

VOL. XXXIII.

601/A/2/4²
ACVT NUMBER SIX.

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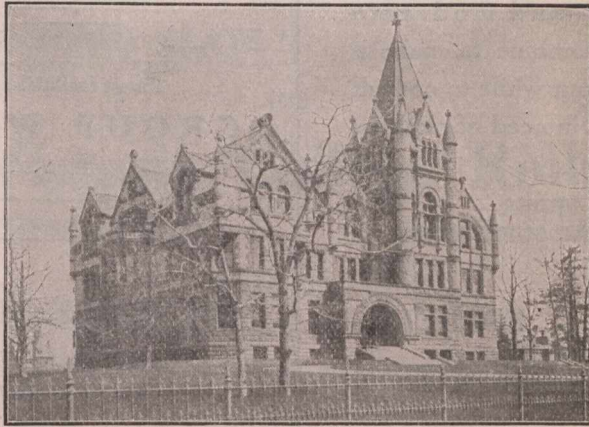
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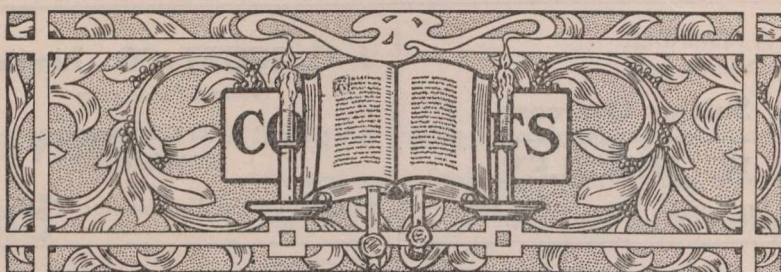
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Special Graduation Number—See pages V and 395.



"And lovingly around the tattered stalk, and shivering stem, its magic weaves a mantle fair as lily-leaves."

ACTA VICTORIANA



Published monthly during the College year by the Union Literary Society
of Victoria University, Toronto.

VOL. XXXIII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1910.

No. 6

ON TIME'S CHANGES.

The flowers wither with the growing year,
Their mission all fulfilled, they cease to live;
Nor, passing, even drop a tender tear--
What they have given, 'tis enough to give.

The year in dying wears no mournful robe,
But, dressed in emblems of eternal peace,
On whitest pinions lightly soars the globe,
Nor sadly lingers o'er the bright release.

Then why, when Time will change his garb, regret?
Thy harp for mournful lay was never strung;
Why leave what is for what is not, nor yet
May ever be? The world is ever young.

Time changes, and the Past, that all might see,
Has writ full large: The best is yet to be!

ALFRED LEROY BURT, '10.



Getting About London.

JOSEPH CLARK.

BY the time you have stepped down at Waterloo Station from the little train that brought you from the *Lusitania's* dock at Fishguard—or at any other station from the dock of any other steamer—you have learned to respect the train on which you have travelled. It seemed to you a mere toy when you boarded it. But it whisked you across country with a speed you did not expect and in comfort that you were not looking for.



STREET SCENE, LONDON.

Then you look for your luggage—for by now your baggage is luggage and must be looked for. You have no checks to prove that you own anything more than what you carry in your hand, but on the platform all sorts of trunks and bags are piled up, and among these you identify your own—pointing at each piece across a railing, so that a youth who is serving you for sixpence may gather your goods together.

As you step back you hear a voice saying: "By your leave, sir." The words do not seem to be addressed to you. Never

were such words addressed to you before, and while they do not seem to concern you, yet the novelty of the words and tone cause you to seek the source of them, so you turn about to find that a porter with a truck-load of trunks is waiting for you to move so that he can get by. "By your leave, sir," he will proceed with his labors. Then, and not until then, you feel yourself in a



TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

strange land, far from home—far from the Union Station, Toronto, where the busy truckmen defer to no man not in uniform.

In a taxicab you reach your hotel, with all your boxes and bags piled about you, and a swarm of attendants gather in your effects—a man for each parcel or item. They make you feel as if you were mistaken for somebody else and would drop your

Belongings on the floor with a crash when you mention your name to the clerk. So you murmur your name and sign it furtively to escape a scene. But your fears were groundless, the attendants did not mistake you for anybody in particular. Each new-comer is important until they size him up.

*

How to get about London puzzles a man at first. He thinks he can walk as fast as the omnibuses run, but he learns better in time. He regards the bus as the ugliest of known vehicles—top-heavy in appearance, and when one draws up near him to the kerb he steps away fearing that it may topple over on him. “Do

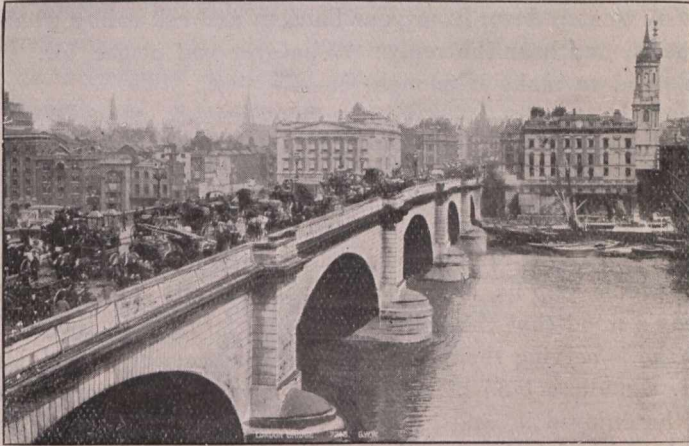


BANK OF ENGLAND.

—From *Here and There in the Home Land*

these things upset?” he asks an acquaintance. “One did once,” he is told. As he watches them day after day he begins to see that they answer their purpose well—dodging in and out, taking their places with other vehicles, obeying the rules of the road. He doubts at last that trolleys would answer as well on the Strand or Fleet Street; decides finally that street cars on rails would never do at all where the volume of traffic is so great. “Seventy-five horse omnibuses were taken off yesterday,” he is told, “and replaced by motor-buses.” The same number were taken off the week before. The motors make greater speed; but they must pay, too, for speed alone would not cause the change. In a week you are riding on the top of a bus and can find your

way about. Having enquired the name of a building from a bus-driver, he gave me answer and then asked if I was from America. We have a harshness of voice and an emphasis of syllables that reveal us at a word. When told that I was from Canada he was interested. "I'm going out there, to a place called Brantford, to work. Am going in March. Wish I had gone ten years ago instead of sticking to this work. Canada's a fine country for a man to go to, isn't it?" So I praised Canada



LONDON BRIDGE.

—From *Here and There in the Home Land.*

and he drove on past the South Kensington Museum and I went in. A man like that cannot live on the emotions aroused by viewing cathedrals or prowling through museums and art galleries. Let him drive fast, to Brantford, Ontario, where men gaze forward, not back; for back as far as you like, what is there for man to see?

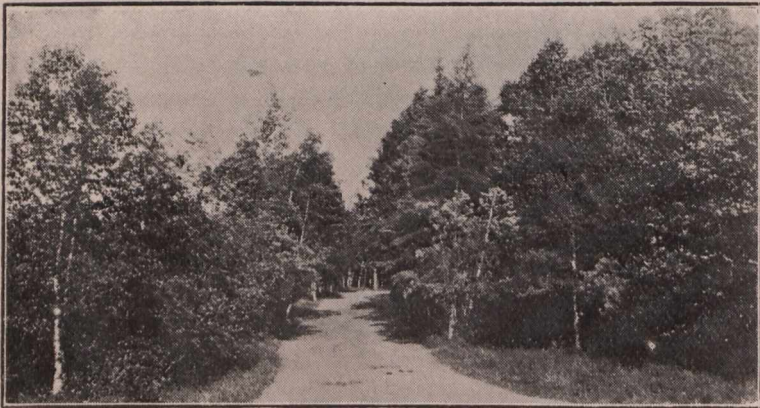
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In one yard on a given day, several hundred hansom cabs were assembled. They were to be used no more. The taxicab is putting the hansom out of business, and it is a pity. A man can feel richer at a cost of a shilling in a hansom cab than by any other method known. You sit in state and try to hide your scorn of pedestrians. In a taxicab you have the driver before you; in a hansom he is behind and out of view — the cab is yours and the horse. In the taxi you are merely a "fare." The

indicator stares you in the face and impudently notches up another penny against you as if you could not be trusted to settle with it at the end of your journey. You do not want to be haggling with the indicator all the way, nor do you like to see it jump from eight pence to ten pence with the air of saying: "If you are short of money here's where you should get off." It must be very trying to the nerves of a close man to see the indicator click up another charge just as the taxi is backing and turning to land you at your destination. How much more pleasing to step down from your hansom and ask cabby what his charge is, and hear the reply: "Whatever you please, sir." But be pleased to make it enough, or——

*

The handling of the traffic by the London policemen is the talk of the world. Nothing so interests the man who visits London for the first time. A Canadian who asked a policeman how they managed the traffic so well, got the illuminating answer: "The people help us, sir." This explains it all. The idea enters nobody's mind that the policeman is interfering with them; they know he is serving them. He is not an aggressive officer, but a quiet, soundless kind of person. He answers questions all day as if he enjoyed it, and he looks you in the face when he talks as if he wished to be sure that you understand.



King Lear.

C. W. STANLEY, '11.

A READING of "King Lear" is like a day spent beside Niagara; in the roar of the cataract, the bright light and awful shade of its waters, the rainbow hovering in the mist, the strong and deep and everlasting current, we catch the voice, the varied mien, the beauty, and withal the dark, unravelled mystery of Nature; the Lear, likewise, with its reverberant thunder, its chiaroscuro of human experience, its flitting of an angel form, its irresistible whirl and medley presents to us Human Life; nevertheless, these are runic characters at best, and rudely if deeply graven, such runes as, even when deciphered, admit no certain meaning.

Of the character of Lear little can be said. He sums it up himself when he says: "I am a very foolish, fond old man." It is wrong to say, however, that he has no strength of character. Yet it is that strength of which the poet said long ago: "Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua." The strength of his paternal love is shown when the ingratitude of his daughters broke his heart, and remorse on his own part for outraging the affection of Cordelia wrenches his "frame of nature from the fixed place." But in this strength there is a weakness, for it appears that in his lavish love he has a morbid craving for an affection returned. Cordelia is his "joy" but he wishes her unborn because one answer does not please him. In view of the variety of Fools appearing on the stage with Lear, we must, in speaking of his folly, use precise terms. His folly consists, then, in absolute ignorance of the ways of men. This is apparent in all his actions even when he still retains that rationality senility has left him. Goneril speaks truly when she says: "The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash" and old age brings imbecility. Indeed, judging from Lear's words and actions when first we meet him, we find in him nothing admirable. His affections are wholly selfish. He possesses no foresight in the least,—his plan to avoid future strife in his kingdom defeats itself. Kent, his most faithful servant, he banishes "upon the gad." It would be strange if there were no Nemesis for such a man.

But it is not by actions and words that have their source in himself that Lear is delineated. His relations to others sufficiently characterize him. Upon his head the heavens vent their fury. Upon him are practised the machinations of that fiend Goneril, and that lesser fiend, but quite as fiendish, Regan. Upon him the Fool pours his treasure of affection, and Cordelia the costly spikenard of her love. It is his sad estate that makes Gloster a poet and a hero, that nerves even the lily-livered Albany to act upon his conscience. It is his worse condition that makes the buffeted Edgar optimistic. He it is whom Kent, that wonder of devotion, follows, in spite of all rebuffs and calamities, and under that "cheerless, dark and deadly" sky which overshadows the last hours of them both, it is a word of recognition from Lear alone that could balm the noble fellow's broken heart. "I am a man more sinned against than sinning," says Lear himself; and in all his relations to the world he is marked by what he suffers and not by what he does.

What manner of world is it, then, of which Lear is the centre? Truly a world of complexities and inexplicable shapes! We should feel this of ourselves, but the people of Lear's stage talk of it also. Kent, utterly amazed by the awful difference between two sisters, cries: "It is the stars, the stars above us, govern our conditions"; and Gloster wonders whether the substance of the world is any more durable than the tissue of man's life, and again professes himself puzzled, "though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus." "Come, let's away to prison," cries Lear at the end, "and take upon's the mystery of things." Yet these questions are not thrust forward obtrusively. We are reminded here of Thucydides' description of the plague in Athens. During the manifold disasters of defeat without and disease within the walls, a terrible despondency and doubt laid hold upon the people. Righteous and wicked perished alike and those who observed the proper funeral rites were infected as well as those who flung the corpses into ditches. And so, many an Athenian questioned himself as to whether he had better not eat, drink and be merry, with no thought for human or divine law. Thucydides does not answer these questionings. He passes on merely from tragedy to tragedy. Yet, though he never presses a conclusion, he does, as Shakespeare does in the Lear, take care that his readers may draw the right conclusion for themselves. The his-

tory of the plague does not leave us in despair of the world, nor does the Lear. Only,

“Nicht jeden Wochenschluss
Macht Gott die Zeche.”

