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# THE VARSITY

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

VOL. XII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

No. 6.

## Editorial Comments.



SOME ONE, whose name we do not recollect at present, has called man a microcosm, a world in himself, small indeed as contrasted with the greater world outside him, yet essentially complete. Now if this be true of the individual, much more can we affirm it of a collective body of men. No one can pass any length of time in such an institution as our University without having deeply impressed upon his mind this truth, that we have here a reproduction on a small scale of the great external world.

It would be interesting to follow out this comparison in its minuter ramifications; but such a task we shall not attempt, well satisfied if we can but lay hold of one of the more salient features of resemblance. Well do we remember the buoyant hope, the eager enthusiasm (now ours, alas! no longer) that thrilled our hearts when first we entered on our university career. It was indeed a new world which we were just approaching, and the feelings that were roused within us were such as we can suppose were roused in the bosom of Columbus four hundred years ago, when he too first beheld the new world of the west. Our mind peopled this terra incognita with airy phantoms of our own creation, just as the early discoverers of America were haunted by dreams of uncounted treasures of silver and gold and fountains of everlasting youth.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

But the progress of geographical exploration soon put an end to these quixotic hopes of the early voyagers; and so too, alas! those roseate visions we had conjured up were doomed to disappointment.

Pray do not pause here to call us a pessimist or to remark that we have probably been plucked; but kindly suspend judgment till you have heard us out. We are not a pessimist, and whether we have been plucked or not is like the flowers that bloom in the spring. Nay, we regard this disillusionment as a necessary step in the path of true progress. No man would be content to remain forever in the fairy-world of infancy, and yet it is not without regret that we first come to realize that Santa Claus and all the other worthies who blessed our childhood are myths and unrealities whom sober judgment compels us to surrender. And so too in this little world of ours, which we call Toronto University, the laying aside of imaginary and impracticable hopes is the first step in the advance to higher and truer realities.

This experience, in our humble opinion, is one of the greatest benefits which university life bestows. We are brought down from our reveries in cloudland to hard facts,

which cannot well be idealized, but must be dealt with as they are. Perhaps we started out with the idea of accomplishing some wonderful revolution during our Varsity career, such, for example, as the abolition of "hustling;" if so, we soon find what an obstacle stands in the way in the *vis inertia* of the majority of the students—an obstacle too great for aught save the College Council to remove. No doubt we feel somewhat grieved when first we come to recognize how small our influence really is; but is it not better to have gained this experience in our small world than to have waited till the rude shock of the great outside world startled us from our dreams?

Nor must we be disheartened when this revelation has come to us. It is an important step in advance for us to learn how small our influence is; it is a still more important step in advance for us to learn how great our influence is. When we have taken the first of these steps we cease to dream of ourselves as knights-errant, going to and fro and performing wondrous deeds before the admiring gaze of our fellows; when we have taken the second we come to look upon ourselves as men who have a part, albeit only a very common every-day part, to play in the great drama of human life. We recognize that the great onward movements of humanity recorded in history are the result of the conjunction of innumerable individual influences, directed indeed by some master mind, but impelled by the united wills and energies of all. We recognize that our influence, small though it be, yet turned in the right direction and added to that of countless others, becomes a sharer in that resistless force of human progress before which all things else must be swept away. And recognizing this, it becomes our solemn duty to see to it that our influence is used in the cause of right.

Surely, then, an institution which can teach us this lesson, from whose portals we can go forth into the greater world already having acquired this experience, and therefore able to take our stand in life as befits true men, surely such an institution needs no higher commendation. Many indeed are the benefits our Alma Mater bestows upon us; but none greater than this, that she teaches us, if we will but read aright the lesson of experience, to cease to be idle dreamers and to become men of vigorous thought and not less vigorous action.

In a brief article of our last issue we referred with more or less pride to the new library. Since the number appeared we have received a letter touching an important omission—no mention was made of the mutilation of the equipment. Already the men have commenced to mar the new fittings in the various ways which a perverted ingenuity never fails to devise. Some are seeking immortality through their ability in the art of Pygmalion—though we are slow to believe that if, like Galatea, their productions were imbued with life, the artists would willingly wed their

animated handiwork. Others strive towards the same goal by the art of Aristophanes—for their poetic caricatures are manifestly weak imitations of that great and gifted Greek. There is a class again, still with the same aim, who quote from Dante or Jay Kobb, and always succeed in getting their quotations mixed. These three classes probably do their deadly destruction for the most part from a spirit of ambition expressing itself in lowly form and evincing a deplorable selfishness in its forgetfulness of others. But the most fatal work is done by the man who is animated by nothing less than general cussedness. He sits around and when work gets monotonous he hunts out his weapons and proceeds to execution. He loves the University in his way, and loves the library as a part of the institution, but his love is negligent and does not prevent him from obviously injuring the object of his affections. It was from this perhaps that once agone, as we pondered amid the ponderous tomes, a voice came to us saying in heart-weariness and sorrow:—

It may have been right to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me down stairs?

Perhaps, however, we should not refuse the plea of heredity in behalf of these unfortunates, for it is reasonably maintained that we, being a composite people, are forced to exhibit outwardly traces of Gothic, Vandal and Huron blood that courses through our veins.

