grief and shame, at having nominated freshmen. After some time we found that the society had elected Messrs. Burns and Scott.

Ah! but see! the august Lit., has suddenly transformed himself into a parliament. Hardly has the speech from the throne been read when up *pops* Mr. Greenwood from his leafless bower and in a speech full of smiles and similes moves the adoption of the address. We desire to congratulate him on this his first effort. It was indeed a stirring piece of oratory. Mr. Dewar, with the intention to *do or die*, written eligibly on his notes, seconds the adoption in an able, though nervous speech. Both speeches were hailed with loud governmental applause. But wherefore this counter hurrah? See; Boles, the mighty champion of independence rises and proceeds to demolish their flimsy free trade platform. "Quarry the granite rock with razors, moor the vessels with a thread of silk, then may ye then hope to drive reason and common sense into the minds of the government." Shrieks of pain, agony and grief, arose from the back benches as he, in fearful colors, depicted the awful state of the mechanic in a free country. But lo, and behold, Hellem, rises to take up the cudgels on behalf of free trade. Aply and eloquently answered he the arguments advanced by Mr. Boles, but when he, in conclusion, made mention of the good qualities of the dear departed Strath, his feelings, which he had thus far succeeded in repressing, burst forth. His lips quivered, his firm cheeks trembled with emotion, his voice choked, and he tried to the utmost to regain mastery over himself; to

prevent an unmanly burst of feeling. And now the independent Reeve rises to speak. Hardly had he launched into *medias res*, hardly had a few *flowing* sentences *streamed* from his lips when suddenly he *reefed* his sails and *sunk* into *deep* oblivion. Do not be discouraged Mr. Reeve, Demosthenes stammered, and Beaconsfield was hooted the first time he spoke in public, and yet they both became orators. The opposition finding that this sort of attack had no effect upon the stalwart defenders of the government, determined to try a new and more terrible engine of war. Volleys of questions were fired from all parts of the room upon the hapless ministers, but they who bore the brunt of the attack were the Ministers of Agriculture and Militia. The Minister of Agriculture averted defeat only by pushing to the extreme the doctrine that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts. But the Minister of Militia was the chief point of attack. The ex-Minister of War turned all his batteries upon the veteran of Waterloo and Inkerman, but all his efforts, mighty though they were, could not break through the bulwark of calm irony with which the Paladin fortified himself. But *ecce!* Fry is *burning* to distinguish himself, he places himself at the head of a forlorn hope, with one bold dash he has discountenanced the valiant V.C.K.G.B.

Of alantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies.

but Hellem appears again; victory is once more disputed, the veteran's frown disappeared like the marks of a black lead pencil beneath the softening influence of india rubber; the veteran's smile lengthened, the speaker left the chair, and we untwisting the kinks from our weary limbs put on our hat, thought of the vanities of the world, and went out to face "the hunger of the bleak north wind." L.

PROFESSOR MAVOR'S LECTURE.

The course of Saturday Lectures was begun last week, when Professor Mavor delivered his inaugural address. The subject of the lecture being "The Poverty of Nations, the relation of Economic Study to Public and Private Charity," interest was manifested in it, both from the fact that this was the first appearance of our new professor of Economics, and also on account of the reputation Professor Mavor has gained through his valuable publications on that subject. His treatment of the subject was clear, brilliant and thorough, and was marked throughout by scholarship and learning. He gave in the short time allowed a concise account of the true method in which to approach the alleviation of poverty, and illustrated his remarks by examples of modern systems of charity.

Professor Mavor opened his address with a short consideration of the popular ideas with regard to Economics. It is regarded as a dull subject, simply because it concerns itself with the life about us. We send missionaries to foreign lands because that is novel and romantic, but we neglect the real poverty about us. Anything that approaches the romantic is eagerly discussed, but the questions of commonplace life are too uninteresting. In the words of the lecturer, the subject is generally considered to be "a study of dull people, by dull people, and for dull people."

The question as to whether Political Economy is an art, was ably treated by the lecturer. Action is the dominating force in practical affairs, while science is the reign of thought. Science and art are, however, opposed, for though the theory must be built up apart from the practice, yet its truth or force may only be discovered by practical application. Our system of party politics, tends to distort the truths of economics, and it is only by a knowledge of the true facts of Political Economy, that a politician is able to take a comprehensive and liberal view of the matter in hand. This study has also a beneficent influence in that it instills modesty into the politician, for when he considers what a small influence he can exert in the sphere in which he is placed, and

discovers what a host of spheres really exist in life, he at once subsides into a sane and modest representative of the people. On the side of the theory too, there must be an absence of sentiment, for he who would study theories from an unbiased point of view, must disabuse his mind of all prejudices.