It has been said, in a sort of half-truth, that the play was written with the firm intent to display the depths to which human nature can sink. For Goneril and Regan are human, and not devils. We should like to believe them fiends or kites, or serpents; but Gonerils and Regans do exist, human beings of unmingled badness. It is easier to believe Edmund true to life; the galling shame of having his birth proclaimed to the world's face is a sufficient goad to a nature so self-centred as his own to go to any lengths in soothing his fretful pride. He is one of those unhappy people, who, when soured by any stress of circumstances, pour out their bitterness indiscriminately upon the world. Yet, for Goneril and Regan, whose wickedness has selfishness as its mainspring, we have Cordelia and the Fool to teach us what unselfish devotion is. There are a hundred knights of Lear's who all, with the possible exception of one, slink off before the frown of Goneril; but Kent serves even after his master exiles him. Edmund can calmly leave the father who has wronged him to the mercy of Cornwall; but Edgar in spite of disgrace and personal danger tenderly cares for the blind old man. Edmund in his wounded pride finds the world out of joint; but no personal misfortune can overthrow Edgar's good spirits, and Kent, an outlaw, playing two desperate rôles at once, says, without a touch of complaint, while sitting in the bone-racking stocks: "Fortune, good-night; smile once more, turn thy wheel." Cornwall has not the heart to tear out Gloster's eyes; but one of his villains has not the heart to stand by and see it done. Accordingly, the whole truth of the matter is, that Shakespeare has shown us here the depths and the heights of human nature. I doubt whether there is anywhere in literature a character so nearly perfect as Kent.

In this connection there is another study which seems to have interested more than one great dramatist, that is, the amount of harm which a really good-hearted man can do, or allow to be done, because he has not the stamina to act upon his conscience: the character Aristotle would call *ἀσπαρίς*. In the play of So-

phocles, for example, the sense of duty prescribes a dangerous but morally unavoidable, course for two sisters. But Ismene is weak and says: "Men have set limits for me in this matter; it is witless to transgress them." Antigone exclaims: "So long as I have life and strength I shall not cease." Both the sisters are warm-hearted but only one ventures upon the sacrifice which affection demands. In Lessing's "Emilie Galotti" we have a picture of a man irredeemably bad, and of another whose heart is right but whose will is flabby. In the end the latter character does the more mischief of the two. In Shakespeare's "Lear" we have examples of the same thing. When Cornwall is putting out Gloster's eyes see his servants revolt from the barbarity, but only one will snatch a sword and risk his life. The three servants could have saved Gloster's eyes. Albany from the first is horrified at the treatment accorded Lear, but it requires a cumulative series of horrors to nerve him to the encounter. He does much good in the end, but he has lost many a previous opportunity.

It is, of course, manifest from first to last, that we are here in a primitive state of society, where reason exercises little restraint upon passion. It has been well said that it is no accident that throughout the play we have so many references to the lower animals. Ingratitude is a "sea-monster," Goneril a "detested kite," a thankless child is "sharper than a serpent's tooth." These allusions, occurring so often as they do, easily suggest a condition of life not far removed from the natural state. The vague religious faith also shows how little society has advanced. Lear swears

"By the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be."

Gloster believes that the gods kill men for their sport. Edgar affirms that the gods are just, but goes on to say that their justice is shown in punishment, and when Lear calls upon his gods it is not that they may befriend himself, but that they may pursue his daughters with retribution. Indeed no Spirit of Light is conceived of. There is a general dread of some red-handed Völvö whose entire power is a power to injure. Man has not yet learned to worship a Jove whose potency is beneficent.

The growth of Lear's madness is gradual. When first we see him we observe that he is not mentally sound. If his caprices were humored his dotage might go no further. But this is not to be. He is even given opportunity to take umbrage at Goneril's treatment of himself. Besides, like the Fool, he is pining away for Cordelia. At Goneril's first open threatening his mind is utterly dazed: "Are you our daughter?" he asks wildly. But the brutal outspokenness of Goneril leaves him no room to doubt. Astonishment gives way to indignation and indignation to self-pity. It is this self-pity which hastens his insanity. Bursts of wrath relieve him, but again that wretched compassion for his own condition overpowers him and he realises he is going mad. How pitiful the exclamation:

"O, let me not be mad, sweet heaven,
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad."

In the weakness with which he fondly clings to the hope that Regan is leal there is something infinitely pathetic; and the grief following his disappointment is the last blow to his sanity. We can see him clutching at the hope in the very way he addresses her. From the time that Goneril has put her angry "frontlet" on he has never addressed her, nor even spoken of her by name, nor does he do so afterwards. But the name of Regan he fondly repeats over and over again, as though the name itself would remind Regan that she was his daughter.

"Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught, O, Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness like a vulture here!
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!"

He stops his ears to Regan's heartless rejoinders, and, yearning for sympathy, says wistfully: "Regan, thou shalt never have my curse." He knows who stocked his servant, but, in the hope that she will at least deny it, says: "Regan, I have good hope thou didst not know on it." But there comes no answer, Regan has shattered every hope and he cries to his gods who cannot help, but only avenge, and even then it is a cry of despair, just as Prometheus, on his rock of woe, when Zeus has overthrown him and men and Titans are powerless to aid, calls upon

the insensate things of sky and earth and sea to witness his suffering. Lear's despair is complete when he asks: "O, Regan, will you take her by the hand?" And naturally enough it is followed by a moment of tranquility when he says he will be patient and chide no more,—"hopeless grief is passionless." We have, however, now for the first time evidence that his reason is gone. He cannot be sane when he says he will return with Goneril. A flash of cool reasoning on universal superfluity is followed by incoherent ravings and he exclaims wildly: "O, fool, I shall go mad."

Of the storm scene it is not easy to speak. It is one of those very few pages of literature which of themselves make us forget the window glass and frame and let us look beyond. We see the glaring light cleave the clouds. We hear the "dread-bolted" thunder. We are drenched by the "spouting" rain and rushed upon by the tempest. We shiver when "Tom's a-cold." Our heart-strings are drawn tense when the Fool, after so nobly "laboring to out-jest Lear's heart-struck injuries," succumbs to the anger of the heavens, and the buffets of the world. We catch the lines of anguish on the face of Kent. As for Lear, when children we knew his old gray head, long before we saw Reynolds's picture. Those hoary locks haunted us; we thrilled with the defiance to storm and daughters; we shrank in horror at the invocation of the Furies upon all guilt, at the command to 'anatomize Regan'; and as the wind blew through the sharp hawthorn, and amid the tempest we heard the Fool's low laugh, the scream of Edgar, and the stifled groan of Kent, we felt with the clown: "This night will turn us all to fools and madmen."

It is only a brief light that mantles Lear afterwards. It is a very happy picture,—Lear, who had been "cut to the brains," resting in the affection of Cordelia and murmuring that nothing will ever make them weep again. During his madness Lear has learned much wisdom, he is less rash, less selfish,—he can give a thought to the affliction of others in his own adversity. And so, though he is soon in the hands of enemies, his Cordelia makes his happiness complete. But the happiness is transient. We have reached the verge of human anguish when we see old Lear bending over fair Cordelia's corpse, straining his dim eyes in vain to see her breath mist the looking-glass or move the fea-

ther. In that dark moment Kent, unto whom virtue has always brought its own reward, cannot forbear to crave a word of recognition. But Lear's reeling brain only knows that Cordelia has "no breath at all"; and Lear must die without seeing a motion of Cordelia's lips, and Kent must set out upon his "journey," his devotion unacknowledged. Why? Gloster sinned greatly, and his heart "burst smilingly." We can only say with Spenser: "Nothing is sure that growes upon the ground."

 THE ORGAN - GRINDER.

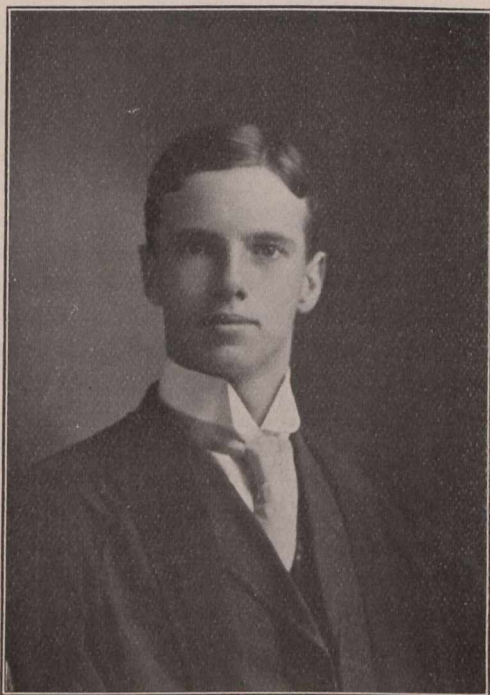
I think he cannot hear the tunes he plays,
 Else would the repetition drive him mad.
 Blear-eyed he is, and worn, and very sad--
 This worn interpreter of worn-out lays;
 Yet does a travesty of merrier days
 Lurk in his smile, a hint of life he had
 In wine-sweet countries, as a boy half clad.

Prone on a hill-side, in the hot sun's blaze,
 Or loitering where the moonlight on the plains
 Grew pale with him, lest 'Malia should not come.
 Swift are young joys, and slow are age's pains;
 For him not any roads lead back to Rome ---
 One hopes no black-browed daughter counts his gains,
 Nor rates him, coming empty-handed home.

—Scribners Magazine.

The Rhodes Scholarship.

LAST month's issue was already in the hands of the printer when the announcement of A. L. Burt's appointment as Rhodes Scholar was made, and a short note was all that it was possible to insert. However, this month we are glad to reproduce a photograph of Victoria's first occupant of this position, and also to give a few facts of general interest in reference to these important scholarships.



ALFRED LEROY BURT.

To speak of Cecil Rhodes himself, is superfluous. His financial genius, his strong Imperial ideas and ideals, and his high and masterful character are sufficiently well known and appreciated. He believed that the Anglo-Saxon race, if united, was capable of dominating the world in the interests of universal peace and progress. Hence his endeavor (which later years are

justifying) to establish a bond of union through intellectual and educational kinship.

By his will of 1899, slightly altered subsequently, he gave in instructions to his executors to establish a large number of scholarships of three years' duration, to be held by students from the British colonies, the United States, and Germany, and tenable only at Oxford University—his own Alma Mater. At present there is approximately £2,000,000 set aside for this purpose, which is supporting from its income about two hundred Rhodes scholars every year, £300 being given to each student with the exception of those from Germany, who receive £250 only.

The following is the scheme of distribution, which may be of interest, although the figures are correct only up till 1907, certain additions having been made subsequently: Canada, 8; South Africa, 8; other colonies, 10; United States, 48; Germany, 5. These figures represent the number of Rhodes scholars which the individual countries are entitled to send per year, the total number of scholars at Oxford at any one time being, of course, three times the above. Thus Canada at present has twenty-four Rhodes men at Oxford in their first, second, or third years. The United States is allowed to send men only two out of every three years, with the result that the number of American students holding these scholarships at one time is about one hundred.

The qualifications for this honor are well known, many of them being contained in our calendar. It is interesting, however, to note Mr. Rhodes' idea of his ideal man. He lays down four main qualifications: (1) Scholastic attainment; (2) fondness for and success in manly sport; (3) qualities of manhood, truth, kindness, unselfishness, fellowship, etc.; (4) moral force of character and ability as a leader. His idea of the relative value of these in determining the appointment is as follows: "3/10 for the first, 2/10 for the second, 3/10 for the third, and 2/10 for the fourth."

Every Rhodes Scholar has the opportunity of proceeding to B.A. (Oxon.) in one of nine honor courses, or (if his work here is sufficiently advanced) of doing post-graduate work in any department, with the possibility of attaining to the degree of Bachelor of Letters (B.Litt.), Bachelor of Civil Law (B.C.L.), or Bachelor of Science (B.Sc.).