The sources of mutilation other than these are trifling, and with them we need not concern ourselves. Those, however, to which we have referred demand our serious thoughts, particularly when we remember that the remedy is in our own hands. Surely there is nothing tending to elevation or culture in damaging an unoffending piece of furniture even though there be such tendency in the hustling of the not less unoffending freshmen. We are sinning first and chiefly æsthetically or artistically, and we are sinning secondly economically. The authorities have at length provided adequate library facilities and it behooves us not to abuse the opportunities to us afforded. We sincerely hope that the old habit may pass away as many of its evil contemporaries have been doing, and that on this question, as it should on all, the student mind may be found advancing ever towards something better and brighter, leaving its burden of moss and mud ever farther behind in the woods.

#### IN CAP AND GOWN.

In cap and gown I saw her go—  
The daintiest sight the world could show,  
The cap aslant with mocking air,  
The gown blown lightly here and there—  
I watched her with my heart aglow.

Throughout the passing centuries slow,  
In many garbs maids come and go.  
Sweet souls! they had been twice as fair  
In cap and gown.

O Grecian girls in robes of snow,  
O satin belles of long ago,  
However gay your dress, or fair,  
I tell you ye could not compare  
With the new maid ye cannot know—  
In cap and gown.

—Bryn Mawr Lantern.

#### MY FAVORITE CANADIAN AUTHOR.

One of those significant facts which show the trend of the thoughts and hopes of Canadians in the present day is the increased and increasing attention devoted to native literary productions. The people of Canada are awakening to the fact that there has been growing up of late years a school of writers of no mean powers and capabilities. It augurs well for the future of Canadian literature that such should be the case. The present is full of the promise of still better things in the near future.

I have never, unfortunately, been able to devote much study to our native poets, and with most of them therefore I have only a very slight acquaintance. But there is one from whose productions I have derived, even in a hasty perusal, no inconsiderable amusement: I mean the poet Brooke. I may therefore be excused if I call the attention of readers of VARSITY to this writer, whose works are happily too little known and valued.

The first poem in the edition of Mr. Brooke's works which I possess is entitled "Key to my Writings," and is suggestive of the famous picture of the life of man which Shakespeare gives us in "As You Like It." Let me quote a few lines from Mr. Brooke:—

Man, what are you, following predecessor on—  
What have you been? I have been an infant baby,  
A suckling child without purpose—  
No mind, most helpless and without guile.  
I was onward pressed—a boy became;  
Castles in the air I built, and like the rose they wilt.

It may strike the unreflecting reader that these lines fail to exhibit a mastery of metrical forms; that they are, in fact, to express the idea shortly, rather lame. But surely the peculiarity of form should not divert us from the richness and profundity of meaning (if there is any meaning at all). It is ever the characteristic of genius to turn aside from the path where other men have trodden, and to seek in originality of form an adequate expression for original ideas. Such is the defence of our poet that we would offer against those who quibble over such technical and subordinate points.

Amongst the many characteristics that mark the poems of Mr. Brooke, there are two, in my opinion, that stand pre-eminent: a love for out-door life and active sports and a fervent spirit of patriotism. The first of these is especially to be seen in his poems on hunting and fishing. Take, for example, the following lines from the poem, "A Day's Woodcock Shooting,"—

'Twas morn at peep of day—  
I bounded from my bed, where oft I lay,  
Beneath the acacia trees you'll find my cot,  
If honest you cannot miss the spot,  
With trees around, above, below,  
'Tis Acacia Cottage, white as the driven snow;

'Twas there I gave that whistle shrill,  
Like magic appeared my noble setter, subject of my will,  
With joy he bounded to my side,  
Obedient to my call with faithful pride,  
His eyes they sparkled and seemed to say  
"Command, my master, I will obey."  
I stroked his head, and pleased was he  
At sight of gun, game-bag and me.

A spirit akin to that of Sir Walter Scott seems to breathe through these lines. Still more suggestive of Scott is the following animated description of a fishing exploit:—

His pole it bends a half-moon then, that fish he is surprised,  
As darting through the water quick, he turns upon all sides;  
He runs full length of line and rod, the water rushes through;  
In fear or rage is desperate, or something equal to.  
He from the water gives a leap, and shakes determined there,  
To loose the barb that's in his maw, while suspended in the air;  
Then down he goes full depths the river,  
And rises again to go down there and quiver;

My friend, a sportsman true, in fishing takes a pride,  
And taking pleasure in giving pleasure, his bait with you'll divide;

See, with what a master hand he guides that fish spank up on  
to the dam,  
Into his basket he slips him, as quiet as a clam.

To me at least this vigorous description (despite the fact that the lameness of some of the lines is painfully apparent) recalls some of Scott's vivid and life-like battle scenes.

Not less prominent is the fervent spirit of patriotism revealed in his national poems. What more glowing panegyric on this Canada of ours has ever been penned than that in the following lines?

It is the land of the free, and the home of the brave,  
'Tis Canada our home, none need be a slave.  
It is here that the honest can feel it his home,  
Respected, protected, his castle, his throne;  
Our woods and our forests, our home the North-West,  
In laws and protection our homes they are blest.  
Fair daughters, our sisters, of the noble and true,  
England's Queen is our mother, protecting us too,  
With our prairies around us, we in wonder retrace—  
Our God will protect us, protect Britain's race.  
Our lakes and our valleys, our prairie, our land,  
'Tis all ours and was given us by a bountiful hand;  
The pastures by themselves so rich and so rare,  
Vast, more extensive than any country elsewhere.