The question as to what is poverty, has been answered by various definitions. The old opinion was, that it was a disease, and as physiology preceded pathology, so the study of wealth preceded the cure of its irregularities. In its modern sense however, poverty means unsatisfied need in consumption. The supply is relatively inadequate to the demand, and in consequence some must suffer. It is thus the shady side of life, and to understand it, one must concern himself with the study of life as a whole. It is only by scientific method that poverty may be faithfully investigated, and several theories have been advanced, as to the proper mode of investigation.

Of all the theories so far advanced, that of La Pley is perhaps the most important. He considers the family to be the social unit, and in order to gain a comprehensive view of the complete system of society as it at present exists, we must study a series of those units in detail. There are three divisions. First the external conditions of climate and country. Secondly, the status of the family, and its genealogy, under which head are contained, religious belief, constitution, treatment of animals, toleration, etc.; while under the third division of the means and mode of existence, are, comprised property, income, education, etc. Each of these points has its bearing on the economic condition and in every case a detailed investigation is a necessity.

Charles Booth in his enquiry into the state of poverty of London has pursued a different method. He has drawn up a schedule of eight classes, which are as follows: (a) occasional labourers, (b) casual earners, these two comprising the very poor, (c) intermittent earners, (d) small irregular earners, these two classes being termed the poor, (e) standard class, (f) higher class, (g) lower middle, (h) upper middle. These classes are, however, arbitrary, and by no means absolute. The classes contained under (c) and (d) earn from four to five dollars a week; class (b) earns below that, and with class (a) it is a perpetual struggle. The classes comprised under (e), (f), (g), and (h), he places above the line of poverty.

In his investigation in the east end of London, which contains about 900,000 inhabitants. Mr. Booth found that sixty-five per cent of the people were above the line of poverty while 315,000 were below it. Of these latter 6,000 were in Institutes and 309,000 lived in poverty. Of this number again, 128,000 earned small but regular wages; 74,000 earned irregular wages; 70,000 were casual laborers; while of the remainder 11,000 were loafers and the rest either sick persons or drunkards.

The causes of this state of affairs were many. Crime, vice drink, old age, heredity, temper, incapacity, restlessness and desertion, were only a few of the causes enumerated. In an examination of 1,000 paupers old age was found to be the chief cause to the amount of thirty-three per cent. Sickness was responsible for twenty-seven per cent., while twelve per cent. was due to drink. There are however, remoter causes which affect these, but to what extent it is difficult to discover.

The poverty of the present, is due however, in many cases to causes which existed in the past. It is a legacy of our forefathers, in which the sins of the fathers are being visited upon the children. The mode of distributing charity has also aided to increase poverty. It is much easier to give a coin than to investigate the causes of the poverty, but if the recipient be a drunkard this aid may only increase the degradation of the family. Some of the poverty is undoubtedly due to the economic changes. The transfer of labour from agriculture to manufacture has contributed to fill its ranks and unless governmental aid tends to lessen the rate of the change, the poverty becomes greater. It is a praiseworthy fact that in modern times

manufacturers have become more considerate of their employees.

The modern commercial system with its factories, its manufactures, and its vast trade tends to affect poverty by the irregularity of employment which exists within its bounds. During the crisis between the years 1886-7, out of 30,000 employees, forty-seven per cent. received work for six months, twenty-nine per cent. for two months and twenty-three per cent. were idle. About fifty-three per cent suffered in one way or another, three per cent. being dismissed. It is usually the case also that the unskilled, ill-tempered and naturally poorer labourers are first affected by these waves while the skilled and better paid workmen are retained as long as possible.

The poverty-stricken may be divided, as they have been by Mr. Booth, into (1) the aged, (2) insane, (3) sick and (4) able-bodied. The first three classes are better and more cheaply cared for under governmental control. In the case of pensioners, however, they should not be pensioned until beyond the age of work for otherwise they are able to underbid the regular labourer. It is however, the care of the able-bodied poor that is the vital question in Europe. If some of the demand for labour should be transferred to the 100,000 idle in Europe, those who now receive that demand would be left in poverty. The establishment of labour colonies in Germany, Holland and France has contributed to alleviate this distress. These colonies are farms which serve two purposes. In the first place they are labour organizers and in the second place they serve as sanitoriums where labour may recuperate itself. The fact that they are self contained, prevents any influence being created by them upon prices in the markets.