The man that Vic. sends to hold this position has shown, both in his pre-college days and since coming here, that he possessed the abilities and characteristics that fitted him for it. Born in Listowel, Ontario, in 1888, he came two years later to West Toronto, where (in due time, of course) he attended the public and high schools and received his Junior Matriculation in 1904. Two years afterward he obtained his Senior examination, with an excellently high standing, winning the first Edward Blake Scholarship in Science and Mathematics. After coming to Victoria he spent one year in Science, but for the last three years has been in Modern History, capturing first place, as usual, each year. Last year the Hodgins prize in English came his way also. His abilities as a poet are well recognized around the College and University, he having been one of the best contributors to ACTA of recent years and winning the prize in the Poetry Contest a year ago. His musical attainments were also instrumental in influencing the Committee of Selection, as he had held the position of pianist for the Alexander Choir for some time previously. The important positions which he has been chosen to fill around College, culminating with the Presidency of the Literary Society, are sufficient comment upon that side of an "all round college man," to which title Mr. Burt can lay excellent claim.

The distinction of being one out of eight men who will represent Canada for 1910 is no light one, and Mr. Burt is to be congratulated very highly indeed on the position which his abilities have won for him. We think, too, that Victoria can feel justly proud of the fact that one of the first Rhodes Scholars from Toronto (for only three have gone as yet) was chosen from among her undergraduates. We are not at all doubtful that A. L. will not only use to the full his opportunities in the Old Land, and thus bring credit to himself, but will also continue to uphold the traditions and the honor of "Old Vic." even in venerable Oxford herself.—W.



Petrovski, Alexis, Noskoff, Which ?

ARTHUR P. M'KENZIE, '13.

THE old priest lifted a small brown tea-pot and poured out a tiny cup of tea with usual splattering and spilling, quite according to the most approved of fashions. "Taste a little Makenji San. It is from my own bushes," he added, shoving the little cup in its bronze saucer across to me.

"You are truly a past master in the art of tea-curing," I answered; showing my appreciation by sipping noisily—a thing that might offend one not acquainted with the niceties of Japanese etiquette. "This has a delicious fresh taste about it. I don't believe I ever drank any better, even in Kyoto."

"Yes, you were there this spring in cherry-blossom time, were you not?" said the Oshosama (head priest), looking gratified at the implied compliment. "But you must not compare my flavourless tea with that grown about the royal tombs in the tea-gardens of Kyoto"—with a deprecating gesture. "Yes, yes"—reflectively—"the cherry-blossoms are wonderful. In the warm velvety air of the springtime out in the bright sunshine and under those airy clouds of pink cherry flowers we soon forget the little bitternesses of life; especially when we are young,"—smiling across at me—"and pretty 'nesau' (maids) with glossy black hair and gay 'kimono' pour out the tea, and about us the children in holiday clothes prattle and sing, running after their bright balls with gay laughter and clicking of tiny clogs, and everyone wears a happy face. I know,—I know, the charm of it all. Another springtime will find me there again in the dear old gardens. Those were pleasant days when I was a young priest in old Kyoto," he added.

He picked up his long-stemmed pipe, filled and lighted it at the charcoal fire half buried in the ashes of the large brass brazier between us, and sat silently ruminating for a few moments. A benevolent, kindly old man he was, with intricate crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes and a kindly gleam lurking within. Even his bald pate, carefully shaved and shining, seemed to emit a dignified benignity.

A little oil lamp on a low table beside us, where we sat on cushions on the yielding "tatami" floor, cast a small circle of

mellow light about us; while the rest of the room was hid in a cosy semi-obscurity that grew gently deeper and deeper up the white paper doors with their black lacquer borders, to melt into the darkness of the stained ceiling above. A single "kakimono" stood out from the grey tinted walls in its lighter coloring. Two or three large white chrysanthemums in a recess at the farther end of the room drew my attention to a beautiful bronze vase covered over with writhing dragons, fierce and grotesque but wonderfully wrought. On the "kakimono" was painted the disc of the setting sun, gently sinking down to his rest through the evening mists, a scene of infinite peacefulness, but hard for the western mind to appreciate. That was all. No formidable array of pictures and bric-à-brac—just two or three fine old pieces. Indeed my old friend used to wonder greatly at the perverseness with which I systematically covered my walls with pictures and curios. He held that the proper way was to bring out a few things at a time, for "how can you enjoy your beautiful things fully if your eye no sooner rests on one than it is attracted by the next?" This evening I was inclined to agree with him; so, while my companion smoked on, my thoughts proceeded from one topic to another till their quiet current was interrupted by the clear notes of a bugle sounding the last call for the night from the neighboring barracks. A moment later we heard two or three soldiers running along the street, calling out to each other to hurry as they ran.

"The old castle has been a busy place for the last six months," I remarked as my friend knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "What is your opinion of the rumour that preparations are being made for a war with Russia?"

"We have been preparing for war for the last ten years, ever since they robbed us of the Liaotung peninsula. We were too weak then to demand justice, but now it is different. They despise us. Perhaps they will think differently soon." He spoke in a more animated way than was usual with him, emphasizing his remarks by emptying his pipe with a sharp rap on the long-suffering rim of the brazier.

"Oh, this trouble in Manchuria and Korea will be settled by arbitration," I objected. For I thought in common with most foreigners in Japan at the time, that war was very unlikely.

"I hope so; but judging from the attitude taken by these

people during the last few years, I don't see how war can be avoided. By the way, Makenji San, I saw by the paper this morning that you had had quite an exciting experience with a Russian lately. I should like very much to hear the details."

"I am afraid you would find the story rather tedious," I said.

"Not at all," he protested. "I should like to hear it very much."

"Well, to begin then; one evening about a week ago, while I was marking some examination papers at my rooms, my maid came up to the study with a note. I was not a little surprised at the contents. A gentleman who signed himself Alexis, wished to see me at once at the Meiji hotel. I turned to my maid, who has a great faculty for inquisitiveness, and asked her if she knew anything about the note.

"No, 'Danna San' (master)," she replied, "but the boy who brought it over says that the foreigner is so tall that he is always striking his head on the top of the door-frames, and when he goes down stairs, and he drinks three bottles of beer at every meal and 'Danna San'," she went on, beginning to giggle and putting her sleeve up to her face, "he doesn't know how to use chop-sticks. The boy says that at dinner-time he found the pieces of fish so slippery that he threw away one of the sticks and began spearing the fish with the other. It was so funny that one of the maids had to run out of the room. The boy says too, that he has huge top-boots with silver ornaments on them. And the boy says that he has a great fur coat—"

"With twenty-seven buttons down the front and fifteen pockets on each side. You seem to know a good deal about him," I said. The long sleeve and the giggle became prominent again. She said I must excuse her, but "Danna San" was very funny.

I ordered a "jinrikisha" and in a few minutes reached the "Meiji" hotel, where I was immediately ushered into the presence of the gentleman who styled himself Alexis.

I was much struck by his appearance,—tall, and dignified; and distinguished by a large black beard and a singular paleness of complexion. The boots, mentioned by the maid, were also in evidence.

After a few formalities we got down to business. He said he was an agent of the Russian government authorized to appoint deputy consuls in some of the less important ports,

which position he proceeded to offer me after testing my knowledge of the Russian language. The offer seemed a good one from a monetary standpoint, and would not, I found, interfere with my school duties, so I ended by accepting it. I paid him two hundred 'yen' as earnest money,—promising not to make known my appointment to the authorities till I had received full instructions from the legation.

There the matter would have stood if I had not received a letter the following morning from a friend in the north. He said, in brief, that he had accepted the position of deputy consul for the Russian government offered him by a so-called special agent some three weeks ago. This man, who by my friend's description was none other than the Alexis I had met the day before, had styled himself Petrovski; and had, as in my case, procured two hundred "yen" as earnest money. My friend had written to the legation but they informed him that no such person had been sent out by them. He was at his wit's end to know what to do and asked me for advice.

I hardly knew what to think. Was this Alexis a spy? If he were, I might get into serious difficulties. Or was he merely a swindler? In any case, I decided to act promptly, and went immediately to see Mr. Makino, a friend of mine, and a member of the secret police force.

On his advice, and with the knowledge that I could detain my man for six hours on the charge of using more than one name, I set out to run him down.

To make a long story short, I followed him to Hiroshima, where I found he had done precisely what he had done before, only this time he employed the name Noskoff.

At Hiroshima he must have seen me, for when I reached Moji, where I knew he was going next, he had not yet arrived. I determined to disguise myself and wait for him in the crowd at the station. Moji being, as you know, a post at which Russian vessels often call, I had to be very careful. Acting upon my decision, I walked across to a little store near the station and bought a huge farmer's umbrella hat and a red blanket, much to the amazement of the good lady at the shop, who grinned till she showed all her fine polished black teeth to see a foreigner buying such things. A little alley close at hand served the purpose of a dressing room where I donned my simple disguise, which

was quite sufficient as it was now quite dark. I believe even my best friends would have taken me for an old farmer just in from the country for the day. In the station I ensconced myself on one of the benches between a loud-voiced quack doctor with a squeaky accordion and a woman swaying gently back and forth singing to the very evidently discontented baby on her back. In this position I felt quite secure.

I had not long to wait. My friend the Russian arrived on the next train and walking quickly through the station was out among the crowd of shouting jinrikisha coolies almost before I could reach his neighborhood. I heard him say "Miyako hotel" to a "jinrikisha man" and then ride off.

"All right," said I to myself, "I know where you are going; now for the warrant."

I was just starting into the police-station when I remembered my disguise, and reflecting that it might not perhaps be the best garb in which to appear before the officer in charge, I tore it off and gave it to a small boy standing near the door. I shall never forget his look and startled ejaculation, "Ijinsan da" (it's a foreigner) on witnessing the remarkable transformation.

I telegraphed for the warrant, and while waiting for it to come I decided to go down to the Miyako hotel and reconnoitre—only to find that my man was not there. What a fool I had been to let that "Miyako hotel" throw me off the scent! He might be down at the dock now and that meant I should lose him after all my trouble. I started running down the street and around the next corner, when it seemed to me suddenly that I had seen something suggestive. The impression was so strong that I retraced my steps around the corner. Yes, there they were. In the mud entrance of a little hotel, proudly lifting their silvered tops above the host of clogs were—the boots of the tall foreigner. The next instant I had started for the nearest police box when I heard a cracking of the dry wooden shingles on the roof of a shed connected with the rear of the hotel. I sprang into the dark shadow of the little alley and waited to see what would happen next. A dark shape dropped over the fence (into the alley below). "My Russian," said I to myself. I was not sure, but I decided to follow him till I got a glimpse of his face. Once I nearly passed him. He had stepped into the deeper shadow of one of those old tile-roofed gateways. I was just across the

street from him when a chance moonbeam fell on his pale face as he looked warily up and down the street. Unfortunately I was not armed or I might have captured him then. He had not seen me and now he went on with more confidence. When we reached the water front I could not follow him so closely. I slipped into the first police box I came to and told the officers that a spy was escaping. When we walked out a moment later we could see him nowhere; however, we took the general direction he seemed to be following.

"There he is," whispered one of the officers, pointing to a man running across the docks to where the "sampan" (large row-boats for conveying passengers to and from the vessels in the roadstead) were moored.

We ran towards the "sampan" as fast as we could, but when we reached the steps leading down to the boats he was not to be found. We shouted to a "sampan" starting for two or three large freighters, one of which the coolies were loading to the sound of their musical chanting, calling to the men to stop, but they either did not hear or were not inclined to do so; so we jumped into one of the boats and rowed after them, only to find that our man was not on board.

"He can't be far away, anyway," said one of the officers. "It is possible he is hiding among some of those bales on the dock."

We rowed back to the landing, and while the policemen pulled in the oars I began to tie up the boat. One of the officers came running up to the prow and accidentally kicked off one of the loose boards which covered this part of the boat. His leg slipped through. He gave a muttered exclamation and dived down into the opening. Suddenly a huge figure sprang up out of the bow, scattering the boards and throwing the policemen back into the centre of the boat, then turning, jumped straight at me. I was thrown violently backwards on both steps, but had the presence of mind to seize the man's leg. The next instant the policemen were upon him and had secured him. It was my Russian

Once in the police-box he turned on me demanding why I had followed him.

"Why did you try to escape?" I asked.

He answered evasively, "I have nothing more to do with you, you will receive your instructions from the legation."

