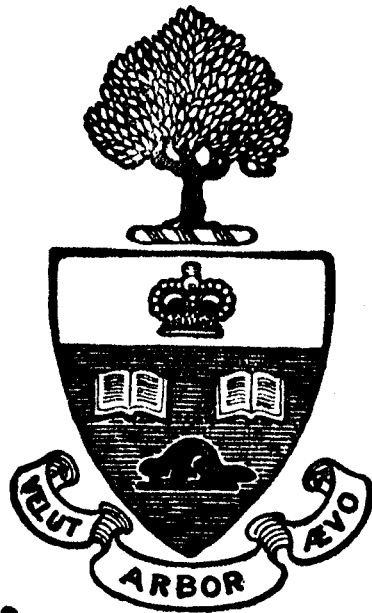


# THE VARSITY



**Christmas Number**

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# THE VARSITY

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NO. 10-11

## YULE-TIDE REVERIE

The dying embers on the hearth  
Have lost their cheery, ruddy glow:  
Hushed are the merry sounds of mirth:  
The lamps are burning faint and low.

With holly boughs we crowned the Day:  
And scenes of Yule-tide joy and light  
Have lured the flying hours away,  
And vanished in the silent night.

And memories of the days of yore—  
Vague visions—rise and flit away,  
Of joys we taste, alas! no more,  
Of friends, who were not here to-day.

Some welcome sense of sorrow steals  
Through open portals of the heart,  
Which sometimes in its musing feels  
This sorrow is of joy a part.

Fond memory lingers where we drank  
Some bitter dregs of Love or Trust,  
Or where Hope's barge untimely sank,  
Or Truth was shattered in the dust.

Oh youthful hours! Oh shadowy Past!  
Receding days and scenes of yore,  
Whose spectres flit and shadows cast  
Upon life's path for evermore!

—N. A. McEachern, '07.

### Tennyson: His Indebtedness

Every great imaginative thinker, whether he write in prose or rhyme, must vitally relate himself to the permanent work of those who lived before him. He must flower and bear fruit on a higher branch of the same tree, which has already borne the blossom and fruitage of others. His work must be the fulfilment and expansion of the best thought which has preceded him. Victor Hugo expresses this truth within certain limits when he says, "The 16th century was the century of painters, the 17th the century of writers, the 18th the century of philosophers, the 19th the century of apostles and prophets. To suffice for the 19th one must paint as in the 16th, write as in the 17th, philosophize as in the 18th." And within the narrow compass of his own century Tennyson had, in order to be the poet of his age, to appropriate and incorporate the permanent in the work of others. He had to serve himself heir to what they had done, and possess himself of their literary bequest; and so we find that, as if through some vital graft, the quality and fragrance of such as Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley and Coleridge imperceptibly find their way into his work. But he was at the same time, in this same subtle and essential way, in touch with remoter and rarer sources of influence and power. For the classic ages and the romantic, those in which human thought knew a halcyon calm and put on a celestial likeness as well as those of quick visitings from the unseen when men were haunted by vision and dream, alike must invade every true poet's soul and leave their treasures there, not so much for his custody as for fresh manifestation to his age and a glorified transmission to the future. What the Greek felt, the poet of to-day must feel; what the troubadour, wandering to his own music through mediæval ages, told, to-day's poet must tell. He must absorb out of the days of old their "literature of power," and give forth its message enriched by fresh discovery of his own, and with new enchantment. Whatever new thing a great writer may say, he must at the same time "speak the pass-word primeval."

Tennyson knew and splendidly used that pass-word. While he was distinctively the interpretative singer of his own age, his being the representative mind that most brilliantly reflected English contemporary history and the representative heart in the beating of which the English nation understood the truer beating of its own, yet no poet, except Milton himself, served more faithful apprenticeship under the masters of classic antiquity; and to the end he seemed to return loyally to the gymnasia of the Greek Academy to have his intellectual muscle kept lithe and pliant and his intellectual poise maintained. Grace in his case concealed strength, because Greece had so moulded him. Greece, and, we should say those whom Greece had moulded! Roman Virgil, for instance! in whom he found

"All the charm of all the Muses  
Often flowering in a lonely word";

and whom he saluted on the nineteenth centenary of his death in these words of indebtedness:—

"I salute thee, Mantovano,  
I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wielder of the stateliest measure  
Ever moulded by the lips of man."

All through his long life of unabated poetical work, Tennyson never rose to "the height of his great argument" in any of his finest efforts without investing himself with that classic power and grace which distinguished him in his earliest achievements. There, in a very true sense, was the hiding of his power.

One needs only slender acquaintance with Tennyson to be satisfied that still intenser than the influence of classical literature upon him was the power of the Arthurian legends. There is early evidence in his writings that that fine mythology was holding his soul with allurements and rapture. How intangible and elusive the name of Arthur is! And yet how real the battle he fights and the valour he inspires! And how distinct his gesture and lineaments become when he meets and is detained by some one of kin with himself, as Tennyson was! The stories of this king, to whom we can assign no geographical kingdom and whose reign we cannot measure by years of the world's time, might be called chapters of the unauthorized Bible of the middle ages. We can hardly say whether his deeds and those of his knights are more of a reminiscence, or a prophecy and desire of the human heart. Could there be in these tales of consecrated chivalry, the blending of the behest of The Christ to His Twelve with the commission of that king to his knights? and could all the local coloring of the oft-told stories be a means to the attaching of the truth of the ideal life to man's imagination and memory? No man can be sure; yet we all know that, at the time when our written literature arose, an unwritten literature of high romance was floating around, namely this product of Celtic genius, with its Cymric and Armoric modifications, and that it was swaying men's minds like a religion. And, while many besides of our great writers have felt the inspiration of its form and genius, no one so discovered the deep essential motive and informing spirit of it all as did Alfred Tennyson.

The evidence in his earlier work of the arrest which Malory's "Arthur" had laid on this poet's soul is deep and intrinsic. "The echoes roll from soul to soul"—some deepest in these mystic tales calling to the deepest in the man—some witchery in their word fluttering a yet imprisoned spirit of poesy in him. How he had tracked, in woods "so ripe with spring," the steps of guilty Lancelot and Guinevere, let the Arthurian fragment of 1842 tell! breaking off, as it does, with no explanation or apology, unless it be a blush on the young poet's cheek. How he had laved in Malory's most magical chapter (the 168th), let the new hue of his soul and the new rich stain in his style in the "Morte d'Arthur" tell; all that perfect poem being made more intense (as intense almost as a personal confession) by the bantering setting which he gave it,

"At Francis Allen's on the Christmas eve,  
The game of forfeits done—the girls all kissed  
Beneath the sacred bush and past away,"

as if he would try to conceal how earnest he was by showing how frolicsome he could be! And we may further infer the early power of these legends from the ideal manhood portrayed in the Sir Galahad of the early volume.

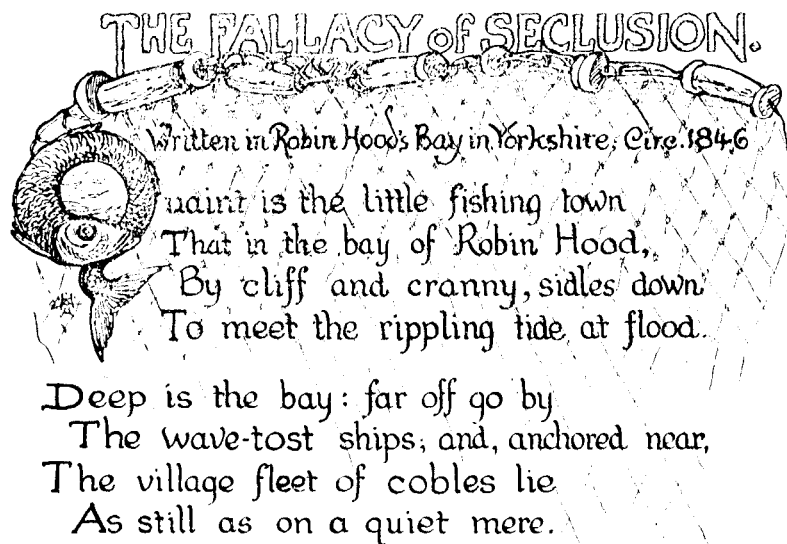
"My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure;  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure,"

which is not so much one particular portrait as it is a transcript from all the tales, a finished composition of imaginative creation worked from all the sketches that he had found on sitting Arthurian leaves.

Coleridge wished that he could revive within him the music of the Abyssinian maid, and then

hardly, if at all, suffering from the removal and isolation. But would not all the rest suffer both wrong and loss? and would not certain great themes be there left untouched, certain passions left unsung, and certain vast truths left unasserted, which are included in the circle which men demand that the greatest must range and explore?

While we say all this no one will suppose that we depreciate either the originality or the greatness of our poet. We are scarcely suggesting lim-



Horace, if we could praise with thee  
The Epicurist hermit's lot,  
To live and gaze upon the sea,  
Forgetting all, by all forgot-

Were not our hearts more pure and blest  
Bearing the common load of toil,  
Pulsing and throbbing with the rest  
Share though we might, the common soil-

Fond hermit, we might find beside  
This tranquil bay, thy fancied home,  
And in yon cots perchance the pride,  
The follies, and the strifes of Rome.

*Goldwin Smith*

he would build the stately dome which Kubla Khan had decreed. To the music of these first Arthurian tunings, the later Idylls began by and by to rise. They seem to some lovers of Tennyson, to complete and crown his life-work, rising as they do above it all like a stately dome, so restrained and chaste in their own lines of native grace, so perfect in the balance of their completing parts, and so distinctly holding aloft the cross. So symmetrical and unique and complete in itself is Tennyson's Arthurian creation in these immortal Idylls that it might be lifted off from its pedestals and set down apart and remain a perfect thing of beauty and significance,

imitation even, although we must realize that he found in that luxuriant profusion of Celtic imagery—Lyonesse, many-towered Camelot, the Table-round, the dwarf and the mute, the dragon and the lion-whelp, the wood, the river and the field of tournament—a magnificent means of supplementing his own Teutonic endowment, and an elaborate and splendid vehicle for carrying spiritual suggestion in an almost bewitching way to men's hearts. There was not a drop of Celtic blood in his own veins, nor a touch of the weird, "daemonic" Celtic quality in his imagination; yet he found in his own soul a moral affinity with the ideal king of Arthurian romance, and

in the literature around his name a prophecy of what is, by spiritual knights and spiritual weapons, to be achieved for humanity. So this imaginative mythology as he handled it became organic; that is to say, it was no mere task outside of himself to reproduce what was in itself so mystic and beautiful, as when he wrote of Tithonus and Oenone; but it became the veiled expression of his intensest self; he said in its borrowed imagery what he was too shy to say in his own native Saxon; he uttered through these quaint, old-world pictures, his deepest convictions about sin and the wreck it makes as well as his abiding faith and his unwavering hope; he presents thereby his cherished ideals of manhood and womanhood, and perhaps in "The Holy Grail" he makes his personal confession of Christ. When we thus speak of his indebtedness—these borrowings of his from the visionary past, we must remember how much he adds; he gave far more than he took. In this way he proves himself to be of kin with the greatest in literature and to come of its royal lineage; he indicates the affinities of his soul and the universality and completeness of his work as a poet.

Armstrong Black.



### Billy's Mother

BY JEAN BLEWETT

Honoria declared that she had not meant to be mean to Billy's mother. She had said something to a few of her bosom friends about the mother-in-law nuisance, it was true, but only in a joking way. If Billy's mother was so lacking in a sense of humor as to take everything seriously, she, Honoria, was not to blame.

Honoria looked pretty and penitent when she told Billy all this, and he, being in love with her, and consequently blind to her shortcomings, kissed her and told her it was all right. The idea of her tyrannizing over anybody!

"But Aunt Sophia was perfectly abominable about it," pouted Honoria; "said I made a sort of upper servant of your mother, and acted and spoke in a way I should be ashamed of. If it hadn't been for Uncle Robert I'd have told her to mind her own affairs."

"And what about Uncle Robert?" questioned Billy.

She laughed. "You see, I want him to fall a victim to baby's charms, and behave as a rich old gentleman should. He is an old dear, and is coming back immediately. He will make his home with Aunt Sophia, and—well, it wouldn't do to get on bad terms with her, you see."

"Wise little woman!" he laughed. "Of course she wants the rich uncle to think well of her. 'Tis money makes the mare go—eh?"

"I've always planned to be his heiress. I'm ambitious. I think I always was, but since our boy came I am ever so much more. We ought to have more money, Billy."

All this Billy had heard many times before. He hoped his wife would not be disappointed in her expectations. Money was a good thing, and, as Honoria said, they ought to have more of it.

"So I smoothed Aunt Sophia down," went on Honoria. "Your mother must have been telling her some tale of woe about Molly, for she read me a lecture on the duty of stepmothers that

broke my heart. I'm sure I do my best. There aren't many young girls would go into a home with a stepchild and a mother-in-law—now, are there, Billy? But I thought so much of you, I—well, perhaps I wasn't just to myself."

Billy flushed. He loved his mother; he loved the darling grey-eyed daughter of his dead wife; but he loved Honoria, too, and Honoria had a way with her—yes, Honoria had a way with her.

"I've never quarrelled with your mother; though sometimes when she so palpably backs Molly up in some act of disobedience I do feel that I should show her her proper place. To-day she went round like a martyr because the child had to be punished. It hurt me."

"I'm sorry," said Billy, gravely, "mother used to be a sweet-tempered woman."

"But I mustn't trouble you with all my little worries. If your mother were an older and—yes, I'll just whisper it to you—wiser woman, it would be easier for me. At her age she ought to be done with the vanities of life. But I do believe she resents not being asked out more. I'm sure it isn't my fault."

Billy was sure it was not. He remembered that in the old days his little, dark-eyed mother had been a great social favorite. She went nowhere now. It was Honoria who went; it was Honoria who got the new frocks; it was Honoria whom all but the very old friends asked for when they came—but Honoria was not to blame. His mother never seemed to care to go out any more. But an upper servant—Aunt Sophia was a fool—a nice old fool!

"If we lived by ourselves," Honoria was saying, "I would offer Uncle Robert a home. As it is I'll have him here for a week or two."

"But where will you put him?" asked Billy with concern. A venerable uncle, the possessor of large wealth, could not be left in a chimney corner or sent to the attic.

"Don't bother your dear old stupid head over household problems," she laughed. "I'll manage it."

Honoria managed it. Honoria was a good manager.

"I'm in a quandary," she remarked to Billy's mother next day. "My Uncle Robert, who has been away for half a lifetime, writes that he will spend a fortnight with us, and I haven't a room for him. You couldn't take the attic for a little while, could you?"

"I could," answered the other, while a flush darkened her face; "but what about Molly? It is too cold there for the child."

"Nonsense," snapped Honoria; "it won't hurt her."

"No," said Billy's mother firmly, "she can't go to the attic with that tender throat of hers. I will go—it doesn't matter where I sleep—but Molly shall have care so long as I live. I'll put her cot in the alcove. She will not disturb your visitor."

"A child in the same room with him? How do you suppose he is going to get his rest?" cried Honoria. "I won't have it."

"Drop the heavy curtains which shut off the alcove, and he will not know the little thing is there. Anyway, I will not take her with me."

"I wish my house were larger or my family smaller." With this parting shot Honoria flung herself out of the room.



From her little attic window a few days later Billy's mother saw the carriage drive up. "It must be lovely to be old and past caring for the hurts of life," she whispered. "I ought to be old, but my soul must be full of youth yet or things wouldn't be so hard to bear."

The tears rained down her cheeks. There is no knowledge pains like the knowledge that the ones we love have ceased to love us; that in the place we once fondly called our own we are looked upon as intruders. The poor little brown-eyed woman had had two long years of the Honoria regime. It had put silver threads in her wavy hair and a hunted look in her eyes. There was no use standing out against Honoria—Honorias had a way with her. If it had not been for the motherless Molly the elder woman would long ago have left her son's home and sought to earn a living for herself. But there was Molly, wilful and lovable; she could not leave the child to the tender mercies of the step-mother.

There was a patter of feet on the stair, and a radiant, dishevelled vision in blue serge came rushing in. "He's come, grandma, he's come! and he took me on his knee and said I was a big girl, and my curls were beautiful." Molly was in the seventh heaven of delight. "He asked me if I liked bonbons, and—oh, see here!" she held a box of chocolates before her grandmother's eyes. "Isn't he a dear? He asked me who I loved best of anybody, and I said my own grandmuzzer, and runned away to you, for mamma wasn't pleased with me."

"Go down to the sitting-room, darling; it is too cold here for you," urged Billy's mother, but Molly's arms were fast about her neck, and Molly's "no" most decisive.

"My! you're all dressed up, grandma. Oh, you're pretty as pretty, with your hair all wavy and your waist with beady lace on." Molly clasped her thin hands ecstatically. "Did you dress up 'cause company come?"

Billy's mother actually blushed. "We had better go down," she said; "you're blue with the cold." Suddenly Molly's face clouded. "Grandmuzzer, grandmuzzer," she cried, "you'll freeze and go to heaven, like the little match girl in the story, if you undress up here."

Billy's mother laughed as they went downstairs. "I believe 'tis you keeps me so ridiculously young at heart, my Molly!" she whispered.