Professor Mavor closed his most interesting lecture by drawing attention to the fact that insight was of primary necessity for a true study of economics in their bearing upon every day life. In conclusion the lecturer desired to express his sincere thanks for the cordial reception which he had received upon his arrival in Canada and added that it should be his earnest endeavor to fill the chair he now occupied as successfully as had the former occupant his friend Professor Ashley.

HOCKEY.

Within the past week the Varsity hockey team have succeeded in winning from the Victorias only to suffer a second defeat at the hands of the Osgoode seven. In both matches the spectators witnessed a splendid exhibition of the game. The result of the first match was a decided surprise, not only to the defeated team, but also to the supporters of the winners. Varsity succeeded in scoring five goals before the Victorias secured their first and only point.

The teams were:—

Varsity.—Goal, Thomson; point, Wilson; cover-point, W. Gilmour; forwards, Barr, Field, Shepherd, J. Gilmour.

Victoria.—Goal, McVity; point, Forsythe; cover, Henderson; forwards, Parkyn, Stevenson, G. Jones, D. Cosby. Referee.—T. F. Patterson, Osgoode.

The Varsity defence played a very strong game while the four forwards did some very neat work about their opponents' goal.

Varsity was represented by the above team in their second match with Osgoode on the Granite rink last Thursday night. There was no change made in the personnel of the Osgoode aggregation. The match was very fast and aroused immense enthusiasm among the spectators, the majority of whom were ardent supporters of the Collegians. The score, sixteen to eleven in favor of the legalites, would clearly indicate that Varsity were decidedly "in the game." At half time the score stood six to three in favor of the winners. For Osgoode, Smellie scored eight goals, Cunningham four, Patterson three and Anderson one. Of Varsity's eleven points, J. Gilmour secured four, Barr three, Shepherd two, and Field two.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in the hands of the Editor by Monday night

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH.

Y.M.C.A.—The Christian's relation to himself. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.
Class of '96 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 8.30 a.m.
Class of '95 Political Science Club.—Room 3, College Building, 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH.

Literary Society.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
The Varsity Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 4 to 6 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 1 p.m.
Jackson Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH.

Public Lecture by Chancellor Burwash.—"The Ethics of the Greek Drama." West Exam. Hall, Varsity building, 3 p.m.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12TH.

Bible Class.—"Obedience to Law" Romans xiii. 1-10. Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D. D., Wycliffe College, 3 p.m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH.

S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 5 p.m.
Modern Language Club.—English Meeting: Essays, Readings
Room 12, College Building, 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 8.30 a.m.
Y.W.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Natural Science Association.—Biological Building, 4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15TH.

Class of '94 Political Science Club, 4 p.m.
Bible Class.—Rev. Dr. McTavish's class for Bible Training, Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.
The Varsity Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 4 to 6 p.m.

A DOCENT.

"I wonder what in the deuce a Docent is."

Well I am a Docent and I fancy I am pretty much like the rest of them. They are not thick on this side of the water. You don't go in for that sort of thing very much here.

I am not an Englishman, I do not know what I am. I have no relatives. My father left enough money to educate me, and a few books. He must have been a queer fellow my father, at least he had a mighty strange library, all sorts of books, on all sorts of subjects, and not fifty good books in the lot. He seems to have had two fads, astronomy and the philosophy of history. I am glad he didn't live. I shouldn't like to know a man like that, besides he used to mark his books with a pencil and sometimes with red ink. On the whole I think it's just as well that he is gone, we wouldn't have got on very well together. His will covers eight pages of parchment and is quite a piece of composition. The old gentleman seems to have felt it his duty to be quite stiff and formal when starting off. His style was Gothic I fancy. He seems to have taken the whole business of dying quite seriously, had no conception apparently of the novelty of the situation. His language might be called even stilted. He refers to me quite quaintly as his puerile relict, and expresses a wish that besides other things I should learn moral philosophy and the basis of political economy in Glasgow, and after that he left me to what he was pleased to call my own "pursuant purposes." Well, at Glasgow I had to find out what moral philosophy is, but nobody could help me much, and after three or four years I gave it up. Then I looked for the bases of political economy, but it seems that they perished long before my father, only the old gentleman didn't know it. He would have been very sorry if he had known it. Then I thought I would turn my attention to the practical study of law and become a man of affairs.

