

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Oct. 30, 1886.

No. 2.

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

I

"I can't say," said the monarch, "that may be just as it happened, true or else a bam."

—Keats.

A bronzed, athletic, self-sufficing young gentleman, who made his home in Residence, stood one evening at his open window, smoking his long pipe and seeming to think that the world was pleasant in the early Spring time, under a sunset sky. April was a fortnight old.

Now the solitary horseman who used to be met with in the first chapter, slowly wending his way, just before sundown, over the desolate but picturesque road that led to the lonely grange whose broken turret caught a gleam from the sinking sun, cannot be introduced into the College quad, where he would be so obviously out of place; but had some maiden, fancy-free, chanced to stray into this precinct of the gownsmen, —sweet girl undergraduates roam now through all the groves of Academe,—she would at once have observed the dark, keen-eyed youth looking down from his little dormer window, and would probably whisper to herself that he was handsome. Were he to overhear this soft-voiced soliloquy, he would lazily decide that on the whole she was right; partly because he thought so himself, and in part out of his good humour. He used to say, "My name is Easy."

Yet when some one who had just entered the room called, from behind him, "Jack!" he turned from the window. "Well?" he said; "oh, it's you, Evans," and he continued smoking.

"Where are your matches?" asked Evans, poking around for them on the mantel.

"On the table," came the answer, as Evans knocked over something that fell to the floor with no little noise. He lighted the lamp, and picked up what proved to be a stone image, not as large as a tennis ball,—a small head carved grotesquely, with the face half man's, half dog's, and polished to a dull reddish brown. He was about to replace it on the mantel, when a second little reddish-brown head, almost its exact counterpart, caught his eye. He examined both with curiosity.

"Two of a kind, eh?" he ejaculated. "I say, Wiley, where did you get these idiotic graven images? I never noticed them before."

"They were given me."

"Well, isn't there any more about them?" insisted Evans.

"They seem the work of some Indian,—quite a masterpiece, you know,—regular old master, hey? I tell you the noble red man,—that is, of course, the original Isaacs,—knew a thing or two about the fine arts. Sculpture, now, for instance!"

"If you'll be quiet, Evans, I'll tell you how I came to get those stone heads," Wiley said. "When I was coming down the lakes last August, on the *Algonquin*, we passed through the locks at the 'Soo' about seven one morning, and that afternoon we were steaming down the channel below Garden Island, when two men put out in a small boat from one of the little islands to meet us. The water was like glass,—not a breath of air stirring; and the soft, blue, cloudless sky seemed —"

"Oh, come off, now," broke in Evans.

"Well," Wiley went on, laughing, "the *Algonquin* slowed up for the two rowers. Their little yacht, as they told us later,

had been wrecked in the channel through their own carelessness, and they had been camping on one of the islands, waiting for the next steamer down. As they came towards us, their boat, which was large and rather clumsy, was pretty well laden, but all the passengers were looking on from the upper deck, and the two rowed with laborious gracefulness, as if the eyes of all Europe were on them. When they came alongside, the ropes were lowered to them from the davits, and they made them fast to their boat."

"And they were lifted on board, boat and all?" asked Evans.

"They were only about halfway up the *Algonquin's* side, when something gave way at one end of their boat, and those two travellers, with all their belongings, were spilled into the placid deep, like peas out of a pod."

"They weren't drowned?"

"No; they were fished out wet and bruised,—it's a wonder they weren't killed. Now, as the *Algonquin* had way on, and was moving all the while, you can imagine where the different articles of their outfit were by this time,—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. To make an end of it, all they saved was their boat and the clothes they were wearing. It was a moving accident."

"Who were they?"

"I knew one of them well,—Mr. Pearson, a lawyer, of Chicago. It was he gave me those stone heads. They were the only things left in the boat,—jammed down in a corner."

"Why, it must have been Elsie Fraine's uncle," said Evans.

"Yes, he is. I think he said he got them somewhere on Lake Superior."

Evans stared at the little images for a long time before saying suddenly that he had "best get back to his room, as he had intended to do some work that night." He turned with his hand on the door.

"So you know Elsie Fraine, Jack?"

"Used to be acquainted with the whole family when they lived in Winnipeg."

"Is that so? Why—"

"Oh, yes, I'm an old friend. If you want me to put in a word for you—"

"No, no," laughed Evans, opening the door. "The exams," he said, coming back, "are deucedly close now, aren't they? Oh, as to Miss Fraine, I was just surprised that you should be acquainted with her,—that is, you never spoke of her before, you know. But about the exams, now. Laborious days and nights devoid of ease were never much in my line,—that sort of thing. I used to like classics, but Greek prose, now! I'm disgusted with it all."

"Well, *de disgustibus*,—you know the rest," answered Wiley. "But I'll give you a pointer, Fred. To write Greek prose, you must first of all get a clear idea of the force of the optative; and that you cannot have until you've got yourself into the corresponding mood in English,—which is, of course, the potative mood. Come down to the *Caer Howell*."

And the room was left in the care of the little household gods on the mantel, above the fire in the grate, fallen now to a mass of red coals, the heart of a mellow glow which lingered about the fireplace. Now and then the light flickered vaguely about the framed testamur which hung above the mantel, sealed duly, and setting forth at length, in

"Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,"

Joannem Wiley boni socii admisisse in gradum. The rest of the room would have been in shadow but for the bright cone

of light cast down from the shaded student-lamp on the table which made the shadows about it softer and less vague, subduing well the effect of disordered arrangement so characteristic of interiors in Residence. A large, red arm-chair had been drawn up to the table, on which were to be seen, in motley assortment, pipes, note-books, a stray neck-tie, cards, pens, matches, cigar ashes, a magazine, and so forth; not forgetting volumes in the familiar binding of Bohn, and others, from the book-shelves in the corner. Such were the undergraduate belongings of Jack Wiley, who, having left College some time before, on being plucked at the end of his third year, had lately come into Residence to read for the Supplementals, and was now living his third month in his present quarters, two pair back.

II

Whenas night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung.

—Rejected Addresses.

"It was a very strange accident," Elsie Fraine had said, when Evans told her, a week later, of the *Algonquin* episode. "I did not hear of it till now. Of course I knew of the wrecking of their yacht before that. How unfortunate!"

They were on College Avenue, returning from a concert at the Gardens. The night was clear and beautiful in the quiet streets, where each lamp-post stood with light unlit; as though it had escaped his dull wits that with his lanthorn he was to present the figure of moonshine in the most tragical comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. As they walked on with now the bright soft moonlight about them, now under the shade of the trees on the Avenue, they felt the freshness of the early spring. Elsie was singing softly to herself snatches of music in a low, cooing voice that Fred thought very sweet. She turned to him suddenly, and it seemed to him quite irrelevantly.

"But Mr. Wiley was with uncle on the yacht! They were together all summer, and came to Toronto together in the fall, and stayed with us a few weeks."

Evans said that from Wiley's account it would seem they had met on the *Algonquin*.

"Oh, perhaps," she answered. "But not for the first time, Fred. They are as old friends as we are—although we're not so very *old* yet," she added, laughingly.

She was, indeed, youth and gracefulness personified, and could look, when she chose, very frank and engaging out of her large, bright eyes,—clear and grey, with dark pupils; eyes that will conceal their secret mirth behind the long black lashes, with such demure artlessness. Her voice was soft and sympathetic; and though she would cleverly wing light darts of sarcasm, it was done with an air of wonderful innocence. A handsome figure she was, walking by the side of our friend Evans, with her light step and graceful carriage.

As they stood before parting, she felt, no doubt, the mild air on her cheek, like the peaceful breathing of the night, and, gazing up into the serene heavens, and the brightness of countless stars, she murmured, "Oh, it's such a lovely night, and I *do* love to be all, all alone, like this, with the far off stars." And she seemed to have forgotten him.

"All, all alone, like this." Now, isn't that rather hard on me?" he protested, with a burlesque suggestion of tragic desolation, after the manner of Howells. "I pause for a reply."

"You are so ridiculous, Fred." And while she laughed she seemed to come down again to sublunary things. "Isn't this a nice way," she said, "for us two second year men to be preparing for the examinations?"

"Yes," he admitted, "I *do* find it rather nice."

"But I didn't speak so much for myself,—we girls always study as we should," she said, gravely. "Now, you'll stay in, won't you, from to night, and study hard, Fred? But you mustn't injure your precious health."

He laughed, and promised as dutifully as a child. And in these last days he did study hard, as the word goes. We wearers of the cap and gown, in Residence and out of it,—even those of us whose devotion is to the hard-grained muses of the cube and square,—seem scarcely to have time, at this season of the year, for observing how widely Newton's law prevails, and how invariable a fact it is that year after year, the amount of work done varies inversely as the square of the distance from the examinations.

Evans' thoughts wandered at times, and he would look up from his books often, seeming to see many things. In one of

these intervals he was thinking how fond of her uncle Elsie seemed to be,—if he could get the little stone images from Wiley, she would like to have them, and he might so please her, perhaps; and before going back to what he was at he used to wonder at himself that she was so often in his thoughts. But Wiley did not seem disposed to part with the two small heads which his friend Pearson had given him under such odd circumstances. He, alone in Residence, was enjoying his days in peace of soul; with the Supplementals far in the vague distance, his time was spent in smoking his long pipe over a great variety of books altogether foreign to the curriculum, enticing someone out to play tennis in the afternoons, and reading translations, by request, to small but eager audiences.