In the hall they met Billy, who gave each of them a kiss, remarking the while that the "little grandmuzzer" was growing gay and giddy. "This is Billy's mother, Uncle Robert," said Honoria sweetly. "Mrs. Barton, my uncle, Mr. Penman. What is this?"

For Uncle Robert was shaking the plump hand of Billy's mother in the friendliest manner, and telling her she hadn't changed anything worth mentioning since their last meeting.

"I was eighteen then," protested Billy's mother, then drew herself up nervously, for Honoria's glance could not be misunderstood. There could be only one leading lady in any play taken part in by Honoria.

A tactful and pretty hostess, a well-cooked dinner, an interested circle in the drawing-room listening to his tales of travel, no wonder Uncle Robert went to bed in a happy frame of mind.

It was a stormy night. The wind roared, and shrieked, and flung the sleet and snow noisily against the panes. Uncle Robert was awakened from his first sleep by the sound of a child's suppressed crying. He knew whence it came, for Honoria, in her role of dutiful stepmother, on conducting Uncle Robert to the chamber, had drawn aside the heavy curtains, bade him look at the little bird in its cozy nest, and expressed the hope that he would not be disturbed by it.

"Poor little Molly," he muttered, reaching after his dressing gown; "that candy has given her stomach ache." But Molly denied this when the kindly fellow groped his way to her, and when he sought to find out what the trouble was she only buried her face in the pillow and cried the harder.

"I—I'll call Honoria," he exclaimed; "she'll know what to do." Then did Molly grasp him frantically, and implored him to wait, wait, wait!

"I can't talk, 'cause my throat's full of cry," she went on. "Wait, and I'll tell you."

He stroked her hair, felt the soft cheeks all wet with tears, and drew her closer to him. "It's grandma," panted the child, "she'll be frozed in the attic. Oh, listen to the wind. When it blows this way the snow comes right in through the window up there. My dear, beautiful grandmuzzer will be frozed like the match girl in the story. I tried to get up but the door at the foot of the stairs is locked."

Uncle Robert stared. "What is she doing up there?" he asked.

"She gived her room up to you, 'cause—well 'cause," lowering her voice, "mamma made her, I guess. If it wasn't for me she'd as lief as not freeze and go to heaven, where she'd have a home of her own, and not feel in the way, but I'm her own girl, and I know she'll keep the covers on and not freeze if she can help it."

"Don't they use her well?" demanded Uncle Robert. He had no right to get hold of family affairs through the guileless, prattling of five-year-old Molly, but then there was an excuse for him, for Billy's mother had been very dear to him when she was Mary Matthews, in the old days of youth and light-heartedness. "Isn't she happy here?"

Molly shook her head. "She pretends she is, but she can't fool me. If she was happy she wouldn't cry soft to herself at night when she thought I was asleep, nor say her prayers so often, nor keep wishing—but, oh, I mustn't tell things on grandmuzzer."

"Happy!" Molly's shrill little voice was full of feeling; "how could she be happy when she's got to work so hard, and do without 'most everything. She doesn't think I know, but I do. If she freezes I don't think I can love you ever any more, 'cause if you hadn't come she wouldn't have gone to that cold, cold attic."

It was a thoroughly miserable man who crept back to bed when Molly had fallen asleep, and when next day word went through the house that Billy's mother was not well, and later that she was ill with pleurisy, his distress deepened. He was angry with Honoria, angrier still with Billy, who, he argued, was no man at all to let his mother—and such a mother—be put upon and made to feel a dependent. But he had to carry

himself away without speaking his mind, on poor Molly's account.

It was just her luck, Honoria told Billy. What she told Billy's mother is not known. Honoria was not one to see all her plans overthrown and make no plaint. Three long weeks of confinement were the portion of Billy's mother, lonely weeks, sorrowful weeks, for Honoria made up for her disappointment by keeping both Billy and Molly out of the sick chamber as much as possible.

"How is the little mammie?" Billy would ask.

"Doing very well. No, I wouldn't go up, dear, it is best for her to see only myself and the nurse," would Honoria answer.

He slipped in sometimes, but not often. Once he found her looking at a photograph of a little fellow in kilts. "My little lad of long ago," she said wistfully, "he loved me dearly, Billy, dearly."

"And does yet," cried Billy, kissing her in the old fashion, "and does yet, mammie. Hurry and get well for the house doesn't seem right without you." Whereupon Honoria's bosom swelled with righteous anger. Billy should be made to regret that speech, she told herself. Billy was made to regret it, and voluntarily absented himself from his mother's room for a week as an act of penance.

Aunt Sophia came over with fruit and flowers when Billy's mother was convalescent. She gave Honoria a bad half-hour.

"You did your part towards killing her off," she said. "Oh, you needn't stare and take on airs with me. I know just what a jealous, poor sort of a creature you are, Honoria. You're pretty as a picture, but your mind isn't as big as a pea. If Billy weren't a fool—but what's the use?—Billy is a fool. If your uncle ever finds out that you ousted poor Mary Barton out of her room to—"

"You won't tell him, Aunt Sophia," pleaded Honoria. "I'm sorry enough about it."

"No, I wouldn't hurt his kind old heart by telling. Where's Molly? I'm going to take her back with me."

"I can't let her go," protested Honoria; "no one can manage her but myself."

"Pooh! Manage! She's coming. I like Molly, and I'm not going to stand by and see you 'manage' all the life and soul out of her. Get her ready."

And Honoria had to give in. Molly might tell things better left untold, but, on the other hand, if she were not allowed to go Aunt Sophia would be sure to tell them; so of the two evils Honoria chose the lesser.

"Really Aunt Sophia grows more dreadful every day she lives," she sobbed later to Billy. "'Tis enough to break my heart to have my own mother's sister say such things to me. I'd love to forbid her the house."

"Never mind, dear," said Billy, soothingly; "the old girl doesn't understand you."

But Honoria had a shrewd notion that the old girl understood her too well.

A fortnight later Aunt Sophia drove over and carried off Billy's mother.

"She's needed at our house," she informed Billy and Billy's astonished better half. "Molly isn't half well. We thought of calling in a doctor, but my opinion is that the child is pining

for her grandmother. Get along as best you can from this to Christmas Day. The dinner is to be at my place this year."

Honoria had her hands full. It was lovely having their home to themselves, as she took occasion to tell her husband many times and oft during the next three weeks, but a willing pair of hands like Billy's mother's couldn't help being missed. There was no denying it, Honoria missed her upper servant terribly. To quote herself, she had to slave and manage and attend to everything until she was on the verge of prostration from overwork.

Honoria had her mind made up. Billy's mother should return with them after the Christmas dinner. The dear baby was going into short frocks, and Honoria was not one to hire a needlewoman when a dependent could sew well.

So, in Aunt Sophia's drawing-room she was all affability. "You're looking well, extremely well," she remarked to Billy's mother. "We must carry you back with us to-night."

Billy's mother was looking well; she was also looking ridiculously young for a woman of her years, with her brown hair waving prettily and her cheeks touched with color.

"She isn't strong yet," put in Aunt Sophia, who was fairly beaming with good humor.

"Then home is the best place for her," smiled Honoria.

"I have persuaded your mother to take a nice, long trip." Uncle Robert addressed his remark to Billy. "You won't know her when she returns."

"And Molly is going, too," chimed in that young lady delightedly; "isn't she, Uncle Robert?"

"Oh, yes, Molly is going too," he told her.

Honoria stiffened visibly. If they thought Billy had nothing to do with his money but send his mother off in search of a milder climate they were mistaken. As for Molly—Honoria's lips set themselves in a stiff line. The new year would begin a stern regime in the Barton household.

"It is like you to take a kindly interest in me and mine," she said, nearly choking over the word, "and I feel so grateful. What trip do you advise, dear Uncle?"

"A wedding trip," answered Uncle Robert, beaming on all as only an elderly man in love can beam; "a nice, long wedding trip."

"There's the dinner bell," cried Aunt Sophia; "there's no Christmas chime sounds sweeter, I take it. And whisper, Honoria, if anyone says I had aught to do with this, deny it if you love me—'twould fair break my heart to have folks think Sophia Hepburn had turned match-maker in her old days. Billy's mother is off your hands for good and all—eh?"

Honoria answered never a word.



Then, welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,

Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!

Be my joys three parts pain!

Strive and hold cheap the strain;

Learn, nor account the pang; dare never grudge  
the throe.

—Browning.





# Evening

The double-crested clouds of evening shake  
 Their slumber-laden pinions o'er the earth,  
 Till only mornings nimble touch can wake  
 Its drowsy accents to their wonted mirth.

All nature kneels before the vesper shrine  
 In peaceful Evening's garb of gloom arrayed,  
 Her fevered brow the brooding shadows twine  
 In floating meshes of the twilight shade.

A lonely bird rings out his bugle song  
 And startles nature from her dreamy trance;  
 A busy brook unceasing curls along  
 Where lisp'ing leaflets in the gloaming dance.

The breeze is wandering in another clime,  
 The saffron sunbeam laves another shore,  
 In other skies the winged sabians chime  
 The notes of praise they chanted here before.

The star of Eve in lofty loneliness  
 Its vigil holds within the silent deep,  
 And softly darts with every lightning tress  
 A sign of welcome to the god of sleep.

Now silently like snow the shadows fall  
 And rout the sunbeam-armed hosts of light,  
 Then swooping through the starry-rastered hall,  
 They usher in the halcyon helm of night.

Thorleif Larsen '06

## A LADY EDGAR

EN MÉMOIRE DE SON MARI, SIR JAMES EDGAR

Il avait bien quinze ans, et moi j'en avais seize.  
—Oh! les bons souvenirs maintenant si lointains!—  
Nous écorchions tous deux la grammaire française,  
Les exercices grecs et les thèmes latins.

Tout est facile à deux: on s'encourage, on s'aide;  
Et si le soc s'ahurte aux cailloux du sillon,  
On s'épaule, on s'arc-boute, et quand l'obstacle cède,  
Aux deux fronts le succès met un double rayon.

Notre amitié poussa de profondes racines.  
Dès l'aube, quand les bois éveillés à demi  
Saluaient le soleil, nos fenêtres voisines  
S'ouvraient pour saluer le soleil et l'ami.

Nous étions deux oiseaux volant de la même aile,  
Deux anneaux, deux chaînons l'un à l'autre rivés;  
Hymen d'une âme soeur avec sa soeur jumelle;  
Frères d'un autre monde ici-bas retrouvés!

Tout nous était commun, nos chagrins et nos joies.  
Et nos rêves d'enfants ne s'imaginaient pas  
Que l'avenir pour nous pût avoir d'autres voies  
Que celles qui s'ouvraient ainsi devant nos pas.

Oh! oui, les rêves d'or de notre adolescence!...  
La Muse nous berçait déjà sur ses genoux;  
Et mille émois troublants accusaient la présence  
Des poètes futurs qui sommeillaient en nous.

Nous sentions sur nos fronts l'ombre d'un dieu descendre:  
Quelque chose en nos coeurs tressaillait effaré,  
Sous le souffle divin qui remuait la cendre  
Où dans son embryon couvait le feu sacré.

Tout réveillait chez nous de vagues rêveries:  
Un vol d'insecte, un bruit de feuille, un chant d'oiseaux.  
L'azur des monts lointains, la fleur d'or des prairies,  
Les astres blonds semant des perles sur les eaux.

Et quel panorama pour des yeux de poètes:  
Québec et son bassin, ce miroir fabuleux  
Dont le cadre, gradins aux vastes silhouettes,  
S'étage en ondulant jusqu'aux horizons bleus!

Le soir surtout, assis au bord de la falaise,  
Combien de fois—oh! oui, dans l'ivresse ou le deuil—  
Sans échanger un mot pour mieux rêver à l'aise.  
N'avons-nous pas joui du sublime coup d'oeil!

C'était, tout à la fois, un fier lambeau d'histoire,  
Un immortel poème, un merveilleux tableau,  
Que cette vision du hardi promontoire  
Le front dans le soleil et son ombre sur l'eau.

Et si quelque vaisseau partait au fil de l'onde,  
Un vol de toile blanche à ses huniers géants,  
Notre rêve suivait sa course autour du monde  
A travers le désert des mornes océans.

En avons-nous choyé de ces folles chimères!  
Leur spectre me sourit encore, et par moment,  
Je crois, en revivant ces heures éphémères,  
En ressentir encor le doux ébranlement.

Hélas! souvent la vie a des étapes d'ombres,  
Où pour les voyageurs bifurque le chemin:  
L'onde la plus limpide a ses profondeurs sombres;  
Les jours les plus dorés ont tous un lendemain.

Il partit... Un matin la brise enfla sa voile,  
Qui se perdit bientôt sous le ciel vapoureux  
Il désertait le nid pour suivre son étoile;  
D'autres zones tentaient ses pas aventureux.

Il partit comme un flot que la marée emporte...  
Il était noble et bon, beau comme un demi-dieu;  
La gloire l'attendait sur le seuil de la porte:  
Ma foi dans sa fortune adoucit notre adieu.

La faveur lui sourit, le destin lui fit fête;  
Une fée à son bras, sous le feu des bravos,  
Il monta sans relâche, il monta jusqu'au faite,  
Applaudi, salué, même par ses rivaux.

Nous nous sommes revus. Hélas! nos destinées  
Avaient suivi chacune un chemin différent;  
Mais nous avions vieilli tous deux, et les années  
Nous avaient entraînés dans le même torrent.

Pourtant, si l'âge avait, sans pitié dans sa course,  
Heurté chacun de nous aux branches du buisson,  
Rien de notre amitié n'avait tari la source,  
Nos coeurs comme jadis vibraient à l'unisson.

Mais pour les plus heureux l'existence est un leurre...  
Un soir il est parti, cette fois pour toujours.  
Et je suis resté seul, en deuil, attendant l'heure  
Où j'irai retrouver l'ami des anciens jours.

*Spisfuchett.*

## MY PLEOPHORY.



labor in joy, trusting some day eber to joy in labor; to live in hope, to seek beauty in leisure, and fight at all times; to wait patient in weakness, and press forward in power; to break bread in contentment, and house not with hate; to love and honor the soil, the open sun, and the human hand; to be gentle with gentle creatures, and honest, above all with women and children; to honor when need be what is old, and yet seek out what is new; to press onward not blindly, yet onward, if but an inch; to help a brother with open kindness, and would not a beggar with demeaning alms; to watch and love all growing things and dumb animals; be satisfied with simple delights; and to honor the one and only king, who is Man, and man, who is King!

Let this for all time be my creed, my belief, and my faith.

Arthur Stringer

### SOME REMINISCENCES

BY PROF. WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L., D.D., F.R.S.C.

Some months ago the writer of these lines contributed to "The Westminster" magazine some recollections of persons and places known to him during the last fifty or sixty years. He has been requested to add something to those memories, and he is here attempting to comply with that request, taking the subjects generally in the same order as before.

Among Edinburgh stories, worth adding, there are some told of David Hume—one of a wag having written on the wall of his house, "St. David's Street," to the great indignation of his house-keeper, who informed her master of what had been done. "O, never mind," was the reply, "they have called better men than me by that name." I believe the name has stuck, and that the street is St. David's Street to this day.

An amusing story is told of Professor Blackie. On one occasion he was forced to absent himself, and so he wrote on his blackboard, "Professor Blackie is unable to meet his classes to-day." A student passing by rubbed out the initial c. But the Professor was quite equal to the occasion. Observing what had been done, he struck out the letter l, leaving "asses."

The name of Dean Burgon was introduced into my previous sketches, and it may be well to mention that the two stories of his attacks on the Darwinians and Dean Liddell are fully authenticated; but in his later days he was chiefly famous for his attacks on the revised version of the New Testament. It is not too much to say that, in this question he was thoroughly irrational, but (all the same) he did a great deal of mischief in hindering the candid and intelligent study of that great work. He had quite made up his mind to attack it and denounce it long before it ever saw the light. The revisers sent him an advance copy, perhaps with some idea of propitiating him. They might have saved themselves the trouble. He declared openly that he had not looked at the book. "But wait," he

said, "until they publish, and won't I slate them?" It was in this spirit that he undertook his examination of the Revised Version, and some persons were misled by him. It is, after all, creditable to our public opinion that his attack is now almost forgotten.

Reference was made in one of my papers to Johnson, the Dean of Wells. As head of a Cathedral, he had control of the musical services and might be presumed to have some knowledge of music. He was forced, however, to confess that he knew only two tunes. "And what are the two, Mr. Dean?" "The one," he replied, "is God save the Queen, and the other isn't." Johnson was a man of various accomplishments, and one of the saddest parts of his experience was his quarrel with Freeman, the historian, in which it could hardly be said that either of them was altogether in the right.

In a former article a story was told of Bishop Phillpotts and Baron Alderson. There is another little story of the Judge, which the Bishop was fond of telling, when he was asked about the length of a sermon. The Baron was holding the assizes at York, and the Chaplain desired to know how long his Lordship thought his sermon should be. "Oh!" said the Judge, "this is a great occasion: they don't have an assize sermon every day. I think you might be half an hour, with a leaning to merey." In these days the ordinary church-goer would not differ greatly from the Judge, except that he would probably lay a greater stress upon the last clause of the counsel.