Well, I took my terms in London, was second prize-man of the Middle Temple, and passed my bar all right. But after all I really didn't know any law, and I am not a

man of affairs, and I don't intend to become one. After that I went to Oxford for a while, heard Jebb read Sophocles, and listened to what the men in the school of history had to say, and then went to Heidelberg, still following as the old fellow would have said mine own "pursuant purposes."

Heidelberg didn't change me much. The professors seemed to be having a dispute about method while I was there. They talked very well, and I think there is something in what they said. They marched up to each other through their skirmishing lines, and the riflemen had quite brisk little brushes about method, new to them, but they never engaged. They never came down to hard panning on matter, and so after watching them a year or so I came away. I always go back in the summer, but it is because one must go somewhere in the summer and I have nowhere else to go. My duties here are very light, I am supposed to deliver a course of lectures on the institutes, and to receive a third of the tuition fees of all the students that take the course.

Five men came the first day from the law school. I gave them a really good lecture that day, but when I was through they told me that they didn't know any Latin and they didn't come any more. Of course we can't do anything in the institutes without Latin. I felt sorry for them because they seemed quite interested at first.

So the council allowed me to drop my course, and they discontinued my remuneration and left me to my own "pursuant purposes" as the quaint old gentleman would have said. So now I simply read in the library, attend a few lectures and help the Fellows work their theses.

I wrote my thesis for my lectures in Heidelberg. The professors there said it was very good and advised me to work it up into a book and publish it. Well I started to work it up but there was nothing in it and so I dropped it.

Since then a young fellow in Göttingen worked it up and made quite a hit with it. He was a clever fellow, had plenty of 'the constructive,' active sympathies, and an easy style of writing.

I reviewed the book on this side of the water for him, and it met with a very favorable reception, and he has been asked to take charge of a department in one of the best state universities.

I wonder whether he will ever find out that he didn't know what he was talking about when he wrote his book. I guess not. There might have been some hope for him if he hadn't obtained a position, but there is very little hope for him now. It is a pity too because he had plenty of constructiveness, active sympathies and a living literary sense, a rare combination now-a-days. But he is a trifle weak on the scientific side and he has just a touch of the fakir in his composition, and I suppose this is what has damned him to flourish in ignorance. If the world jumps on a man that has made an untimely opening of his mouth there is still hope for him, but if it flatters him and makes room for him he is lost as surely as if the sea had swallowed him up. I feel sorry for the young fellow from Göttingen.

How do I amuse myself. Well, I listen to the boys who are planning to take the world by storm, and I watch the big guns pummeling each other in the reviews. The family quarrels in the flat beneath us as it were, and I go to the theatres once in a while, and I read a very great deal. Sometimes I feel lonely, oh Lord. I feel lonesome at times. Did you ever feel it? Did you ever go into shops and buy things that you didn't need, simply to get somebody to say something to you? Did you ever ask policemen your way when you knew it better than they do, just to wring a speech out of somebody. Did you, hating children, ever pull little boys and girls on hand-sleighs just to have them abuse you for not running faster? Did you ever at night light the lamp and the candles and the gas all at once in order to have a little company in the room? Did you ever buy two clocks, three watches and a little Swiss alarm so that their ticking would cover over the absence of articulate speaking men? Did you ever create half a dozen dif-

ferent characters in your brain, dividing up your own identity in order that you might not seem to be quite alone? Have you ever held out your hands to the bright fire when you were not cold, only lonesome? Haven't you? Well neither have I. But sometimes I almost wish that that quaint old gentleman, my father, hadn't died and left me to moral philosophy, the bases of political science and my own 'pursuant purposes.' Maybe I might have got on with the old gentleman, I don't know. I don't think I could care for a man who talked astronomy and the philosophy of history, and who marked his books, and I don't think he would care for a Docent or a 'puerile relict,' but maybe it might have been different if the queer old Gov. hadn't gone off, I don't know.

Chicago, Jan. 7th, 1893.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

The arrangements for the Grand Concert of the Glee and Banjo Club's are now practically complete, and everything augurs success.

The Glee Club will give Dudley Buck's beautiful "Twilight"; Lacomé's "Estudiantina," and several other good selections, which are now being rehearsed. The Banjo and Guitar Club will play a new march, and also a descriptive piece called the "Darkies' Jubilee," in which steamboat whistles, wooden clogs, and other startling novelties are introduced.