Surely the heart of every patriot must burn within him when he remembers that his is the country and his the inheritance which the poet's "winged words" are here describing. The poem "Old England," again, exemplifies the same trait, but I may be excused from quoting it on account of its length.

Such are some of the leading features in the work of this Canadian poet. The form is often defective and sometimes even grotesque: but within this exterior, uncouth as it may seem, it may be that there is a living soul. If so, I devoutly hope that some of the readers of VARSITY will find it and report, for I must confess that I am by no means certain of having discovered it myself.

FLAVIUS.

### THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

[In picking up a recent copy of the *Winnipeg Daily Free Press* we noticed a poem composed by one well-known to most of THE VARSITY readers, Jay Kobb.]

Thar's many a little tragic tale  
Is spun on th' thrummin' wire;  
Thar's many a sob an' thar's many a song  
Is sung to th' hum o' th' wire.  
We know by th' hum and th' thrum overhead  
Thar's some'un is born er thar's some'un is dead  
As the news like th' lightnin', click! is sped  
On th' telergraphic wire.

Thar's somethin' about th' yaller note  
Thet the' sighin' wires send,  
Thet makes a man's heart sneak up in's throat  
Till he's torn th' musciled end.  
Fer maybe it tells ye yer rich fer life;  
An' maybe it tells ye ye've lost a wife,  
Thar's th' hummin' o' peace an' th' thrummin' o' strife  
On th' telergraphic wire.

Each click! click! click! strikes a note in th' heart  
That either'll chord er jar;  
It is either a salve to soothe a smart  
Er a probe to scratch a scar.  
It maybe th' honey th' busy bee sips,  
It maybe th' poison from waspish lips,  
Thet is dropped from th' agent's fingertips  
On th' telergraphic wire.

### THE CANDIDATE.

In order to show us that she is still doing business on the same old stand, Dame Nature has once more ushered in Autumn, with its clear, bracing air, with its azure sky flecked ever and anon with fleecy clouds, and with its beautiful leaves resplendent in their variegated tints. Hand in hand with autumn comes the annual election of officers for the various class societies. And as the frost changes the ordinary color of the leaves into the rich and mellow hues of autumn, so the desire for office changes the commonplace character of certain students into the urbanity and complaisance of the candidate.

A man becomes a candidate in one of two ways. One way is by having a deputation of the students wait upon him, requesting him to run. They inform him that he is the only man in the class who is fitted for the office. No one else can fill it satisfactorily. The majority of the students are in favor of him. He is the most popular man of his year. They assure him that he will have their most hearty co-operation, their utmost influence and their unanimous suffrage. After a respectable amount of hesitation, and several statements that he did not desire the nomination and does not feel fitted for the office, he accepts a nomination. When the election is over he finds that he has been defeated, chiefly by the influence and vote of the deputation that brought him out as a candidate.

The other way in which a man becomes a candidate is by being waited on by a deputation also. The deputation in this case is his own ambition. This type of candidate for the current year has been before the electors since Convocation. You soon discover that he is a candidate. Suddenly he becomes very friendly. He asks you all about your work, tells you to call around any time you would like the loan of a book or a little help. He becomes free and sociable with all the members of the class. He asks them to come up any time they are passing his den and smoke the pipe of peace and look at the family album. He lays in a copious supply of forget-me-not smiles, and wears a fresh one each day.

When you are sitting beside him at a lecture, and you inadvertently spill an imperial quart of ink from your fountain pen, it invariably falls on the new suit of clothes his pa gave him to begin his academical year with. He merely smiles, assures you in the blandest terms that it's a mere trifle and will all come out in a washing. He waits until he gets out of your presence before he showers upon your devoted head a torrent of epithets, none of which you would care to see adorning your tombstone after you have ceased to be. Were he not running for office he would get into a towering rage, and perhaps offer to "put a head on you," despite your vehement protestations that you had one on you already, that the work was entirely unnecessary on his part, and that unnecessary labor should always be avoided.

As you are walking across the lawn with the candidate and he meets a friend, he will beg to be excused as he wishes to talk to his friend for a minute about a book. The friend and the candidate become so absorbed over the book that they become oblivious of your presence, and walk off, leaving you astonished at the surpassing interest of that book. Be not deceived; they are talking about no book. They are laying their wires and adjusting handles to them for a strong pull.

These are a few of the signs by which the candidate may be known. All persons having their own interests and those of their class at heart will make it the chief aim of their existence at this season of the year to avoid the wily and festive candidate. If elected he will retain these charming qualities which endear him to one and all—if he is looking for re-election next year. Otherwise the successful candidate will assume an air of three-ply dignity as high as the invulnerable cheek of the freshman, who thinks his class is too large to be hustled.

J. CROWE, '97.

# The Varsity

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BY

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

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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NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



O sum up, I say that Athens is the school of Helas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person can adapt himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace, and it is equally true that the Literary Society is the school of Varsity, and that its members can adapt themselves to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact. For at one time they are speakers, at another, listeners; one day they are students, the next they are sports; one month they are rational beings, the next they are politicians; but every hour, and every day, and every month, wherever they are, whoever they are, and whatever they do, it is the peculiar glory of the Society, that it *makes them men*. O, ye miserable plugs! are ye made of brass and stone that ye have no eyes to see, no ears to hear, no hearts to feel the quick human life that moves and breathes and has its being among your fellow students who attend the mighty Lit.? If Newton lived among us, would he be like one of you? No such thing. He would be as Alfred De Lury is, the president of our circle. What would Demosthenes be? the most illustrious debater of all the illustrious throng. And Virgil? why he would take the deeds of our famed assembly, the *gesta* of many generations of oratorical heroes and political giants, and weave them into a new

and greater epic, to be the study and delight of all succeeding ages.