He blustered for a while but soon saw resistance was useless. The warrant came in good time and he was led away. He looked very crestfallen indeed, when I saw him that morning.

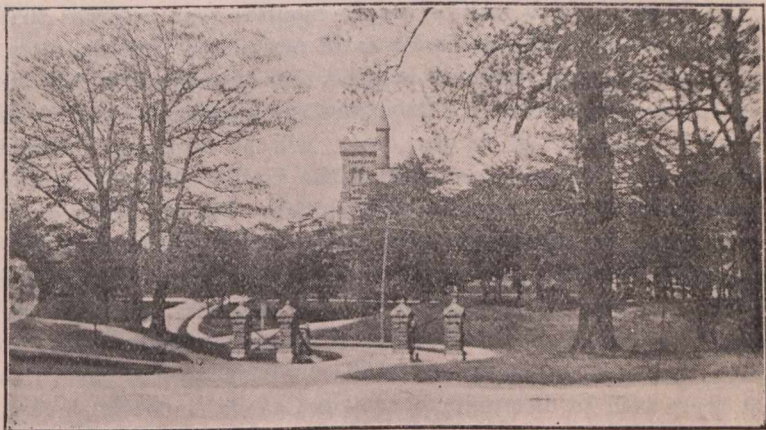
Whether he was a spy or a common swindler or both I have not yet been able to make out."

"A very exciting chase, Makenji San. At one time I should have liked nothing better myself," said the old Oshosama, lifting the little iron kettle off the tripod in the brazier, where it had been boiling merrily while I had been talking, and filling the brown tea-pot again.

Just then we heard a very meek little "gomen nasai" (pray excuse me) on the other side of the paper partition. The Oshosama demanded "Nan dai" (what is it?), and the tiny shaved head of a little acolyte appeared bobbing respectfully, to say that Makenji Sensei's (teacher) "betto" (servant) had come with the lantern to conduct Makenji Sensei back to his residence.

"You must have another cup," insisted the old priest as I rose to go. "It is cold outside this evening."

"I render you honorable thanks," I answered. "It is quite impossible to refuse your delicious tea."



Men and Events.

TARIFF TRANSACTIONS

DURING the decade from 1898-1908, Canada was second of all the countries of the world (Argentina holding the premier position) in comparative trade increase. The trade of the Dominion with all countries has grown 138 per cent. in ten years. As a result of this extremely rapid expansion Mr. Fielding has been kept very busy adapting our tariff policy to meet new situations.

Canada has been allowing British goods to enter this country at two-thirds the regular rate of customs duties. Last year imports from Great Britain amounted to \$70,556,738, of which \$51,968,885 were dutiable. Germany objected to this preference and demanded that her exports be allowed to enter at the same rate. She backed her demand by an imposition of severe restrictions on certain Canadian goods exported to Germany. Canada retaliated by imposing a surtax of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. on German imports. Germany might have raised such a tariff wall between the two countries that trade must have ceased. However, she wisely refrained from doing so. Lately Canada has removed the surtax and Germany has shown her desire for closer trade relations by removing her special imposts, abandoning her claim to have goods imported here as cheaply as British goods.

The Payne-Aldrich tariff schedule requires that in order that Canada may enjoy the minimum tariff rate of the United States, she must give her southern neighbor her intermediate rate on imports from that country. Otherwise the maximum rate, which means an increase of 25 per cent., will be imposed. Should Canada consent to the demand of the United States it would mean a loss of \$800,000 a year in duties. Canada has a trade treaty with France whereby goods coming from that country receive a preference over those coming here from the United States, and it is to this and to the English preference that the Americans object. The people in Washington are beginning to feel a little uneasy about the matter. They declare that it is not their wish to discriminate against Canada, but that, unless the regulations of the new bill are complied with before March 31st, it will be their painful duty to impose the restrictions.

Last year Canada imported from the United States goods to the value of \$192,661,360, and exported to her goods worth \$92,604,357. On an average, every Canadian buys \$25 worth of American goods, while every American buys only \$1 worth of Canadian goods. Two-thirds of our total imports come from the United States. Our chief article of export to the Republic, wood and the manufactures thereof, total \$29,595,046.

So we see that Canada furnishes a most excellent market for the United States. Were our exportation of wood and the manufactures from it to cease, the Republic would be seriously crippled, for a time at least. Canada is not begging any favors. She is quite able in this case at least to protect her own interests. Judging from the sentiments expressed by the Canadian press, there is little anxiety felt in this country over the outcome of the diplomatic communications. It is such a new thing for us to let the "Statesers" do the worrying that we are rather enjoying the whole situation. There is no doubt that the statesmen who so ably carried through the German matter will be able to arrive at a satisfactory relation with the United States—a relation satisfactory at least as far as we are concerned.

Letters to the Editor.

Editor of ACTA VICTORIANA:

Dear Sir,—Permit me to say a few words regarding the Literary Society.

The Literary Society, as no doubt all will agree, is for the use of the student that he may become more fluent in public speaking. Is it fulfilling its purpose, and if not, what remedy do we propose?

The members of the Cabinet have a decided advantage over the ordinary Lit. member. They discuss beforehand the questions to be introduced (at least we presume they do), and they are prepared to talk intelligently about matters of which other students know nothing, or almost nothing. The frequent elections to office in the Society are good in that they give more men an opportunity of discussing matters in Cabinet. But we cannot all hold office.

As is well known, the first four or five speeches on a bill usually (not always) exhaust the subject. But the other members

feel that they must learn to speak. Consequently the same thing is repeated over and over till one is almost driven to distraction—if not to drink—out of the new water-bottle. The same thing is now going on at Ottawa. Certain members are determined to give their opinions on the Naval Bill, while the remainder are quite ready to slay them. In that case it is costing the country an enormous amount of money that the representatives may go back to their constituents and tell of their eloquent orations on the navy. In the case of the Lit. it means the Society is not fulfilling the purpose for which it was organized. A few men are getting a benefit but the rank and file are merely saying over words which are of little value to anyone, and take up time which might be more profitably spent. The ordinary business session lasts nearly two hours. In almost 70 per cent. of the meetings, the business could be transacted in about fifteen minutes.

Mr. Sissons recently made a plea for the discussion of current political questions in the literary session. The idea is to be adopted to the extent of one meeting. The Literary sessions this term have been remarkably good — almost too good to last. I do not wish to be pessimistic, I am judging only from past performances. In my humble opinion two-thirds of the time consumed in the Literary session and much of that of the Business session might be much more profitably spent in the way in which Mr. Sissons suggests. How little most of us know of current questions is readily seen at an impromptu oration contest. I venture that 50 per cent. of those who could talk for an hour on "A new walk through the park," have never even heard of the Rush-Bagot arrangement. We have no Debating Society. Our need is for an organization in which men can learn to speak and can become familiar with political news and views. If Mr. Sissons' suggestion was permanently adopted and sanely carried out I believe the need would be filled.

If this letter creates no more discussion than its predecessors I'll take it that silence gives consent.

Thanking you for your kindness, I am, sincerely,

WOULD-BE SPIELER.

P.S.—I hope Mr. Sissons won't forget to call the girls Miss just on account of this little "boost."

W. B. S.

Acta Victoriana

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TERMS: \$1.25 A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

Contributions and exchanges should be sent to C. C. WASHINGTON, Editor-in-Chief ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to W. H. COOK, Business Manager ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

"ROBERT."

IT would be extremely difficult for anyone who had not spent some years at Victoria, to understand just the position which Robert (we must call him that yet) occupied in our college life. His official designation was janitor, but such a title would convey to a stranger very little information as to his place among us. It is to be doubted if the majority of students whom he knew, thought of him very often in that relation. To some few he may have been the caretaker of the College and no more—but to most of us he was a great deal more, he was "Robert," and that stood for many other things in our thinking than his official duties. It stood for the man who had welcomed us, perhaps on our first day in college halls, with that kindly smile of his and that readiness to help, which won us. It stood for the man who at the first great event of our college life, "the Bob," had given the memorable speech of the evening. It stood for one who entered so heartily into all our life, around the halls, at the receptions, in the Literary Society, as to be really one of us. Every room and corner in the College,—the chapel, the library, even the mail-box downstairs where we used to help him sort out the letters—everything reminds us of Robert and of the large share which was his in all that went on around Victoria.

And yet no one was less officious or more modest than he. How well he knew that at least twice in each term we would ask him to talk to us at "Lit," and yet he would not for the

world have allowed us to see that he expected or desired such recognition. And those talks—well, I suppose former graduates have not forgotten them, and certainly we will not for a long time to come. Humor, satire, common sense, love of Victoria, veneration for the great men connected with her in the past and the present, and desire that her graduates should do her honor—all of these characteristics were in every speech he made or every little chat he indulged in on the side.

There is no one who has had the opportunity of four years with Robert Beare but is thoroughly glad of that influence in his life. It is quite safe to say that no man who follows him in his work will ever gain the hold on the thought and affections of Victoria men, that he won for himself.

Perhaps the best recognition of the unique relation which Robert has always borne to the student body was given at his funeral. The undergraduates were present to pay him every respect that would have been shown to a professor upon our staff, and many of the most distinguished graduates of which the College boasts came to give him that last honor. Dr. Carman, Justice MacLaren, Principal Galbraith of the Faculty of Science, Mr. James Brebner, Dr. Hineks, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Chown, Mr. Creighton, of "The Guardian," G. S. Locke, of the Public Library, and many other graduates and personal friends attended the chapel service. It was, as Dr. Reynar said, a tribute of real respect to one who, whatever his position may have been, was great—great in his honest, faithful, kindly character and in the place he holds among those who have known him.

THE Y.M.C.A. AND THE NEW BUILDING

One of the most remarkable and significant movements of recent years among the University men of North America has been the rapid development of the Young Men's Christian Association. When we consider that the Y.M.C.A. ten years ago, was practically unrecognized and almost unknown by the college men of this continent, and then when we place over against that the important position which the Association holds to-day and the valuable, if not invaluable, work which it is doing, we are forced to admit that the advance has been phenomenal.

The Young Men's Christian Association in the college is not required to meet exactly the same needs as the city organizations. The physical development and the mental culture which the movement always stands for, and which its gymnasium and its study classes provide—these things are already within the reach of University men. Even its social advantages are hardly appreciated to the extent that they are in the city. And yet there is a place for the Association in our midst; a place which is created by the fact that we as college men, as well as other men, have needs which are more than athletic, intellectual or social, needs which the Christian Association, because it is Christian and because it appeals to our highest self, can supply. We as men who are to be of influence in later years cannot afford (and most of us know this) to go out into life crippled because we have neglected the supreme things in our development; and there are hundreds of men in the University who are grateful to the Y.M.C.A. for what it has done in this regard.

Hence it is a source of great pleasure to receive the double assurance, which has come within the past few days, that the new building is to be erected. The liberality of the students which provided over one thousand dollars more than was requested, made it almost certain that the project would be successful, but the magnificent gift of the executors of the Massey Estate of course removed all doubt or difficulty. The new building is sure to mark a general increase in usefulness on the part of the Association. A building such as the one proposed, which will be the home and centre for a healthy, religious and social life in the University, will be of inestimable value. What we want, as has been said in another connection, is not more men in our colleges, but more *man*, and the Y.M.C.A. through its varied activities can help and is helping to produce this.

THE MASSEY GIFT

In our October issue we spoke of "Our Growing University," and of the extensive building operations of recent years, but we did not anticipate that before the year should close, four more magnificent structures would be arranged for. The gift to our own College of the Men's Residence was quite unexpected, at

least to the students, and called forth our very warmest gratitude to the donators. This second offer of three buildings to our University was probably quite as unexpected and we know is appreciated just as fully as the other, both by Victoria students and by the University at large. The buildings are much needed. We have referred above to the Y.M.C.A. building and the valuable purpose it will serve, and the others—the Assembly Hall and the Students' Union Building, will also aid greatly the different student organizations. We can echo the hearty praise of the daily papers for those who are showing their interest in our educational affairs in such a practical way, but we can go farther than they, by tendering as well, the sincerest thanks of the whole student body.

THE LATE A. J. WALLACE

ACTA is very sorry that it is necessary in this number, not only to chronicle the departure of one of the oldest friends of Victoria, but also to record the sudden removal from our midst of one of her younger sons. In the case of Robert it was not entirely unexpected and does not seem unbecoming that one who had done his life work faithfully and well, should lay down his task; but in the case of Mr. Wallace, whose career as a promising scholar and as a thoroughly useful man has so suddenly been cut short, there seems need of some explanation which is not given to us as yet. We know that the sympathy of the whole College goes out to those in bereavement, who are perhaps finding it hard to understand the ways of "Him who doeth all things well."