The Mandolin Club will also give one number, which no doubt, will prove well worth hearing.

After considerable trouble, the Committee have secured the services of Miss Geneora Johnston-Bishop, a soprano from Chicago, for the occasion, and it is altogether likely that Mr. Harry Field, pianist, and Mr. Paul Morgan, celloist, will assist. Altogether, it will be the best concert the Glee Club has ever given, and they certainly deserve the patronage of every Varsity man.

MEDICAL NOTES.

Medical Students are trying to find out how to do four months' work in eight weeks.

Dr. Chambers is lecturing on Inorganic Chemistry to the freshmen this term. The change does away with the disadvantage which Prof. Pyke labored under in treating the subject in an overcrowded room, before both arts and medical students.

Prof. A. B. Macallum has been unable to lecture as yet this term on account of illness, but we are pleased to learn that he will be able to be at his post this week.

A valuable mounted specimen mysteriously disappeared from the "bone-room" last week and in consequence the room has been locked up. It will remain closed, it is said, until the guilty party makes restitution.

The open meeting of the Medical Society, was largely attended. The president, Dr. Thistle presided, and an interesting programme was rendered by the students. In addition to this a feature of the evening was a lecture on Hypnotism by Dr. Avison supplemented by a practical demonstration of the subject on the conclusion of the programme. The students hope to have another exhibition of Hypnotism from Dr. Avison in the course of a week or so.

S. OF P. S.

The meeting of the Engineering Society of Tuesday 3rd, was one of the most successful and enthusiastic of the season. The very large attendance no doubt being due to the importance of the paper to be read. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, the President

called upon Mr. E. B. Merrill, B. A., Fellow in Engineering, to read a paper on "The Electric Railway." Mr. Merrill has made a special study of electricity as applied to street railway systems, and so was prepared to give the members a scientific treat on what is one of the most important applications of electricity. He first dealt with the electro dynamic principles involved, and showed their application to the designing of a railway system. Then followed descriptions and explanations of the various components of the system, the power house, dynamos, trolleys, motors, etc. The paper was most interesting and instructive, and must have cost the author a great amount of reading and personal investigation; however, he must have felt, partly at least, repaid by the intense interest manifested throughout by all present.

Mr. Brown gave notice of a motion to make some important changes in the constitutions.

The following are the officers who have been elected to conduct the affairs of the S. P. S. Alumni Association for the ensuing year:—

- President.....PROF. GALBRAITH.
- 1st Vice-President.....J. H. KENNEDY, C. E.
- and " ".....G. R. MICKLE, B. A.
- Secretary.....J. A. DUFF, B. A.
- Councillors.....
 - H. J. BOWMAN.
 - W. L. INNES.
 - A. L. McCULLOCH.
 - G. E. SILVESTER.
 - R. W. THOMSON.

The representative of the S. P. S. to the McGill Faculty of Applied Science dinner, reports having been entertained right royally by the students of that institution. He cannot but agree with the sentiments expressed by Prof. Bovey, that this interchange of courtesies begun between the two colleges this year, may long continue as a link of friendship and mutual benefits.

RE SATURDAY LECTURES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—All undergraduates will be pleased to learn that despite any rumor to the contrary the Saturday lectures are intended for the general public, and especially for the students and their friends.

In conversation to-day President Loudon asserted it to be his wish that the undergraduates should avail themselves to the full extent of the privileges thus afforded, and further, that tickets of admission and invitation had been issued for Prof. Mavor's inaugural address for this purpose, yet since such tickets were not necessary for admission, it was deemed advisable owing to scarcity of funds not to issue them for the remaining lectures of the course. A number of programmes are, however, on hand for distribution, and if these are deemed insufficient by the undergraduates the president assured me that the regular tickets, as issued for the public lecture last season, will be printed and placed at the disposal of the student body for distribution among their friends.

Knowing that all will feel grateful to Professor Loudon for his kind consideration,

I am, yours truly,

W. P. BULL.

VARSIITY, Saturday, Feb. 4th, 1893.

SCENE—RESTAURANT.—Freshman (attempting to bite a tea-cake)—"This cake is very hard, it must be old."

Soph. (examining it)—"Yes; it belongs to the Paleozoic age, as I see a trilobite on it."

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

The Natural Science men have been keeping up a regular cannonading of late with their different chemical mixtures, but nothing more serious has resulted than spoiled cuffs and shirt-fronts.