The van of Friday evening's long procession was gallantly led by the modern Orpheus, V.-P. W. R. P. Parker, stoutly supported by the immortal singers of ever melodious glees. Twice did their sweet, sonorous voices echo throughout the hall, sounding the psalm of the firm alliance that music has made with oratory in the great society. The rank and file of the harmonious core have learnt the great lesson of prompt obedience, and even majestic Kerr MacMillan, follows closely his superior's nod. It is truly instructive and pathetic to see such mighty men become once more like little children.

Our popular comrade, Mr. Carrol, now kindly advanced to the front and read in excellent style the report of the celebrated legal proceedings brought by the Bull against the Boat, and by the Boat against the Bull. This exposure of the broad, manly, and sensible procedure followed in the legal profession, seized the fancy of the Society, and there can be not the slightest doubt that the infatuation of many future legal limbs for their glorious calling will date from Mr. Carroll's humorous reading.

But law soon showed herself in darker colors. The men of '93 were appointed to debate this evening with the men of '94; the pleasing subject of capital punishment had been chosen, and now the grand tableau began. Mr. Woods, draped in the sable gown, appeared on the stage staggering beneath the weight of an authentic scaffold, from whose beam there dangled a human form. This beatific spectacle excited in the breasts of the rival orators the liveliest passions. "Just look at it," exclaimed the affirmative, "what rank injustice it shows, what abominable stupidity, what deep immorality, what disgusting and inhuman barbarism!" "Behold it," cried the negative, "who but fools would condemn it? you see therein expressed the very truest wisdom, the most expedient policy, the most enlightened philanthropy, the only engine that can reform the bad, the only safeguard that can shield the good!" The Society nodded, and rolled, and laughed, and cheered, now in derision, now in applause, but it was sadly noticeable that the humanity of '94 and the firm sagacity of '93 were the immediate products of the loyalty of either party to its respective class.

Mr. Woods, one of the very keenest debaters that we have to-day, pleaded his case in his usual O.C. manner. He was ably seconded by Mr. Lingelbach, who evinced in his speech commendable partiality to the historical method. If Mr. Bowes, the leader of the negative, had been nourished from his childhood on Macaulay's essays, and so trained up to fluency, he would be a debater of a very high order. His power of grasping the opposing arguments and testing their validity when considered as a whole, is almost as valuable a quality as the imposing persuasiveness of Mr. Bull. That gentleman in one of his very finest efforts showed what it is possible for the stump to do, and we shall view with interest the career of one of its most promising sons.

During the course of the evening some stray graduate lambs had entered again with joy the undergraduate fold. Our veteran, Dr. Smith, was requested by the President to decide the debate. On due consideration it was awarded to the negative, but it is hoped that the feelings of mercy and virtue aroused during the course of the evening in the hearts of '94 will enable them to bear their pain with becoming fortitude, and even not to be too joyful if they see in a future noose-paper that a member of '93 has been hanged.

Our beloved Murphy, whose warm heart had sent him to our gathering, was asked to give us a joke and responded in all his old time form. "The Irish people," said Murphy, "are making a row it is true, but they have brought their troubles to a head, and the proud old Irish motto is, 'Wherever you see a head, hit it.'" Rob. Knox, with his big heart and big voice, bore eloquent testimony to the practical and manly influences of our Society. We had

thought that all was over, but there was another treat in reserve. This appeared in the shape of two admirable readings from Mr. Mounter, manager of the School of Expression. The Society heartily thanked their entertainer, and, satiated with pleasure, turned to business.

On motion of Mr. Reeve, who has returned to the literary ranks after plugging a year and plugging his eyes out, an invitation for a public debate was despatched to our friends at Queen's. Arrangements were then made for the public debate to be held a week from Friday next. Messrs. Hellems, Maclean, Bull and Phillips were elected speakers, while K. D. MacMillan will be the reader and J. H. Brown the essayist.

Such was the meeting, and may all future gatherings be as successful. The members blew out the gas and slid down the slippery steps, and went through rain and mud to their homes, but the guarding genius of the Society slowly rose from the cellar and mounted guard in the deserted room. His life is immortal, and on his majestic features are stamped in indelible lineaments kindness, truth and manly power. Q.