(The following note has been received from Mrs. Beare)

Dear Editor:

Kindly convey through ACTA our deep sense of gratitude to the Chancellor, Senate, students and friends, for the many tokens of respect, comforting words and letters of sympathy which have come to us in our late bereavement. They have done much to lighten our burden and we can never forget their kindness.

MRS. BEARE AND FAMILY.

EDITORIALS-IN-BRIEF


We are planning to make our June issue a graduation number, not simply because the idea is new, but because we feel that our magazine ought, as many other college journals do, to recognize the class that graduates each year. We are busy outlining the contents, and while it is too early to promise anything definite, the present intentions are to have it include the class history, valedictory poems and prophecy (which latter our cartoonist threatens to illustrate) as well as an account of the graduation exercises, official and otherwise. Probably one or two articles by members of the outgoing year will appear also. We have already made arrangement for a half-dozen or more cuts of general interest, and intend to secure quite a number more, plus some cartoons, etc. The issue will be considerably over the regulation size and ought to be the best number of the year with the exception of our Xmas one. The Editor suggests that you also read the ad. inserted on one of the front pages.

Now that the time is approaching for the election of officers in the several societies, it is well to remember that a great many of the posts can be well filled by men of good average ability, and that it is unwise to give even "the best men" more than one office to hold, as has occurred occasionally in the past. The danger is not so much that a man may receive more than one position in the same society, as that one who is already well supplied with a field for his exertions in one organization may have "honor thrust upon him" in another. A wide distribution of duties makes for better efficiency in the long run, and much greater training to the individual.

And behold! that ominous blue sheet doth flutter about our halls again. Verily at this time of year "the wise seeketh instruction" (but the fool waits till April).

Speaking of blue (though in a different connection) we really thought we had "the blues" when "The Arbor" came along recently. However, a perusal of the contents served somewhat to dispel that feeling. In fact, we rather liked it. Some of the articles are excellent. If the same standard is maintained ACTA can only say: "More power to your elbow."

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS



HEREDITY vs. ENVIRONMENT

J. J. KELSO.

IN speaking of heredity we usually mean the transition of physical and moral qualities from parent to child that will inevitably shape and control destiny.

In the past there was a tendency to attribute every crime on the calendar to heredity,—as the father, so the son, etc., and this would constitute an insuperable obstacle to progress.

The fact is that very little is known about heredity, owing chiefly to the great difficulty in securing facts. There is a natural hesitancy on the part of people to reveal peculiar family characteristics and weaknesses. But in a general way, we must admit that heredity is a powerful factor in life. The laws of nature are inexorable and unchangeable. We know from observation that through a long line can be traced mental weakness and physical defects, and that we are all more or less the reproduced likeness of those who have gone before.

There is a certain disease that is transmitted with awful certainty, and there are facial and bodily traits that can be easily recognized in one generation after another of the same family.

Undoubtedly there are in our asylums, poorhouses, and prisons unfortunate persons who are the victims of conditions over which they had no control, though, as to the exact proportion of these, very few careful investigations have been made.

At the same time, is it not equally true that many of the qualities we attribute to heredity are simply the habits acquired from constant association?

Young children are peculiarly imitative. They copy the expressions, actions, mannerisms of the parents or friends with whom they daily associate. Do you not notice this every day? And in time these imitations become part of the child's very being and cannot be shaken off in later years.

These habits are often attributed to heredity, whereas they are entirely a matter of environment.

A mother was afflicted with twitching of certain muscles in the face and her little daughter, although born absolutely free from this defect, developed the same weakness purely from imitation. Many instances could be given of this. If you talk long with a man who stutters, you find yourself endeavoring to stutter out of sympathy with him, and we all know how one person coughing in church will often produce a whole chorus of coughing, until it seems as if an epidemic had struck the congregation.

In dealing with neglected and dependent children of the province and, with a considerable number of years experience, it can safely be said that environment is the great factor that makes or mars human happiness and progress. How often the expression is used, "Those children are born criminals." It simply means that they have been left with vicious relatives until they have become educated as criminals, rather than born such.

Certain families are to be found in every district who have a bad name. They are despised by all good people and spoken badly of on every occasion, until driven in upon themselves they continue to be evil, and to inflict the community. The children grow up bad because that is what is expected, and everything conduces to that end. There was a boy of fourteen who was born in a poor house, and that fact seemed to have been impressed upon him so thoroughly that he never had the slightest ambition to be anything else than a poorhouse brat. But, we have abundant evidence to show that where these vicious families are broken up and the children removed at an early age to pure and elevating environment, they can grow up to be worthy citizens and a credit to themselves and to their country.

Does not history, both in ancient and modern times, record the most wonderful examples of boys who have risen from the most despairing and unlikely conditions to be leaders of men and makers of history: men like Sir Henry M. Stanley and Will Crooks, the English member of Parliament, who lives to preside over the deliberations of the workhouse of which he was an inmate when a boy. We have often heard that husband and wife

grow alike from constant association, and this is true. Children grow like their foster parents. There have been many cases where a child adopted in infancy has grown up so like its foster parents as to be easily and naturally mistaken for their own offspring.

We had two sisters, who as young children were adopted in an entirely different style of home: one was adopted by a refined family in the city, and she grew up with all the grace and accomplishments and aspirations of an aristocrat. The other, unfortunately, was placed on a rough farm in Northern Ontario, and grew up large and coarse in appearance, with low tastes and with absolutely nothing in common with the city sister.

A boy of thirteen and a girl of seventeen left homes of wealth and culture and preferred the rough farm life because that was their natural element. Heredity was powerful in this case. Many wonderful transformations have been noticed in the habits and characters of children rescued from low surroundings. All they lacked was opportunity. In helping children to a better and cleaner environment there is much to encourage and stimulate. We can safely commend to your hearty support all work that has for its aim the betterment of social conditions, and the removal from surroundings that cannot be improved, of all children who are likely to grow up a menace. This is both in their own best interests and to the benefit of the community at large.

There should be more specialization in ascertaining and checking the hereditary influences that make for degeneracy, and some limitations might with advantage be put upon the marriage and reproduction of the manifestly unfit.

THE CHRIST CHILD

Thank God for that sweet season when he lay
A little happy child on Mary's breast,
And knew, thus safely sheltered night and day
No weariness, who later knew not rest.
No coming shadow fell upon that bliss,
No cross between the Mother and the Boy;
Companion of our tears and smiles in this—
The "Man of Sorrows" was the Child of Joy.
—Emily Niles Huyck, in "The Outlook."



Up the Go-Home River.

FROM A COLLECTOR'S STANDPOINT.

A. R. C., '10.

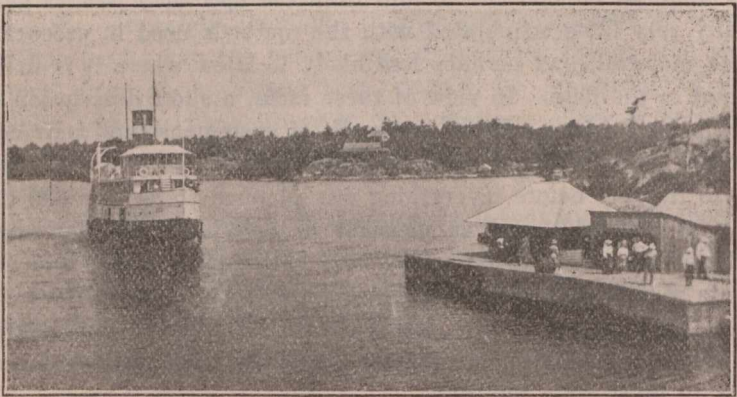
SINCE the work done at the biological station at Go-Home Bay, during the summer months, has been previously dealt with as a whole in the columns of ACTA, a repetition of the same might be a trial to the good natures of the readers; so we shall endeavor to acquaint them with one phase of the work, namely, that of collecting material.

The biological student, who has been accustomed to having his material handed out to him from the specimen jars, is generally very little acquainted with the methods used in procuring such material, and perhaps less likely to know where it is to be found in the field. In view of these facts, a short description of a trip up Go-Home River in search of specimens, and new collecting grounds might prove interesting.

On the day before, everything was planned so as to make the day as profitable and as pleasant as possible. All the small articles that were to be taken were gathered together, and the boats were looked over, care being taken to provide the gasoline launch with a pair of oars, the neglecting of which had caused us a little inconvenience on former occasions. All that remained was to hope for a fine day.

Rising early the next morning, the weather was found to be somewhat unsatisfactory. Low-lying clouds obscured the morning sun; there was practically no wind; and the atmosphere was damp and sultry, conditions not favorable to a successful outing. However, after some hesitation a start was made with the hope that the weather might clear up. A number of the smaller articles, such as pails, fishing tackle, and jars and bottles for the smaller specimens, were placed in the canoe to make it ride well, and it was towed behind the launch.

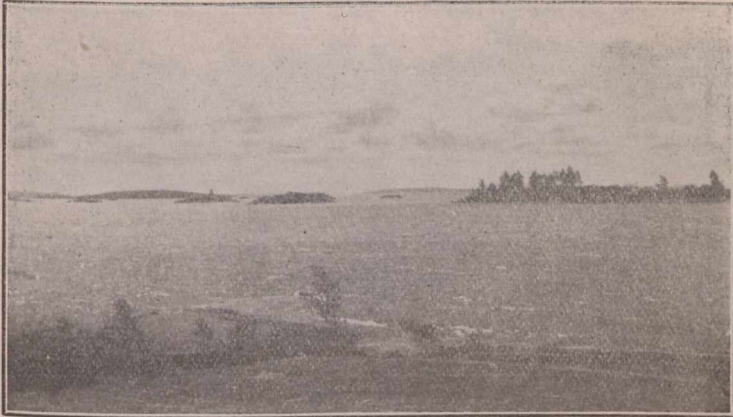
Steering in a north-easterly direction towards the mouth of the river, about a mile from the Station, the outer bay was soon left, and the familiar expanse of water presented by the inner bay quickly came into view, as the gap separating the two was passed. Since the area including these two bays was comparatively well known, no stop was made; but we could have directed any novice in search of things of biological interest to the numerous bays and small inlets to the right and left. If these would not yield sufficient material, he could go into the interior of "Big Island," straight ahead, and examine the series of small lakes and pools, in the waters of which are to be found different kinds of fish, reptiles, insects and aquatic plants, and on the banks and among the trees, a variety of mesophytic and xerophytic forms and not a few specimens of butterflies, dragon-flies, besides a number of healthy specimens of deer-flies, mosquitoes and a few of our lingering friends, the black-flies. On the other hand, attention could have been directed to the growing density of the vegeta-



The Dock at Go-Home Bay.

tion as we proceeded inland. The bare rocks of the open gave way to small rounded islands provided with a few of the hardiest species, while these in turn, were followed by such as the Station Island where one side, that exposed to the constant west wind, was almost devoid of vegetation, while the opposite side, that towards the north-east, was richly supplied with a flora quite typical of the whole region.

For the first couple of miles the river contracts and expands in width so that it presents the appearance of a number of lakes closely connected by narrow channels. The banks on both sides are steep and rocky, and numerous ravines cut them here and there. There is quite a contrast between the vegetation in the bottoms of these ravines and that upon the heights, where exposure plays an important rôle in the lives of the plants: in the former grow the more delicate species, while on the latter are to be found forms which grow closely to the ground. Here and there are seen the tall mast-like trunks of pines which have survived the last great fire or have been left intact by the lumberman.

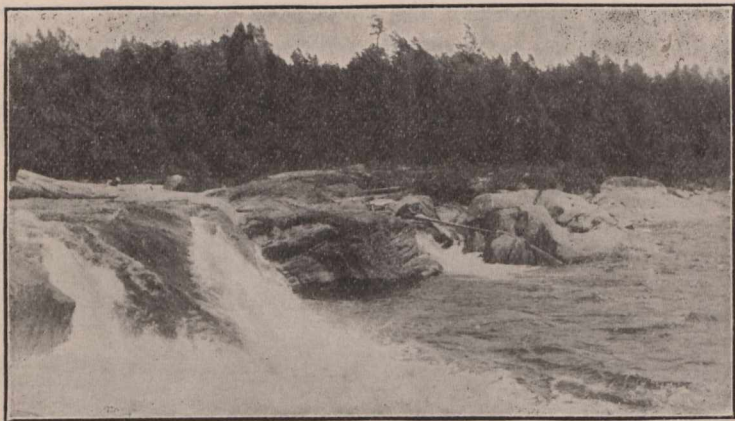


Outlying Islands from Station Island, Go-Home Bay.