And so April passed into May, and the examinations were at hand.

(To be continued.)

TO MY LADY.

So pure, so fair, so bright,
How like a star thou art!
Sweet Star of Hope, arise
Within my heart.

How like a dream thou art,
That wraps the soul in peace!
Oh! dreams, abide with me
Till life shall cease.

Like silver clouds thou art,
That sail in summer skies.
Oh! clouds dissolve—reveal
Those wondrous eyes.

Thine eyes, like violets dim,
Blooming in shadows deep,
Thy lips—the tender curve
Of chin and cheek.

Thy hair, like golden grain
Swayed by the wind at noon—
Thy voice, as one who plays
A low, sweet tune.

Oh, Love! draw near, lay down
Thy head upon this heart;
That all my life may prove
How dear thou art.

KATE WILLSON.

WHY WE FIGHT.

I

It is a startling fact that at the present time there are more than three-and-a-half millions of men, in Europe alone, ready to engage in war, at a moment's notice, only waiting a signal from their leaders to begin. If the question could be asked an outsider—one from another planet—why this immense number of men were taken away from industrial pursuits, and, so to speak, laid on the shelf, in the prime of life, only to be employed, when called upon, to destroy life, and for one particular purpose? why were they permitted to be idle consumers only and not useful producers? the answer would be given readily enough, from every civilized nation, that a paternal government must protect the lives and property of its subjects. This is true, but misleading. This so-called protection is in reality nothing more than one nation preventing, or trying to prevent another nation from gaining some political or commercial end. It is not that every citizen is in danger, but that nations, like individuals, have their differences and disputes, and that some method of settling these national differences and disputes, must be secured. It is the readiness or ability which one nation displays in settling a disagreement with any other nation or nations, in one prescribed way, which constitutes its naval or military power.

The accepted method of settling international differences and disputes is by fighting. But why by fighting? our hypothetical questioner may be supposed to ask. It is unlike the way in which individuals settle their disputes. But indi-

viduals are subject each to a higher power than themselves. Nations are not. But that does not answer the question why fighting should be the only way adopted by mankind of settling a national quarrel. The consideration of one of the probable reasons why it is so, may be interesting.

It must, however, be admitted that a few instances have been placed on record, of national differences of opinion being settled by other means than by fighting. The Geneva award forever settled the "Alabama" claims, without a blow being struck. The evident desire of the European powers at present to adjust international differences shows also that a clearer light is breaking in upon the nations, and that the god-like faculties of reason, will not always leave fair play, justice and right to the uncertain arbitrament of arms.

In looking for a cause we naturally desire to consider whether or not the generally accepted method be the cheapest, most expeditious, and best that could be employed. We desire to apply the same tests that we would employ in considering the utility of any projected commercial undertaking or enterprise. Here we are met, however, by very strange contradictions. Mr. A. L. Wallace, in an able article on a kindred subject, says:—

"The loss involved in these huge armaments is of three distinct kinds: 1. By the number of men, mostly in the prime of life, and of the very best physique, who are kept idle or unproductively employed; 2. By the burden of increased taxation which the rest of the community have to bear; and 3. By the actual destruction of life and property in war, which, wherever it occurs, inevitably diminishes the productive and purchasing powers of that country."

War impoverishes the victors and the vanquished, and, for a time, embarrasses neighbouring nations by the suspension of commercial arrangements. If, then, this, the generally accepted method, is found to be a *loss* to all concerned, why is not something else found to take its place? But there are other anomalies to be considered. This method involves certain strangely pre-arranged consequences or effects which do not naturally follow from a given cause. For example: if 100,000 men contend with 50,000 men, and, at the end of the struggle, the figures stand 70,000 against 15,000, all the world will rest perfectly satisfied that a national wrong has been righted, or that a national insult has been resented, requiring only a treaty to emphasize the triumph. If it could be so arranged beforehand, the destruction of an equal number of women might be made to do duty as cause for a similar result. Clearly the effect is not produced by the assigned cause. But war imperatively calls for the destruction of men, and for their destruction in prescribed ways. International regulations prevent modern warfare from descending to the level of massacre. The use of explosive bullets is prohibited, but the use of larger and more deadly shells is encouraged. To mine below a fort and blow it up, thus destroying a whole army at one blow, would be considered inhuman, but to use a torpedo and destroy the same number of lives on a man-o'-war would be perfectly legitimate. If the destruction of life be the desideratum, why make these distinctions? But that faint gleams of light are trying to pierce the gloom of ages. When a soldier is armed with a Winchester or "Martini-Henri" repeating rifle, he is potentially endowed with power to destroy an unlimited number of his fellow-men, and he wields an absolute power, against which no resistance can be successfully offered. But the strange part of it is that each soldier is endowed with and exercises this power for the purpose of destroying the lives of men who have little or no concern—certainly as little as their destroyers—with the national question supposed to be in solution at the time. It is, therefore, a most desperate tyranny over the individual who suffers; for the power of restitution is not known to mankind.

If, then, it is conceded that the generally accepted method is most hugely expensive, that it entails great loss on those nations employing it, and also on surrounding nations, that it is illogical, that it is hedged about by arbitrary restrictions, that it is not the most expeditious, that it is tyrannous in its operation on the individual, that it is not the best method that could be employed. If these things are conceded, then most surely it is strange that it should have such a hold upon civilized nations. It has a strong hold on mankind, strange as it may seem, or else the sober judgment of an intelligent humanity would long ago have relegated war to the limbo of the forgotten arts. But the origin of the hold it has is deep-seated and deep-rooted in man's nature.

Yale, B. C.

A. O. BROOKSIDE.

MY FRIEND.

The problem of the ideal and its attainment is one which presents itself to us all. "My Friend" has undertaken to solve it in his own way; so do most of us. But in spite of individual and therefore diverse treatment, the problem does not at last elude us; nor does it change its nature. It presents itself wherever there is admiration for the beautiful in nature and in art. The majority determined largely by force of circumstance, compromise the matter, and finally make choice of the woman possessing most of the admired qualities—since Pygmalion's experience was too blissful to be repeated—happy if the choice be blessed in the making. But there are some like "My Friend" whose ideal is too delightful to forego, and who live upon the daily manna of imagination.

Such a man is *my* friend, who has opened his heart to me in rare moments when the human soul yearns for sympathy, the offspring of mutual and confidence confession. A man of fine susceptibilities and lofty aspirations, he placed his ideal in the hands of the gods themselves. "Your ideal," he used to say, "cannot be placed too high." Very good; but what about the attainment? For him the search for the ideal has been a labour of sorrow and disappointment.

How he loved the beautiful and good in those days! At times, in his enthusiastic way, he would speak of the intellectual pleasure of the search, and the brightness of hope would inspire him to quote from a famous love song:—

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where thou feedest thy flock, where thou makest it to rest at noon;
For why should I be as one that wandereth,
Beside the flocks of thy companions?"

And then he would break into that magnificent song from the same poem, beginning,—

"Rise up, rise up my love,
My fair one, and come away."

The enthusiasm of those early days lingers with me yet, and adds a touch of pathos to the gentle memory of the unforgotten past. Alas! that my friend has, after a long time, failed in his search. Faith in his high ideal is gone forever. Living my own quiet bachelor life, and speculating sometimes upon this subject of high ideals, my friend's present opinions—greatly changed in these years—have still a fascination for me, and I listen now, as then, with deep interest to his lucubrations.

"In no woman," he says, "do we find the attainment of our ideal. I have sought it long; I have searched faces; I have analysed motives; I have examined the springs of action and conduct; and I am forced to confess the time wasted and the effort futile. Let me warn you, my dear fellow, against any such waste,"—then looking down at my somewhat well-worn coat of ancient cut, and my generally seedy appearance, he goes on:—"at least warn any young enthusiast friend who may ask you for advice not to undertake a task of that kind. The ideal woman is a phantom of the imagination, a phantom that dwells longest in the imagination of a fool. Look at my experience, where I have found great, almost perfect, beauty, I have generally found some terrible defect in character or understanding. In cases in which physical beauty was wanting, where I have been told character and beauty of soul existed in their place, I have found pedantry or conceit, or what, if we spoke of men, we should call priggishness. At best I have found the common place. Of course I have been most interested in beautiful women; it is hard to maintain your ideal without great physical beauty. To them, Pope's lines, which I used to detest, are not so inapplicable after all:

"Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
Most women have no characters at all;
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown or fair."

"Another writer, and a greater than Pope, has a remark, the truth of which I have often seen exemplified: 'man's desire is for the woman; woman's desire is for the desire of the man.' The inherent vanity of the sex you see—"

"Are you not misinterpreting Coleridge there?" I ask, confident that I can confute him in this one point at least.

But he rises, passing one hand rapidly over the other, as if to put an end to the discussion; and, soon after, he leaves me alone, to ponder the moral of all this; with some sadness, too, that he has thus come to speak of women with flippant indifference.

GERAINT.

THE VARSITY.

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

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, T. A. GIBSON University College. Applications respecting advertisements should be made to J. A. GARVIN, Business Manager.

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 McAlush & 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.