Archbishop Tait, the father of a lady who has recently visited Canada, and gained affection and admiration wherever she has gone, Mrs. Davidson, wife of the present Archbishop of Canterbury—Archbishop Tait lived in troublous times and had his share of the troubles, especially while he was Bishop of London. Among these troubles was the responsibility of ordaining and licensing men whom he conscientiously believed to be disloyal to the Church of England. On one occasion it was a young gentleman, who was "very

far gone." Looking over his papers the Bishop read pure Romanism in them, from beginning to end. "Well, but Mr. T.," said the Bishop, "does it strike you that there is any difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome?" The candidate, after some moments of grave deliberation, gave to the astonished Bishop, the answer: "O yes, my Lord, the celibacy of the clergy." This story I know to be true, and it gives the origin of a little jest of the Archbishop at the expense of Mrs. Tait, who was supposed to entertain somewhat "higher views" than her husband. It need hardly be said that these differences were immaterial, if not indiscernible. Some one discussing the subject with the Archbishop, remarked, "ah, your Grace, but Mrs. Tait does not quite agree with you there. She is a good deal Higher Church than you are." "O yes," was the answer of His Grace, "Mrs. Tait holds all Roman doctrine, except the celibacy of the clergy." We can see where the Archbishop got the idea of his little jest.

Talking of High and Low Church, it is amusing to note the various estimates formed of these movements at various times. The famous Dr. Scott, of the time of Charles II., used to say the difference was that High Churchmen thought highly of the Church and lowly of themselves, whilst Low Churchmen thought lowly of the Church and highly of themselves. Bishop Wilberforce is credited with a description of the three parties, which runs as follows—Broad Church he called (and this was nothing new) Latitudinarian, but the other two names seem to be his own—High Church was Altitudinarian, and Low Church, Platitudinarian. Another set of terms has been suggested, Broad Church and hazy, High Church and crazy, Low Church and lazy. But there are places, happily, in which such discordant notes are not heard. A friend of mine used to tell of his going from home and leaving his services in charge of a neighboring clergyman. On his return he asked one of the farmers how he had liked Mr. So and So—"Well, zur," was the reply, "we loiked 'un very well; but he be rather Low Church." "O indeed," said my friend, "we think him rather a stickler for forms and ceremonies." "Well, zur," was the answer, "I dunno about that; but we couldn't hear 'un not down where we did sit." Lid-

den and Bright greatly delighted in this story. Happy are the people that are in such a case.

I gave considerable space to a beloved American Bishop, Dr. Cleveland Coxe, but I am tempted to add something. We all know how the Bishop loved England, and yet how loyal he was to his own country. He could not bear even to hear George III. spoken against! and on one occasion he introduced three little stories on the King's side. The first referred to the appearance of Mr. Adams, the first American minister after the concession of independence to the States. It was a moment of difficulty; but the King stepped gently forward, and extending his hand to Mr. Adams, said, "I am happy to see you, sir; I was the last to consent to this new arrangement, and I shall be the last to disturb it." Another story referred

to an incident at the Coronation of King George. The King received the Holy Communion after being crowned; and he whispered to the Archbishop, asking if he should take off the crown before receiving the Sacrament. "I really don't know, your Majesty," said His Grace, "what are the precedents." "Then," said the King, "I will make one," and removed the crown. The last story refers to the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus in the Messiah (I think in Westminster Abbey). When the choir came to the great passage, "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," the King rose to his feet, in homage to the One Supreme Monarch, and the whole congregation did likewise. From that time, Bishop Coxe said, it has been the



*The stream that glides o'er silver sand,  
Knows not its gift of song  
Until it meets a pebbled strand  
And swiftly flows along.*

*So life that leads through Pleasure's way,  
They turn to Grief's abode,  
Oft finds its richest harmony  
Along the roughened road.*

*Alma Francis McCullum*

custom in England to stand at the passage. In my previous paper respectful mention, but no more than mention was made of Bishop Phillips Brooks, the most eminent clergyman in the American Episcopal Church—a splendid speaker and preacher and one of the warmest-hearted men, ever ready to show kindness. On one occasion he saw a group of little children standing on the steps of a house. They stopped him with the request that he would ring the bell for them—which he had no sooner done than they scattered with the exclamation, "Now, you had better run! You'll catch it when she comes out." The little brats had been teasing the poor woman, off and on, for an hour or two.

A story of Julian Young's may be given here, without the names being introduced. A country

clergyman came up to preach before the University. He saw N. in Church, and he met him next day in the High street. "Hello!" said N., "What are you doing here?" This was sufficiently trying, as the preacher had seen N. in the congregation. "O," he said, "I came up to preach before the University." "O, of course you did, of course you did," was the reply, but still no reference to the sermon. "O yes," said the preacher. "of course I did not want to come but they paid my expenses, they gave me five pounds." "My dear fellow," was the reply, "you don't mean to say you preached that sermon for five pounds, I wouldn't have preached it for fifty"—words on which he might meditate.

One little story of Dr. Temple, Head Master of Rugby, Bishop of Exeter, and Bishop of London, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury—a man of great plainness (not to say rudeness) of speech. A young curate read the lesson in his presence and the Bishop (then of London) approved of his work, but with the addition—"but you weren't very well heard." "I think, my Lord, I was," was the meek reply. "Ah," said the Bishop, "what makes you think so?" "O, my Lord, a lady who sat quite at the west end of the church said she heard every word." "Are you engaged to her?" said the Bishop. "Yes, my Lord." "Then don't believe a word she says. Wait till you're married, and then believe every word."

We have spoken of Bishop Wilberforce. He was known as "Soapy Sam"—a name, he said, given to him because he was often into hot water, and always came out with clean hands. On one occasion an anniversary festival was to be held of the College at Cuddes—where the Bishop's palace also was. The head of the College was the Rev. Alfred Pott, and it was proposed to put the initials of the Bishop and those of the Principal on a shield to be stuck up over the gate—S.O. at the top and A.P. at the bottom. Of course the onlookers read Soap at once. The Bishop saw this at a glance and disallowed it.

But for the present I must pause.



### In Dispraise of Learning

Another courteous request for a contribution to the Christmas Varsity—would that an old grad. could comply as worthily as willingly!

Looking back over the quarter of a century that separates him from the magic words "Admito te ad gradum," he ponders many things—if age only could; if youth only knew!

I met, as it happens, just the other day, a fellow-graduate as I was going by chance along the very unsacred way of Queen Street West. "What do you read?" I asked; not without purport, for he had acquired affluence and influence, if not a name and fame. "Reports and the newspapers," he replied; "and sometimes I pay others to read the first;" and no smile, no enthusiasm of relish or delight unwrinkled his puckered brow. His answer made me pause. Reports and papers. Humph! And I remembered that the same man, not many years ago, on hearing one strum of the piano (musically enough) ejaculated, "I would give (I forget how many dollars he mentioned) to do that."

Much-to-be-envied undergraduates, Ye with a twenty years' start, take warning by us two wastrel wisecracs; ponder in your hearts my unwetted friend this all too pregnant plaint:

"Knowledge," they say, "is power." "The more that a man can (or ken, I suppose,) the more worth he is." No doubt; no doubt. But this I think: that knowledge without feeling is naught and less than naught; that a high emotion is often more potent than a reasoned conviction unless, indeed, conviction itself be the child, not of ratiocination, but of emotion—as indeed the proverb has it. I question much whether it was logic sent martyrs to the stake; whether at bottom it was for a string of sorites that the Albigenses suffered; whether the Reformation could have been reduced to Barbara, Felapton, and Darii. True, Luther formulated ninety-five theses. But every thesis requires a major premise; and no major premise is provable. The most elaborate theorem is a baseless fabric. The widest generalization is incomplete. The system most coherent commences with a postulate.

It is a little curious that the university sets the seal of its approval on intellectual knowledge alone. It will tell you, of course, that its ideal is culture, and perhaps the training of the mind; and it will add, or imply, that culture embraces or includes the larger feelings. But surely that assertion requires qualification. If culture really means this, that sort of culture, I fear me much, you will have to cultivate by curricula not yet purveyed by the university. But perhaps we expect too much of the Alma Mater. In Kantian phrase, perhaps we must regard what we learn at college merely as that which is "given"; and the mind, of its own "forms," by its own powers, must make the most of that donation by a self-imposed post-graduate course.

How quickly the lack of opportunity to stir the emotions dulls the emotions, anyone may prove in a very short time. It needs not Darwin's famous lament that he lost taste for poetry and music. How much one loses by leading "the intellectual life" alone! How blind one can grow to the beauties of nature, how deaf to music, how ignorant of art, by a too great assiduity to books and work!

"But is it worth while?" do you ask? Not in so many dollars and cents, perhaps; but of a truth in things that nor dollars nor cents may buy. Numerous quotations crowd the memory as asseverations in the affirmative. I content myself with five words from Wordsworth: "Thanks to this human heart . . ." Money, no doubt, makes the mare go; but it is love makes the world go round.

It would be interesting to try to work out a theory to the effect that the heart is superior to the intellect; that emotion is the more highly evolved product; that perhaps indeed ratiocination is but the hand-maid and auxiliary to feeling. A Mr. Alexander Sutherland has, in two remarkable volumes, elaborated a thesis going to show that evolution is the direct result of the preservative action of "sympathy"; of sympathy as first exhibited between a mated pair, then between parent and progeny, then successively in the family, the tribe, the community. And this sympathy, I take it, is the child, not of reason, but of emotion; of emotion first stirred no doubt by physical, but afterwards by social, and ultimately by humanitarian influences.

What, then, if some day we discover that, no set store of knowledge, no abstruse philosophic

theory, no coherent scientific system—no creed or cosmogony—is of any practical, developing, civilizing avail, unless with it, inherent in it, is coupled a deep conviction—born of this “human heart” which feels itself so desperately alone amid earth’s teeming millions—that sentiment, emotion, feeling, sympathy, is the true agglutinating and ameliorating force in the brotherhood of man?

Arnold Haultain.



BY EVA BRODLIQUE SUMMERS

Dramatis personae: Miss Edith Foster, Mr. Hobart Earle.

Time: The evening of Christmas.

Place: A damp and depressed-looking conservatory opening from off an uncomfortably crowded ball-room.

Mr. Earle and Miss Foster have wandered away from the ball-room into the conservatory, in the perfectly orthodox manner prescribed by “The Duchess,” and a long series of kindred novelists. Being there, they find themselves somewhat at a loss. The conservatory floors drip in feeble rivulets from some careless gardener’s watering-pot, and ineffectual lamps strung about among the foliage, give forth a bilious yellow light. There is a warm, suffocating smell of water, and mould and gas. Faint strains of the latest and most tiresome “deux-temps” penetrate from the ball-room to mingle with the inane dribble of a ridiculous little rococo fountain, tinted green to suggest old bronze. Miss Foster tries to smile agreeably, but finishes with a wry face, as she strikes her bare shoulder against a prickly cactus. Mr. Earle begins to say something, but the irritating noise of the orchestra, and the absurd tinklings of the foolish little make-belief bronze fountain get into his brain, and confuses him. He steps into a puddle, splashing his patent-leathers, and swears softly to himself, remarking thereafter something banal about the beauty of the scene. Miss Foster remains discreetly silent. Mr. Earle begins to hum a carol—distinctly off the key.

Miss Foster (sharply): “I beg pardon, Mr. Earle, but would you just as soon sing something as make that sort of noise?”

Mr. Earle: “Ah! Hum? Oh, yes, certainly, but—but this is Christmas!”

Miss Foster, with an affectation of sudden recollection: “Why! So it is! Thank you for recalling the fact! Let me break a piece of news to you in return—Queen Anne is dead!”

Mr. Earle: “Wonderful! Was there ever such a memory as yours? But you have still forgotten something—”

Miss Foster: “Yes; myself, or I should never have come into this silly greenhouse!”

Mr. Earle: “I want you to recollect what you said to me that day when you went abroad to do your holiday shopping!”

Miss Foster: “That ‘day’! Bless the man, does he think I accomplished it in one little twenty-four hours! I believe I was a hundred

## On Reading Neitzsche’s “God is Dead”

They tell me God is dead—  
The dead dream of dead days.  
They set up in His stead  
A tenuous lifeless Thing  
That runs an endless course,  
Around an endless ring—

Whence came the Law, and why.  
Matter and Force move on—  
They do not ask; nor try  
To follow up their course—  
Enough the Trinity—  
Matter and Law and Force!

To plastered stone and wood,  
The ancients bowed them down—  
We boast a wiser mood,  
But bow the knee the same  
To fetiches as dead,  
That wear a bigger name.

What power created Force?  
What fiat ordained Law?  
What impulse set the course?  
They wag a knowing head—  
“Let’s call the Unknown Thing  
An unbound X-Y-Z!”

But foolish faith is rash—  
It leaps across the dark,  
A momentary flash—  
What they call X-Y-Z  
Faith gives a plainer name.  
—The God that is not dead!

Agnes C. Laut.

Wildwood, Wassaic, New York.

years if I was a minute. I know this morning I feel a hundred and fifty at least!”

Mr. Earle (calmly): “Do not worry. You really don’t look more than half that age!”

Miss Foster: “Monster!”

Mr. Earle: “Beware how you taunt me! I’ve not eaten my usual quota of nice young women and plump children this morning, although, by Jupiter, I do believe that I’ve feasted on every other indigestible dainty known to fame as Christmas viands.”

Miss Foster, making a motion as to run: “I shall escape while I am yet whole!”

Mr. Earle, laughing: “Not from this ogre. Seriously, Miss Foster I want you to think back, and recall the day when you promised me a Christmas gift, too, if I would but wait for the right day, and remind you of your promise. Well, Christmas is here, and I claim the fulfillment of the promise made that day. I demand my gift—and I warn you that I shall ask for something great.”

Miss Foster (hedging): “It isn’t pretty to name your own gift—and ask for it! I promised you something, just as I promised my tiny nieces. If they had asked as you have, I should have scolded them for bad manners!”

Mr. Earle (sturdily): “I am asking for what I want—I know what is best for me!”

Miss Foster: “Then you are wiser than Socrates.”

Mr. Earle: “Did you think I had forgotten your words of that day! Ah, I could tell you

## The Morning Flowers

"Drink of our amber wine, O Sun!  
Here are full cups of morning dew!  
All night have earth and air distilled,  
In nature's alembic of vaulted blue  
This nectar of honeyed delights, O Sun—  
Drink from thy blossomy bearers true!"

So sang the waking flowers at dawn—  
The morning breeze had roused each one—  
A fanning murmur through tremulous leaves  
And matins began for the rising Sun.

"The garden is decked with rubies and pearls,  
Emeralds gems for thy choice, O Sun!  
The fields are ablaze with diamond stars—  
Dewdrops as chaste as the purest nun,  
And the moss a net-work of silver thread,  
And the gauze on the trees is jewel-spun!"

So sang the flowers their seraph song;  
But ears unattuned to notes so clear  
Felt but a thrill of vague delight  
And lost a theme they could not hear.

In the swaying tops of nodding spray,  
Were choirs of spell-bound listening birds.  
They treasured the song the flowers had sung,  
And told to their mates those golden words—  
The thrill and the throb from forest and hedge,  
Roused a slumbering earth to a chorus of birds.

—Agnes C. Laut.

Wildwood, Wassaic, New York.

no end of stories concerning my thoughts of that promise."

Miss Foster: "Hum, yes: I was beginning to fear that there was no end to this last—"

Mr. Earle (bewildered): "This last what?"

Miss Foster: "Last story of yours—stupid!"

Mr. Earle: "Ha, ha! Yes, I suppose I am rather dull, but sometimes I think that you do not see things very quickly. Now, shall I tell you who cares more for Edith Foster than anyone else in the world?"

Miss Foster, (quickly): "I know; Edith Foster!"

Mr. Earle: "You are cruel; for I am hard hit."

Miss Foster (aside): "That's not surprising. I've always been told that I'm stunning!"

Mr. Earle: "You know everyone gets something at Christmas!"

Miss Foster: "Alack, yes! Something one doesn't want!"

Mr. Earle: "You shall not laugh me down. I told you I was going to ask you for a great gift. Well, I am; the very greatest that a woman can—"

Miss Foster (interrupting demurely): "I was not born for great affairs; I pay my debts, believe, and—say my prayers."

Mr. Earle: "Why do you so persistently endeavor to stop me! Surely you perceive the meaning of my words?"

Miss Foster (wickedly): "I have heard it said, Mr. Earle, that often your words hold a double meaning."

Mr. Earle: "Well! And YOU can say things like that! And all the time with your face looking—like a sonnet from Shakespeare!"

Miss Foster: "Which, being interpreted, means that it has fourteen lines, I suppose? Thank you!" (makes an elaborate curtsy, and walks around to the other side of the giant cactus.

Mr. Earle (heedless of the by-play): "No; Shakespeare never wrote anything half so soulful and sweet as that face of yours." (He carefully pushes the cactus aside, and squirms along the uncomfortable iron seat. This brings him several inches nearer Miss Foster's elaborately ruffled skirt. The cactus pokes him unmercifully in the back of the neck, but he bears it like a hero, and goes unflinchingly to his fate.

Mr. Earle: "Miss Foster; Edith, don't hedge any longer. You know what I want to say. I love you, and I want you to give me a Christmas gift that I shall wear in my heart all the Christmases of my life—of our lives. Give me YOURSELF, dear!"

Miss Foster turns suddenly, and jars the cactus until it stabs the waiting suitor sharply just above the collar line. The orchestra has glided from the *deux-temps* into "*Narcissus*" and the fidgety little tinkle of the fountain is heard the plainer.