The end of the first stage of the trip came when "the Shoots" were reached. Here the river is very narrow and is bridged across by a natural dam formed of huge masses of rock, augmented by an artificial dam and a long timber slide, both of which have long gone into disuse. The launch was made fast near the foot of the slide, and the canoe was carried over what proved to be an ideal portage. Before proceeding a hurried look was taken about both ends of the slide, in spite of the fact that a profitable afternoon might have been spent there searching diligently. The débris gathered by the eddies around the foot of rocks over which a small amount of water falls had on other occasions yielded turtles, water-snakes, aquatic insects, etc., and the dark

pools among the rocks beneath the slide had proved to be the hiding places of crayfish, the gathering of which is always interesting to the experienced collector, and somewhat exciting to the novice.

Above the Shoots the river presents a somewhat different aspect. It becomes quite narrow, and, since the high banks are so close together, it closely resembles in some places a canyon. This resemblance is strengthened by the different marks on the almost perpendicular rocks, which clearly show the height to which the water rises at times of flood or lowers during the dry periods of the summer months. Below the highest mark, there



Flat-Rock Falls on the Muskosh River.

is no vegetation growing on the face of the rocks; they are white—with sediment deposited by the floods; and above, dark and green with decaying and living patches of mosses and ferns.

Following the right bank for a short distance further, a narrow cleft in the rock came into view. An examination of this opening showed that it was another place rich in animal and vegetable life. The little stream which trickles down through the large masses of rock lying at the entrance is fed by an open bog behind. Here the botanist may find a large number of his marsh plants, and the entomologist may procure many species of insects. Farther in, the vertebrate zoologist may search for the

owners of those deep bass voices which he hears ever ahead of him.

Leaving this interesting place we soon came to another narrow part in the river. Here a small dam necessitated the removal of the canoe from the water, but as this obstacle was easily overcome not much time was lost. Continuing past the high rocks to the left, we found that the river suddenly expands to form a lake. This was subsequently found to be "Flat-Rock," or "Go-Home" lake, of whose outlets Go-Home River was the smallest. On rounding an island some distance ahead, there appeared to the left about a mile away a white patch on the shore line close to the water's edge. After a short time a low murmur could be heard proceeding from the direction of this white spot, so we were now certain that the falls we were steering for were not far away.

As it was past the noon hour and paddling had given rise to good appetite, we made haste to land and do justice to our lunch under the trees overlooking the lake, from which a stiff west wind was proceeding, the clouds having been blown away some time previous.

The afternoon was spent in collecting about the falls, and trolling above them for pike and bass. The return offered a good opportunity for more trolling, but the trout and channel catfish to be found in the lake did not favor us with a bite, while the little time remaining did not permit of turning aside to what might have been better fishing grounds.

On summing up during the evening and looking over the material we had procured, we agreed that a profitable outing had been spent. We had been able to study animals and plants as they are to be found, which always proves interesting to those who take up the study of biology, and besides, we had taken an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with new collecting grounds which are so rich and varied in the vicinity of Go-Home Bay.



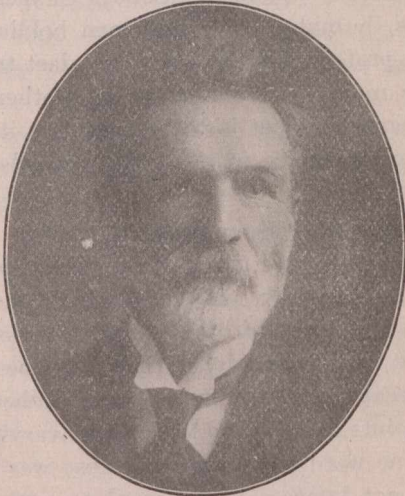
OBITUARIES

Robert Beare was born in the parish of St. Columb Minor, Cornwall, England, on Nov. 30th, 1849. In the spring of 1870 he came to Canada, then being 21 years of age. His first day's work in this country was done in the garden of our own Chancellor Burwash. He did not immediately become connected with Victoria, but was employed for a time by Col. Bolton, who valued his services very highly and urged him to remain in his employ. However, happily to relate, Robert became janitor of Victoria University, and drew his first pay in January, 1871.

The "Bob," of which every student and graduate of Vic. entertains such pleasant memories, was begun in 1872. At that time many of the students lived in residence. One November night all gathered in one of the rooms for an evening's entertainment. Robert, by his kindness and unfailing good humor had already endeared himself to the students, and so the event was named in his honor. The concert was quite impromptu and informal, the chief feature of the entertainment being Robert's playing on the violin, which was loudly applauded and for which he was encored again and again. The refreshments consisted of a basket of snow apples, thoughtfully provided by the hero of the evening. As a little memento of the occasion, a collection was taken up and Robert was presented with a purse of four or five dollars. Since then the "Bob" has been an annual affair, —the event of the year for Freshman and Sophomore.

Robert did not do very much speaking at any of the student

functions until the removal of the College to Toronto. Since then no large entertainment has been complete without a few words from Vic's "Grand Old Man." His remarks were always uproariously funny and kept the audience in constant laughter. During the last few years, however, there has been something more than fun in his speeches, and many a student has been made more thoughtful and earnest by Robert's timely advice.



ROBERT BEARE.

In his younger days Robert was a keen sportsman, being especially fond of hunting and fishing. He was passionately fond of music. Although he never received any instruction, he could play almost any instrument. His favorite, however, was the flute. Ever since coming to Toronto, till within the past few months, he has played the flute in the orchestra of Trinity Methodist Sunday-school.

Robert was twice married. His first wife was Susan Henwood, who came out to him from the old land about a year after his reaching here. She died Sept. 13th, 1879. On June 15th, 1888, he married Mary Jane Doney, of Port Hope, who survives him. There are three children by each marriage, the younger family being still at home.

For two years Robert had been suffering with heart trouble. His death came as a great shock on February the 12th, 1910.

—C. G. F., '10.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY DR. REYNAR AT THE FUNERAL IN THE
COLLEGE CHAPEL.

ROBERT BEARE
AN APPRECIATION.

WE are met here to-day in this College Chapel,—students and professors, humble people and men holding high place in commercial and professional life,—to pay a last tribute of respect and love to the memory of our departed brother Robert Beare. This is in substance all that is to be said, but it is becoming at this time and in this place to recall the grounds and reasons of our respect and love.

Some forty years ago he entered the service of the College, then a youth of about three and twenty. It is something to say,—it is a great thing to say, that in all that time he has proved himself to be a true and faithful servant. Since his taking off on Saturday last, and especially during the time of his illness, I have heard a great many persons speak of Robert. They spoke from different points of view and with many varying recollections, but there was one word which in every case was used—the word *faithful*. I do not know a better word to use at this pathetic moment and I confidently say, after having known him during all the forty years of his college service, that I never knew a time when the word *faithful* might not have been well applied to him. He may often have had hard things to do, and more than once I have known him called to do dangerous things, but in the presence of difficulty and of danger, I never knew him to shirk his duty; his one thought, and seemingly his only thought, was to go on and do his duty, hard as it may have been or dangerous. There is no quality more worthy of respect than this—none more worthy of admiration and imitation even in these College halls, than *fidelity to duty*, and for forty years we have seen it in the man whose mortal remains now lie before us.

To his sterling sense of duty were added a native shrewdness and common sense not always found even amongst men blessed in early life with superior advantages of cultivation. To this he added further a tireless application to the duty before him and

a resourcefulness in finding means to carry out his work. Till very recently the last sounds heard about the College at night, and sometimes after midnight, and the first sounds in the early morning, were of Robert as he went about closing the duties of the day just past and preparing for the day to come.

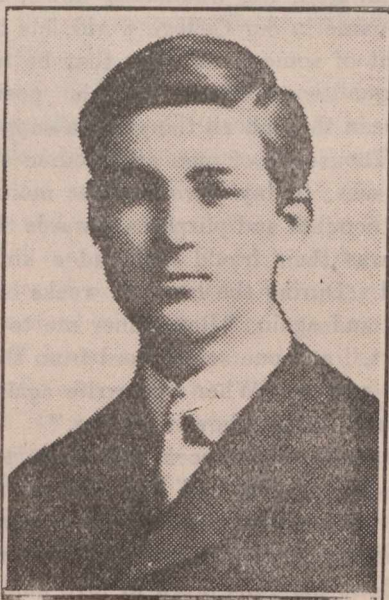
But this constant and capable service of head and hand and foot were perhaps even less important and valuable than the services he gave through his fine social nature, his knowledge of the men about him, his interest in them, his kindly humour, and his readiness to help. Never officious or intrusive, he was yet ever present when wanted and ready to do his best for every College man from the Chancellor down, and when times of grief and loss came in our College world, his heart would leap up at the thought of some kind thing that he might say or do. Through these qualities, humble as his position may have seemed, he has been through all the years a support and strength to the College. Thousands of men and women all over this land and beyond the seas, to-day have sweeter memories of College days and kinder thoughts and purposes towards their Alma Mater because Robert was their friend and had a kind heart as well as a shrewd head. During the last few weeks old students have said to me again and again, "Remember me to Robert," "Give my love to Robert," and one sends word from the extreme verge of the continent, saying, "When you write again, tell me about the Chancellor and Robert, how they are."

This is our tribute of respect and love to our departed brother—and we are glad to call him *our brother*. Our Great Master has said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and mother." And the man who for forty years has done his daily work in love and faithfulness has surely done the will of God in his time and place and has now gone to his reward. "Whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

God grant that when we all come at last before our Great Master, we may be found worthy to stand beside our brother and to hear the Master say to each one of us as to him: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A. J. WALLACE.

The news which reached the College on Friday morning, February 25th, of the critical condition of one of our third year Arts boys came as a complete surprise and shock, and the message which followed a few hours later to the effect that he had passed away, was received with very deep regret. On Monday, Mr. Wallace was about the College as usual, complaining, however, somewhat of headache. On Tuesday blood poisoning of some kind was detected, and developed with great rapidity, despite the efforts of the best medical skill, ending fatally about the noon hour on Friday.



A. J. WALLACE

Mr. Wallace was pursuing an honor Semitic course with distinguished success, having acquired a scholarship last year, and was looking forward to a life in the Methodist ministry, a life which from the indications given while here, would have been a most serviceable and even a brilliant one.

As this is the first break in the class of 1911, his loss is all the more deeply felt by his classmates. Mr. Wallace was quiet and even reserved in disposition, and was not largely known to

the other years of the College, but by his own year he was held in the very highest respect and his opinions were at all times considered well worthy of consideration in class life.

Although Mr. Wallace was a thorough student and a hard worker, yet he found time for a more than usually large amount of outside work, especially in his own church—Queen Street Methodist. He was in charge here of a young men's class of one hundred members, and taught a boy's class in the Sunday-school as well as being an active worker in the Epworth League. Before coming to college he had been in business in the offices of the C.N.R. and had given every promise of success.

Those who knew him in the College remember him not because he was a brilliant student (although that was quite true), but because he was a man whose real nobility of character was evidenced in every word and deed. We can hardly close more fittingly than by giving a couple of sentences from what two of his intimate associates have said concerning him.

"He moved about quietly among us. His ambitions, his failures, his successes, his many services for others at home, in the church or at the College, never passed his lips. These were his own. Confident in his humility, yet unassuming in his determination, rigid in his faithfulness and earnest in his self-sacrifice, he quietly built up a character which will echo and re-echo in the lives of those who knew him best. 'Do not your alms before men' was the principle of his constant practise."

"He was a Christian gentleman, quiet and mild in speech yet expressing himself with determination; and throughout his whole acquaintanceship with me conducted himself in a manner worthy of the calling he intended to pursue."

Mr. Wallace leaves both parents, two brothers and a sister to mourn his early removal.

"Doubtless unto him is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In those great offices, that suit
The full grown energies of Heaven."

EXCHANGES

Although the ideals of a college journal provide food for controversy, it is universally acknowledged that there should always be a place provided in its pages for articles which proceed on a

purely literary basis. Especially commendable is the practice which is becoming popular of dealing either appreciatively or critically, with the lives of those characters who seem to mark the mile-posts in the course of literature. The Manitoba College Journal for January contains an excellent, albeit somewhat formal, account of the life of the brilliant Emerson, and its perusal will repay the interested reader.