In connection with the recent athletic sports we have a word to say in regard to the prizes. We should prefer to have medals for prizes and to discountenance the giving of "useful" presents to winners, believing that a spirit of "sport for sport's sake" would be thereby more largely encouraged, and the somewhat selfish desire of competitors to enrich themselves at the games discouraged. We also hope that a larger measure of undergraduate support will be given to athletic sports in coming years, and thus obviate the present most unpleasant and somewhat undignified proceeding of canvassing the city for funds and prizes. Notwithstanding all this, the sports this year were an unqualified and most gratifying success.

Now that King's College building in the park is being pulled down, old memories are awakened in those who remember it in its happier days, of whom there are but few remaining. There is in the Library a water-colour drawing of the building as it was conceived, which is of some historic interest. Of the building as originally designed, the portion now in course of demolition was only the east wing; the whole building, if completed, would have stretched a long distance across the park, with a southern frontage. It cannot be a matter for great regret that it was not completed, because the gentleman who occupies a seat among those who sit Round the Table could not have penned his little rhapsody, last week, on the architectural beauty of University College.

There has been no proposal of late to which THE VARSITY could wish to give a more unqualified approval and advocacy than that on which the men of the Fourth Year decided to take action at their meeting last Monday. It was then arranged that a reception on the part of the seniors be tendered the first year; the feeling which prompted the suggestion of this innovation,—for with us it is indeed an innovation,—being a regret that there should be among students so little of social life, and such a lack of the sentiment of fellowship. The knowledge which may be acquired from books is as nothing when compared with the knowledge of mankind to be gained only in hours which the hard-working, bookish student foolishly considers lost time. The step taken by the fourth year is decidedly in the direction of better things.

It is announced, that a gentleman, who for the present desires to remain unknown, has founded a scholarship for the Natural Sciences in University College. Whatever objection might be reasonably taken to the University offering scholarships out of its own funds, already severely taxed to provide necessary instruction, it cannot but be gratifying to all University men, that private liberality should thus be forthcoming to supplement her resources. The founder wishes his gift to be known as the "Daniel Wilson Scholarship," to commemorate the faithful services of the President, and to keep ever green in the memory of the students the recollection of his scholarship and example. There could be no more graceful compliment to the President than thus to bear testimony to his long years of devotion to the interests of the University, and the watchful guardianship of its rights. For it should be frequently called to mind that to the efforts of the late Chancellor Moss, and more especially to Dr. Wilson, it is owing that the Provincial University was not robbed of its endowment, and so crippled in resources as to have been unable to take the high stand that it now holds among the universities of this continent.

A gentleman who takes great interest in collections of natural history, and who has visited the principal museums of the world—writes a correspondent to us—spent an hour in our museum the other day. He expressed himself much pleased with the excellence displayed in special departments, but his severe scientific mind

was inexpressibly shocked by observing some ludicrous transfers in nomenclature. One specimen, he was pained to observe, and a very diminutive one at that, was weighted with a thundering classic appellation, that the man of science, with an eye to the eternal fitness of things, had appropriated to a goodly sized ruminant. We know how difficult it is to keep track of objects of natural history that are regularly used in the lecture room, but a little attention on the part of the curator would prevent the humiliation of submitting to witnessing the scorn of captious visitors. It might be pertinent in this connection to draw attention to the fact that Canadian Coleoptera and Insecta are not adequately represented in our museum. The Provincial University certainly should afford the student of Canadian fauna and flora every facility for studying his special branch in its museum.

Our correspondent, T. A. Gibson, brings up a matter which we are pleased to see taken up at this early date. The annual undergraduate dinner is one which should appeal very strongly to all students in attendance at University College. We believe a few plain words upon this subject will not be out of place; indeed they are imperatively called for, if the dinner is to be a genuine success. In the past few years the annual dinner has been only nominally an undergraduate affair. The students have had charge of the preliminaries of these gatherings, but in all the pleasant details in connection with the after enjoyments of the dinner they have been entirely overshadowed and overpowered by the presence and eloquent rhetoric of the invited guests. We hope that this year the students will make a decided change, and manage the dinner themselves in every particular. Another very important point is that the price of tickets be placed at a figure which will admit of every single student being present, and thus remove any reasonable excuse there might possibly be for non-attendance. We would cordially second our correspondent's suggestion that the dinner should be held sometime towards the end of November, when there will be no possibility of its interfering with the conversation. There is one other point worthy of remark. Last year there was a deficit which the committee was obliged to make up. This was in itself an unpleasant circumstance; but it was infinitely worse to ask certain guests who had received cards of invitation to subscribe towards the payments of arrears. It is to be hoped that such an unfortunate necessity will never arise again.

The most interesting thing about King's College now is the foundation stone. Strange to say, no one seems to know in what part of the building the stone was placed. It is to be hoped that it was not placed in a similar position to that occupied by the foundation stone of University College, because it is well known that the stone in the old building contained a bottle, and if it has already been taken down, the men at present engaged in the work may have allayed their intellectual thirst—where there is so much fine dust—by appropriating the contents. Our readers may be curious to know how we found out about the bottle; so we append the following, copied from the original, at present hanging in the Senate Chamber. "Programme of the Order of Events at the Ceremony of Laying the Foundation Stone of King's College, April 23rd, 1842. The procession will be formed at 12.30 p.m. on the grounds of Upper Canada College, under the direction of the Marshall, Geo. Gurnet, Esq. On the arrival of the Chancellor, an address will be presented from the officers of the College. The bell will then be rung and the procession will move forward in the following order: 'Escort of First Dragoons; Pupils of the Home District Grammar School; Head Master and Assistant Master of the Home District Grammar School; Porters of King's College and Upper Canada College; Superintendent of the Grounds; Contractor; Superintendent of the Building (these three gentlemen abreast); Clerks of King's College; Pupils of Upper Canada College; Junior Masters of Upper Canada College; Members of the Faculties of Arts, Law and Divinity; Architect, Bursar, Solicitor (these gentlemen abreast); Senior Masters of King's College; Council of King's College; Bedel and Verger (two deep); Esquire Bedel; Chancellor (in the middle), President of King's College and Senior Visitor of King's College (one on each side of him); Governor-General's suite; Executive Councillors; Legislative Councillors; Members of the House of Assembly; Bailiff; Mayor and Corporation; Judge, Sheriff and Warden (three deep); Magistrates; Band; St. George's, St. Patrick's, and St. Andrew's Societies; Masonic Society; Mechanics' Institute; Fire, Hook and Ladder Company; Gentry; Escort of First Dragoons.' Arrived at the Ground, service will be read by the Lord Bishop of Toronto (Dr. Strachan), after which the 'Laudent Omnes Deum' will be sung. Prayer will then be offered by the Rev. John McCaul, D.D., and by the Rev. H. J. Grasett, M.A. The Hon. L. P. Sherwood will then present to the Chancellor the silver and gold coins and the bottle (*sic*) and the Hon. Wm. Allen will present the charter and papers. The inscription on the plate will be read by the Hon. R. S. Jameson, Solicitor General, and by the Hon. W. H. Draper, Attorney-General. After this the 'Non Nobis Domine' will be performed; and the procession will then be re-formed and will return to the grounds of Upper Canada College."

AN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The recent successful revival of athletic sports at University College, after a period of unexampled and inexplicable dullness in general athletics for five years, and the most creditable records of the University foot ball teams thus far this season, have awakened a more than usual interest in college sports. We hail this fact as a most encouraging omen for the future, and regard it as an indication that a more generous and enthusiastic college spirit is growing amongst the students. That this sentiment exists there can be no possible doubt. One great need is that a proper and appropriate channel be opened in order to allow it free course. Such a spirit needs frequent stimulation and careful cultivation. In all student undertakings what is most requisite is the co-operation and hearty interest of every student. To secure this there must of necessity be an element or characteristic in all such undertakings which will appeal strongly to the sympathies or preferences of the majority. In this respect general athletics are pre-eminent, and to this fact may in some measure be ascribed the popularity of the recent athletic meeting, and the favor with which the proposal to hold, later on in the season, a "Cross country" steeplechase has been received. Football, cricket, and tennis all may play who so desire, yet the members who can possibly secure positions on the various teams are of necessity limited by the laws of the different games. This fact, doubtless, deters some, who, not being able or willing to give the time and attention to the preliminaries, become ineligible as active members of the various sporting clubs that exist amongst us. Turning their attention to other pursuits their interest in these organizations either abates or disappears altogether. And thus the numbers to which these clubs appeal become limited to those who can take an active, or comparatively active part either as players or managers. And thus the constituency from which these clubs draw their financial support is proportionately reduced.