#### '94 MEETS AT LAST.

The often-adjourned annual meeting of '94 was called for Nov. the 8th, and despite another football match on the lawn, there was a very fair attendance. As soon as the meeting had been called together, Mr. Sissons asked the ruling of the chair as to whether undergraduates of Victoria were eligible for membership, and the President, having first disavowed all intention of slavishly following any precedent set by '93, ruled that they were. Election of officers was now the only business before the meeting, and the chairman at once called for nominations for President. But Mr. McMillan objected. The Constitution declared that the election of officers should take place at the annual meeting in October, and this was November. Nor could the Constitution be altered without two weeks' notice. Here was a most cruel dilemma. The very existence of the Society seemed threatened. A number of propositions were at once put forward to avert the danger, amongst others, that the day be declared the 39th of October. But the chairman, with that keen legal acumen which is a characteristic of Political Science men, ruled that the meeting had been adjourned from October, and hence was an October meeting. Mr. McMillan, though a Rugby man, failed to grasp the idea, and appealed against the ruling, but the chair was sustained. Nominations for President were now in order, and Mr. Webster was elected by acclamation. The other executive officers elected were: 1st Vice-President, Mr. Reid; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Weir; Secretary, Mr. Barnum; Treasurer, Mr. Biggar; Athletic Director, Mr. Pease; Councillors, Miss Cook, Mr. E. F. Langley and Mr. H. R. A. O'Malley. Then came nominations for the committee on class colors, and at once a storm-cloud began to gather. It was thought that this committee was unnecessary, but it was in some way part of the Constitution, and could not be slighted. At first it was proposed to re-instate last year's members, but this was ruled to be unconstitutional, and nominations were called for. The blackboard was already filled with names, and ballots were being distributed, when suddenly an assault was commenced from all sides, under the able generalship of K. D. For a minute the President looked dazed, but finally recovered sufficiently to consent to that order of business being suspended, and the election of literary officers commenced, with the following results: Musical Director, Mr. Bigelow (accl.); Poet, W. P. Reeve (accl.); Orator, S. B. Woods; Historians, Miss Skinner and Mr. Stone; Prophet, C. A. Moss (accl.); Judge, K. D. McMillan (accl.). The committee on class colors question was again looming up, but Mr. Leve valiantly vanquished it by a motion to adjourn, and the meeting dispersed, proud in the knowledge that it had transacted all its business in one evening.

#### MEDICAL NOTES.

An account of the annual football match with Trinity will be found in our sporting column.

The first-year representatives on the Sessional Committee are Messrs. Cook and Connelly. Messrs. Caulfaste, Tait, Cunningham and Connolly are the first-year members of the Dinner Committee.

Under the new régime the freshmen are required to pass an examination on the bones before being allowed to commence dissection. These examinations were going on last week, but the results were not to hand when THE VARSITY went to press.

To a large crowd of medical students who occupied reserved seats in the body of the church, Rev. Dr. Wild preached last Sunday morning. The sermon was replete with valuable advice, and was thoroughly appreciated. The offering was strictly a copper collection, the plates being heaped up and running over with this kind of currency.

The election of officers for the annual dinner resulted last week in the selection of the following gentlemen: President—W. P. Thompson, B.A.; 1st Vice-President—J. Crawford; 2nd Vice-President—T. W. G. McKay; Graduates' Toast—Dr. H. A. Bruce (accl.); Graduating Toast—E. E. Harvey (accl.); Ladies' Toast—W. T. McArthur (accl.); Freshmen's Toast—A. R. Maclin. The election was to have taken place in the west wing of the Biological Department, but on account of a complication of circumstances the boys adjourned to the old school, where all future meetings will probably be held.

#### UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

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

##### THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH.

Y.M.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.  
Class of '96 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8.30 a.m.  
Class of '94 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.

##### FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH.

Literary Society.—Debate, '95 vs. '96. 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.  
Mathematical and Physical Society.—Room 16, College Building, 3.30 p.m.

##### SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH.

Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.  
Jackson Literary Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.  
Women's Literary Society.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.

##### SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH.

Bible Class.—"The one body," 1 Cor. xii. 1-13. Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D.D., Wychiffe College, 3 p.m.

##### MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST.

Modern Language Club.—French meeting. Curriculum work. Room 12, College Building, 4 p.m.  
S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

##### TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.  
Y.W.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 4 p.m.

##### WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD.

Bible Class.—Rev. Dr. McTavish's class for Bible training. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

Over \$500,000 has been expended in the erection of new buildings for Yale University during the past twelve months. Toronto has spent \$750,000 in same period.

The University of Pennsylvania has decided to found a "travelling scholarship in architecture," yielding an annual income of \$1,000, which will enable the holder to travel through Europe, and study the best methods of architecture.

## WHAT TO THINK?

She is sitting on my knee—a demure little maiden scarce five years old. The flicker of the grate-fire plays over her face, a winsome little face, mature and old-fashioned in its serious tranquility, yet of a quaint beauty wholly childlike. A strange face, not yet strongly marked with the Hebrew peculiarities of feature; giving unmistakable evidence, nevertheless, of the child's Jewish parentage. Clear, smooth skin, of the softest texture and of the most delicate coloring, shading imperceptibly from the rose-pink of her cheek to the whiteness of her forehead and the rich sun-kissed brown of her neck, and tinged throughout with the hint of a darker pigment underlying and giving piquancy to the whole. Eyes steel-grey, strangely beautiful; filled now, as she gazes in silence into the open fireplace, with a wistful melancholy—so thoughtful, so spiritual that for a time I watch her, wondering, willing indeed to know what speculation, what mystery has taken hold of her childish fancy, yet much misliking to disturb her reverie. At last, gently, almost in a whisper, I utter her name:—

"Esther!"

The clear eyes are turned slowly upon me, the rapt wonder not yet wholly vanished.

"What were you dreaming, darling? Something sad?" I ask her, clasping the little figure in my arms as she lays her dark curls against my shoulder.