That Almighty Dollar, assailed by the shafts of the moralizer, and depicted as the root of evil, and which yet rolls on in triumph, pursued by a mob of panting eager worshippers, becomes the subject of a homiletic in the February edition of Notre Dame Scholastic. "Where do we find true happiness, merry laughter, loving hearts and mutual interests, but in the homes of the poor? One is almost forced to say that money is the destroyer of all this." True enough in part, good friend, but our humble opinion is that the man who enjoys (?) the happy laughter, and true happiness of poverty, in his youth, and by mental or physical exertion acquires a position of opulence in later life, will be quite able to appreciate the advantages of his new position, and retain the joys of his former one, provided he has the real manly qualities in him which stamp him as a man, not as a money making machine or a worshipper of filthy lucre.

By an article in the University of Ottawa Review, another writer ventures to swell the number of opinions expressed on that vexed question of the Twentieth Century, "Shall Woman have a Vote?" While in no way criticizing the position taken, one cannot fail to notice a trace of absolutism which seems to exist, and may be noted in such statements as "Man is always to be the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion. Woman's intellect is not for invention or creation. Her great function is to praise."

How easy it is to be critical. The Trinity University Review comments on seven magazines last month. Of these seven, six have been guilty of terrible misdemeanors and are accordingly held up either to righteous indignation or unrighteous ridicule. One alone escapes, but even this gets no praise. Fortunately ACTA was not chastised, but think of the writhings of some other people!



HOCKEY

Victoria, 7; Faculty of Education, 1.

THE return game between Education and Victoria was played on Victoria rink on February 9th. Whoever arranged the schedule apparently was not on intimate terms with the weather bureau, for Wednesdays had been the occasions of snow storms for the previous three weeks, and this was no exception. However, by scraping just before the game and at half-time, we had a few minutes of play in each half during which the ice was not too heavy. Owing to the absence of one of the Faculty men the game had to be played with six men on each side. This was rather an advantage, for, the way the ice was, the fewer players the better. Soon after the start it became quite evident that our men had the best of the game, but as combination work seemed impossible the play resolved itself into individual rushes, which resulted in two goals for Victoria in the first half. Education did not score before half-time, as all plans for such a manoeuvre were quickly and surely frustrated by our defence. After half time the same kind of play was resumed, neither pleasant to be in, nor interesting to watch. The Victoria goal was never in great danger except once, when Mason broke through our defence, which had forsaken its position and was trying to score along with the forwards. Five goals were scored in the latter half, making a total of seven. The line-up: MacCulloch, Gundy, Birnie, MacLaren (Capt.), MacCamus, Rumball. Referee: W. L. MacKenzie.

Victoria, 5; Senior Arts, 1.

The second game with Senior Arts resulted in a win for Vic. by the above score, 5—1. The ice and weather conditions were

much more favorable than in the former tie game between these two teams. During the first half of the game the puck was in our opponents half of the ice almost all the time. The Arts' team had a good goal keeper and an excellent defence and, when in addition to these, the forwards dropped back, it made it very difficult to score, especially when they refused to be drawn out and also as our shooting was somewhat wild. However, Morrison, our centre man, who played a very strong game all through, managed to notch two scores before half time. In the second stage of the game, Thompson secured a goal for Senior Arts on a lone rush. They were now on their mettle and made an effort to even the score, but were not successful, for soon MacLaren found the goal for another score. Two more were added before the whistle blew for full time, while Arts failed to score. The line up of the winning team was: MacCulloch, Gundy, Birnie, MacLaren (Capt.), MacCamus, Morrison, Rumball.

Victoria, 5; Senior School, 3. •

The semi-final game between Senior School and Victoria, played on Varsity Rink on February 17th, was an occasion of triumph for the latter. The S.P.S. had won their group without a defeat; Victoria's record was equally free from loss, and hence a battle royal was expected. Numerous rumors had come over of the speed of our opponents' team, with particular mention of one A. D. Campbell, who was scheduled to go through the Vic. team quite easily. Their line up also included "Stubby" Keith, of some repute on Varsity's Senior O.H.A. team, as well as Hugh Gall and J. Newton of Rugby renown. Nothing daunted. however, our men went over to the game determined to win, if possible, and if not—to win anyway. The ice was hard and fast, but rough in spots. For some time after the puck was first faced off each side went back and forward without any particular advantage to either. However, it was not long until, after a rush made by MacLaren and MacCamus, the latter lifted the puck into the S.P.S. goal for the first score. (Great applause from the rooters.) School now came back hard, determined to tie the score, if possible, and in this regard they were successful too. Not only did they tie the score, but soon after the puck rolled into the nets from a lift from the centre of the ice. So far

from being disheartened with the score against us, our men played harder than ever, with the result that before half-time Rumball scored a goal from a mix-up in front. It was now half-time, and the score was 2-2.

Numerous were the resolutions passed at half-time, how we were to watch our checks and take all chances in shooting. Doubtless School had also made similar plans, the idea of which seemed to be to draw out our defence men. However, these refused to be drawn out, and by closely watching Campbell and Keith the S.P.S. were prevented from scoring. About the middle of the second half, after a face off beside the School's goal, Birnie secured the puck, shot, and scored. A little later another score was added under similar circumstances by the same man. The score stood now four to two, with each team playing as hard as possible. The next goal was gained by the S.P.S. from a shot from right wing. With only a few minutes to play and the score four to three anyone would be safe in saying that the strain was intense. However, our supporters were both relieved and delighted by another score, this time by MacCamus on a rebound shot. This was the last score on either side and the game ended with the score 5-3.

In a game in which everybody played well it is hard to pick some for special mention. MacCamus and MacLaren played well together, and the latter won applause for a grand rush right to the School goal when the other three forwards were on the fence "serving time." Birnie at centre, was very effective both in shooting and in preventing the S.P.S. forward division from getting started. Too much cannot be said of the work of our defence, Jewett and Gundy. They played well together and were most successful in checking rushes. MacCulloch, in goal, is improving every game. The team appreciates the support accorded by the men of the College, who as they were returning from the game caught up the echoes of that song which was so appropriately used last November after the final in the Mulock Cup Series, and which is still floating around the athletic field—"Vic. can lick the School," etc—ad infinitum.

The line-up of the winning team: MacCulloch, Gundy, Jewett, MacLaren (Capt.), MacCamus, Birnie, Rumball. Spare—Morison. Referee: Curren.

As a result of this game Victoria is in the finals for the Jen-

nings Cup. The Dents defeated Junior Arts in the other semi-final game, so that the final is between Dents and Vic. The final last year was between the same two teams, and the former won by a good margin. But it has so been decided, at least as far as we know, that history cannot repeat itself in so short an interval. Hence our hope. Come and cheer the team to victory. Vae Victis!!!

NOTES

The inter-year schedule in hockey was started, but has not been completed as yet on account of the Jennings Cup series and soft ice. The third and first year were the opposing teams in the first game. The dope was that '11 would win because they had some men on the Senior team. However, the freshies played hard and fast, with the result that they were in the lead till just before full time, when the score was tied, five all. The line-up was:

Juniors—MacNiven, Gundy, Birnie, MacCulloch, Leitch, Livingstone, Rumball.

Freshmen—Campbell, Lowery, Mackenzie, Bishop, Duggan, Jeffries, Burwash.

The Philosophy and Political Science courses of the third year furnished the spectators with a classy game of hockey. We cannot give special mention to the stars for fear of appearing to be partial. The score was 1—1 and indicates the merits of the two teams.

In the June number of ACTA, 1909, F. E. Hetherington, '11, received mention for his excellent work on the University of Toronto Lacrosse team for which he was recommended and has since received the coveted T from the athletic directorate. Congrats, Fred.

The result of the elections for the Athletic Union executive held on Feb. 23rd, is as follows:

Hon. President—Prof. A. L. Langford, M.A.

President—J. R. Gundy, '11.

1st Vice-President—J. A. MacCamus, '12.

2nd Vice-President—W. A. F. Campbell, '13.

Treasurer—J. R. Rumball, '11.

Secretary—K. B. MacLaren, '12.

Athletic Stick—F. J. Livingstone, '11.

These, with the exception of the Athletic Stick, who is not on the Executive, supplemented by the representatives of the various teams, will transact the business for the year 1910-1911.

LADIES' HOCKEY

Varsity, 3; Victoria, 1.

Varsity was again victorious in the return game with the Victoria ladies on Vic. ice, Saturday, Feb. 5th. Since the previous game with Varsity the Victoria girls have improved greatly and the play was even closer than the score might indicate. The line-up was as follows: L. Hamer, L. Cuthbertson, L. Porte, G. MacLaren, J. McConnell, W. Armstrong, L. Denton.

Victoria, 1; St. Hilda's, 0.

Victoria's first and last success in the hockey series was on Saturday, Feb. 12th, against St. Hilda's. Owing to the heavy condition of the ice Miss MacLaren was not as successful in her shooting as usual or the score would have been much higher than it was. Miss Laura Denton also deserves special mention for the excellent game she played. The defence, Misses Porte and Cuthbertson, did splendid work and were most effective in stopping the rushes of the St. Hilda ladies. The Victoria team was greatly handicapped by the absence of Miss J. McConnell on left wing. Her place was taken by Miss Lily Denton. Otherwise the line-up was the same as in the previous game. Referee—J. R. Gundy, '11.

Varsity has been successful this year in winning the cup presented by Miss Addison for the Inter-College series. Their total score for the four games was 12, while Victoria and St. Hilda's were tied for second place with an aggregate of three each. We extend congratulations to the winning team.

The Inter-year matches which have been arranged this year have brought out a great many of the girls to the general practices and have aroused more interest in the game. All the matches have not been played off as yet, but so far the Sophettes

have been most successful, defeating the Seniors by 12—0, the Juniors by 3—0, and the Freshettes by 3—0. Their success is largely due to the fact that five of the seven have played on the senior team.

BASKETBALL

Victoria, 26; Senior Arts, 8.

Such was the beating that Vic. gave to the Arts in the fifth game of the series. The game was too much one-sided to be a very good exhibition of basketball and our men didn't have to exert themselves enough to make it fast. Yet every game counts, and we feel confident of being in the finals for the much-coveted cup. In the first half, little scoring was done by either side, but in the second Vic. piled the points up at will. The defence, Goddard and Slein, are working together finely and show great ability to check hard. The others showed up to usual form, Ecclestone being high mark man for the basket.

Line-up—Defence, Goddard and Slein; centre, Brighthaupt; forwards, Ecclestone and Gerrie (capt.).

Victoria, 18; Senior Meds, 13.

This was the result of the fastest game of the season. Vic. has been waiting a long time to get a second crack at the Meds and she has at last proved her superiority. It was the hardest game of the season; checking was close and both teams were inclined to rough it at several stages of the game. During the first half the teams were nip and tuck all the way through, the score ending 6—6, but in the second half Gerrie and Ecclestone got going and pulled off some nice passing and shooting. Goddard held Kister, the Meds' star man, down so that he was practically out of the game. Slein, as usual, played a very fine defence game. Brighthaupt at centre jumped well and worked in the combination nicely.

This victory puts Vic. at the head of their series. Since then the Senior Meds were defeated by Senior School, so our boys have won their series and are in the finals with Junior Meds.

If they play to form they should win. Here's hoping. Line-up as follows:

Line-up—Defence, Goddard and Slein; centre, Brighthaupt; forwards, Ecclestone and Gerrie (capt.).

Junior Meds, 26; Victoria, 10.

The final game in the Sifton Cup series was played at the Gym. on March 1st, and resulted in a win for the Junior Medicals by the score given above. As the teams lined on the floor it was quite apparent that the Meds had it on Vic. in size and weight. It remained to be seen whether or not our men had speed enough to overcome this. As soon as the whistle blew everybody was on the jump. The Meds scored the first basket, and from this time on kept the lead all the way through, the score at half-time being 12—4. The Vic. quintette put up a good up-hill fight all the time, and deserve credit for their checking. Gerrie and Ecclestone worked well around the basket, but could not locate it very frequently. Some of the shots were of the hard-luck variety, but even had these counted it is doubtful if the Med's lead could have been overcome. Goddard played an excellent defence game, especially as his check, Smith, was slated to do the greater part of the scoring. However, his best in this game was two baskets. This is really the first year that Victoria has had a team in the basketball series, and the players are to be congratulated on the showing they have made. They have practised hard and regularly and have deserved all the success they have gained. Certainly they have given basketball an impetus that will not die out for a while around Victoria. We congratulate the holders of the Cup, this being the second time Junior Meds have won it—and as far as we are concerned we must be satisfied with second place and with the reflection that there were numerous teams who did not reach the finals. Referee Wood did his work to the satisfaction of both sides. The line-up was the same as in previous games.

ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP! Vic., 5, Dents, 1.

No time for more now, BUT WAIT TILL NEXT MONTH.



THE truth at last. Dr. Cook did not discover the Pole. This startling decision was reached at the open session of the Union Literary Society, held in Alumni Hall on Feb. 19th. The Government, knowing that the public at large were not satisfied with the findings of the Copenhagen University, appointed a learned commissioner to thoroughly investigate and decide upon the rival claims of Cook and Peary. The public were graciously permitted to be present at the investigation and large numbers took full advantage of their privileges.

The proceedings were full of interest. Dr. Cook, whose photos are evidently misleading, arrived early and gave a graphic account of his brilliant dash to the Pole. The central point of his evidence was convincing: "He was the only, first, original, indisputable discoverer of the Pole." Somewhat staggered by this rather positive statement, the learned scientists asked him to retire. After a brief interval Commodore Peary, accompanied by a black servant (probably his Gum-drop), made his appearance. This settled the question. The ferocity of his bearing, combined with the unknown designs of his attendant, made only one solution possible. The Commission trembled. No body of men cares to be branded as liars. Besides, Peary brought the Pole. Cook had only produced a short piece of it. After a feeble attempt at examining the evidence, brightened occasionally by the illuminating remark: "It's a scientific fact" (a remark which, by the way, the Commission had evidently learned by rote), the awards were made. Commodore Peary received a tin medal, and Dr. Cook, a lemon. It was interesting to notice the weight which was laid upon orthodoxy, much valuable evidence being discredited because it had a flavor of higher criticism.

*

"Say, who is dem guys, anyhow?" queried a red cap as the big doors of the Union Station clanged behind a bunch of happy

"Rah-rah" boys and the last black gown fluttered out of sight down the iron stairs. "Aw, don't you know; dem is de guys from Victoria College what tink dey can sing." "Haw! Haw!" Miles of scarlet and orange ribbon, massive walking sticks, white vests, and expansive smiles were the order of the day, and all in order of importance, figured in this first 1910 trip of the Victoria College Glee Club. It was indeed a slow coach which left Toronto on Friday the 11th, for Acton, Ont., but even so, the persuasive powers of the business manager were called into play at Parkdale, to retard the train a few moments for the benefit of Rev. Jno. Martin, who, report has it, had been maintaining quite a successful Marathon on the ties from the Union Station. On his arrival John had to be assisted into the car, puffing, and wearied with his exertions. After a successful evening at Acton, on the following morning, as Paul says, we laid our course by Preston, arriving at the busy manufacturing burg towards the noon hour.

"Oh, here's to old Preston, a jolly fine town,
We've come from Toronto our sorrows to drown,
And so we'll try drowning them after we sing,
By quaffing a cup of your famous old spring.
Vive la compagnie."

The Glee Club has been peculiarly happy in the selection of artists for the trip. The enthusiastic applause tendered to Miss Florence Mulloy, the violinist of the occasion, testified to the excellence and skill of her performance. Miss Elspeth McDonald and Miss Walters, of Toronto, delighted the houses with well chosen and well rendered readings, also must credit is due to Miss Edna Mulloy, who assisted at the piano. That the work of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, whose reputation as tenor soloist and conductor exists throughout Canada, was appreciated, could perhaps best be seen by the crowded houses and great applause greeting his every appearance, both in the capacity of conductor of the chorus as well as in solo work. The Glee Club assumed the responsibility, both musical and homiletical, of the Sunday services, Mr. J. O. Totten, our capable business manager, officiating in the pulpit in the morning, while Mr. S. H. Soper delivered a stirring missionary appeal at the evening service.

On the trip north, some little anxiety was caused by the ap-

pearance of an epidemic of "punning" on the part of several. That infallible panacea for all such ailment, however, the cold water cure, again proved its efficiency and the symptoms of trouble disappeared and affairs returned to the normal state of gaiety which usually prevails on such annual occasions.

—C. E. L., '11.

*

The farewell reception of the graduating class was given in Alumni Hall on the evening of February 24th. A thoroughly enjoyable programme, rendered in the chapel, was the principal feature of the evening. The opening address, delivered by the Chancellor, was followed by the recital of the Class History, which proved to be a description of the most remarkable group of sages and prodigies ever gathered together since the "Fall." The Senior and Athletic Sticks were then presented, the former to Miss Cowan and W. Moorhouse, the latter to F. Livingstone, through A. E. McCulloch. Valedictory poems, a quartette, and the usual Prophecy followed, and met with great acceptance, after which promenades occupied the remainder of the evening.

*

Dignity was left behind on Monday night, February 14th, when the Juniors went to Eglinton. Perhaps there wasn't room for that cold guest, after the fifty merry members of the class of '11 were packed into the two sleighs. At least, the happiest time imaginable was spent, thanks to the kindness of our hosts at Eglinton, the work of the President, the Vice-President, a willing Committee, and the good spirits of all

*

The Sophomores, also taking advantage of the fine weather, sped one evening to the modest village of Islington. After locating the "Methody Meeting House," this famous company, seventy strong, presented a thrilling programme. "The occasion was particularly interesting and magnetic," said a sturdy, athletic junior who can speak with authority.

*

The Freshettes resolved to be up-to-date, and as their attempt to rouse the sporting ambitions of the freshmen had come to naught, they resolved to have a sleigh-ride all to themselves. The yells were given in good soprano, and 'tis said they lunched on the "Milky Way"—Poor Freshies.

Dr. Wallace (calling the roll at 8 a.m.)—"Mr. Corcoran?"
(No response). "Does anyone know where Mr. Corcoran is?"

A voice—"He's taking treatment for his eyes in the mornings, doctor."

*

Dr. Bell (enquiring in 3rd year Latin class as to the meaning of the word "examina"—a swarm of bees)—"Is this the same *examina* as you meet in the spring, Mr. Th—son?"

Th—p—on—"Well, I guess you might be stung by either."

*

R—ch—d—n, '11 (after Whitby Conversat)—"Well, fellows, I didn't make very much progress this time, but I tell you I'm coming again next year."

*

Mc N—N, '11—"What inn did you stay in, at Land's End?"

Dr. Cook (Barlow)—"The outside inn."

*

Ir—n, C.T.—"You say you travelled 15 miles an hour; that's faster than I can travel by the G.T.R."

Barlow, '10—"Yes, but I went by the I.C.E."

*

Professor in Latin class (a great noise in the hall)—"Are they having a fancy drill out in the hall, Mr. Gr—h—am?"

Gr—h—am, '12—"No, sir, the first year English class has just been let out."

*

Miss Hewitt, '11 (describing her western trip)—"I didn't care for the prairie at first, but somehow it *grew* on me."

(Is Miss Hewitt's insinuation against the western water supply kind?)

*

Miss F—dl—y, '12—"In my first year, when we came up from South Hall, I used to feel like an oasis in the desert."

(In the old public school days "an oasis was a green spot in the desert." Possibly the definition has changed.)

*

Prof. McLaughlin—"According to the real meaning of the word, the important man is one who carries something."

C—ss—re, '10—"That settles it for me. I carry a star this year."

Miss D—f—e, '11—"No meat for me, thank you, I have decided to become a vegetarian."

Sophette—"How is that?"

Miss D—f—e—"Well, look at history. Joanne of Arc died from too much 'hot steak,' and Mary Stuart from too much 'cold chop.'"

Bentley, '13—"You know Cox spent seven years in high school. That's why he knows everything."

*

Mr. Sherlock (in Simple Simon's pie episode)—"No, no, that won't do. Some of you fellows bite on that word 'pie' too soon."

*

Dundurn Park, Hamilton—Weary Passenger—"I think we've done durn well to get here so soon, don't you?"

*

Leece, B.D.—"Is it true that Jewish rabbis didn't begin their duties till the age of 30?"

St—ph—n, '10—"There we go again! We're hearing enough about *rabies* just now."

*

Sophomore (to freshman in furniture store)—"Hello, there setting up house-keeping?"

Freshman—"Oh, no—just buying a crib for my Horace."—*Manitoba Journal.*

*

R—b—s—n, '11 (after listening attentively to a recitation: "Wanted—a minister's wife")—"Man wants but little here below, but he wants that little mighty hard."

*

Here followeth a speech of D—s—n, C.T., which was delivered as a prelude to the performance of the Glee Club at Preston:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I had a dream the other night. I dreamed I was in Heaven listening to the angelic choir. On my right were millions and millions of sopranos; next them, were millions and millions of altos; toward the left were millions and millions of tenors, and on the extreme left stood John M—rr—s. The conductor stopped them in the middle of the first selection and requested the bass not to sing so loud.

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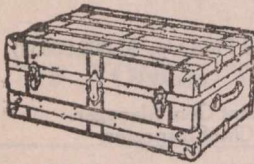
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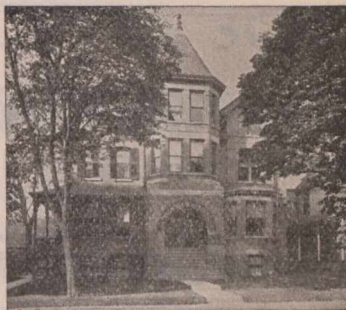
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TEACHING DAYS FOR 1909

High Schools and Collegiate Institutes and Public and Separate Schools in cities, towns and incorporated villages have the following number of teaching days in 1909:—

DATES OF OPENING AND CLOSING.

Open.....	4th January	Close.....	8th April
Re-open.....	19th April	Close.....	29th June
Re-open Public Schools.....	1st September	Close.....	22nd December
Re-open H. S. and C. I.....	7th September		

January.....	20	April.....	16	July.....		October.....	21
February.....	20	May.....	20	August.....		November.....	22
March.....	23	June.....	21	September (H.S. and C.I.18).....	21	December.....	16
			120			Public Schools.....	80
						H. S. and C. I.....	77
						Total for H. S. and C. I.....	197
						Total for Public Schools.....	200

Rural Public and Separate Schools have the following number of teaching days in 1909:—

DATES OF OPENING AND CLOSING.

Open.....	4th January	Close.....	8th April
Re-open.....	19th April	Close.....	29th June
Re-open.....	16th August	Close.....	22nd December

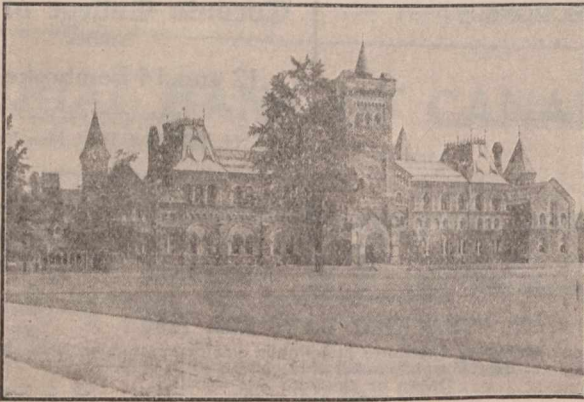
January.....	20	April.....	16	July.....		October.....	21
February.....	20	May.....	20	August.....	12	November.....	22
March.....	23	June.....	21	September.....	21	December.....	16
	63		57		33		59
						Total.....	212

NOTE.—Christmas and New Year's holidays (23rd December, 1909, to 2nd January, 1910, inclusive), Easter holidays (9th April to 18th April, inclusive); Midsummer holidays (for High Schools and Collegiate Institutes from 30th June to 6th September inclusive, and Public Schools in cities, towns and incorporated villages, from 30th June to 31st August, inclusive); Rural Schools, 30th June to 15th August inclusive); all Saturdays and Local Municipal holidays, Dominion or Provincial Public Fast or Thanksgiving Days, Labour Day [1st Monday (6th) of Sept.] and Victoria Day, (the anniversary of Queen Victoria's Birthday (Monday, 24th May), are holidays in the High, Public and Separate Schools, and no other days can be deducted from the proper divisor. The above-named holidays are taken into account in this statement, so far as they apply to 1909, except any Public Fast or Thanksgiving Day, or Local Municipal holiday Arbor Day, Empire Day—no holiday.

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