Another point to be mentioned in this connection is that of the difficulty and confusion occasioned by a multiplicity of collections on behalf of different societies. An undergraduate who supports the different clubs and patronizes the various regular college events which take place every year finds it no inconsiderable drain upon his exchequer, to do so with any degree of readiness or moderate liberality. Not wishing to deny—we speak of the average student—any recognized college organization that support which he feels it deserves, he yet finds it difficult to adjust his subscriptions to his own satisfaction, and that of the various societies. This is no less true of the numerous athletic clubs existing at University College than it is of the many literary and scientific organizations that flourish amongst us. Some system of central management and united control is needed in the one and in the other. Because there is less opportunity for deliberate action in this matter with regard to athletics we venture to draw the attention of the undergraduates to a proposal looking to this end which has been suggested by the recent boom in athletic matters. Our idea is indicated by the title with which we have headed this article—An Athletic Association. By this we understand a central student organization which shall have under its control all the athletic clubs at present, and those which may hereafter be established at University College. To suggest probable details of this scheme would be beyond our province, and perhaps beyond our power. But a few ideas have occurred to us in regard to the proposed organization which are given for what they may be worth, in the hope that their suggestion may inspire some of our readers with thoughts upon the subject which a future meeting of students can put into more practical and effective shape. Our idea of an Athletic Association is that of a central body, composed of representatives from all the clubs interested in athletics, which now are a law unto themselves. This Association should have control of the finances,—levying fees, and granting aid to the various clubs represented, upon some basis to be hereafter devised and agreed upon. This would obviate the difficulty at present created by the clashing of the various clubs with one another in regard to the collection of subscriptions. Each club should be allowed to elect its own officers and to enact bylaws for its own governance, so long as such by-laws did not interfere with any rules or laws of the general society. The association could also be a court of general appeal, and could arbitrate in cases of disagreement between clubs or individuals. Under this new scheme the committee which now controls the gymnasium would become part of the general Athletic Association. The gymnasium is at present supported by the College Council out of a portion of the fees. This is somewhat in the nature of a rebate, since the money is applied to the benefit of the students. If an Athletic Association were formed it could with propriety apply for the control of at least a fair portion of the money now spent by the College Council on the gymnasium. This money could be applied judiciously to aid the various athletic sub-organizations, and would lighten considerably the burden now borne by those who support the athletic clubs of our College. Other details and improvements will doubtless suggest themselves when the matter comes up, as we hope it will soon, for discussion and legislation. For the present we shall be satisfied to have directed attention to the subject, and shall be pleased to receive communications from all those who feel an interest in college athletics.

COMMUNICATIONS.

UNDERGRADUATE DINNER.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In University College as elsewhere the maxim that old superstitions die hard is generally found to be true. That such is the case is not only natural, but being in accordance with the time-honoured standing of the institution is worthy of admiration. But what is more laudable is the fact that among the long-lived customs there are others besides superstitions. The present academic year has been entered upon with an unusual amount of genuine collegiate spirit. We have seen the revival of the annual sports after an interval of some years attended with a due measure of success. In fact, in every department of college work there seems to be an active and healthy spirit. There is one thing however to which I would call your attention. Last year the custom of holding an Annual Dinner was revived; all who attended it can testify to its success. With regard to this year's, so far at least as I have heard, nothing has yet been said, and it is this that induced me to bring the matter up through the medium of your columns. It is not too early to consider it. If a committee be appointed it will be their duty to provide against some of the mistakes into which last year's committee unwittingly fell. Such as the permission of political speeches by long-winded M.P.'s, without mentioning others, in order that the dinner may be more strictly for those interested in University College. Hoping that the matter of improving the social advantages of the college in this respect will receive the timely attention of the undergraduates, I remain, yours sincerely,

T. A. GIBSON.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I have long wondered why it is that we Canadians pay so little attention to elocution. Surely it is not because we are already perfect in this respect. In order to be convinced that we are not, one has but to listen to those of our public men who are acknowledged to be the best speakers. They all pay great attention to matter, but very little to manner.

And this may also be truly said of our whole educational system. Till lately reading was deemed too childish a study for High School pupils. Happily, however, a change has taken place, which bids fair to make good reading of as much importance from the examination standpoint as any other subject. It is a pity that pupils should be urged to learn to read well just that they may obtain a larger number of marks, but better to learn for that reason than to neglect it altogether.

If we turn to University College, we find even a worse state of affairs. There is no provision whatever made for elocution, though perhaps it should be taken up by the lecturer in Rhetoric. No one, I think, will say that he learned to read in a college classroom. But let me say here that I do not mean to find fault with the lecturer in Rhetoric. He is trying to do the work of three men, and does not receive for it what would be a fair remuneration for one. The governing body (whatever it is, for it is hard to give it a "local habitation and a name") must be held responsible for the present state of affairs. Nor will a change come till the authorities recognize the fact that a liberal education does not consist merely in being able to read easy classical authors at sight, and more difficult ones with the help of a translation, nor indeed in acquiring a stock of information of any particular kind, solely because our forefathers found such an education sufficient for them. To say that colleges in the United States teach elocution will produce none but an injurious effect, for we are not to copy even any good thing from the Yankees.

If we are to have an opportunity to study this subject, we must take the matter into our own hands, as we have already done with Political Science and other subjects. Let a dramatic club be formed and some good elocutionists engaged, and the Club will become one of the most popular about the College.

Nor will drill in reading, reciting, or speaking be the only benefit to be derived from such a club. Some good play would be taken up, thoroughly studied, and perhaps presented. By thorough study I do not mean the kind of treatment dramatic writings receive from lectures in literature, but the study which leads a man to try to find out what the author meant, and to search for the beauties of thought and expression therein contained.

Again, this club, unlike the Modern Language Club and other specialists' clubs, would be open to all undergraduates, and would thus tend to rouse them from that social deadness into which they have partly fallen and partly been driven by the dons. Of course objections will be made to the formation of a new society; but this one will be so eminently social in its character that we should by all means form it at once.

GUYON HOPE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

The following was copied by a University College man, during a recent trip to Europe, from the notice stuck up in his bedroom, in the Rheinischer Hof, Mainz:—

"Hotel Rhine. Rhinewine of the best positions very carefully bought and attended; warranted for purity. I sell on wishes in delivering several dozens of bottles for a moderated price. Please to apply yourself to the bureau."

This piece of excellent Teutonic English is commended to the study of the First Year German Class, on condition that nobody laughs till he has rendered it into—at the least—as good German, and made sure that the hausknecht (*Anglice*: Boots) of the Rheinischer Hof might not be set on the broad grin by his excellent translation.

* * *

How hard sometimes to suit the word to the thought in the easy flow of conversation! He is a consummate conversationalist who has never to take refuge in cumbrous circumlocutions, trite sayings and tedious repetitions of hackneyed phrases. With what telling force an apt phrase strikes us as it comes, ere it has had time to cool, hissing hot from the brain that minted it! Such a one just now occurs to me. The Flemish school of painting happened to be the subject of conversation, suggested very probably by an illustrated article in *Harper's* on the Madonnas. The old Dutch masters seem to have honoured their patrons by introducing their generous phlegmatic countenances into paintings, sometimes as shepherds or as Magi, occasionally, however, in more exalted *roles*. A painting of the Supreme Being, among rolling, mountain-piled clouds, intended to suggest the most striking attributes of the conservator of the world, was referred to as illustrating the Dutch febleness in dealing with the sublime. My friend graphically summed up the situation by remarking that it reminded him "of a fat Dutchman wading through a feather bed."

* * *

Pay attention to the mechanism of an ordinary conversation on any higher topic than the weather (meaning no disrespect, as it please you, to that venerable topic) and you will be surprised how largely it is composed of phrases. In fact it may be said broadly, that phrases are the counters of the conversational game. They roll glibly off the tongue, and provided that the inherent meaning is exactly understood, form very tolerable labels for thoughts, otherwise difficult of utterance. For be it known that the efficient cause of phrase-making is the desire for a happy expression to, as it were, exhaust the content of a thought.

* * *

Phrase-makers, then, are highly estimable members of the literary guild. Indeed it is usual to establish the popularity of an author by the number of phrases from his writings that have become household words. Not by any means an unfair test. One characteristic of phrase-makers is rather unpleasant; they are in the habit of bringing their peculiar expertness to bear upon all who may happen to come in contact with them.

* * *

In this respect Beaconsfield was one of the happiest of phrase-makers. His light darts of pleasantry used to penetrate the epidermis of the most hide-bound political opponent. For him there was a certain fascination in the writhing of his victim, struck down by a felicitous phrase—which rankled and which in the public mind henceforth was inseparable from his personality. Beaconsfield's facility herein is too well known to need illustration; but if one is required, his famous characterization of Gladstone will be remembered—"intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

* * *

There was a merry device set up in the old tilt-yard to train the novice in the gentle sport. A cross-piece bearing a shield at one extremity, and a sand-bag dangling from the other, was mounted so as to revolve freely. This was the *quintain*. The jousting had in full career to strike his lance fairly on the centre of the shield, else would the other arm swing round and strike the luckless wight from his horse—a reward for inexpertness. In toying with language there is much the same spice of danger.

* * *

Every writer must be a law unto himself in selecting his vocabulary. The graceful command of diction, the weight of the thought, the nervous power displayed in handling his theme, will carry one author through triumphantly, where another must have failed. There is a rugged grandeur in Carlyle's prose which makes even the most barbarous of his word-inventions seem in perfect harmony. And this is the only guide that can be suggested, if the word in question seems to be so natural where it is, that no ordinary word of kindred meaning could be substituted for it; without serious detriment to sense or rhythm, use that word whatever may have been its antecedents. In this, as in everything else, it may be said nothing succeeds like success.

The use of slang and cant terms in serious writing is a very vexed question. However distasteful to purists, there can be no doubt that slang is the natural feeder of language. And it is unnecessary to point out the wealth of illustration and the variety of expression derived from the use of the cant of trades. For it is not too much to say that every occupation has its own cant.