"Not dreaming, cousin Harry," she says slowly; "only thinking."

"And thinking of what, Esther mine? You looked so sad."

A faint little sigh parts for a moment the child's delicate lips. Then with a quaint humor that sparkles in her eyes and lights up the little face with quiet laughter:—

"I don't know, Cousin Harry," she says. "Nothing, I guess. I think I was just thinking what to think!"

And still I press her to me, led by the odd phrase to a curious musing. For how much of our manhood's dreaming might be so summated. Philosophy, poetry, religion—the yearning of our nature for that which lies beyond; the eager longing to solve the problem of existence; to comprehend the present and to peer into the future; to know ourselves and all about us—what is it all but thinking what to think? And not till the great problem has at last been solved for us or has been swept away forever from our knowing: not till this life's firelight shall have flickered its last—gone out forever in the blackness of eternity or waned before the everlasting sunshine—shall we cease that dreamy, aimless wondering—thinking what to think!

Toronto.

UBIQUE.

## SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

Lectures and practical work were suspended on Thanksgiving Day by order of the Faculty and on Friday by the consent of the students.

The S. P. S. Association football team defeated Residence on Wednesday by a score of 3-0. Most of the boys turned out and made lots of noise.

A large number of the fellows left the city on Wednesday night and spent Thanksgiving Day at home, returning Monday morning.

Dr. Ellis has recovered from his illness and is again able to lecture.

The second year Civil Engineers commence practical work in Mineralogy on Monday.

Mr. A. Lane, '91, one of our old grad's, has been appointed Fellow in Civil Engineering.

The Manager has promised to set up a game supper on his return from his shooting expedition. Date and further particulars will be announced in a future issue.

A meeting is to be held on Wednesday afternoon in room 2, to arrange for the annual dinner.

## SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

The all-absorbing topic of conversation in the school at present is the approaching conversazione to be held next Friday evening in the Education Department, commencing at eight o'clock.

The entertainment will be divided into two parts: the first consisting of a literary and musical programme will be given in the Amphitheatre, and the second will take the form of a social time.

The whole building will be thrown open, lighted and suitably decorated, and, with the exception of the University, there is probably no building in the city better suited for such a social event. The collections of paintings, statuary, and the most modern apparatus for teaching the sciences is not excelled in the Dominion.

The following artists have been secured: Miss Ethelind Thomas and Miss Maud Gordon, pianists; Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., and Miss Laretta Bowes, elocutionists; Miss Edith Millar, vocalist, and Miss Lena M. Hayes, violin soloist. These, together with the School of Pedagogy Glee Club, will provide the opening programme. Glionna's Italian String Band will furnish music from nine till twelve. It is expected that Hon. R. Harcourt, Provincial Treasurer and acting Minister of Education, will consent to be patron and preside during the evening.

Tickets have been issued and are now in the hands of the students for sale.

The final examination will commence on December 12th and close on the 16th.

## RE ACADEMICALS.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to call the attention of your subscribers to the matter of wearing caps and gowns. The practice has been more than once revived and suffered to again fall into disuse. The chief objection seems to be that there are no lockers in which to keep them, and otherwise the gowns are almost sure to be stolen. Now, if this were true, Varsity would certainly be in a most deplorable moral condition. But I do not believe it is; no one enters the cloak room but Varsity men, and at any rate overcoats and caps are much more valuable booty to the average thief than gowns and mortar boards, and if there is any man among us who would be capable of the silly prank of misplacing gowns, certainly he will not long have the opportunity to indulge his pleasant propensity. The initials worked in the gown would easily identify any that might go astray. The ladies can leave their gowns in their rooms without fear of loss, why cannot also we? Because one or two gowns were lost during the rebuilding it does not follow that any should be lost now.

The gown is an old University custom; it comes down to us laden with the suggestion and association of a thousand years. Unless there is some good reason to the contrary the old customs should be respected, and this age of progress is in some respects to far too great an extent an age of disrespect for the traditions of the past.

The gown adds dignity to the student character, and even the most strenuous opponents of the gown recognize this when they get their photos taken. The more the student is surrounded by the peculiarly academical, the more he is the student; for his surroundings cannot fail to make some impression upon him. If worn in the proper spirit the gown is not a mark of conceited separation from our fellow-men, but of praiseworthy pride in our college.

In conclusion, the majority of our undergraduates approve of the gown, and should they not then wear it?

Yours sincerely,

EDW. WICHER.

The old gymnasium at Yale is to be turned into a dining hall. It will accommodate about five hundred.

## Athletic Notes.

## THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

The annual cross-country run, which took place a week ago Monday, was voted a decided success both by the runners and by those who participated in the dinner given at the Heydon House, which marked the finish of the course. The starters, seventeen in number, left the University lawn at 4.15. The course lay along Bloor west to Spadina Ave., north by Spadina Road and over the hill to St. Clair Ave. From St. Clair Ave. the flags led north-west about a mile and a half, then south-west towards the Heydon House. The distance altogether was about six miles. Prospect Cemetery was crossed and also several ravines and brickyards. If the object in striking out a steeplechase is to pick upon ground least suited to running then Messrs. McMillan, Rolph and McAllister are to be congratulated on their choice. The rain which fell during the morning rendered the track still more attractive.