Miss Foster (nervously): "My dear Mr. Earle, it is quite too late for Santa Claus. The chimney is blocked up, and, anyhow, I don't believe I could quite crawl down in this frock! I—I, don't you think you ought to have spoken Christmas eve, hey?"

Mr. Earle: "Don't torture a man! Your promise—"

Miss Foster: "You are very tenacious about it. Also in choosing what your gift shall be! Tell me this—is it not written in this pact that a present is mine also?"

Mr. Earle (tempestuously): "I give all that I have to give—myself."

Miss Foster (turning and regarding him critically through her lorgnon): "In—deed! Not so bad, perhaps, but what of the quality of the gift? Does it come to me brand-new and desirable, or is it frayed-out, second-hand and shop-worn?"

Mr. Earle (in horror): "I really don't understand!" (aside) "O good Lord, can it be that she is one of these New Women?"

Miss Foster (contemptuously): "Don't look so scared. I rarely bite, and the only concealed weapon I carry is a hat-pin!"

Mr. Earle: "You appear to enjoy a laugh at my expense—Miss Foster. This is the first time that I ever knew love to be regarded as a joke!"

Miss Foster (impatiently): "Oh, I am tired of all this talk about love. The word is degraded. The one love which is now constant, unvarying, eternal, is—"

Mr. Earle: "Ah! you admit that there is such a thing?"

Miss Foster: "Yes; self-love!"

Mr. Earle (losing his temper): "Permit me to escort you to your chaperon. Evidently there is no use in prolonging this interview. I induced you to come in here because I thought I saw at last an opportunity to explain my feelings, and ask you to become my wife. You have treated me ruthlessly as a woman may. But



that is your privilege. I submit, though I own that I cannot understand. Are you ready?"

Miss Foster (turning very pale): "I shall not be ready to go until I have made you understand this much: that I, too, have asked you a question which you have failed to answer, Mr. Earle. You say that you cannot comprehend. That is odd. You would have but slight difficulty, I imagine, in discerning retrospective jealousy in a man. Now, why should not a woman care as much for the possible by-gones of her suitor, as a man for the nebulous love-affairs of the girl he wants to marry? Is it not the same?"

Mr. Earle (sulkily): "No woman can expect a man to conduct himself right along as though he knew she was coming."

Miss Foster: "Ergo,—no man can expect—"

Mr. Earle (interrupting): "That's different. A man's jealousy is an active agent in securing civilized domesticity. It is not a vice, but ought rather to be classed among the virtues. Jealousy is part of the force which has guided us into a system of monogamy. Edith, I believe you are just like Gadsby's sweetheart in that story of Kipling's, she who wanted to know all about his former loves, and at the same time begged that she be not told even though she asked. However, since you will it—I never loved any other woman but you—"

Miss Foster (quickly): "They all say that."

Mr. Earle (with swift apprehension): "All! All of whom?"

Miss Foster (calmly): "Ahem! All the lovers in the story-books."

Mr. Earle: "Ah, but this is the TRUTH, dear!"

Miss Foster (pettishly): "You are taking that horrid Kipling's advice, and are making mental reservations. I just know you are!"

Mr. Earle: "Edith, I assure you—I."

Miss Foster, changing her tactics, and adopting a light and scornful tone: "Oh, you needn't! It isn't worth while! No woman really minds if her lover has happened to prove fascinating to a few other women. She rather likes it. It pleases her. But of course, it isn't your fault if nobody ever cared for you! You are rather to be pitied!"

Mr. Earle (discomfited): "Oh, but—I say—"

Miss Foster: "You needn't!" (giggles nervously into her fan.)

Mr. Earle: "Now, what on earth—"

Miss Foster (still giggling): "Nothing, nothing, only an absurd and ridiculous joke which popped into my head!"

Mr. Earle: "Tell it to me."

Miss Foster (giggling more than ever): "I couldn't! It is—well—hardly fit—or—nice!"

Mr. Earle: "That settles it. I must know!"

Miss Foster: "And you won't think I am horribly awful, or dreadfully terrible?"

Mr. Earle: "Never! I swear it!"

Miss Foster (drawing a long and desperate breath): "Well, I saw it in one of the comic papers. A ridiculous little picture, of a ridiculous little boy and girl wearing ridiculous rags and ridiculously sentimental looks. Oh, he was sentimental—no, no, I shan't quote his saying—but she said in answer: 'Air yez sure, Patsy, thot yez never kissed any other gyurl but me?' 'Nop; you air the fust gal in all my life,' he replied. 'Aw, go lang,' said the girl, 'd'yez sup-

pose that I want to be practised on be a blamed amyture?'"

Mr. Earle (startled): "Great Scott! Say, Edith, why do you run away?"

Miss Foster (in muffled tones from behind the cactus): "Because—I'm—ashamed!"

Mr. Earle (aside): "I should think you might be!" (aloud) "Listen, I'll tell you a story, too. I wasn't quite honest with you just now, because I guess I was thinking of the Gadsby's, and I didn't care to give you a weapon to use against me later on. But you've changed all that! Listen: It was perfectly true what I said about not ever having loved any woman but you, dear. Perfectly true, you witch, whose very moods and tantalizations are as chains to bind me! But—I'm ashamed to say that I've been guilty of pretending. I made believe once that I loved a woman. And—she cared. She cared very much. That is all."

Miss Foster (in a low voice): "Tell me more!"

Mr. Earle: "I hate to. It makes me feel a fool and a brute. Besides there is really very little to tell. It's a common old story. She was pretty and witty, and I wanted to see if I could make her like me. It began at Geneva Lake. Moonlight on the water, sail-boats on a calm, inland sea, picnics among the trees, wonderful sunsets, and all that sort of thing. Millia—Millia was her quaint little name—took for granted what I never said—what I never meant. Though, to be honest, I let her think so. Then the end of the holiday came. I had had a royal good time, but I left Geneva, and I never answered the notes that she sent. Not that I wanted to be a brute or a cad, but simply because the thing had got to stop. I was tired. I am not excusing myself, and they say she was very unhappy. I don't know. I hope not. She was a nice girl, but I couldn't have married her. She would have bored me to extinction in a week, and I should have made her miserable, I know. That's all!"

Miss Foster rises quickly and comes round the cactus until she stands face to face with her suitor. Her face is very pale, but her eyes blaze.

Miss Foster: "Nay—hear me now—it is NOT 'All.' I quoted to you a little while ago 'I pay my debts.' Well, I do. Sometimes with interest. Always to the full. Occasionally I also pay the debts of a friend. Millia Page was my friend. We were almost inseparable at school and at college, and when you broke her faithful little heart, I vowed that Millia should be avenged! Yes, silly, and school-girlish, and melodramatic, I dare say, but did it ever occur to you that a good deal of life is melodramatic, and the situations strained? At any rate, even school-girls can feel, and I did not forget! I determined to meet you. I succeeded, but you were hard to lure. That made me only the more determined. I knew that I was good-looking and moderately bright, and I kept repeating to myself what Thackery said about any woman not positively deformed being able to conquer any man whom she chose. I own I often felt ashamed as I tried all my arts on you, as I was daring and coy by turns. I made good use of a woman's instinct. I learned to know what pleased, what piqued and what interested you. I was never myself—or else was all the selves

that one clever woman may be. Other women had given you devotion—and satiety. I gave you variety, and it compelled you in spite of yourself. I was waiting, longing, almost praying for to-night. I knew that it would come. When I said that silly thing about a Christmas gift, I had all this definitely in view. It was my supreme move in the battle. But it was hard, too. You know how I have talked to you this evening. I have said things which made my cheeks burn with shame. No woman would have—could have—spoken so to a man she either loved or respected. But it was for Millia's sake. I kept repeating that over and over again to quell my self-loathing—for Millia's sake! I was determined to wring from your own lips the confession you have just made—before—before I said this that I now say to you, Mr. Earle: 'Good-bye!' "

Mr. Earle stands silent, his hands thrust deep down into his pockets as Miss Foster's silken skirts rustle from the place. The orchestra strikes up the "Myosotis Waltz." "Myosotis"—eternal remembrance! Mr. Earle pulls his moustache, and kicks savagely at the cactus, which seems to be showing spikey teeth in a wide grin.

Mr. Earle (aloud to himself): "Good Lord! What a box to be in!"

Miss Foster (mockingly from the conservatory door): "A Christmas box!"

Mr. Earle (calling to her with an assumption of bravado): "But you've broken your word. You promised to give me something, you know!"

Miss Foster (moving through the door): "Yes, and I've given it to you!"

Mr. Earle: "What was it?"

Miss Foster (over her shoulder, as she passes from view): "Your congè!"

Curtain.



### Myself

Striving, I sought MYSELF to find  
Through fluent Time's extended Sweep.  
I watched the births of Gods and Men,  
The Sowing that we reap.

I saw the first Gigantic Form  
Come forth the blackened Void.  
I heard the roar of the falling Years,  
And lived in the great Sauroid.

Far pinnaled on heights of Flame,  
I watched the Suns take fire—  
I was the Music in the Hand,  
That played the Cosmic Lyre.

I moved in the Flux of the flowing Years  
Through Rock, and Plant, and Beast  
I entered into the Son of Man,  
For I saw His Star in the East.

I sped in Worship to His Shrine,  
That Manger, cradled low.  
With Him I suffered on the cross  
And was in Him the woe.

I rise triumphant from the Dead,  
On every Easter morn.  
In Ecstasies Nirvana reach,  
And with the Gods am born.

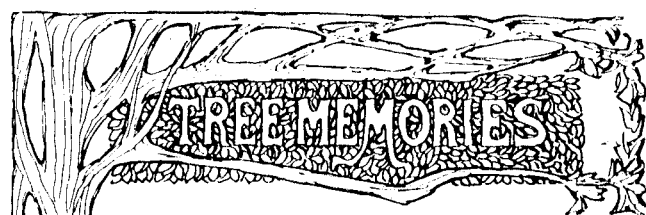
Jehovah on His silver Throne,  
Ishvara's boundless Form,  
The Silent Braman in the Heart,  
I name, and clothe, and warm.

I am the Word that was with God,  
Before the Birth of Time,  
I am the Portal and the Path,  
The Lowly and Sublime.

I am the End of Finite Things,  
The Infinite in Scope  
Before the Gods that were, I am,  
I am the prisoned Hope.

By ME alone you reach to God,  
You serve not Me and Pelf.  
All Happiness abides in ME,  
For lo! I am YOURSELF.

Charles Lazenby, '07.



The woodland stretched its arms to me,  
And into its heart I went,  
While by my side invisibly  
Walked musing-eyed Content.

The woodland spake no word to me,  
But oh, its thoughts were sweet!  
Against my spirit, like a sea,  
I felt the thought-waves beat.

Before my vision, starved and dull,  
The wood-shapes dropped their gold.  
The young child-trees were beautiful,  
More beautiful the old.

Within their halls of memory  
What heavenly scenes are drawn:  
The stream, the wild bird's company,  
The sky's cool face at dawn;

The golden lances of the sun,  
The rain that feels its way,  
The twilight steps that, one by one,  
Lead to the moon's white ray;

The multitude of bright leaf-forms  
Engraved in earth and air,  
The black and gold of midnight storms,  
The blue that violets wear;

The wind that brings from clover farms  
A picture white and red,  
Or later gathers in his arms  
The woodland's fragile dead.

These through the green wood-memories.  
Upon this perfumed track,  
The thoughts of all the silent trees  
Go wandering back and back.

This is the charm that cometh last,  
Of all their sweets the sum:  
The feeling of green summers past,  
And fair green springs to come.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

# THE VARSITY

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Toronto, December 22, 1904.

The term just closing has been indeed one of more than usual interest. Those who have been conversant with undergraduate life for years tell us that it has been long since there was an equally robust college spirit. We seem to have aroused in ourselves something like a real esprit de corps, and there is very little probability of its dying away with the old year.

The functions of the different faculties have been phenomenally successful. The meetings of the student societies have all been well attended and enthusiasm has run high. Especially is this true in the case of the Literary and Scientific Society of University College. The gentlemen of the first year who before coming to our halls had heard vague, weird tales of political factions, and memorable election nights, will probably see one of the best of college election fights in the spring. The Undergraduates' Union has received more hearty support than heretofore, but if its future is to be assured, a more loyal patronage must yet be extended to it. The only regrettable feature of the closing term is the series of defeats we have sustained on the field. But under the circumstances—some of our best players being either absent or incapacitated—the matter need not be regarded too seriously.



The generous gift of Mr. F. C. Whitney of fifteen thousand dollars toward the scheme for the building of residences comes as a most welcome surprise. It would be useless to endeavor to add anything further as to our great need in this regard, for the subject has been so thoroughly discussed again and again, that no new argument could be advanced. The amount already donated is, of course, only a fraction of the whole sum necessary to successfully accomplish such a large undertaking, but it will form a very considerable nucleus. Though it is very improbable that many of us will ourselves directly benefit from the residences, yet the whole student body is very grateful to the generous donor.

The University of Toronto Monthly, just issued, officially acknowledges the provision recently reported to have been made by the Government for the erection of a new Physics Building. Though the Faculty of Applied Science has assumed the teaching of Physics to students of that faculty, thus to a considerable extent relieving the lecture-room and laboratories, yet the need of more adequate accommodation is still very urgent. It is said, in fact, that because of the rapid increase in the number of students in Science courses, that the congestion is even greater than it was before. All friends of the University will be grateful to the Government for its prompt relief of the embarrassing situation.



A new building has been promised for the School of Science. So unparalleled has been the increase in attendance in the Faculty of Applied Science that even with the addition of the new Mining and Chemical Building the accommodation is altogether inadequate. The new building will be used for Electrical Engineering, Surveying and Drafting. As it is expected that different parts of the structure will be completed at different times, the building operations will naturally extend over a considerable period. The building, when completed, will be about the same size and will be erected at about the same cost as the Mining and Chemical Building.



The phenomenal success of the University College Dinner deserves special mention. Not only was the number of undergraduates present much larger than at any previous function of a similar nature, but the very best speakers had been secured. There was a spirit of enthusiasm evidenced, such as has been too little seen of late years. The hearty singing of the old college songs was one of the most pleasurable features, while the tremendous ovations accorded some of the speakers must have been gratifying to them.

A full account of the function appears elsewhere in this issue. We will merely add that Professor Ramsay Wright filled the chair in his usual happy manner, while Principal Hutton completely won his student audience, by his most tactful and witty speech.



Owing to a printer's error the name of Miss I. E. McCully was omitted from the poem, in our last issue, entitled "A Toast."



The Editor-in-Chief wishes to thank most sincerely all those who have given him loyal support during the past term. Any words in reference to Varsity relative to the closing term of the college year will be reserved for the next issue.

"Sunset and Evening Star."—Tennyson.

κατέδν ἥλιος·  
ἐμὲ δέ τις καλεῖ·  
ἀνέδν ἔσπερος·  
ἄγγελμά μοι δοκεῖ·  
σιγάτε βράχεια· νῦν γὰρ ὁ στόλος  
ἐμοὶ ἀνάγεται·

σιγάτε βράχεια· πλημμυρὶς εἴη  
πλείων ἢ κατ' ἄφρον·  
εἶδεν δοκοῦσ' εἶδονσα μηδαμῆ·  
μείζων ἢ κατ' ὄχλον·  
ἀναρρεῖ ἢ Ἀπειρον ἐκροή  
εἰς Ἀπειρον·

κνέφης νῦν ἔσται, καί  
κνεφίου τις ἦχω  
κώδιονος περιρρεῖ·  
νῦξ ἔσται σὺν σκότῳ·  
μή μοι τις ἀναγώγιμα κλαίεται  
εὐτ' ἀμβῶ.

τηλοῦ γὰρ κίπερ ἀναγόμενος  
γῆς ἐκτός ὀρίων,  
καὶ τῆλε κίπερ ναυτιλλόμενος  
χρόνων ἀνθρωπίνων.  
Τον Κυβερνήτην ἔξω μου τάχος  
πέριπ τῶν βραχέων.

—Maurice Hutton.

♦ ♦ ♦  
**Yule-Tide**

Ho! the Yule-tide, the merry, merry Yule-tide,  
With burden of good cheer is come, I trow,  
And laughing Mirth in all his kingdom's wide,  
With all the splendor of his festal pride,  
Now wreathes about his kindly, jovial brow,  
The holly bright and drooping mistletoe.

Ho! the Yule-tide, the merry, merry Yule-tide!  
When songs resound and happy laughter rings,  
When restless, roving cares are cast aside,  
Old joys renewed and new joys multiplied,  
The mounting soul for very gladness sings,  
And high o'er all sits Peace with folded wings.

Ho! the Yule-tide, the merry, merry Yule-tide!  
Yield heart and soul unto the season's folly,  
Grieve not for what thy hard Fate hath denied—  
Has Fate e'er listened when thy heart hath cried?  
So bind thy brows with leaves of crackling holly,  
And seek in mirth release from melancholy.

—R. C. Reade, '05.

♦ ♦ ♦  
**The Spirit of Evil**

The Spirit of Evil said to me:—  
The sense of pleasure is keen in thee;  
Thy stream of life flows deep.  
Sensation's child should know himself  
And me, the Queen of Joy and Pelf,  
Whose passions never sleep.