* * *

"Such fashionable cant terms as 'theatricals' and 'musicals,' invented by the flippant Topham," we read in the *Curiosities of Literature*, "still survive among his confraternity of folly." An as we read, we may take to heart what little comfort there is in the reflection that the venerable shade of D'Israeli, hovering over University College, will hold us free from at least this reprehensible frivolity. Indeed, it is to be regretted that any survival of dramatic art among us seems almost a thing past praying for. Convocation Hall once resounded *plausu theatri*; but the echoes have long died away.

* * *

We should go about organizing an amateur dramatic club as may be. True, the desire in this direction may not be, as yet, general; but it will soon become general—it is merely latent. Shall not the undergraduate suit the action to the word, as saith my lord Hamlet? Shall he not saw the air with his hand, thus? Shall he not strut from L. to R. F., and bellow, rant and scowl, imitating humanity abominably, and holding, as 'twere, a cracked mirror up to nature? Shall he not split the ears of the groundlings?

* * *

And a dramatist from among ourselves—is it too much to hope for?

* * *

But in all seriousness—we have Mr. Stedman's word for it—the time has come for poetry of any form "that shall be essentially dramatic. This kind has rounded each recurring cycle in other literatures than our own. It is a symptom of maturity, and we, in our turn, approach the age when life attains fire and colour, and is full of the experiences that give tone to art." Over and above the arguments, then, put forth in Mr. Youn's letter in the present issue, there are two of great weight and purport to be presented here.

In the first place, "for a poetic play to have a success," as Brander Matthews writes, "it must be the work of one who is both poet and playwright; who is, in fact, playwright first and poet after." He cites the examples of Moliere, Shakspeare, and Hugo, and of lesser men; and we all know what a number of dramatic failures have been attributable to the author's having laboured under the disadvantage of being poets to start with. Very few of those who read Shakspeare know how his plays, before being put on the stage, are tampered with and vamped—how, for instance, hundreds of lines are taken from the mouths of the minor characters, with a view to enhancing the "star" part. Salvini, as the result of his study, has actually placed it on record that in his opinion the sleep-walking scene ought to be assigned to Macbeth instead of to his wife. The coming dramatist, it will be seen then, must be familiar with stage "business" and people; he must know too the life about town. It is likely that he will come from the ranks of New York journalism. But should the fates, in a capricious moment, dower some gifted, seemingly unobservant freshman with Melpomene's dagger and bowl, and the laughter of golden-haired Thalia, what a fine thing for the dramatic organization it would be to have guided his first steps!

In the second place, for the development of what we may call the ideal drama, the public taste and sentiment must rise to far higher levels than in these days of melodrama and scenic effect. Writer, actor, theatre and public must be at one; and by faithful, conscientious work in a dramatic organization such as has been suggested, we shall be doing our part, however limited our scope may be, towards making the conditions surrounding the drama most propitious and helpful, against the coming of the second Shakspeare.

* * *

"Of the two," writes Stedman, "tradition is less essential to romance and the drama than a favouring atmosphere. The wreath must be held out by a public that delights in the Pythian games, and won by contestants worthy to receive it."

* * *

"When I was on the stage in a humble capacity," said the ingenious man, "we used to present 'Julius Cæsar' sometimes; and I remember that a new acquisition to the troupe made his first appearance one night when that was the play. He went on in the second scene of the first act, as one of the tunic-clad Roman soldiery—designated 'supes' in the demotic phraseology of the gallery—and seemed to throw his whole heart into striding about the stage in the train of Cæsar. He carried a javelin, and a banner inscribed S. P. Q. R., chewed tobacco, and was sublimely unconscious of the anachronism. When he came off, I asked him if he knew the meaning of the letters. He glanced at them—seeming to have not noticed them before; gave them his attention for a few seconds, and said, 'Salaries paid quite regular.'"

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

Mr. R. Shiell, whom we spoke of in our last issue as having entered law, has ceased to be a disciple of Blackstone, and is now at Toronto Medical School.

We hear that J. N. Elliott, one of the third year representatives in the committee of the Literary Society, is about to go to the North-West in a short time.

Laval University has honoured a Toronto graduate, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., LL.B., with the degree of LL.D., for his services to Canadian history and legal literature.

The Glee Club has got into regular work again, and has already received several invitations to sing at entertainments in the city. Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, Musical Director of the Toronto Vocal Society, has received the appointment of Conductor for the current year. It is to be hoped that all gentlemen possessing musical talent or knowledge will join this excellent organization at once. The Club hopes to pay special attention to the singing of part songs and glees. A quartette is to be selected from among the members of the Club.

Knox College opened formally on Wednesday, 6th, when Dr. Maclaren delivered a lecture on the "New Theology."—The Alumni Association met on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th. There were some very interesting discussions on important subjects. The annual dinner was held on Wednesday evening.—The different societies and clubs are all in working order and everything is full of life and vigour.—Mr. J. McGillivray, B.A., and Mr. J. Goforth have been elected representatives of Knox to attend the Interseminary Missionary Alliance at Montreal.

The Games' Committee, with an eye to the future, have arranged for a new departure in college athletics. Through the kindness of Mr. S. B. Windrum, jeweler, of this city, they are enabled to offer an exceedingly handsome cup as a first prize for a "cross country" steeplechase. It is proposed to hold the race about the end of the regular football season, or towards the close of November. The course will most probably be from the university lawn to Oulcott's Hotel, Eglinton, where a re-union will most probably be held at the conclusion of the race. It is the intention of the committee to offer additional prizes,—perhaps seven or eight others, and thus render the interest more general, and secure a large number of entries.

The Varsity played its second game in the series for the Ontario championship with Upper Canada College on Friday, Oct. 22nd, on the College grounds. There was a very large attendance, including many ladies, attracted by the fine weather and the distribution of prizes at the College, as well as by sympathy for either club. The Varsity started badly and, for a few moments, it looked as if the College were going to score, but the Varsity settled to work and put their opponents on the defensive. The College team was badly handicapped in weight but played a very fast and plucky game throughout. The Varsity, however, won by 38 points to 0. To-day the Varsity meets Ottawa College and, probably on next Saturday, McGill College in Montreal.

Father Vincent has resigned the presidency of St. Michael's College and is succeeded by Rev. Dr. Cushing, late director of Assumption College, Sandwich. Father Cushing received his early training at the college of which he is now superior, and his studies were completed in France. The skill with which his duties as professor and administrator in Sandwich were performed augurs most favourably for the prosperity St. Michael's may hope to enjoy under his management. We are sure Dr. Cushing will be welcomed as the head of an affiliated college and a member of the university senate.—J. M. Reddin, '88, is attending college at Plymouth, England.—Rev. J. R. Teefty, M.A., has gone to Devonport, England, as a professor in the Basilian College in that place.

The demolition of old King's College building proceeds apace. The Government, in return for the plot of ground there, surrendered by the University, grants \$20,000. This sum, with \$10,000 from other sources, is to be devoted to building a new Convocation Hall, of which we are greatly in need. An opportunity for an interesting ceremony will be presented by the uncovering of the foundation stone of old King's College. There should be a procession of university graduates and students, and a few addresses by prominent university men would be a pleasing feature. The stone and its contents will probably be deposited in the museum, as the university has no regular muniment room. It is expected that Dr. Scadding and other old residents will assist at the proceedings.

We are informed that arrangements have been made for a lecture to be delivered in Convocation Hall on Saturday, November 6th, by Miss F. H. Churchill, on the subject of Voice Culture. Many of the students have already heard this talented lady in her inimitable interpretations, and noted the wonderful power and purity of her voice. But from what we hear from numerous sources Miss Churchill's greatest triumph is her lecture on this subject. It is said to be practical and instructive, and at the same time it is rendered as entertaining as a concert by varied and apt illustrations of tone and method. She reduces voice-culture to a practical science, and one cannot hear her without being convinced that she has discovered the true secret of voice-building. We bespeak for her a crowded hall, and would recommend every student to take advantage of this opportunity.

Wycliffe Literary Society held its first meeting on Friday, the 22nd, and, to be in the fashion, took Ireland for the debateable ground. N. W. Hoyles, Esq., M.A., the President-elect, took the chair. Mr. Hamilton dilated on Ireland's wrongs and Mr. Murphy on Ulster's rights. F. J. Lynch and J. Thompson ably assisted their leaders. Having Gladstone's Bill as subject and the good of the Empire as object, the affirmative could not induce the Society to reverse the decision of the British Parliament. The issue was at one time in the balance, but a graphic picture of the "clouds of heaven lowering earthward to wipe out with tears of compassion the vengeance-clamouring blood of the martyred Mountmorris" tipped the scale in favour of the negative. Readings were given by Messrs. C. H. Owen and Johnson, and December 3rd was settled as the date for the first public debate.