Of the thirteen competitors who finished on the course the following is the order of arrival: Orton (43 mins. 5 secs.), Grant (43 mins. 20 secs.), Revell, Moore, "Ike," the dark horse; Goodwillie, Sampson, Davis, Gilmore, J.; McLean, Blythe, Gilmore, W.; Sissons, Currie. Orton receives a handsome silver cup, and the next five in order medals. These prizes, like those won at the annual games, will be presented at the first public debate held by the Literary Society.

At the conclusion of the race about seventy-five merry students sat down to a sumptuous repast provided by the proprietor of the Heydon House, during which were most thoroughly discussed turkey and the course of the steeplechase. The President, Mr. Strath, called upon the prize winners for speeches and all complied, briefly perhaps, but offering as an excuse for the brevity of their remarks the fact that they had parted with all their superfluous wind earlier in the evening. Among others who spoke were Messrs. McMillan, Breckenridge, Goldie, Hellems, Anderson and Rolph. Messrs. Blythe, McMillan and Moore provided the music for the evening. The presence of Mr. White was, as regards order of precedence, invaluable, he having, perhaps, been present at more cross-country dinners than even Mr. Hellen's turkey. At the early hour of nine o'clock the banqueters donned their mortar-boards and dispersed, feeling well satisfied with the proceedings of the evening.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

## "BEAULTS" VS. S.P.S.

The once invincible "Beaults" of Residence are now humbled to the dust. Last week they were badly beaten by the S. P. S. eleven, the score being 3 to 0. With Murray in centre, Goldie centre half and Forrester left half the Science men are almost sure to win the championship of the College unless Knox proves a "dark horse."

The teams were:—  
*Beaults*—Goal, Jones, C.; backs, McQuarrie, Mallock; halves, Gilmore, W. Ryckert, McClive; left wing, Cross, White; centre, Gilmore, J.; right wing, Jones, W., Lazier.  
*S.P.S.*—Goal, Boyd; backs, McCallum, Main; halves, Forrester, Goldie, Handy; left wing, McKay, Dobie; centre, Murray; right wing, Black, Fraser.

The S.P.S. play Knox next and '95 play '94. The winners of these two matches play off for the championship. Class '95 won from '96 last week by a score of 2 to 1.

The rivalry existing between the Toronto and Trinity medical students has annually given evidence of its intensity in so-styled friendly contests in the sphere of sport. Over such encounters the excitement is of the wildest nature. The supporters from both schools turn out in a body, prepared, if need be, to settle all differences on the touch lines as well as on the field of play. This season the Toronto "meds" have already scored two victories

over their rivals, the first in baseball two weeks ago, and the second in Association football last Tuesday. The result of the football match was two goals to nothing, the following being the names of the players:—

*Trinity*—Goal, Andrews; backs, Jory, King; halves, Doane, Ross, Doane; left wing, Pearson, Allison; centre, Truscloth; right wing, Ferguson, Large.

*Toronto*—Goal, Porter; backs, Lash, Rice; halves, Beemer, Buchanan, Downing; left wing, Kraussman, Sinclair; right wing, Keith, McDonald.

Referee—A. R. Goldie. Umpires—Maclean, King.

This week the "Sawbones" play Rugby and probably a second game of Association.

## RUGBY.

## VARSITY VS. MCGILL.

The annual match with McGill was played on the lawn Thanksgiving Day, and resulted in a draw, nine points to nine.

Undismayed by the fact that snow covered the ground to the depth of three or four inches, the Varsity stalwarts appeared on the field about eleven o'clock, followed soon after by the men from McGill.

When the teams lined up it was seen that there were several changes in the make-up of Varsity's fifteen. For reasons best known to the management, Mill Lash adorned the touch line and Parker appeared on the wing, while the half-back line, wherein the weakness of the team has lain all season, remained unchanged.

The composition of the teams was as follows:—

*Varsity*—Back, McQuarrie; halves, Gilmour, W., Gilmour, J., Bunting; quarter, Bond; wings, White, Barr, Williams, Lash, N., Cloyes, Parker, Laidlaw; scrumage, McMillan, Kingstone, Vickers.

*McGill*—Back, Bonnelle; halves, Donohue, Matheson, Gaudet; quarter, Jaques; wings, Tetreau, McDougall, White, Rankin, Primrose, McFarlane; scrumage, Yates, Dunlop, Barkley, Guthrie.

McGill won the toss, and decided to kick up hill in preference to having the sun in their eyes, Varsity kicking off with the wind.

Our men had things pretty much their own way in the first half, and placed nine points to their credit—a goal from a penalty kick, a try and a rouge. Meanwhile McGill could only tally a rouge.

In the second half McGill, with the wind, which was now blowing half a gale behind them, rushed and secured a rouge, a try, which was converted into a goal, and another rouge, making the score a tie. Then Varsity braced up and worked the ball down to the McGill twenty-five, but the whistle blew and put an end to the game, and as McGill was unwilling to play extra time the game's result was a draw.

## NOTES.

The McGill forward line appeared much heavier than that of Varsity, but were well taken care of. They played four men in the scrumage, but our trio easily beat them at getting the ball out.

Had Bunting passed to Jack Gilmour, when he had run to McGill's fifteen in the first half, instead of trying to dodge the full back, Varsity would have been credited with another try.

McMillan was as usual a tower of strength. He is probably at the present time the best scrumage in the Union.