The Spirit of Evil was fair to see,  
She looked the essence of "what should be,"  
A gleam from the "Gates Ajar."  
But on her fragrant hand I found  
The slime of life that's underground  
And seams of a sunken scar.

—F. Alister Murray.

**The COLLEGE GIRL**

MISS P. A. MAGEE, Superintending Editor



**Women's Lit**

"Resolved, that separate universities for women are preferable to co-educational ones," was the subject of the debate between St. Hilda's and University College on Saturday evening, Dec. 10th. There was a large representative gathering from St. Hilda's, and this tended to make the meeting of the Women's Literary Society one of the largest of the year. The affirmative side of this most interesting debate was taken by Miss Waugh and Miss Spencer of St. Hilda's, while Miss MacDonald and Miss McCully of University College supported the negative.

The speakers on the affirmative side laid much stress on the advantages to be derived in separate universities from having women lecturers who were more in sympathy with them and could enter into their aims and aspirations better than the professors in co-educational universities. They also spoke of the different feeling a woman has for her Alma Mater when she knows she is not in the college halls merely by sufferance.

The negative called attention to the wording of the debate. The words "for women" were inserted before the words "were better" and not after. Hence the influence of the women students on the men students of a co-educational university must be considered. In men there is a tendency to rationalism and scepticism if they are left to themselves, whereas in women there is a slight tendency to the emotional side, and so both classes of students are benefited by a co-ed. system. The negative side also noted that we are now passing through the period of reaction which always follows the success of any great movement. Hence the recent feeling against co-education does not prove that the system is by any means a mistake.

The judges, after long deliberation, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

The Glee Club made its first public appearance on Saturday evening, and, under Mr. Archibald's able direction, rendered, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" very acceptably. Everyone present realized that the Women's Glee Club is an excellent innovation, and the President, Miss Love, should be congratulated on the success of her enterprise. Mr. Archibald has taken great pains in training the Club and was well pleased with their rendering of Ben Jonson's famous chorus.

Quite a musical treat was in store for us in the solo by Miss Lowry, who sang so sweetly the "Boatsman's Song." We then had a very witty reading from Miss Viola Ferguson on the subject of a "Bashful Man's Wooing." Miss Ferguson's interesting recitation closed the programme, after which the girls had quite a nice little dance before dispersing.

# A Song of Varsity

Con spirito.

Words and Music by Edmund Hardy.

47

VOICE.

1. Hail to Toron-to Var-si-tie! We love thine hon-or'd walls. Let,

PIANO.

Learn-ing's ea-ger foll-ow-ers With glad-ness thron'g thy halls.

CHORUS.

Old Var-si-tie! Dear Var-si-tie! May hon-ors e'er in-

creas - ing - ly Up - on thee des - cend, And may thy spir - it,

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "creas - ing - ly Up - on thee des - cend, And may thy spir - it,". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

bold and free, For knowledge, truth, and lib - er - ty, Stand firm to the end

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bold and free, For knowledge, truth, and lib - er - ty, Stand firm to the end". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

2. Blest be Toronto Varsity!  
 In all thy sports be clean.  
 May courage, strength, and self-restraint  
 E'er spring from contest keen.

3. Love to Toronto Varsity!  
 Let love for thee abide  
 In all thy sons' and daughters' hearts,  
 Tho' half the world divide.

## E Finita

Où la pièce est jouée; avec grand succès, m'affirme-t-on de toutes parts. Sans m'arrêter à me demander si cette opinion, si unanime, n'est pas faite d'un peu de sympathie et de beaucoup d'indulgence j'en accueille avec joie l'expression comme particulièrement réconfortante pour les artistes amateurs qui durant un mois entier, ont consacré le meilleur de leurs loisirs à la préparation de la soirée du 3 décembre.

Maintenant on comprendra facilement que la tâche que m'a assignée l'aimable rédacteur en chef de ce cher Varsity, d'écrire "quelque chose" au sujet de la représentation donnée par l'alliance française, ne me sourie guère. D'abord, parce que l'on ne saurait être juge en sa propre cause, ensuite, parce que ayant depuis six semaines, parlé, écrit, agi on téléphoné plusieurs heures par jour pour assurer la réussite de ces deux minuscules comédies, il me serait fort agréable de n'avoir plus à m'en occuper.

Je me contenterai de dire que samedi dernier l'alliance française a fait représenter—La Lettre chargée—de Labiche et Les deux Sourds de Jules Moineaux devant un nombreux auditoire. Je ne ferai pas d'avantage l'analyse de ces piécettes; tous ceux qui liront ces lignes auraient dû être présents. Le prétexte des fatigues occasionnées par une réception donnée le même jour ne constitue pas une excuse suffisante pour expliquer l'absence de 80 per cent. des gens des Langues Modernes, à cette très modeste mais en somme bien gentille soirée. D'ailleurs, si la chose elle-même orésentait un si faible intérêt, moindre encore serait celui d'un compte rendu.

A la place de ce dernier, je voudrais qu'il me fût permis de faire un sermon de quelques mots. Une comédie est une longue conversation entre diverses personnes qui soulignent leurs paroles par des gestes et des jeux de physionomie.

Une comédie nous initie aux moeurs et aux habitudes d'un peuple, elle nous fait faire connaissance avec des personnages dont nous ignorions parfois jusqu'à l'existence, elle nous dévoile la façon de penser, la manière d'être de diverses classes d'individus, souvent, l'idéal d'une nation entière. Enfin, elle nous permet une étude approfondie et charmante en soi, de tout un genre littéraire.

Dès lors, où trouverait-on une meilleure aide dans l'acquisition d'une langue étrangère? et, surtout de celle d'un peuple dont le théâtre moderne exerce une prépondérance telle, que les neuf dixièmes des pièces jouées dans le monde sont d'origine française.

Question de langue à part, le bon théâtre est un

excellent éducateur qui doit entrer comme un facteur des plus importants dans la formation intellectuelle d'un homme (et aussi bien d'une femme) visant à la haute culture de l'esprit.

A l'heure actuelle, Toronto, centre universitaire, dépouvé de "stock companies" laisse beaucoup à désirer au point de vue de l'art dramatique.

En France, le gouvernement subventionne un grand nombre théâtres. Dans une ville de l'importance de Toronto, Bordeaux, par exemple, l'opéra et un théâtre de comédie, reçoivent de la municipalité des subsides assez importants pour permettre de donner des représentations de premier ordre à des prix très bas. De plus une réduction de moitié est accordée aux étudiants inscrits à l'université. Aussi, n'en est-il guère parmi ceux-ci qui ne passent une ou deux soirées pas semaine à l'opéra ou à la comédie. Dans cette fréquentation, l'esprit s'élargit, le sentiment du beau et le sens artistique se développent, le jugement s'affine, le goût s'épure. Et quelles bonnes et belles causeries entre camarades en sont la suite!

Ah! ce n'est pas là-bas que la délicieuse pièce d'Auguste Thomas serait jouée devant des salles à moitié vides comme elle le fut au Princess la semaine passée. On ne s'y méprendrait pas non plus sur la portée du charmant caractère qu'est Lord Cardington.

Mais, quand bien même la comédie ne nous apporterait que le rire, ne serait-ce pas là un bénéfice considérable? N'est-ce pas Sterne qui a dit quelque part, que chaque fois qu'un homme sourit et a plus forte raison rit, il ajoute un fil à la trame si mince de sa vie? Mais il faut, que cet accès d'hilarité soit motivé, car Catulle nous affirme

que: "*Risu inepto, res ineptior nulla est*" (aurait—i,—présenti le "giggling" américain). Or, que de fois le simple souvenir d'une scène de haut comique nous a fourni l'occasion d'un rire légitime et a suffi à mettre en fuite ce que Leopardi appelle, *il piu sublime dei sentimenti umani*, mais qui je préfère nommer avec cet autre Italien: "*Tetra visitatrice e non chiamata*": l'ennui.

"L'ennui naquit un jour de l'uniformité," a dit Lamotte dans une de ses fables, Rompons donc la pénible et un peu monotone continuité d'une tâche ardue par quelques excursions dans le domaine de la saine gaieté, de façon à ce qu'on ne puisse pas parodier pour nous le vers de Lamotte et qu'on s'écrie pas: comme le fit un jour Mme. de Chateaubriand: "E'nnui naquit un jour de l'université."

S. E. de C.







In the days of the old regime, the Canadian forest possessed a charm more alluring than life in the fenced cities; the uncertain security of the towns had no such magnetism as the certain insecurity of the woods. To live behind palisades and staunch earthworks might be sufficient excitement for the monkish D'Aillebout or the fire-eating Frontenac, but to run the gauntlet in the wild woods was high life for St. Castin, La Salle, and Du Lhut. Francis Parkman has brilliantly depicted the roving bands of Frenchmen who fled the cities to live with the Hurons and Algonquins, and to exchange brandy for beaver-skins in the face of excommunication and the secular penalties of Fort St. Louis; for neither threats nor blandishments were of much avail in dealing with men whom the forest had maddened and the fur trade heavily subsidized.

But to those who know the smell of the balsam and the aroma of the twisted cedar, who have seen the infinite cliffs, the hollow canyons, and the dashing cascades of the northland, this yearning for the woods is not one which passes understanding. The fever is still in the blood though the breed has changed. The *Coureurs de bois* were the lost legion of the French régime—but they were empire-builders, after their kind, who stayed not for forest or torrent, but pressed north, west and south, to spread the Gallic lilies over half a continent. To-day the *voyageur* is the scout of another empire. Still, resolutely he pierces the subarctic wilderness, and paddles his birch-bark into unknown waters. The rulers of the old regime set themselves against this woodland fever. To-day the government turns it to account by organizing and dispatching exploring parties into that vast country lying between Hudson's Bay and the great lakes.

It was five o'clock on a June morning that our small fleet of canoes pushed off in the rain from the south shore of Lake Helen,\* and a paddle of three hours brought us to the Narrows; nine miles further up we came to Camp Alexander, which lies at the foot of two miles of rapids, the first chute on that magnificent waterway which is also the finest trout stream in the world. Here, in a blinding rainstorm, we pitched our tents; and besides the discomfort of being wet, we were ravaged that night by mosquitoes. All next day, and the next, we waded over the portage through the mud, weighed down by loads ranging from one to two hundred pounds, according as we were whites or Indians, tenderfeet or seasoned packmen. The man who has never had a packstrap across his forehead, or staggered a mile or so under a hundredweight of pemmican will know but faintly the joy of a two-mile portage or the perspiration which attendeth it.

On the fourth day we had our canoes once more in the water, and an early start brought us to Split Rock portage before noon, Islet Portage

was reached in due course; and for the night we camped at the south end of Pine Portage. At the foot of these rapids we landed several five and six pound speckled trout, which made a pleasant variation in our menu. The day following we forwarded our supplies across Pine Portage, a distance of two miles. Passing around the foot of the White Chute we came to Little Flat Rock early in the afternoon, and leaving the Nepigon River crossed Little Black Sturgeon Lake to the west, camping for the night on Flat Rock Portage—the home of the original black-fly.

At daybreak we made our way across the trail and had our first glimpse of Lake Nepigon, the largest body of water between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay, measuring about forty miles long by as many broad. High rocky shores rise abruptly from the dark deep water, and forest fires have scorched its bleak headlands. Here the Hudson's Bay schooner "Bella" was waiting for us; and as soon as our supplies were on board she slipped out of the barren harbor. During four days we drifted about on this tiny sea, whistling for a wind, living on cold pork and biscuits, and sleeping on the uneven planking of a superannuated Mackinaw. On the fifth we crawled into Gull Bay, and about noon arrived at the mouth of Gull River. Here is situated perhaps the most important Indian village on Lake Nepigon, and in less than ten minutes the entire tribe had swarmed around the boat and over the bales which we carried ashore. We made a fire, boiled some tea, and ate our dinner under the unembarrassed gaze of the villagers, who were pleased to pick up the scraps we threw away.

It is difficult to say which worried us most all the summer, the Indians or their dogs. Both invaded our camp, and with equal politeness. Whenever a white man intrudes on an Indian settlement, the whole village expects to be maintained during the visit. We sought to compromise by inviting Wekwass, the chief of Gull River Indians, to sup with us that evening; but apparently the invitation was not carefully construed, for sharp at six o'clock Wekwass hove in sight at the head of his retainers, a feather in his cap and withal a pleasing figure. We had no delight in the rest of our guests, but welcomed them all with resignation. A cauldron of bean soup soon purchased their good will, and small presents of brown shag tabac turned the camp into an Ojibway carnival.

During our stay at this village we had the luck to be spectators of the annual festivity attending the payment of the Treaty Money, when each full-blooded Indian man, woman, and child, receives from the Government an annuity of four dollars, the rent of half a continent from its original owners. For some time the Indians had been on tip-toe expecting the agent who was charged with the liquidation of this mighty matter. At last a sail

was descried down the bay, and presently the Indian Agent and his half-breed retinue moored their lugger amid the rattle of musketry, the shrieking of children, and the barking of dogs. A loaded schooner belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company came in shortly afterwards—for an Indian and his money are easily parted when bandana handkerchiefs and prismatic dress cottons are the temptation. Business, however, was postponed until the morning; and after a long spasm of singing and dancing the Indians laid themselves down in their birch tepees much as a child goes to sleep on Christmas Eve. Next day we too made our way to the council house, a log cabin around the bend of the river, and witnessed the mad scrambling for stale sweets, and four dollars' worth of Missanabie joy. In the afternoon the H. B. C.'s boat sailed away with the money, leaving us several Queens of Sheba. Indeed, Solomon in all his glory, could not have been arrayed like one of these.

Our cook, Perrot, was a French-Canadian, who knew the backwoods from the Ottawa to Hudson's Bay; but before we reached home we had dragged him over a country he had never seen before. Perrot was also our interpreter. He knew all about Indians. Some said that his own mother was an Ojibway squaw, but this Perrot denied with a good Scotch oath. And as he wore a long, fair moustache and parted his hair in the middle, I believed him. As a linguist his repertoire was great, including English, French, Ojibway, Cree, Chinook, and the profane. The last-named he had perfected in a long course of river-driving on the Gatineau, where a sharp tongue is as useful as an axe, and a stark oath as fetching as a cant-hook. Our guides knew no English, but they told their yarns to Perrot with the most outrageous pow-wow-wow. And afterwards Perrot repeated them to us.

To be with Perrot in the canoe was to be at ease. No matter how fierce was the rapid or how high the wave, his paddle seemed to throw oil upon it, and he brought you safely through the flood. A rushing river or a foaming cataract had no hidden terrors for him. He knew by the shade of the water and the curl of the wave how deep was the reef; and he would juggle his canoe through the rocky jaws of death. One slip, one false movement, and the tiny craft would be shattered on the rocks or swamped by the back-eddy. A voyageur seldom has two chances, and on account of its element of constant danger, the running of rapids is a most exciting sport. Imagine yourself bounding down a watery stairway, perhaps half a mile in length, swept around a bend by the milky cataract, the banks flying by like the panorama past the window of a train. Your pulses are galloping, but your eye is fastened on your bowman, whose every movement you must second. His paddle is now on the port, now on the starboard side; anon it is thrust out in front to guard against false channels. Over the last chute you bound like a toboggan on the ice and slide at length into smooth water. The other canoes race down, taking exactly the same course, but running less risk now that you have picked out the safe waterway.

A landing is made at the foot of the rapids, since here is always the best fishing ground. The axes ring out for a spell, and then in the little

clearing the tents are pitched. Meantime the cook has made a fire on the beach, and over it on a pole the kettle is hung. Tea, bread, pork and beans—with stewed prunes as the plat du jour—make a banquet in the woods, with hunger for a sauce piquante. One will eat anything, and lots of it, when the aromatic balsam gets in his lungs and the taffrail log shows thirty or forty miles a day. Then a good long smoke round the campfire to keep the flies at bay; a game of cards; more of Perrot's stories, or your own; and if you have run across a flock of wild duck during the day there will be a bowl of bouillon before you turn in for the night.

As I was due to return to England in the autumn, it became necessary for me to abandon the party in the woods. We reached a Hudson's Bay Post late in September, and here I prepared to take my leave. Fortunately, the factor of the post was sending two Indians down to the railway for the winter supplies, and it was soon arranged for a matter of ten dollars, that I should have a place in their canoe. Our cook prepared a hamper of food to last me for a week or so, and at daybreak one morning we paddled out of sight of Nepigon House. In four months I had picked up some Ojibway, but, in spite of my few phrases, that journey down to the Great Lakes was a lonesome one. To my additional discomfort, I found that the Indians were also depending upon my small commissariat; so with care my larder lasted three days instead of six, and for the rest I was obliged to satisfy my appetite as they did, on consommé de seagull and a casual fish or partridge. It must be remembered that an Indian continues to eat not until his appetite is satisfied, but until nothing remains in sight. He is often in pain before he reaches the desert; but no matter, he must have the dried apples if there are any left. To make matters worse we were storm-bound for a day and a half. And this is how that happened.