The first regular meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association for the session was held in McMillan's Hall, on Tuesday, the 26th, and was numerously attended. The President, Wm. Houston, M.A., occupied the chair. Owing to the absence of the regular officers, W. V. Wright was appointed secretary, and J. A. McMillan treasurer *pro tem*. A communication from the President of University College, refusing the use of Moss Hall or any other College building for the meetings of the Association unless they were willing to withdraw the programme prepared last term for this year's meetings, was read and caused considerable discussion. It was finally decided to reaffirm the programme and accept the inevitable refusal to allow the Association to meet in Moss Hall. McMillan's Hall was fixed upon as the place of meeting, the next meeting to be held at 4.15 sharp on Wednesday, Nov. 3rd, at which steps will probably be taken to make final arrangements for the session. The programme for next meeting will be an address by the President on the Place of Political Economy in a Liberal Education.

A very important meeting of the Fourth Year was held Monday afternoon. For some time past there has been noticed a want of sociability in college, which has increased as the number of students has increased. The fourth year at last determined to take steps to remedy, at least to some extent, this very undesirable state of affairs, and met in Moss Hall for that purpose. Mr. A. H. Young, who was asked to take the chair, thought the object could be attained best by giving the first year a supper. Messrs. Hume, Nesbitt, J. S. MacLean and others, spoke in favour of the project, and thought it could be carried out without doing any injury to the prospects of the annual college dinner. Finally it was moved by Mr. J. A. Ferguson, seconded by Mr. T. H. Rogers, and carried unanimously, that the Fourth Year give the First Year a reception at an early date. It was understood that the reception will be as informal as possible, and simply to promote the social intercourse and good fellowship between the years. An energetic committee was appointed to make all arrangements, with power to assess the year for it. We have no doubt of the success of the scheme, and hope it will be the forerunner of many other social unions.

DRIFT.

HOW TO CHOOSE A LIBRARY.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,—
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

—Sir T. Denham.

There are substantial grounds for deprecating a too exclusively book education, as tending to enervate and to hinder mental development and the highest grades of literary production. It is very pleasant to "let books think for us," as Charles Lamb said he did; but it was no wonder that he was obliged to add, "I cannot sit and think." We all can say with him, "I love to lose myself in other men's minds," and this is one of the blessed uses of books. They "are not companions, they are solitudes; we lose ourselves in them, and all our cares." But the opiate which serves us in pain may become a poison and a paralysis by excessive indulgence. Mere passive receptiveness of other men's thoughts is like always riding in an easy carriage instead of walking: one is in danger of gout and dyspepsia. We read, as we eat, for strength, for the elements of growth and nourishment, for refreshment, for relish, and for medicine. And our errors are also analogous in the two cases—in repletion, in defective nutritiousness in the food, or in imperfect assimilation on our own part.

If possible, and as far as possible, have your own books. Only, as I have already suggested, let your library be a growth, and not a construction on any one's plan. When you feel sure about a book for the permanent value of its "wisdom," or need it for "use," or crave it for "delight," or are drawn to it from "piety," buy it, and bring it home with the feeling of a mediæval master-mason when he set a new stone in his cathedral walls. Buy one at a time. Let its acquisition be a separate transaction and expedition; and, if you can, bring it home under your arm. To drop into a store and order a great bundle of volumes sent home is to lose the true flavor of book-buying,—as if one should cram down his strawberries by the ladleful or gulp down his wine at one draught. Neither do as I did when, quite a boy, smitten with an ambition to begin a library, and taking Chancellor Kent or some other friend of education as my guide, I went to a store with a long list,—the first on the list being, I think, Polybius! Fortunately, the prospect of becoming insolvent long before I reached any of the books that I really wanted deterred me from becoming a foolish builder of wood, hay, and stubble, instead of gold, silver, and precious stones.—*I. N. Zabriskie, in the October Lippincott.*

The first number of the new *Scribner's Magazine* will make its appearance in December. It will be published simultaneously in all quarters of the United States and Canada. The edition will exceed 100,000 copies. It is to be observed that this is the only issue of the new periodical to be "dated in advance." Succeeding numbers will appear on the first of the month named on the cover.

A distinguished author wrote to another author less distinguished: "You have gone through a good deal of really vigorous study, but you have not *been in harness* yet." By harness he meant discipline settled beforehand like military drill. Now, the advantages of drill are evident and very generally recognized, but the advantages of intellectual *flânerie* are not so generally recognized. For the work of the intellect to be clear and healthy, a great deal of free play of the mind is absolutely necessary. Harness is good for an hour or two at a time, but the finest intellects have never *lived* in harness. In reading any book that has much vitality you are sure to meet with many allusions and illustrations which the author hit upon, not when he was in harness, but out at grass.

Leon Curmer, the French publisher, tells an amusing story of Balzac, who had promised to contribute to his projected periodical, *Les Français peints par eux mêmes*, but who lost interest after the first delight in the novel speculation had passed away. Curmer could get nothing from him. At last, on the eve of publication, one of the printer's messengers was sent to Balzac's lodgings for copy, with strict injunctions not to come back empty-handed. The envoy returned with three or four slips of paper, on which a few lines had been hastily scribbled. The manuscript was speedily in type, and a proof was dispatched to the author. Balzac returned it, doubled its former size, with erasures, corrections, and additions crossing each other between the lines in inextricable confusion. Eight times was the process repeated, and at last the memorable monograph entitled *Nos Epicuriens* was the result. "The corrections of that proof," says Curmer, "cost me one thousand francs. But I sold twenty thousand copies of the first number."

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

The land that from the rule of Kings,
In freeing us, itself made free.
Our old world sister, to us brings
Her sculptured dream of Liberty.

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands,
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave;
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful, to thee,
Once more a debt of love we owe:
In peace, beneath thy fleur de lis,
We hail a later Rochambeau.

Rise stately symbol; holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains and darkness; belt the earth
With watch-fires from thy torch relit.

Reveal the primal mandate still
Which chaos heard and ceased to be;
Trace in mid-air th' eternal will,
In signs of fire "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light,
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,
A lightning flash the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name.

—J. G. WHITTIER in *N. Y. Independent*.

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. In this issue appears the first instalment of a Novel, the scene of which is laid in College. The news columns will be full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

A Tale of Two Idols. I.

To My Lady.....Miss Kate Willson.

Why We Fight.....A. O. Brookside.

My Friend.....Geraint.

Topics of the Hour.

An Athletic Association.

Communications.

Undergraduate Dinner.....T. A. Gibson.

Amateur Dramatic Club....Guyon Hope.

Round the Table.

University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



COMPLETE STOCK OF

HATS & FURS.

The Finest in the City.

WRIGHT & CO.,

55 King St. East, opp. Toronto Street.

ELLIS & MOORE,

Printers
and
Publishers

39 : & : 41 : MELINDA : STREET
TORONTO.

Church Notices

REV. DR. WILD

BOND STREET CHURCH

Hours of service—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

UNITARIAN CHURCH, Jarvis Street.

REV. HILARY BYGRAVE, Pastor

Hours of service—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Subjects for Sunday, March 28th.

Strangers welcome at both services.

The Varsity Book.

PROSE AND POETRY.

Copies of this book—containing the choicest selections from the columns of THE VARSITY since its first year—can be obtained upon application at this office. Price, 50 cents. As but few copies are left, those graduates and students who have not yet subscribed for THE VARSITY Book should do so at once, as the edition will soon be exhausted.

DI-VARSITIES.

"Why is a lawyer like a horse?" "Because," said Snifkins, "he has to draw so many conveyances."

Tramp—I have lost an arm, sir; will you—Passer-by (in great haste): Sorry, but I have't seen anything of it.

O'Hoolihan.—Och, Laverty, here comes some ladies!

Laverty.—Ther divil! O'Hoolihan, rin up on ther bank and war-r-rn thim aff!

"Dear George," said a young woman, "I am willing to marry you, if we have to live on bread and water." "Well," said the enthusiastic George, "you furnish the bread, and I'll skirmish around and find the water."

"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class, after a long preamble. "Ergo"—then he stopped to take breath. "Well, let ergo, Gallagher," sung out one of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.—*Ex.*

It looks bad to see a dog preceding his master down the street, and calmly turn down the stairs to the first saloon he approaches. It shows there is something wrong, something lacking, a deplorable tendency on the part of the dog.

Three students returning home alone along College Avenue a night or two ago, did their best to make Rome howl with melody. "Look here, now," said one of the finest, coming up breathless, "what are yez hollerin' about?" "We're hollerin'," answered a hilarious member of the games committee, "about the streets, you know."

Six McGill students, after leaving the Academy on Friday night, went round the vicinity of Beaver Hall hill, turning out the gas in the street lamps, ringing door bells, and in Bleury street they rolled a large water pipe into an excavation, completely smashing it. His Honor told them the next morning that their conduct was disgraceful, and fined them all \$5 or fifteen days in jail. The fines were paid.

Lady (to her physician whom she has called from town to her country place)—"Oh, Doctor, I am ashamed to have brought you such a journey; but I felt so wretchedly low that—" Doctor—"Don't mention it, my dear madame. Your neighbor, Mrs. Woodruff, is also a patient of mine, and I must see her while here. Kill two birds, you know, with—h'm! h'm!—I mean—it's of no consequence."—*Ex.*

The late Dr. Kemper, the theologian, once commenced carving at the table a boiled ham that was doing duty for the second or third time.

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed his wife in surprise, "you have forgotten something. You have not asked the blessing."

"Yes, I have, too," bluffly responded the doctor. "I've asked the Lord to bless this old ham all I'm a going to."