With the exception of Jack Gilmour Varsity's half line was weak. When there are such good halves as Harry Moore and Hargraft available, it is hard to understand why the management does not see fit to give them at least a trial, especially if it is going to make the dangerous experiment of laying off Miller Lash, who is one of the most efficient scrumage men on the Rugby arena of Canada.

The followers of McGill were numerous and lusty, and exercised their lungs in a fitting manner.



## MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Our lecture-rooms are supposed to be perfectly ventilated, but lovers of fresh air sometimes consider it necessary to open the windows—if they can.

The Salvation Army missionary failed to raise more than \$400 during his academic visit. The Business Manager was his most encouraging patient.

The Assistant Business Manager earnestly desires to have the *War Cry* on the exchange list. Information as to place of application will be thankfully received.

The results of the recent Presidential election seemed to be a cause for general congratulation amongst the students. Should the remote possibility of Annexation ever become a reality, there will be a Solid North as well as a Solid South.

The many friends of "Artie" Edwards were delighted at having him back last week. He is studying medicine at McGill and came up with the football team. We deeply regret having lost one who took such an active and able interest in student affairs.

While so many sidewalks are being laid down, would it be too much to ask that the authorities lay one or two crossings over that muddy road in the park? When a person loses his rubber in attempting to cross, it is but poor satisfaction to see the same fate befall one of the faculty.

THE VARSITY reading-room next door to the sanctum sanctorum is open to our subscribers. All the city papers as well as our innumerable college exchanges are on file, and we are glad to announce that our facilities promise to be well patronized. Socially our advantages are unparalleled.

Some issues ago we referred to the fact that W. P. Bull, '93, had spent his summer among the red men between here and the north pole. W. P. wore moccasins and carried a camera; and we are glad to learn that on Monday evening next he will give a description of the country and its inhabitants, illustrated by calcium light views.

When Prof. Hutton suggested that a Fives Court be built in connection with the gymnasium, he found it necessary to explain to the audience what such a thing was. Now, however, one may be seen any time at Victoria. To stand outside the fence and listen to the small boy's explanations and comments on the game proves wonderfully instructive.

The conversazione of the School of Pedagogy to be held on Friday night promises to be bright and attractive in every particular. It is expected that many of our undergraduates will take advantage of the courtesy of the committee with regard to attendance, not less from the intrinsic attractive-

ness of the event than from old friendships for the representatives of '92 that grace the provincial institution.

It may not be generally known, but there is a short underground passage which leads from the east entrance of the University to the cloak room. Last week a freshman essayed to thread its gloomy mysteries, and for some time his anxious friends mourned him as lost. Great was the rejoicing when he was seen climbing up out of a window in the west end. His fellow-students have been regaled ever since with wondrous stories of untrod realms, and a few adventurous spirits are talking of organizing an exploring expedition.

Jennie Dickerson, at the Savoy Theatre in London, has been especially engaged by the Robin Hood Opera Company to play the part of "Alan-A-Dale" in the opera of that name. Miss Dickerson is an American girl, but has spent some years abroad where she has appeared in all of the productions made by D'Oyley Carte. Her voice is a pure contralto of great range and power; and as the outlaw in Sherwood Forest she is said to be especially good. The music of her part is beautiful, and she will be welcomed when she appears.

Thanks to the vigorous exertions of the Gymnasium Committee the walls of the building are rising rapidly and it will soon be roofed in. The contracts have already, we believe, been given for the apparatus, which will be the very best obtainable. The swimming tank will be no less than 48 x 18 feet, this being three feet wider than the Y.M.C.A. tank. The steam-pipes for heating the gymnasium will be placed under the running track and so will take up no room. The Committee are confident that all will be ready by the 15th of February.

CLASS PHOTO OF '93.—In accordance with the decision arrived at by the class at its last meeting the Executive Committee has arranged that the sittings for the Class photo shall be held during the Michaelmas term. The photo is to be taken by Messrs. Simpson Bros., 567 Yonge St. (opposite Elm), and the departments are each allotted in rotation one week in which to go down to the photographers. The members of the Class, whether of University College or of Victoria, are requested to bear this in mind and govern themselves accordingly.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—A German meeting was held on Monday. The subject of the evening was Lessing. The programme consisted of an account of Lessing's life by Miss Kerr, a careful review of the state of German literature at the time by Miss Cook, and a short essay in German by Miss Fleming. Mr. Vandersmissen in briefly addressing the club made some valuable practical suggestions to stu-

dents of the German language. At the close of the programme the members formed themselves into groups for conversation. We heard a number of interesting stories about fishing, which were told in truthful German.

We are in receipt of an excellent little work published by Messrs. Kow-sell & Hutchison, particulars of which will be found in our advertising pages. The first part of the work contains a complete but concise syllabus of Elementary Statics and Dynamics, by President Loudon, of the University of Toronto. The subject is treated by the graphical method throughout and the use of the calculus thus avoided, which renders the work suitable for those who have not had the benefit of any training in higher mathematics. The second part consists of a series of Examples by Mr. C. A. Chant, Lecturer in Physics. These are for the most part easy and remarkably well graded. The typography and binding are executed in first-class style, and altogether this little work is one of the best of the kind we have seen. Students in Mechanics at the University will find it an excellent guide to the second year work, and teachers will find it very useful in preparing classes for the primary and leaving examinations.



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