Those students who were refused tickets by the Registrar, for last Saturday's lecture, will be glad to learn from Mr. Bull's letter in another column, that the matter has been satisfactorily arranged.

Mr. G. L. Lamb, '94, has gone home to Ottawa, where he will stay until the examination commences. He has obtained permission to use the parliamentary library; but it is said that the S. P. S. notes in last week's issue had more to do in hastening his departure.

From the amount of profanation that proceeded from the men who received honorable mention in the 'Varsity column of Saturday's *News*, we should judge, that if once his identity be disclosed, it might be uncomfortable for the correspondent to run across them.

We regret to learn that J. A. McMurchy, one of the most prominent members of the class of '92, is seriously ill. He attended the School of Pedagogy last term, and since New Year's has been teaching in the city, but the recent severe weather has affected his lungs. It is sincerely hoped that he may soon be better.

With his accustomed modesty J. L. refuses to say anything as to the nature of his oration, but from other sources we learn that it was one of the best speeches of the evening and several hits brought down the house. That these gentlemen sustained the reputation of Toronto in other important capacities goes without saying.

The delegates to Queen's and McGill dinners received their appointments with a smile of self-satisfied complacency that on their return had widened into a grin of the largest proportions, expressive by its extent and constant recurrence of expectations surpassed, of conditions and capacities of which the "half had not been told."

A meeting of the Political Science club of '95 was held in room 3 on Tuesday. Through some mistake neither the President nor 1st Vice-President were on hand, so Mr. McKinnon took the chair. The subject for debate was; "Resolved, that Durham's recommendation to submit the French Canadian to the vigorous rule of a British majority was an expedient recommendation." The speakers on the affirmative were

Messrs Clarke, Chisholm and Crysler, while Mr. Coleman was alone on the negative, the other speakers having failed to materialize.

The Curator and House Committee wish to call the students to the By-laws governing the Reading Room, especially to that one which forbids the marking or defacing of the periodicals in the Reading Room. We are sorry to say that some destructive person and profane scribe has of late been mutilating one paper in particular.

The news that Mr. W. A. Parks of '92 has obtained a position as chief assayer to one of the large Sudbury mining companies, has been received with general satisfaction. While an undergraduate he was universally popular and the high stand which he took throughout his course, left him well fitted for his present responsible and lucrative position.

The Political Science men have discovered a new source of amusement, and no longer waste their time in profitless waiting when the lecturer is late. Before almost any lecture a set of bag-pipes may be heard sounding the sweet, sad strains of Annie Laurie, or that martial air, The Campbell's are Coming. Should a Highland company be organized, there would be no difficulty in supplying the music.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—A French meeting was held on Monday, Jan. 30. Mr. Jenkins brought in the report of the committee appointed last term appointed to frame a new constitution. The programme began with an excellent essay by Miss Johnson on "Atala". Mr. E. R. Langley followed with a well-written essay in French on the "Life of Molière." Miss Clayton read an appreciative paper on "Chateaubriand." The literary programme closed with an interesting account in French of the "Evils of the Christmas Exam." by Mr. W. E. Linglebach. Afterwards the members of the club endeavoured for half an hour to express themselves in the immortal language of France.

The meeting of the Pol. Sc. club of '94 was somewhat delayed last week by the absence of its chairman, but this did not hinder it from having a vigorous debate. The subject under discussion was "Resolved, that Canada is better fitted for a manufacturing country than for an agricultural country." The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. Wickett and Fry, and on the negative Messrs. Dunbar, Moss and McCaig. Owing to the brief time allowed them, the speeches were rather short, but they nevertheless, presented an admirable picture of Canada's great resources. Next week Prof. Hume

will give an address on the relation between Ethics and Pol. Economy, to which all students are invited.

There has been considerable delay in finishing the fitting up of the gymnasium owing to the water-main having been frozen. It was impossible to get steam into the boiler, and the plumbers could do nothing until it was thawed out. The building, however, is now well heated, and it is expected that work will go on without delay. The heating fixtures have all been put in place, and the hardwood flooring is being rapidly laid down. The swimming tank has only to be given a cement or tile bottom and it too, will be ready for use. The water will be 4 feet deep at one end, and 7 feet at the other. The committee have been working hard, and faithfully, and still hope to have the building ready by the end of this month.

For lack of space we are compelled to hold over the report of the Mathematical and Physical Society.



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