A brakeman in the employ of the Delwaere and Hudson Canal Company is a very obliging person and thoughtful withal. An excursion party, which included many young men and women, recently made the trip from Albany to Lake George, and as the train would near a tunnel, of which there are a good many on the line, he would call out in stentorian tones: "Gents, choose your partners for the tunnel."

MAMMOTH BOOK EMPORIUM.

CHEAPEST
NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS
IN CANADA.

A FEW SAMPLES

Macaulay's History of England,
5 vols., clo. \$2 00
published at \$5 00

Dickens' Complete Works, 15 vols.
clo. 12 00
published at \$18.75.

Scott's Waverley Novels, 12 vols. 10 00
published at \$18.75.

New and Second-hand College Books, Art
Books, Ancient and Rare Works, etc.

R. W. DOUGLAS & CO.

250 YONGE STREET.

(Successors to A. Piddington.)

L. & J. SIEVERT,

TOBACCONISTS,

Mail Building, 54 King Street West

TORONTO.

Fine Imported and Domestic Cigars

STUDENTS' NOTE BOOKS AND
other requisites.

Stationery and Fancy Goods at
ALEX. BROWN'S, 445 Yonge street, 2nd door
north of Carlton street.

Discount to students. Branch office of G.
N. W. Telegraph Co.

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
AND DRAMATIC ART

VOICE BUILDING, ELOCUTION and GESTURE
Thoroughly taught and gentlemen prepared for public
reading and speaking in any department,

MISS F. H. CHURCHILL,

37 Gould Street, Toronto.

COX & CO.,

Stock Brokers,

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange.

26 TORONTO ST.

Continuous market quotations from New
York, Chicago and by private wire.

JAMES ALISON, MERCHANT TAILOR

AND IMPORTER OF WOOLLENS, &C.,

264 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

(A liberal discount to students.)

Professional Cards.

Legal

BLAKE, LASH, CASSELS & HOLMAN, Barristers, &c., Dominion Chambers, over Dominion Bank, cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

Edward Blake, Q.C., S. H. Blake, Q.C.
Z. A. Lash, Q.C., Walter Cassels, Q.C.,
C. J. Holman, H. Cassels,
R. S. Cassels, Alex. Mackenzie,
H. W. Mickle, W. H. Blake

KINGSFORD, BROOKE & GREEN, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Toronto and Sutton West, Ontario. No. 10 Manning Arcade, Toronto. Main street, Sutton West.

R. E. Kingsford. G. H. C. Brooke. George Green
MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK, Barristers, &c. **MOSS, HOYLES & AYLESWORTH**, Barristers, &c. North of Scotland Chambers, 18 and 20 King Street west, Toronto.

Charles Moss, Q.C. W. G. Falconbridge, Q.C.
N. W. Hoyles, Walter Barwick,
B. Aylesworth, W. J. Franks,
Douglas Armour.

MOWAT, MACLENNAN, DOWNEY & BIGGAR, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., York Chambers, Toronto Street, Toronto.

Oliver Mowat, Q.C., James MacLennan, Q.C.,
John Downey, C. H. W. Biggar,
Thomas Langton, C. W. Thompson.

MCCARTHY, OSLER, HOSKIN & CREELMAN, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Temple Chambers Toronto Street, Toronto.

Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., B. Osler, Q.C.,
John Hoskin, Q.C., Ad m R. Creelman,
W. Harcourt, W. H. F. Clement,
Wallace Nesbitt.

MULOCK, TILT, MILLER & CROWTHER, Barristers, Solicitors in Chancery, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Conveyancers, &c. Office—South-west corner of King and Church Streets, Toronto, Ontario.

W. Mulock, J. Tilt, Q.C., W. N. Miller, Q.C.,
J. Crowther, Jr.

COYNE & MANN, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office, Talbot Street, Bladon Block, opposite the Market, St. Thomas, Ont.

Jehiel Mann, James H. Coyne.

DELAMERE, REESOR & ENGLISH, Barristers, Solicitors, etc. Offices, No. 17 Toronto Street, Consumer's Gas Company's Buildings,

T. D. Delamere. H. A. Reesor. E. Tylour English.

R. W. WILSON, LL.B., BARRISTER, Solicitor Conveyancer, &c.

McCallum's Block—King Street, Cobourg.
Money to Loan.

WILLIAM F. W. CREELMAN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
17 York Chambers, Toronto street, Toronto.

HALL, DEWART & CO.,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
First door east of "Globe" Office, Toronto, Ont.
Offices—30 and 32 King St. east, up-stairs.

Tourist—An' now me letter of credit is cawshed, can you direct me to some spot in this blawsted country will equal Pipe-weed-under-Thy-copse-Herfordshire-heath, North Staffordshire, England, for a flip at a salmon? Banker—I seldom fish myself, but I understand that Mud-creek-over-against-Bill-Simmons'-Mill-pond, Knox-county-over-the-left-and-under-suspicion-Maine, United States of America-four-hands-round is a fair sporting ground.—Tid Bits.

A young woman picking her way across the railroad tracks in Indianapolis saw a brakeman wave his hand to her from the top of a departing freight train. She smiled sweetly and waved back. Then the brakeman waved more violently, and the girl smiled more sweetly and stopped and tried to get out her handkerchief to fittingly carry on the flirtation. The next thing she knew she was yanked off the track by a flagman, just in time to escape a backing train, which the brakeman had seen and tried in vain to warn her of.

A three-pint dog in a five-quart muzzle of heavy wire was laboriously trudging along yesterday morning, just after the rain, when he came to a small excavation. This he mistook for an ordinary Fourth Ward puddle, and walked into it. The heavy muzzle carried his nose to the bottom, and only his tail remained visible. The spectacle of a dog's tail furiously lashing the water attracted the attention of a neighboring apple-woman. After satisfying herself that it was not the sea-serpent, she caught hold of it and set the dog on dry land, with the observation, "If yez had been a bobtailed dog, where would yez be now?"

LEAVE your measure and secure a sample of Treble's perfect fitting French yoke shirts at Treble's Great Shirt House, 53 King Street West, corner of Bay. Card for measurement free.

Foot-ball Jerseys, Caps and Hose. Warm Underwear, all sizes and qualities, at Treble's Great Shirt House, 53 King Street West, corner of Bay Street. Gents' Kid Gloves, all sizes.

BERKINSHAW & GAIN,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
COR. OF YONGE & ELM STREETS.

Fine ordered work a specialty.
Special discount to students.

J. A. THOMPSON,
(Successor to Alex. Linn.)

— TOBACCO, : CIGARS, : PIPES, —
SMOKERS' SUNDRIES.
396 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Professional Cards.

Medical.

D. R. BURNS.
7 COLLEGE AVENUE, TORONTO.
Office Hours—9 to 10.30 a.m.; 1.30 to 3, and 6.30 to 8 p.m.

D. R. MACDONALD
has removed to
180 SIMCOE STREET
Office Hours—9 to 10 a.m., 2 o'clock, and 7 to 9.

W. NATTRESS, M.D., C.M., M.R.C.S., F.R.C.
N AND MCGILL STREETS.

D. R. PETER H. BRYCE, M.A.,
(L.R.C.P. & S., Edin., &c., &c.)
Office and residence, N. W. Corner College and Spadina Avenue.

D. R. D. J. GIBB WISHART, B.A.
(L.R.C.P. London, Eng., Etc., Etc.)
CORNER YONGE AND ANNE STREETS
Office hours—9 to 11 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m., 5 to 8 p.m.
Telephone No. 1454.

Dental

R. HASLITT,
DENTIST.
Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S., Ont.
No. 51 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

T. HENDERSON, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST,
Gold Medalist and Graduate with Honors in R. C. D. S. Office—761 Yonge Street (over Central Bank) Toronto.

G. S. CAESAR,
DENTAL SURGEON.
Office—34 Grosvenor Street, Toronto.
Telephone communication

C. P. LENNOX,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Arcade Buildings, Yonge Street, Toronto.

FRANKLIN J. ANDREWS,
DENTAL SURGEON,
31 King Street East, between Murray's and Walker's
formerly 2 King St. West, Toronto.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA—A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge—last Revised Edition—27,900 Articles—3,850 Wood Engravings—39 Maps—10 vols. Royal 8vo., Cloth, \$20.

RUSKIN'S COMPLETE WORKS—30 vols. in 12—with all the Wood Engravings and Text—\$12. Also an edition with a the Coloured Illustrations, \$18.

PARKMAN'S COMPLETE WORKS—Popular edition—10 vols, 12mo., cloth, in a box, \$15.

IMPERIAL DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE—4 vols. large 8vo. cloth, \$20; Calf bound, \$25.
Stock in all Departments well assorted

WILLIAMSON & CO., Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers, TORONTO.

Copper Plate
Engravers
WOOD ENGRAVERS,
LITHOGRAPHIC
PRINTERS.



Visiting
Cards
Illuminated Addresses,
Wedding Stationer.
Ball Programmes



Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous cigarette manufacturers to cope in part the **Brand Name** of the "Richmond Straight Cut." Now in the eleventh year of their popularity, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original **Straight Cut Brand** is the **Richmond Straight Cut No. 1**, introduced by us in 1875 and to caution the students to observe that our signature appears on every package of the **Genuine Straight Cut Cigarettes**.

ALLEN & GINTER,
Richmond, Va.