A strong nor'wester overtook us one afternoon while we were crossing a wide bay of Lake Nepigon. For a sail we had rigged up one of my blankets on a spruce sapling, which we lashed to the forward thwart with a pack-strap. A birch canoe will run before almost any storm under a small lug sail, but this particular breeze in the end accomplished our undoing. The waves rose higher and higher, and so did the bark canoe, until I began to doubt if she could weather the increasing gale. Our only chance was to run for a cape that thrust out a long, lean finger into the surf, beyond which we hoped to find a lee shore. On the brave little canoe bounded, riding the billows like a cork, but not always escaping the white waves that curled up astern. Constant bailing, however, kept her afloat, and she rode swiftly toward the point. A sand-bar ran out some distance, and to avoid swamping we kept her head seaward a bit. At last we fancied ourselves clear of the bar, and swinging her bow around we jibed the blanket. Over she went, fortunately in shallow water; and we dragged our goods ashore, and spent the next few hours shivering before a fire.

We camped here for a day and a half, till the storm had spent itself; and to make up time we decided to travel by night. This was the most delightful experience of all, the gentle progress of

a birch-bark canoe over the moonlit waters. Wrapped in a blanket to keep out the steely cold of the northern night, one sits 'midships and listens dreamily to the chunking of the paddles and the droning of the redmen. The solitude of a forest older than Lebanon is around you, but you are happy. The howl of a wolf echoes from the mainland, but it fits in well with your lonely mood.

"And backward rush sweet memories, like fragments of a dream,  
We hear the dip of paddle blades, the ripple of the stream,  
The mad, mad rush of frightened wings from brake and covert start,  
The breathing of the woodland, the throb of nature's heart."

Claude Bryan.

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**Co-Education**

(From another point of view)

Long years ago an ape abject,  
Swung idly from a tree,  
Till cried his better-half-elect,  
Come down and hold yourself erect,  
For, if you have no self-respect,  
Think of posterity.

So down he came, unwilling slave,  
And heard her future plan;  
How he must live, and how behave,  
She made him part his hair and shave,  
She made him—till himself to save—  
He turned into a man.

But, monkeylike, he still delights,  
In singing senseless songs,  
Which green-eyed jealousy incites:  
Forgetful of his former plights,  
He mocks the plea of woman's rights,  
And eke of woman's wrongs.

Now, should the sterner sex e'er scan  
These lines, perchance they will  
Mark well the moral, if they can:—  
Had woman, when the world began,  
Opposed Co-education, Man  
Would be a Monkey still.

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**Union Notes**

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held this week it was decided to call a general meeting of the members of The Union on Monday, January 16th. At this meeting a detailed statement of the affairs of the Club will be given in order that the gravity of the present situation may be realized. The membership is only one hundred and twenty-five, and as two hundred is the minimum membership on which The Union can exist and pay its way, it is obvious that some move must be made if the charter is not to be given up. The Union would rather grow than cease to exist. It would, if it could, extend its premises, introduce parliamentary debating, assist the social life of the University more fully and prove itself to be that student Utopia where faculty and college

differences would be laid aside and the University idea would be voiced and exemplified to the undergraduate body generally. With The Union goes The Varsity, and should the paper ever cease to be the University organ and lapse again into a college journal the development of a united undergraduate body would be set back twenty years. The fee is not an extravagant one, and even if it were there is a fund available by which, if a man owns his inability to pay, his membership will be made good and his confidence respected. The importance of The Union to the social life of the University would perhaps be most fully realized were it to give up the struggle for existence against which it has so bravely fought since its organization.

At the same meeting the resignation of Mr. H. H. Betts as Editor-in-Chief of The Varsity for the winter term was received. In view of the difficulty of securing a new Editor on such short notice Mr. Jamieson was asked to continue in office until the end of the academic year. Mr. Jamieson has consented to act.

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**The Lit**

The last regular meeting of The Lit. for the Michaelmas term was held on Friday night and was marked by the excellent attendance and the enthusiasm which have been characteristic of all the meetings of the Society this term. The Lit. seems this year to have regained some of its pristine glory. The spring elections have certainly had a most vivifying effect upon the Society, as upon all the functions in connection with the college. Throughout the University, moreover, there is apparent this year a certain vigor and restlessness which bodes well for the institution. That The Lit. has come under the influence of this new life is evidenced by its great success this year.

President Fasken called the meeting to order, and then the members settled down to an evening of discussion of various matters. The booklets of college songs were on hand for the first time and excited much favorable comment by their artistic appearance.

Messrs. Moore, Munro and Miller were appointed a committee to select our representatives for the next inter-university debate and for the first inter-college debate.

A communication was received from Mr. Edmund J. Bristol, K.C., expressing his desire that the prize for oratory be awarded in any way that the general committee should see fit, provided that the student body act as jury.

President Fasken read a communication which he had received from Mr. Harry Mace, secretary of the Theatre Committee for 1904, expressing disapproval of the apology sent by the Society to Miss Roselle Knott, and maintaining that the Lit. was exceeding its rights in so doing, as it is not representative of the University. Mr. Fasken explained that he had answered Mr. Mace's letter and assured him that the resolution passed by the Society had reference only to the Arts students. After some discussion a resolution was passed sanctioning the president's letter and authorizing the secretary to communicate to Mr. Mace the Society's feeling in the matter.

The meeting then resolved itself into a commit-

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tee of the whole, with Mr. J. D. Munro in the chair, and discussed the first article of the revised constitution. A few unimportant alterations were made.

The musical programme consisted of a practice of the songs for the dinner, under the leadership of Mr. P. B. Thornton. The meeting adjourned at eleven o'clock. G. M.



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

The University of Toronto Young Men's Christian Association has done a fairly successful work during the fall term. All things that were planned were not accomplished, yet viewing the work as a whole, it may truly be said that a considerable advance was made along certain lines. As usual the Association proved its usefulness in helping during the early days of the term, the men to find their bearings. Fully 200 men took advantage of the book exchange to dispose of or secure their text books. Books, in value exceeding \$250 changed hands in this way. The membership of the Association now stands at 500, and of these 340 are enrolled in 23 Bible study classes. An effort will be made to increase the membership to at least 600 and the Bible study enrollment to 500, before the close of the present academic year.



### Bursar's Death

The death of Mr. Berkeley Smith will be felt by no one more keenly than by the undergraduates. To all of us who came in contact with him, he was kind, agreeable and ready to do a good turn for negligent students, a virtue rare among men. His death occurred about 10.30 Tuesday morning. He had just entered his office and was looking over his mail when he suddenly fell forward and died before medical aid could be brought. His family physician attributes his death to angina pectoris.

Mr. Smith was born in England 72 years ago. His period of service to the University is longer than that of any other official at present employed. Fifty years ago he became junior clerk of the University, and in 1877 he was appointed bursar.

Out of respect to his long and able service the funeral was conducted at the expense of the University. A private service was held at his home at 2.30 Thursday afternoon, after which the body was taken to St. Philip's Anglican church, of which he had been a devoted member, and from there to St. James' Cemetery for burial. The large attendance of friends from the University and the city generally testify to the universal esteem in which he was held.

Mr. Smith leaves a widow and three children, to whom the Senate and Board of Trustees have addressed letters of sympathy. We can express the sympathy of the students to the family of one who was dear to all of us. G.



### Mr. Tucker's Poems

Poems by James A. Tucker, B.A. (William Briggs, Toronto). In this volume Messrs. Reuben Butchart and Joseph T. Clark have collected the greater number of the poems of the well-known young journalist, whose career was a few

months ago cut short by death. Their production is of particular interest at the present moment, when certain events have again brought into notice the name of the young man, who, as Editor of the Varsity, took so prominent a part in the student agitation of 1895. Messrs. Butchart and Clark, the poet's literary executors, have brought out the volume at the urgent request of his fellow-students, who desired a permanent memorial of one who was thoroughly representative of the most vigorous undergraduate thought.

The poems have, however, real merit and are well worthy of preservation. Mr. Tucker had a poet's soul, emotional and sensitive, and a distinct power of expression. With these gifts were united a "passionate love of freedom, with a hatred of oppression, and an uncompromising idealism," which made his words always forcible, and at times impressive. He was an ardent admirer of Matthew Arnold, and as might be expected, felt a profound interest in the philosophy of life, tempered by a tender reverence. This deeper side of the poet's nature is beautifully revealed in several of his poems. We quote one as an example:—

#### On the Moor.

As one who wanders on a moor at night,  
Seeking the house-light that shall guide him  
home,

Till, blinded by the darkness beating down  
From the unmov'ing vault o'er all the earth,  
He sees a hundred false, imagined lights  
One after another, and the way is lost,—  
The true light mingled with the false so that  
He knows not which be true and which be false,  
But weary, falls asleep in deep despair,  
And lies till morning wakes and shows to him  
The great unquenched light which shines o'er all  
And close at hand the home he sought by night,  
Yet seeking, failed to find; even so the soul,  
Benighted here, wanders in search of truth,  
Confused by will-o'-the-wisps, and shall not know  
Which light be true, which light be false, until  
The future morn of God break through the night,  
Showing the haven of the soul at hand.

For purely artistic merit, indeed, the love lyrics are the most conspicuous. They are in varying styles and reflect many varying moods. "A Parting" seems like an echo of Shelley.

Only the press of the hand—

This, and only this!

And a broken "Good-bye" in the gloom  
From lips that dare not kiss.

Then on through the dark and the wind

That laughs at its own black jest—

On—on, with an emptier heart,

To a hungry, troubled rest.

The two poems quoted above will give the reader some idea of Mr. Tucker's poetic taste. A very acceptable feature of the volume is the prefatory memoir and sonnet by Mr. Arthur Stringer, in which the young poet is paid a very fine tribute. The book is simple and artistic in binding and general appearance and will doubtless be a source of much gratification to all friends and admirers of the author, who have desired to see his productions preserved in a fitting manner.

Copies of Mr. Tucker's Poems may be obtained from Wm. Briggs, Publisher, or from Messrs. Butchard and Clark, in "Saturday Night" Building. G. M.



### The University College Dinner

The unanimous opinion of all present at the eighth annual Arts dinner, participated in this year by University College only, was "greater than has been." It is especially gratifying to notice an increase in the attendance from ninety-one of last year to three hundred and two this year. Never before were so many distinguished men gathered together to address an undergraduate body. The presence and address of Professor Goldwin Smith added especial charm and interest to this highly successful function.

The programme was carried out without a halt. Promptly at eight o'clock Professor Ramsay Wright took the chair and for an hour a delicious and substantial dinner was served. Shortly afterwards the chairman introduced the toast to "The King" and then the toast "Canada and the Empire," which was responded to by the Hon. G. E. Foster and Hon. Mr. Harcourt respectively. The toast of the evening, "Our Alma Mater," then followed, being proposed by Professor Goldwin Smith and responded to by Mr. Eric Armour, B.A., and W. H. Tackaberry, B.A. "Our Guests" was then introduced by Principal Hutton and was responded to by Mayor Urquhart and Mr. Edmund Bristol. At this stage the chairman unfortunately had to leave and the vice-chairman took his place and gave the next toast, "Sister Universities," which was proposed by Mr. Kylie and called forth kind expressions of feeling from Mr. Howitt of McGill, Mr. Polson of Queen's and Rev. Mr. Emory of Ottawa College. Past President Capt. A. T. Hunter then proposed "The Press," which was responded to by Mr. J. A. Macdonald and Mr. C. R. Jamieson, and last but not least came "Athletics," coupling with it Dr. Henderson and Mr. Fred Dowling.

The service was very efficient, the menu cards a work of art and the orchestra and songs of Messrs. Rathbun and Pickup, and the undergraduates generally, all lent an additional charm. Thanks are due to the Literary Society for their kindness in providing a songster for every one present. Thanks are also due to the Faculty generally and to Professors Wright, Hutton, Alexander and Keyes in particular, and to Mr. Kylie for the interest and assistance rendered to the committee. A perusal of the number present by years is very interesting: 4th year, numbers present, 76; 3rd year, 66; 2nd year, 71; 1st year, 41; Faculty, 20; guests, graduates, etc., 28. Total, 302.

In conclusion I wish to give my thanks to the members of the committee, who have unceasingly labored for the success of this dinner. They must feel as I feel that it was a labor of love and that our recompense more than lies in its success.

Gordon Heyd,  
Chairman of Committee.



### "The Rugby"

The annual At Home of the University Athletic Association was held on Wednesday evening, Dec.

7th. About four hundred were present and enjoyed the most successful dance ever given by the Association. The Gymnasium was prettily arranged with flags and pennants and hunting across from wall to wall. The gallery was completely draped and arranged with comfortable seats, which made charming points from which to view the dancers. The supper was laid in the large room upstairs. The music was even better than in previous years and the programme of twenty dances was carried out on an almost perfect floor.

It may be safely said that never has the Gymnasium been graced by a more beautiful collection of Canada's maiden youth, and pretty gowns were quite as numerous as in other years. The men were mostly students and graduates of the University.

The patronesses were Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Primrose, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Miss Salter, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. D. B. Macdonald, Mrs. Malloch.

The dance was opened by the quadrille d'honneur, danced by Miss E. Clark and Mr. Baldwin, Mrs. Loudon and Dr. Wood, Mrs. B. E. Walker and Mr. Boyd, Mrs. Ramsay Wright and Mr. Henderson, Mrs. Sweny and Mr. Williams, Mrs. D. B. Macdonald and Mr. A. Magee, A.D.C., Mrs. McCurdy and Professor Young, Mrs. Baker and Mr. Sherry.

The greatest credit is due the secretary, Dr. W. G. Wood, and his committee for their untiring efforts in making this the most successful dance in the history of the Athletic Association.

After going to press last week Varsity received invitations to the At Home. McK.



### The Medical At Home

Tuesday, November twenty-ninth, may well be remembered as a red-letter day for the students of the Medical Faculty, for it was the occasion of their First Annual At Home, an event which, judged purely as a student's function, proved one of the most delightful and successful affairs of the year.

It is no new thing for the Medicals to celebrate or entertain, for as a matter of fact, there are few that can do better than they, but hitherto their efforts have been expended on their Annual Dinner, long known as the biggest and best in town, and only this year did they make a departure in a more widely popular direction by throwing open their doors to ladies, and holding a splendid At Home instead. The success of this move, from the student's standpoint cannot be questioned for the attendance was very large and representative of the students as a whole and the unanimous verdict of all who attended was that "it was hard to beat."

The Gymnasium and Student's Union Building, in which it was held, were excellently fitted up and decorated for the affair. The short concert and succeeding dance were held in the Gymnasium itself, which was made very attractive with bunting and flags, strung from gallery and ceiling, while the four corners of the room were cur-

tained off and transformed into delightful, spacious cozy-corners, fitted up with an abundance of comfortable lounges and easy chairs. The large assembly-room of the Literary Society upstairs was similarly transformed into a promenading hall, while in the rooms to the right of the main hall, on the ground floor, refreshments were dispensed all evening.

The affair was opened by the reception of the evening's guests by the lady patronesses, whose names follow:—Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. F. N. G. Starr, Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. R. Wright, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. A. B. Macallum, Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. McPhedran, Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Fotheringham, Mrs. Wishart, Mrs. C. L. Starr. Then the audience seated itself to listen to an excellent, short concert by local musicians, all of whom won glorious applause and were clearly appreciated, despite the fact that the impending dance cast its shadow, or shall we say its sunshine, before it, and make all feet restless until ten o'clock struck, when dance-programmes were distributed, the hall cleared of chairs, and everybody proceeded to "get busy." Then, when opening lancers began, it seemed as though there was going to be an awful crush, but after a few dances things righted themselves, the splendid observation-gallery overhead was taken advantage of by many, and those who preferred "to walk" found their way to the promenading hall, where another orchestra was holding forth, and soon everybody was having a grand time. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when the dance broke up, and the boys began to think of their next morning's lectures, and for the first time felt tired. The committee, who had worked so faithfully and well received so many hearty congratulations from faculty and students alike that they went home to have the best sleep they had known for a week.

In the course of the short programme preceding the dance, addresses were delivered by Dr. G. A. Bingham, Honorary President, Mr. D. A. I. Graham, President of the At Home, and by Dean Reeve and President Loudon. The assisting artists were, Miss Lexie Clark, (contralto), Miss Marie Wheeler, (soprano), Mr. W. G. Shepherd '08, (baritone), Mr. F. W. Routley '07, (tenor), and the University Mandolin and Guitar Club, while Mr. D. C. Balfour proved a most excellent accompanist. The officers of the At Home, to whom so much credit is due, were as follows:—Dr. G. A. Bingham, Hon. Pres.; D. A. I. Graham, Pres.; A. D. McCannel, 1st Vice-Pres.; H. R. Ross, 2nd Vice-Pres.; J. S. Pritchard, Secre- K. C. Cairns, Treasurer; and W. B. Roberts of fourth year; Messrs. R. Graham, C. P. Chapin, H. M. McNeil, of third year; H. M. McFadden, H. B. Wood, T. Callahan, of second year; W. Krupp, C. S. Gideon, J. P. Garrity, H. E. Hamil, of first year, and Messrs. H. Cook, E. G. Hodgson, and F. W. Rolph, of the Medical Society.



"You are very witty," said a friend to Rous- sean. "It is a pity you are not learned."

"You are a scientist," replied the poet, "and it is to be regretted that you have no humor."

# ABOUT CRITICISM

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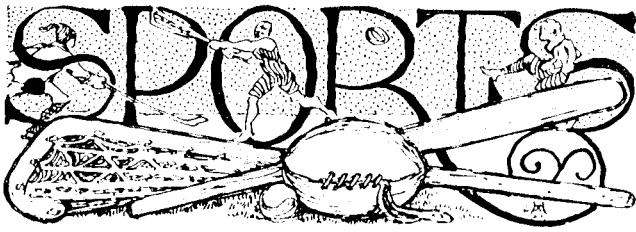
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## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

### Faculty Cup

The final game for the Faculty Cup was played on Friday, Dec. 9th, between teams representing '05 and '07. The sophomores succeeded in winning from the seniors after a hotly-contested game, the score being 2 to 1. '07 made the first score shortly after play started and '05 tallied about ten minutes later. Just before the half ended the sophomores scored the third and winning goal, as neither team scored in the second half. For the winners Fraser and Motherwell played well at half-back. The teams were:

'05 team—Goal, Dallas; backs, Green, Ruddell; half-backs, Hayes, Knight, Robertson; forwards, Phillips, Jamieson, DeLury, Gilchrist, Hore.

'07 team—Goal, Wright; backs, Johns, McEwen; halves, Dicks, Fraser, Motherwell; forwards, Bayne, Renwick, Vance, McDonald, Dunham.

## INTERMEDIATE

### City Teachers 1, Pharmacy 0

City Teachers defeated Pharmacy on Saturday in the final game for the championship of the Intermediate Association League, by a score of 1 to 0. The only score of the game was made in the second half, after a brilliant piece of combination work by Colvin, Brown, Reid, Hunnisett. The teams were:

City Teachers—Goal, Armstrong; backs, Elliott, Woodward; halves, Colvin, Smith, Watson; forwards, Reid, Brown, Bulmer, Hunnisett, Baird.

Pharmacy—Goal, Hemphill; backs, Collinson, Cook; halves, McCready, Sager, Hunt; forwards, McLay, Baker, Newton, Kippin, Kelly.

## LACROSSE

The Varsity Lacrosse Club held its annual meeting in the Gymnasium on Friday, Dec. 9th. The Secretary's report showed that the trip last spring had been more extensive than any previously taken, the only disappointing feature having been the loss to Johns Hopkins of the intercollegiate championship of America. The following officers were elected: Hon. Pres., Prof. McCurdy; Hon. Vice-Pres., W. W. Livingston; Pres., D. I. Graham; 1st Vice-Pres., C. G. Heyd; 2nd Vice-Pres., F. Dowling; representatives—Arts, 4th year, D. J. Cowan; 3rd year, H. M. Allen; 2nd year, H. S. Sprague; 1st year, N. Lambert. Medicine—4th year, G. McIntyre; 3rd year, J. Swayne; 2nd year, V. Graham; 1st year, O. Davidson. S. P. S.—3rd year, J. Raynor; 2nd year, G. Clark; 1st year, A. Chestnut. Victoria, F. Coombs; Pharmacy, O. Brown; Dentals, A. Elliott, 1st year; manager and secretary-treasurer, W. J. McKay. H. Merton was elected last spring to act

as captain for 1905. The prospects are very bright for next year, and it is confidently expected that the intercollegiate championship will be regained. Among the players available for next spring are: Merton, Fraser, Graham, Francis, Dowling, Sprague, Heyd, Cain, McIntyre, Swayne, McKee, Sherry, Coleman, Broadfoot, G. McIntyre, Raymore, Brown, Lambert, Taylor.



## The Varsity Baseball Tour

On the morning of June 6 the Varsity baseball team, under the paternal care of Manager "Jack" MacLachlan, set out on the annual tour. To the old campaigners on the team, embarking on the tour was a matter to occasion no excitement whatever, but to the new recruits, Don Balfour and Pete Lang, it was an occasion of unusual impressiveness, as was manifest by the abnormal chest dimensions of the above-named pair. The other players, however, took their seats in their private travelling car with the utmost unconcern. There was also in this select coterie of baseball exponents, Ralph Williams, the crack first baseman and captain; Cecil Weldon, the only rival of Napoleon Lajoie, and George Biggs, the stellar shortstop. Then also there were Jesse Tripp, whose startling plays made many a rustic fan gape in wonderment with wide open eyes. Joe McGinnity Robert, who could catch the ball in his teeth, and Austin Ross, the busy bungler. With such a strong line-up as this, conceded to be the fastest team that ever represented Varsity on the road, Manager MacLachlan had visions of a triumphal march through Ontario and a glorious return weighed down with countless laurels won.

His visions, however, were not altogether unfounded, because the record of the team was excellent indeed. Only one game was lost in Ontario by the University nine, and although defeated in the majority of games in Michigan, it was not because of any inferior playing, but because of those adverse circumstances that give rise to the glorious uncertainty of the game.

The first game was played at Lindsay. It was a great game and Varsity won only after great difficulty by a score of 3-2. The Lindsay umpire proved to be the most effective player the home team had and tried desperately to win the game by the aid of weird and wonderful decisions. This happened to be the opening game of the season in Lindsay and fittingly to celebrate the auspicious occasion a monster parade took place through the main streets, in which both teams marched to the symphonious strains of the town band. It was a parade the recollection of which will go down to untold ages. It would appear to look at the proud street and haughty demeanor of "Big Chief" Williams and his band of baseball braves that marching behind brass bands was a daily occurrence. Don Balfour looked particularly cute with his petite blue cap and white sweater artistically splashed with mud, and on his face the winsome smile—"The smile that won't come off." Joe Robert was also cunningly arranged in a dusty creation of gray touched with blue that made a neat effect. Pete Lang's costume was particularly noticeable for the pleated tucks edged with thick layers of mud. There were other costumes, glowing and gaudy, of which, however,



time will not permit of description, but altogether they contributed to the success of the parade.

Peterboro was the scene of the next game. The diamond, under the most favored conditions, was none of the best, but on this particular day, owing to a recent rain, it was mostly covered with a fine mud, which greatly facilitated sliding to bases. Varsity proved to be good "muddlarks," however, and carried the day by a score of 10-1. Organ's pitching, the team play of the Varsity nine, and the batting of Williams and Tripp, were the most noticeable features of the game. Peterboro was the farthest point east reached by the team. From here they returned to Toronto and set out on their travels again, this time to the West. Norwich was the first town stopped at. It was rumored that there was a baseball team in this important centre, but after a fruitless search nothing that could be dignified with the term of a baseball team could be found. The score was 17 to 1.

From Norwich the baseball pilgrims turned their faces towards Ingersoll, where after a very fast game, replete with spectacular plays, the home team was defeated. Ingersoll, it may be remarked, is the native heath of Captain Williams, and the people could not do enough to entertain the college boys. From the moment they emerged from the train till the time they reluctantly departed the most hospitable treatment was accorded the Varsity players. At the station they were met by Mr. Hook and Mr. Knight, the president and manager of the Ingersoll club, and several other prominent citizens; and having enjoyed a drive around the town, were shown through many of the large factories for which the town is noted. In the evening a banquet was tendered to the visiting players, to which it is needless to say full justice was done, and which occasioned a flood of postprandial oratory. Mr. Hook, in an eloquent speech, expressed in felicitous terms, the welcome of the Ingersoll citizens and congratulated the players on their excellent showing. The president of the Varsity club responded in a few words, and amid song and story a thoroughly enjoyable evening was passed. The treatment received at the hands of the Ingersoll people will long remain the happiest of many happy experiences of the 1904 tour.

Victory had now perched on the University banners four times in succession without the semblance of defeat and it looked as if there was nothing in Ontario to check the onward march to victory. But just when confidence reigned most supreme dire defeat was encountered and Varsity

fell before the prowess of the St. Thomas nine, 11-6. Over-confidence was the cause of defeat, as the Varsity nine on their merits should have won easily. Ample amends were made for this setback by a signal victory at Chatham, by the score of 8-2. In Chatham Joe Robert and Roy Miller, two Varsity stars, first learned to swat the deceptive bender. Hence it was that a moonlight excursion in honor of the Varsity team was held, at which Cecil Weldon, the gay Iothario of the team, was the happy recipient of the lavish favors of the ladies.

Having made such a fine record in Ontario, it was thought advisable to cross the border and "get a line on" the fast baseball aggregations in Michigan. Accordingly the Detroit Athletic Club were encountered, but stage fright incapacitated a few of the Varsity nine, and defeat fell to our lot, 11-6.

Then followed a game in Lansing, the state capital, with the Michigan Agricultural College, and although the Toronto team clearly outplayed their opponents, victory slipped through their clutches in the last innings, 9-8. However, the next game was won easily from the Flint team by the large score of 22-1, despite their awe-inspiring reputation. A series of games with the Mount Clemens nine followed, and here the Toronto players displayed a very clever article of ball, that evoked numerous flattering press notices. No faster team could be found in the whole State of Michigan than that hailing from Mount Clemens, and the close games that Varsity played with them redounds greatly to their credit.

From Michigan the travellers retraced their footsteps (not that they had to walk) back to Ingersoll, where the concluding game of the tour resulted in a win for Varsity. On the whole it was a most successful tour. The record of the club was highly creditable and the standard of ball playing was of a high order. The wide reputation gained in the past by the Varsity baseball team was amply sustained, and from the point of view of pleasure and interest to those who took part, nothing more desirable could possibly be conceived.

"Centrefielder."



Bound to Succeed: "Father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Humph! My son, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent at college."—Ex.



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LIGHT SPEEDING BOOT, \$2.50 and \$2.75.

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HOCKEY STICKS—35c., 50c.

## J. BROTHERTON

550 Yonge Street



## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

The jester was writhing on the floor of the rotunda. He writhed because the Supreme High Editor-in-Chief was pressing his heel on his throat, while the editor of "Wycliffe College Notes" was dancing on his abdomen. At length: "All—right—I'll—try to—do it!" he gasped out between breaths. On hearing this the assistant editor and his chief got off the body. "Let him up," said the chief. "All right," responded the Wycliffite, "I guess he's had enough."

Thus it was that the jester was prevailed upon to contribute to the Christmas Varsity. He had determined that the number before Christmas should see his last contribution—but that was before he knew the weight of the feet of certain other members of the staff. "I feel so different now," he murmured as he sat up weakly, in an obscure corner of the rotunda. And then leaning his back against the wall, he began the

attempt to conjure up thoughts of humour aforesought. But before he could crack a single joke a tinkling sound was heard passing from room to room. "One o'clock," thought the remains of the jester as they sat in the shadow, where they were invisible, but whence they could see all that passed. First came S. A. Cudmore. "Tempus iugit" he murmured, as he glanced up at the clock; and then, in less classical strain, "That blankety-blank clock's on the bias, anyway." Thus saying, he passed on his way to the library.

As he pushed open the swinging door a little flurry of snow and H. E. Collins burst into the rotunda. His coat was but half-buttoned, and the peak of his cap stuck out behind like the handle of a saucepan. Thus his face was visible, and a look of stern determination glittered in his eyes. Stopping to look neither to the right hand nor to the left he hurried along the west corridor. "Was ist das?" said the jester, in his corner. "Is he going to dinner or is one of those doggerels biting him?"

Before he could settle this question to his satisfaction, along came J. A. C. Mason with a girl on both arms.

(No, not a girl on each arm.) The jester modestly averted his eyes until the sound of his footfalls was out of sight.

It might have been mentioned that during this time and for several hours before and after, Jack De Lury had been hanging about, looking up wistfully from time to time at the multitudinous announcements of lectures on the business side of the bulletin board. But he looked so solemn that the man who sat in the corner couldn't conscientiously crack a joke at him.

He was still pondering on this strange phenomenon when along came D. A. Gilchrist and W. D. McDonald. An almost supernatural glow lit up the features of the good Dugald. "I tell you she's a dream!" he exclaimed. Mac looked at his companion strangely. "O, I know she's pretty, all right, all right. I'll just tell you those." Then turning to W. W. Hutton, who was close alongside, he whispered, "Walter, I'm afraid Gil's got 'em again!" "Fraid so, Mac," responded the latter, with a more or less sympathetic look towards the ecstatic Gilchrist.

Now several entered the rotunda together, among them A. M. Manson, with his coat plaidwise over his shoulder, and W. P. Barclay. A.M.M. was frowning heavily and spreading out his hands in an agitated manner. Barclay didn't seem to be paying much attention to him. "I tell you the party is pure," said A. M. M. "The Globe says so." "I don't give a hang," said W. P. B. "for any party, nor for any paper either, except the Varsity, which has a rather good man for Business Manager."

The next striking scene was an encounter between Bilkey and Bitzer. They were accidentally brought face to face. There was something sheepish in the way they looked at one another, and each seemed to be trying to avoid looking at the other's upper lip. The scene was so peculiar that it made a deep impression on the silent onlooker.

R. Wherry and his spouse, R. W. McNeel, were now seen coming along the corridor, the latter leaning on her husband's arm. The jester thought he had never seen a more amicable couple, but as they passed close to him he overheard them squabbling about divorce. It required all the tact of Mr. McTavish, who was coming along behind, to keep them from coming to blows.

When Prof. Alexander witnessed the success with which Prof. Wrong's witticisms smote the student ear, he was fired with the zeal to excel. Fourth year students will now be regaled occasionally with such bits as "Carlyle undertook the somewhat large contract of the whitewashing of Henry VIII." and "Carlyle was one who remained himself a'l his life." This last is mirabile dictu.

Prof. Squair also enters the lists with a little definition of Hermes. When we heard it our mind wandered away to the much-suffering-from-yellow-journals Carrie Nation. Hermes" said the Professor "was a man to whom a large number of things were attributed with which he had nothing to do."



"Hoots, toots, mon! Ye dinna ken Andra Carnagie? Why, he's the mon wha gied twa million pun' tae iddecate the Scotch!"

"Shure, he niver thought that 'ud do it, did he?"

"It's not good enough for Varsity," said Herb Collins, as he passed us the following. So we decided not to put his initials on the end of it: There was a Freshmen reception at Varsity,

Which, they say, was a terrible far-city;

I am bound to declare  
That the men were all there,  
But of girls there was a very great scarcity.

Conant, '05, translating in French class: "It is true we have seen each other in places where it ought to have been warmer." (Angus Cameron bursts into a prolonged roar of laughter, but is at length restored to his senses by his anxious friends.

Heard from Freshmen—  
"But I don't see how they got them!!!"

"I came early, but they wouldn't let me in."

"Just wait till next year."  
"I only had two promenades."

"Wonder how much it will cost us?"

Walter Bryden, on approaching a group of fellows in the library in the centre of which sits W. H. Henderson: "What are you trying to read, Bill?"

W. H. H.: "I am trying to read 'Alastor: The Spirit of Solitude,' and there is confoundedly little of it here."

### Book Reviews

Varsity is in receipt of some very interesting new books and songs by popular writers. One of the most notable of these is W. W. Hutton's "How I Kept in the Public Eye," or "A Handy Guide to those wishing to occupy the centre of the stage." Mr. Hutton also has a charming little song entitled, "I want to be a Turk and have a harem of my own."

Mr. Bitzer contributes a parody on that well known popular favorite, "If I only had a moustache like the Kaiser," while C. L. Bilkey is looking mournful over the loss of his copy of "The Darling Black Moustache." N.B.—Both these young men are collaborating on a new song to be called "It's nice to be a girl, sometimes."

Ned Boyd has for sale, very cheap, a number of copies of his now famous brochure, "How to manage a football team—without winning a single game." We expect there will be a great demand for copies.

### The Girls of '05

A maiden there is so wise,  
With radiant amber eyes,  
Ambrosial hair,  
A Minerva, all swear,  
And nobody it denies.

Her companion, a very fair lass,  
Never can manage a pass,  
But always insists  
On leading the lists  
And stands at the top of the class.

One of our girls is so bored,  
Tho' she's really by men adored,  
She says them she hates,  
Whether single or mates,  
But down in her heart—Good Lord!

There's another fair girl who smiles,  
And smiles, and smiles, and smiles.  
Is it on Quaker Oats  
That she really dotes?  
For they won't come off, those smiles.

A girl there is with red hair  
Who thinks she can sing, I declare.  
A debater and writer,  
Always a fighter.  
We wonder—how does she dare?

A sweet little girl is Grace,  
With charming, winsome face,  
Good and loyal heart  
That we two must part  
Is one of the sad things in my case.

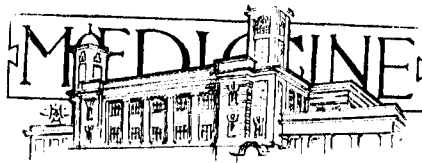
There's the President of the "Lit."  
She is most certainly "It."  
As popular she  
As a girl can be  
In her place she really does fit.

Then there are the Heavenly Twins,  
As a Turtle Dove Bird, of course,  
wins,

Each so devoted to t'other,  
Their charm it doth smother,  
We don't get a chance—for our sins?

All the girls of '05 have such charm  
It really causes alarm

To think that next year  
They will not be here.  
What can save Varsity from harm?



The Varsity wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all its readers among the Medicals.

With the present issue, the editor of this column lays down his pen and says good-bye to the Varsity, sincerely thanking his fellow-students for the support and encouragement which they have given him in his work, and also for the good-nature with which they have borne the many little skits and jokes which have appeared at their expense. He hopes that he has given wanton offence to nobody, nor judged anybody unfairly. If he has, he is sorry for it and hopes they will forget it in the enjoyment of a good Christmas dinner. In the coming term they may have many an opportunity to hit back, and if by so doing they will help the succeeding editor, let them hit as hard as they like.

At last we have got one of our College poets to break into song. We have been coaxing him to do so for a long time, but not until the present issue has he succeeded in blossoming forth for the benefit of the Varsity. The limericks which appear in this column are from his pen. They at least attest a marked interest in third year affairs on the part of our innominate bard. His first flight is as follows:—

There was a young fellow named Blair,  
Who wanted a fight, then and there;  
'Till they "raised" him one day  
In the orthodox way,  
Which considerably ruffled his hair.

We are surprised to hear that Alex. Sinclair '05 exacts dues upon the pencils he lends to his friends! One cent a day is his usual charge, they say. At this rate he ought to grow rich and it's a pity he doesn't go into the business on a larger scale. We would suggest pins, boot-laces and

extra buttons as good lines in which to branch out.

There was a young fellow called Mason

Altogether too fond of tracin'  
Such things on the board  
That the boys said "O Lord!"  
"Now if that isn't simply amazin'!"

Mac. Cameron continues to be about the busiest man around College, but he seems to prosper pretty well with everything he lays his hands on. One day Prof. Macallum drolly inquired how he ever expected to graduate with his fingers in so many pies at once, and ended by drolly remarking, "It seems to me, Mr. Cameron, that you are suffering from what we might designate a plurality of functions."

There was a big fellow named Dobbie,  
With manners inclined to be snobby.

Thinking our year too slow,  
He jumped it, and so  
We only meet now in the lobby.

Last Saturday Prof. Primrose gave the Third Year a gentle reminder of all the work which they are expected to get up before next spring. The present state of Third Year knowledge on some of the subjects named for spring examinations may be judged from the question which one of the fellows, Douglas, was heard to ask of the man next to him: "What is Topographical Anatomy, anyway? Taking it up by topics, as it were?"

There was a Professor named Powell,  
Whose stories made everyone howl;

But though most of his jokes  
Were quite fit for nice folks,  
He had some that were pretty near

As usual, the bald-headed row must suffer. The other day a gentleman of myopic tendency in row No. II, mistook a white surface in the front row for his note-paper. It was well for the peace of all parties that his ink was not indelible.

Several seniors have been advised an immediate operation for hair-lip. For the benefit of Class A, Dr. B. R. Burwell intends operating upon Messrs. Carrick and Hamilton, it is understood, at the earliest opportunity.

There is a young man from Guianar  
A little bit previous in manner;

At other men's clinics he  
'S not at all finnicky  
'Bout taking front place, like a tanner.

Have chickens risen in price this year? Else why have we heard nothing, this fall, of Mr. Duncan leading out, as usual, his little band of bold adventurers to attack the fowl-supper at Weston? We had looked to hear once more the story of Hawkins' doughty deeds there, and Fred. Manning's tender romances.

Lecturers in Hygiene to the Fourth Year steadily increase in interest. Prof. Oldright now carries a complete line of model bathroom utensils, which Tom delivers in a basket. The Professor finding them too artistically arranged, the other morning, remarked in his characteristic, happy manner, "This is not like Tom's trick, gentlemen." A hearty subscription is solicited for a new basket.

But on Saturday morning W. S. Laird assisted the Professor in his demonstration of the methods of drainage by traps, and after performing his part of the business with comparative ease, was rewarded by the remark from the Professor to the class, "You see, gentlemen, that even a two-year-old child can do it." Then, pointing to the vent through which the demonstrator was blowing vigorously, the Doctor said, "Now here comes the sewer-gas."

We have been requested by a member of '06 to insert the following advertisement in our column this week:—"Will the person who borrowed my umbrella while Miss Clark was singing 'Sunshine and Rain' at the At Home on Tuesday evening, return same to locker 1006."

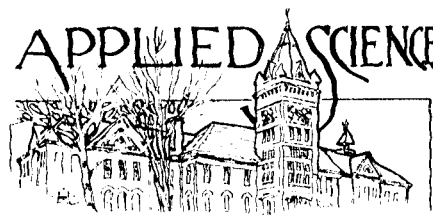
We reproduce the following from "Saturday Evening" of Dec. 5, 1920:

"On Monday last, Dr. and Mrs. R. Stobie held a very delightful little pink tea in their charming apartments in the Alexandra Flats. Dr. Stobie looked very handsome in a black suit and white shirt, with collar and cuffs to match. Mrs. Stobie wore a very recherche gown of exquisite grey chiffon with velvet applique. The guests of honour were Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Cooper, lately returned from the Orient, where they have been doing such splendid work on the China Inland Mission. Dr. Cooper was dressed in a very becoming suit of black, which matched so admirably his lovely curly hair and robust frame. Their pretty little daughter was also present, in a lovely dress of the fashionable point d'esprit and carrying pink roses and a posy of violets. That delightful bachelor Dr. Traynor was also on hand and entertained everybody with his delicious jokes and odd stories, which he tells with so much gusto. Drs. Wm. Sproule and H. A. Stewart came, as usual, arm in arm; also Dr. W. E. Browne and his charming wife, the former wearing a very stunning great-coat of black, lined with beaver, while Mrs. Browne was in white with parlettes and a touch of crimson. Prof. R. J. McMillan, of Toronto, and Prof. J. G. Crookshank, of Johns Hopkins Universities were also among those who made up the delightful party. Prof. Crookshank was wearing a suit of grey tweed with white retousse collar and a vest of emerald green, which blended beautifully with his fine hair. Altogether the affair was a splendid success and went off with great eclat. Dr. and Mrs. Cooper leave for China again next month.

We are pleased to see that at the recent election of officers of the University Lacross Club, our already distinguished friend Mr. D. A. J. Graham was chosen President for the coming season. Other Meds. elected were R. MacIntyre, '05; J. Swayne, '06; V. Graham, '07, and O. Davidson, '08.

Acceptable Christmas Presents to some Senior Meds. Suggestions by Bac-kac-he.

- Addison—A vision of Mirza.
- Bennett—Ayer's Hair Vigor.
- Bonnycastle—Copper toes.
- Browning—Book on class etiquette.
- Burwell—A "run around the end."
- Cameron, M. H. V.—A lady Med.
- Cameron, W. H.—A provincial election.
- Carriek—A cue.
- Cook—A bronze monument of himself in Queen's Park.
- Dalrymple, S. R.—Full marks.
- Ford—Introductions to the rest of the nurses.
- Goode, Spohn and Co.—Introductions to the fourth year Meds.
- Gowland—Pernicious anaemia cases.
- Haigh—A rest.
- Keane—An edge.
- Kindred—A family re-union.
- Kinnear—Solitude.
- Laird—A cock pen.
- Little—Not much.
- Lemon—A squeezer.
- Loheed—"Cases."
- Merritt—All he wants.
- Milne—Aw-topsy.
- McLachlan—A helpmeet.
- McMance—An argument.
- McPhedran, A. G.—A seat in the Senate.
- Mowbray—A chip on his shoulder.
- Murphy—Irish lemons.
- McKenna, McKinnon, Powell and O'Hara—Openers.
- McLean—A chaperon to College functions.
- McKinley—Graphic illustrations of Mac. Cameron's jokes.
- Pearson—Bright eyes.
- Pritchard—An invitation to clinics.
- Procmier—Adam's Tutti-Frutti.
- Rolls—Butter.
- Rogers—A championship.
- Schlichter—Dancing lessons.
- Sinclair—"Dis-shear kind of a gift, you know."
- Staples—Hooks.
- Tisdale—Holidays.
- Toll—Christmas bells.
- Turner—A patent for his electro-spirit-lamp.
- Truman—An office.
- Traynor—A menagerie.
- Tughen—Theatrical photographs.
- Vanderlip—Tonics.
- Wilson—Elbow room.



"Have you any paper Charley?"  
"Yes-s-s-s-s."

Mr. Stewart After writing an equation rivaling even "Beakie" in length. "This comparatively simple expression may now be reduced to—etc."

Two interesting and instructive papers were read before the Engineering Society on Wednesday. Both papers dealt with Portland Cement and its manufacture.

Enter a lecturer with a bundle of papers under his arm and a smile that would rival Sunny Jim's. "Yes, I have a few friends who will be interested."

It is to be regretted that owing to his late arrival, Mr. Betts found it advisable to resign the position of editor of Varsity for the Easter term. There is no doubt that the arduous duties of Varsity Editor can hardly be undertaken in connection with a course at the School.

The committee in charge of the graduating "At Home" were elected last week. They are Messrs. Campbell, Sturriff, Munroe, Treadgold and Weddell. The dance will be held about the 27th of January.

Wm. Treadgold will represent the School at the St. Margaret's conversat this week.

A dynamite bomb was discovered in one of the lanterns in a third year lecture. Mr. Mickle promptly detected the perpetrator of the deed.

The painting on the wall of the third year draughting room is from Memory, and has been much admired. The subject could easily be recognized as one who frequently occupied a bench in Queen's Park during field work hours, and must have greatly impressed the artist.

The S. P. S. "At Home" committee have begun work. They have had their photos taken.

We would like to suggest that the persons responsible for Rayner's being elected to so many offices buy him a gown and thus save him the expense of continually renting one. He has lately had his face in no less than four photos.—Poor School!

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A meeting of the S. P. S. hockey team took place Saturday morning. The following officers were elected:—  
Hon. President—Dr. Ellis.  
President—G. W. Rayner.  
Vice-President—"Short"  
Secretary-Treasurer—J. M. MacInnes.

Manager Senior Team—E. A. Henry.  
Manager Junior Team—Kels Hall.  
Addresses were delivered by Rayner, Broadfoot and MacInnes.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Hertzberg on his artistic representation in mural style of the "Hertzberg Girl." We feel sure that she will be just as popular as the "Gibson," or the "H. C. Christy" production.

Even in the sacred school there are some cads. We notice that often uncommon crests or stamps are stolen from letters while they await their owner on the window-sill. This brings another consideration before us, namely the distribution of letters. Every morning at 9 o'clock there is an indiscriminate light around this absurd and antiquated post office—a great number of the men examining and remarking on the other men's letters. In quieter hours this stupid arrangement affords an opportunity for cheap anonymous witticism, which is taken full advantage of by men whose only other synonym is "cad." We suggest an arrangement by which each man would call for his mail, either in the library or the janitor's office.



Last Thursday evening at Wycliffe's monthly High Tea a most interesting and instructive address on journalism was given by Mr. J. S. Willison, of the News. Mr. Willison strongly denounced that hereditary party spirit which winks at the corrupt practices of its leaders and votes for party first rather than for the interests of the country. The flagrant violation of public confidence, of which Canadian politicians are guilty would not be tolerated in England for an instant. If these glaring vices are ever to be eliminated from the public life of this country it must be brought about largely by a fearless crusade on the part of the pulpit and the press.

The deepest sympathy of all in connection with Wycliffe goes out to Messrs. R. J. W. and H. Perry in the great loss which they have sustained in the death of their father.

At the meeting of the Lit. last Friday the following subject was debated by representatives of the first and second divisions:—"Resolved, that the present immigration policy of the Government is not in the best interests of Canada." The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. Blodgett and Lowe, while Messrs. Bell and Karp supported the negative. Four excellent speeches were delivered. Rev. Dr. Taylor acted as judge, and declared that the laurels of victory belonged to the affirma-

tive. This leaves the final tug-of-war in the hands of the first and fourth divisions, whose representatives will meet in debate next term.

Messrs. R. B. Grobb, B.A., and C. L. Bilkey have been chosen to represent Wycliffe in the debate with Knox College next January.

A happy Christmas and a bright New Year

Wycliffe extends to friends both far and near,  
For you and yours may happiness abound,  
And may that joy in duty's path be found.

One would naturally suppose that the Wycliffe library would be the last place to become the scene of romantic adventures. Such has not recently been the experience of Mr. H. R. Trumpour, B.A. While deeply engaged in the preparation of a sermon there the other evening he was startled by being accosted from without by a damsel in distress. The said damsel, in seeking the gymnasium, had wandered by devious paths into the green sward surrounding the convocation hall, and seeing a light in the library below, had argued that mayhap there sat therein some gallant cavalier to whom she might appeal for aid. Our brave Trumpour then proceeded with many a graceful bow and pleasant smile to direct the fair one how she might from the labyrinth escape. But not content with this, the maiden cried, "Will you please come and show me the way?" Forthwith the gallant dropped his pen and musty books, and with lightsome step and heroic mien, went forth into the night at beauties' quest. When he returned to carry on his work he tried in vain, for thoughts of his fair visitor usurped his fancy's throne. At last with many a sigh he to his downy couch repaired, and on the morrow preached a sermon odd.



Our halls are quiet and our Principal's room is vacant. The tall figure and quiet kindly face is no more amongst us. The guiding hand has been removed from the helm. Our corridors knew no other master's step, our generation no other principal. We knew that he was unwell, but anticipated an early return to the work he loved so well. Friday morning we asked how he was of our fellows, only to find in their faces and words our sad answer. Our Principal is dead. We loved him as a father, and as children do we mourn his loss.

The public funeral service in the convocation hall was conducted by Rev. A. Gandier, B.A., assisted by Rev. Dr. Milligan. Rev. Dr. McLaren, representing the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Dr. Sheraton, of Wycliffe College, representing the other Protestant Evangelical Churches, delivered addresses. The Senate of Toronto

University was represented by a very large delegation headed by President London. The Presbytery of Toronto, the City Council, the Board of Education were also represented. The Senate met Friday morning and decided to ask Rev. Principal Sheraton, of Wycliffe College, to take part of the work of the late Dr. Caven. This he consented to do. Principal Sheraton was one of Principal Caven's warmest personal friends, and on this account is peculiarly the friend of our College. The Rev. J. D. Cunningham, M.A., a distinguished Knox graduate, will take the remainder of the New Testament work. We welcome Mr. Cunningham back to our halls.

Rev. Dr. McLaren has been appointed Principal for the present.

A committee of students was appointed to draft a resolution embodying an expression of our great respect and love for our late Principal, and of our sincere sympathy for the sorrowing family. This is to be signed by the Presidents of the various societies in the College, engrossed in book form, and presented to the family of our late principal.

On account of Principal Caven's death our annual "At Home" has been cancelled.

At the regular meeting of the "Theological and Literary Society" on Tuesday evening, Mr. Calvin McRea, M.A., read a most able and instructive paper on Habakkuk. Mr. Andrew Thompson led in an interesting discussion, which was very helpful.

Some of the city papers are exceedingly busy selecting our new Principal. In all probability his name has been mentioned, as all and sundry within range have been presented to the public. Sometimes these well informed state that they are speaking for the students. Sometimes they have secret information on the subject. No doubt such will feel relieved of a grave responsibility to know that the following committee have been appointed to take the matter in hand: His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, Rev. Dr. Warden, Rev. Dr. Neil, Rev. J. A. McDonald, Rev. W. A. J. Martin, Rev. W. J. Clark, and Mr. J. K. McDonald.

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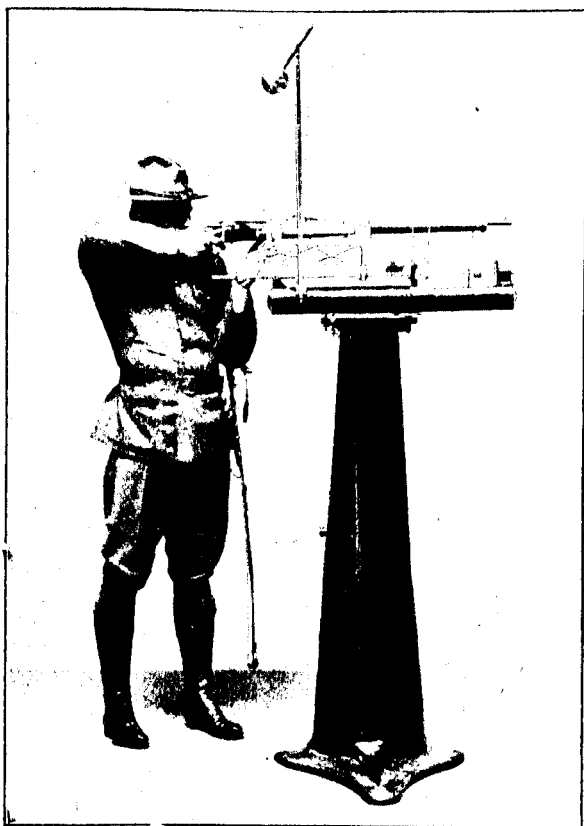
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- DEC. 13—Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board.
- DEC. 14—Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.
- DEC. 15—County Model Schools close. Municipal Councils to pay Secretary-Treasurers of Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in Township. County Councils to pay Treasurers of High Schools.

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**THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE**

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College, Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public. The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for civil subjects which form a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English. The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily. Seven commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

Length of course is three years, in three terms of 9 1-2 months' residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information application should be made as soon as possible to the Adj't-Gen. of Militia, Ottawa.

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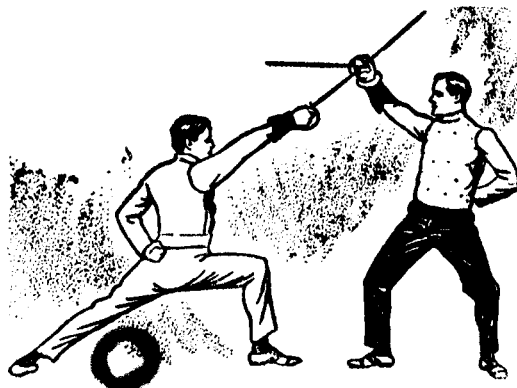
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