STUDENTS, ATTENTION!

Shaving and Hair-Cutting Parlours,
353 SPADINA AVENUE,
(just below College).
RANNEY BROS.

J. L. JONES
Mechanical & General
WOOD ENGRAVING
10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

EDWIN POTTS,
402 Yonge St., Toronto.

—: PICTURE FRAMER :—

Holiday Presents, Christmas Cards, etc., the choicest assortment of Fancy Articles in the city. Don't fail to give us a call.

J. BRUCE,
118 King St. West.
ART PHOTOGRAPHER.

Guarantees the finest and most artistic work that can be produced, and allows a liberal discount to Professors and Students connected with Toronto University and other colleges.

HARRY WEBB,
447 Yonge Street,
Opposite the College Avenue, Toronto.

Caterer and Confectioner—The Ontario
Wedding Cake Manufactory.

Jellies, Creams, Ices
Dinners, Weddings, Evening Parties.

GENTLEMEN appreciating perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish, Should patronise the Students' Favorite Tailoring Establishment.

Full stock of first-class goods at Lowest Prices consistent with unexcelled workmanship.

J. Hunter Brown, 283 Yonge St.,
Cor. Wilton Avenue, (Mathison's old stand)

NEWSPAPERS,
MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Sent to any address in Canada at Publishers' closest rates.

MCAINSH & ELLIS,
Opposite Post Office. TORONTO.

THE FINEST IN THE LAND

THE

ARCADE POOL & BILLIARD HALL.

Yonge St. Opp. Temperance.

14 Pool and Billiard Tables with all the latest improvements.

THE HANDSOMEST PARLORS IN CANADA

Choice lines in Temperance drinks.

Johnston's Fluid Beef on draught

TURNBULL SMITH, Proprietor

ROWSSELL & HUTCHISON

Importers of Books and Stationery,  Publishers, Printers, and Bookbinders.

Have constantly in Stock the Books required for the Universities, Public and Private Schools.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

76 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE COSIEST BARBER SHOP
ON YONGE STREET.
489 Yonge Street, - Opposite Fire Hall
H. BELL, late foreman of the Rossin House Barber Shop. Special attention to Students.

ELDRIDGE STANTON.
134 Yonge Street,
PHOTOGRAPHER

Sunbeams, \$1.00 per doz. Cabinets \$3 per dozen.

Old Pictures Copied, Enlarged and finished in colors, Ink or Crayon Orders filled from any Negatives made by the firm of Stanton & Vicars.

ABREAST OF THE TIMES!
Co-education Barber Shop
Gentlemen's Hair-cutting and Shaving Department. Ladies' Hair-dressing department
ROBERT P. WATKINS,
492 Yonge St., just above Grosvenor

GEO. HARCOURT & SON,
Established 1842.
Merchant Tailors and Robe Makers

43 KING STREET EAST, - TORONTO

BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS.
R. KINCADE,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in Fine Boots and Shoes. All orders promptly attended to. Please remember the number,
444 Yonge Street,
3rd door south of College Avenue.

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

CAER HOWELL HOTEL,
College Avenue, Toronto.

HENRY ANETT LAYTON, PROPRIETOR.

JOHAN MACDONALD & CO.,
Importers,
21, 23, 25 27 Front, 28, 30 32, 34 Wellington St.
TORONTO.
And 21 Major Street, Manchester, Eng.

JAFFRAY & RYAN,
244 Yonge Street,
IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,
—: Labatt's and other Ales. :—
Old Rye, 5 & 7 years, Port & Sherry Wines, 30 yrs. old!

GUNS RIFLES AND REVOLVERS.
ALL LATEST MODELS.
Full stock of Bullard, Colt and Winchester Rifles at Rock Bottom Cash Price. English Breech-loading Double Guns for \$13. Sole Canadian agent for best gun makers in England.
W. M. COOPER, 69 Bay St., Toronto.
Large illustrated catalogue full of information.


MEN'S TWEED SUIT DEPARTMENT

We are offering some great bargains in Men's Tweed Suits

For the balance of the month, as we must make room for Spring Goods. The following are the prices for all-wool Tweed Suits: \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50, \$9, \$9.50, and \$10. These prices are away below the regular figures for these goods. Inspection Invited.

OAK HALL, 115 TO 121 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

ROGERS'
GENTS' FURNISHING STORE
AND
GENTS' LAUNDRY.

 Gentlemen's Shirts, Collars and Cuffs
done up equal to new.

Discount off all purchases to Students.

346 YONGE STREET (corner Elm)

Students' Furnishings.

SCARFS, **SHIRTS** COLLARS,

Gloves, Underwear, Jerseys, &c., for
all college games.

Special Discounts.

I. J. COOPER, 109 Yonge St.

A VENUE HOUSE.

Billiard Parlour in Connection
48 YONGE STREET - TORONTO


WM. J. HOWELL, Proprietor.

MADILL & HOAR,

(Successors to G. B. Smith & Co.)

DISPENSING CHEMISTS, 356 YONGE ST.

Have a large assortment of Hair Brushes,
Combs, Sponges, Fancy Soaps, &c.

 A special Discount to Students.

ROBERT M. WILLIAMS,
Law Stationer,
Engrosser, Lithographer, and Illuminator,
Designer of Addresses, Resolutions
of Condolence, &c.

4 Toronto-street, Toronto.

THE DOMINION BOOK STORE.

SUTHERLAND'S,

286 & 288 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Is the place to buy, sell, or exchange your books
of all kinds.

The Great Second Hand Book Store.

Students' Books a Specialty.

BOOKS — NEW AND SECOND
Hand—bought, sold and exchanged at

YE OLDE BOOKE SHOPPE

353 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

COLLEGE BOOKS, COLLEGE
BOOKS.

The well known College Book Store, established
by Mr. James Vannevar, in 1866. Especial at-
tention given to

Toronto University Books,
Toronto School of Science Books,
Toronto School of Medicine Books.

Books both new and second hand. Students will
make a great mistake who fail to give us a call.

VANNEVAR & CO., Booksellers and Stationers,
440 Yonge St., opp. Carlton St., a few doors below
College Avenue, Toronto.

WM. WEST & CO.,
206 YONGE ST.
9 doors above Queen, and 246 Yonge St.
Sign of Golden Boot.

A large stock of Boots and Shoes always on
hand. Splendid Lace Boots, our own make,
good and cheap.

S. B. WINDRUM,
THE JEWELLER.

FALL STOCK.

Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Elec-
tro-Plated Ware, Cutlery,
Marble Clocks,

And large assortment of other Goods, pur-
chased for Cash and sold for
Wholesale Prices.

Rodgers' Table Cutlery, A 1 Spoons and
Forks, New Stock Footballs and
Boxing Gloves, Tennis Goods.
Repairing Watches and Jewelry, and Manu-
facturing leading lines.


The Public are Invited

To - inspect - my - New - Show - Room -
UPSTAIRS.

No. 31 KING STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

DOES YOUR WATCH STOP?

Take it to T. H. ROBINSON,
510 Yonge Street,
(corner Bredalbane-street.)

 Repairing a Specialty.


Call Telephone No. 3091.

FISHER'S EXPRESS LINE,
539 Yonge Street,
Baggage Collected and Delivered
At Railway Stations and in all parts of the City.
Checks given for baggage to stations. Telephone
communication with all parts of city.

ORDER YOUR BOOKS, new or
second-hand, from—

DAVID BOYLE,
353 Yonge Street, . . . Toronto.

The Students' Corner.

ANDREW JEFFREY,
Dispensing Chemist,
Corner Yonge and Carlton Streets.
A full assortment of Toilet Requisites, Sponges,
Soaps, Combs, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Per-
fumery, etc.
 A Liberal Discount to Students.

JOHN MELLON,
SIGN of THE BIG BOOT.
Ten per Cent Discount to Students in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Gents' Boots made in latest styles and at
lowest prices.
 Repairing neatly and promptly done

JOHN MELLON - 308 SPADINA AVENUE
Corner of Clyde Street.
Only ten minutes' walk from University.

HARRY A. COLLINS,

Importer and Dealer in

General House Furnishings,

Pen, Pocket and Table Cutlery,
Electro-Plated Ware,
Students' Lamps, &c.

90 YONGE STREET.

WHEATON & CO.,
17 King St., cor. Jordan

STEAM LAUNDRY

All Work done by Steam. The only
Complete Steam Laundry in
the city.



Our Wagons call for and deliver work promptly

Terms Cash. Leave your orders at store.

A. MACDONALD,
355 Yonge St., opp. Elm
Is showing one of the finest selected stocks in the
city of Worst Coatings, and Beaver Over-
Coatings, in all shades.
Scotch, English, Irish & Canadian Tweeds, in
the latest patterns.
Pants a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STUDENTS

BEFORE leaving College should place
their orders for Spring and Summer Cloth-
ing and Furnishings, with us. We are now
showing a magnificent range of

 NEW GOODS, 

and will give them the same liberal discount
as heretofore.

R. J. HUNTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR
COR. KING AND CHURCH, - - TORONTO

Club HOTEL,
416 Yonge St.
V. T. BERO, PROPRIETOR.
Choice Brands Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Latest Improved Billiard & Pool Tables

JOHN BRIMER,
MERCHANT TAILOR

210 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO