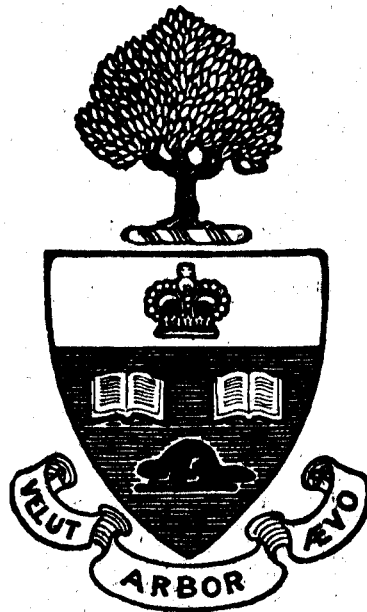




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EDUCATION IN ANCIENT BABYLONIA

ROSS G. MURISON, M.A., B.D., Ph.D.

TO the commercial spirit the civilization of the world owes a very great deal. Common honesty in truth telling, and the growth of the democratic idea are ascribed to it, and for the latter one may compare the growth of socialism in commercial Germany with the doctrines held by the military emperor. Certainly the equality and freedom of woman, and enthusiasm for popular education are both the offspring of thorough-going commercialism.

In a land where there is no spirit of commerce, or where it is but feebly developed, if the nation be not altogether given over to militarism, there may be from time to time schools, which make a study of great themes, and evolve important doctrines. These, however, while they immeasurably enrich the intellectual life of the world, do little or nothing for the cause of popular education or help to bring its blessings within the reach of the multitude, and thus give them an opportunity for betterment. In fact such schools have generally looked down upon the vulgar herd, frequently even regarding the lower classes as belonging to a distinct and inferior order. Amongst a people thoroughly commercial, the good things of life become more widely disseminated, or at least come within the compass of a greater number. Still, I must not be understood as holding up the commercial life as the ideal one for a people. It has its limitations, and its own inherent evils, neither minor nor few, which must always be held in check by other powers. These checks the very education which commerce sought to make her handmaid, in large measure supplies. It must also always be remembered that the greatest thoughts of man have not come to the birth in the midst of the hustle and bustle of commerce, but rather as far removed from it as possible.

But if popular education be a result of commercialism the latter is itself the product of certain conditions. If the causes be from within, one of them may be a national attitude, but the most important certainly is a country not too lavish to her children. This condition Babylonia supplied. Naturally unproductive, being given up to marsh and desert, it was only by strenuous and persistent labor in digging canals and building dykes that the land was made fertile. To keep it so was a severe struggle. Private letters of the 22nd century B.C. show how hard the lot of the farmer was. Because of this struggle for existence the "man with the hoe" very early began to try to add to his income by the easier method of trade. With this began the career of Babylonia as a commercial nation, and therewith began our civilization.

But in commerce training is of paramount importance, and this training is in a large measure supplied by the ability to read and write, and the mental training involved. A man with an education can "make his way in the world" is almost an axiom among money making people, so in Babylonia learning was held in very high esteem, and in time a system was developed by which all the children of the higher and middle classes received at least a "good common school education." Among the upper classes illiteracy seems to have been rare, and it is most probable that the lower classes and slaves shared very largely in the blessings of the schools.

The beginnings of education in the Euphrates Valley are lost in antiquity. Already in the time of Sargon (3800 B.C.) there are traces of a postal system between certain of the cities; at Tello, De Sarzec found a library of about 32,000 tablets, all in order as they had been catalogued and shelved probably somewhere about 2700 B.C.; in the time of Hammurabi (2250 B.C.) there is a postal system in full operation and by means of it great numbers of letters, public and private, on matters of business or friendship, are continually passing up and down the land; in the fourteenth century B.C., the time of the Tel-el-Amarna letters, we see the system extended to Western Asia, and letters in the Babylonian style and generally in the Babylonian language, passing freely and in considerable numbers between Babylonia, Syria and Egypt. All these evidences, not only that there were people able to read and to write, but that this privilege was enjoyed by great numbers in the community.

The children were sent young to school. The day began early, as we learn from a copy-book headline which says "He who would excel in the school of the scribes must rise like the dawn." The process of education was doubtless much assisted by the frequent application of corporal punishment. The Egyptians had a proverb, "The ears of a boy are on his back," and we may be certain that Babylonians held the same doctrine, or should we rather say, heresy. Women being in business the equals of men, they required education as well as the boys. The signatures of women occur frequently on business tablets, showing that the fact of being a woman did not necessitate illiteracy. There are also many letters from women and to women. One of the Tel-el-Amarna letters is from a woman, presumably written by herself, to King Akhenaten of Egypt. Whether there was co-education we cannot say. Assurbanipal tells that in school he was taught marksmanship and other athletic exercises besides the ordinary subjects. But

what was considered essential in Assyria, and for the Crown Prince, was not necessarily essential for ordinary education in Babylonia. The main subjects here were reading and writing. To learn these was no light matter, as in spite of its wonderful progress along all lines, Babylonia never attained to an alphabet. Other nations of far inferior civilization but possibly because not hampered by tradition, on coming in contact with the Babylonian writing, would develop it very speedily into an alphabetic system. This the Persians did, and our own letter signs, which are from the old Phœnician, came very likely from the Euphrates Valley through the Aramaean.

As among all peoples who develop their own system of writing, the Babylonians at first used pictures to express their meaning. But as culture increased the ideogram, or word sign, became inadequate to represent new ideas. In a very few cases the cumbersome method of sign building followed yet by the Chinese was employed, but this was too confusing. Very soon certain signs began to take on a syllabic value in addition to their ideographic. Thus the sign for hand, *qalu*, came to also represent the syllable *qat*. Why they never took the final step from the phonetic, or syllabic spelling, to the alphabetic is not very clear. Probably as this system of writing became embalmed in an extensive literature there was a strong conservative tendency averse to change, such as there is amongst us in regard to any reform of English spelling. During the later period of the history of Babylonia great numbers of the people were acquainted with Aramaic, and used its alphabetic system freely in the foreign tongue, but there is not the least evidence of any attempt to change the home ways.

The pictures were very early found too clumsy, and they were reduced to conventional system, of which the wedge sign was the unit. Each sign was now a wedge, or a combination of wedges, hence the name cuneiform. A sign could have various meanings as an ideogram, and the majority of syllabic signs had more than one value; thus one combination of six wedges could mean either of two words, or any one of six syllables. All this made it pretty hard for the children.

Efforts were made to reduce the labor of learning. The signs were classified and arranged according to the number and position of the separate wedges of which they consisted._vocabularies were drawn up giving both the ideographic form and the phonetic spelling of words, and their synonyms. The reading books were made up of selections from their standard authors; and there were also commentaries upon the works of ancient writers, in which difficult or obsolete terms were explained. I scarcely need to say that these are all found of assistance by the modern student of this ancient language.

The pupils were trained in writing, first from copies set for them. The material used was a clay tablet and a stylus. The master wrote a line at the top, generally some approved and well-worn maxim, and this the pupil copied to the best of his ability. A number of partially completed copy-books have been found, showing the "copper-plate" style of the master and the attempts of his pupils. As he made progress, the scholar was made to write exercises of more length, sometimes from copies, sometimes from memory or dictation. In this way he was taught both to write and to spell, and at the same time received instruction in the subject of which his exercise treated, and had impressed upon his memory history, geography and astronomy, or extracts from the poets and prose writers of the past.

The teaching must have been very thorough, as poor spelling is said to very rarely occur, even in the private letters. Writing was regarded with great veneration, and it was believed that one would win favor from heaven by copying some of the classics, and presenting the book to a library. An inscription on a tablet containing a portion of the "Creation Epic" (known by them, from its first words as "When Above"), states that it was copied and laid up in the library of Borsippa for the good of the writer's soul. The writer styles himself the son of an irrigator, and would thus belong to one of the lowest classes. It would therefore seem that if the son of a common ditcher could get an education, the privilege was open to all classes. Slaves also, as the business documents show, were very frequently educated. Boys going to learn a trade were indentured.

Assyria was a military nation rather than a commercial one, hence education was less highly regarded. It was here confined mainly to the upper classes and the professional scribes or secretaries. Illiteracy was quite common, as is testified by the frequency with which the thumb mark is put to contract tablets, the name being written by a scribe.

As example of private letters dating from 2000 B.C. I shall quote two. The first is from a son to his father. The younger man is probably an official who has been sent to some out-of-the-way place on business: "To my father, thus says Zimri-eram: May the gods Shamash and Marduk grant thee everlasting life. May your health be good. I write to ask you how you are; send me back news of your health. I am at present at Dur-Sin, on the canal of Bit-Sikir. In the place where I am living there is nothing to be had for food. So I am sealing up and sending you three-quarters of a shekel of silver, for which send me some good fish and other provisions for me to eat."

The second is from a lover to his lass, and manifests his impatience to see her again. "To the lady Kasbaya, thus says Gimil-Marduk. May Shamash and Marduk grant you everlasting life for my sake. I am writing to enquire after your health, please send me word of it. I am living at Babylon, but have not seen you, which troubles me greatly. Send me news of your coming to me that I may be happy. May you live for ever for my sake."

But ability to read and write their own language did not complete the education of a cultured Babylonian. There was in existence a peculiar language known among moderns as Sumerian, which some think was the language of a people inhabiting the Euphrates Valley before the historic Semitic Babylonians took possession of it, but which others regard as a manufactured hieratic language. Whatever its origin this language had to be learned by at least all who would qualify for priests. The youth learned Sumerian much as our own youth do a foreign language to-day, exercises of translation being much employed. From the specimens of these exercises that have come down to us, one would gather that the learning of a foreign language came no more by nature then than now. From about the eighth century the Aramaeans became the great inland commercial travellers, acting as the intermediaries between the nations. Aramaic thus became the accepted language of diplomacy and trade, and had therefore to be added to the curriculum of merchants and officers.

Their linguistic studies developed a taste for philology and the scholars frequently busy themselves about the derivation of words, both home and foreign. The people were distinguished by a keen historical sense, being in

true. Oh, I must go! Do go or I'll cry right now! This in striking contrast to the Egyptians. History was much studied, and with it geography. Law and theology both played an important part in the nation, and there must have been some important theological colleges. Science received much attention, although it generally took the form of magic and portents, yet being the search for cause and effect, it frequently led to real results. Especially was this the case in astronomy.

In latter times the school developed into a university; and we learn from Strabo that there was a very celebrated university at Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon.

LEAP YEAR IN THE HOSPITAL.

They neither of them ever intended to become sentimental. He was dispenser in the Victoria Hospital and she was nurse in the out-door department. He was serious and eager as to his work, while she was quiet, demure and unceasingly busy. All the warm spring afternoon he made up the mixtures and powders and salves for the poor folk who came to the clinic, and she, in her little room, did dressings to no end. She rolled her bandages and bound up the burns and cuts, while he made gallons of solutions for the surgical wards or turned out batches of tonic emulsion for the strumous babies. Then when the last of the patients had gone away and she was left to dust her shelves and dry her instruments he would begin to wash his mortars and graduates and clean his scales and dispensing counter. Pretty soon she would come out with a bottle to be filled and would probably wait for it. Then he would work a little longer and take out his keys to lock up the dispensary, but would first go over to ask if there were not anything he might do for her before he went away. Sometimes there was and sometimes there was not, but as day after day passed they grew to be very good friends, indeed, and this little formality would open the way for conversation which generally bore upon their work. Once in a while they would indulge in gossip and she would tell about the student who always seemed so ready to assist her. He was a fourth year man and his hair was red. Did he know his name? He was evidently in search of experience and so she was allowing him to bandage up a certain sore foot that she did not care to handle herself.

Then, too, she began to bring the difficulties in her lectures to him for solution, and he would tell her all he knew about materia medica or would explain minims and drops or how many grains in a quart made one in a thousand of an antiseptic, and so she came to trust him perfectly, and he came to believe that she was a very exceptional young lady. She did have pretty eyes. They were brown and had a laugh away down deep in them. She was not too tall, and he fancied small women. She seemed to have brains, too, even if she did not grasp all the meaning of the crossed pyramidal tract so often mentioned in her notes on physiology. Why should a woman know such things any way? Were it not better a hundred times if she could recognize his quotations from the poets and appreciate their aptness? Then her fingers were capable looking. She turned her bandages deftly enough, but it was a sight worth seeing when she wiped a basin or polished a measuring glass.

She never guessed what was passing through his mind as he leaned against the doorway and watched her. But then neither of them had any idea of becoming sentimental and he put his feeling of satisfaction down to the

pleasure he took in observing the natural tendencies of the woman through the artificial training of the nurse.

But then she began to have feelings of gratitude towards him. He was so helpful and never made one feel small in asking for an explanation. It was all easy to him—little did she know of the bluffs he made—and yet he was always so patient with her. She wished that the annual At-home had not passed before his coming, and she pouted because she would be graduated before another one would come, and so some one else would probably send his invitation. She wished he would ask permission to call. She saw herself introducing him to her room mate, and then having her sister ask him to her own house some evening when she had late leave. All this by way of being grateful, of course. He was so kind and his moustache had such a poetic droop.

The next day there was a little constraint between them. He left early, and she had to write a letter when the other girls asked her to go out in the park. Then he dropped a bottle when she spoke to him the day after, and she blushed and forgot what she came for. He never suspected then, but he pulled himself together, and for a week made a great attempt at ease in his conversation about the doctors and the red-headed student, the weather and the like. She, too, regained her composure sufficiently to attempt the expressing of doubt when he described a lonely walk the evening before. He was quite stiff in his manner as he assured her that he never went walking with young ladies. They distracted his thoughts.

Then it happened that he expressed great admiration for his predecessor, who had recently graduated in medicine. She agreed. Did he know his fiancee? His what? Surely Dwyer had not become engaged. He could never have taken the time for the falling in love.

"Oh, but he did, though. She was a nurse here, you know. She was on this duty for ever so long. Longer than anyone has ever been since. He used to be there in the dispensary and—that was how it happened."

"But—surely Dwyer never did such a thing! Why he was always so full of his work. He wouldn't look at a girl."

"No; of course not. You see he had his mind made up and—oh, she's lovely!"

"She must have been to catch Dwyer."

"Now, he wasn't 'caught.' I think that's horrid."

"Well, maybe it is, but to think of Dwyer's being engaged."

"Yes, and when you came we were all talking about you, you know; and Miss James said that you were ever so nice, and then when I was sent to relieve her here I said—"

"Miss James said—?"

"Yes; and I said that I wondered what luck I would have with the new dispenser, and—"

"Oh, wait! W—what do you mean? This is—really Miss Addison this is at least extraordinary."

"Well, I couldn't help it, and they were all saying—oh, don't look like that. I didn't mean it."

"I wish you did, but you know that the end of April is no time for a student to think of such things. Exams are next week and—well, I had to borrow enough money to see me through. If you want to win a student the fall is the best time. He has money and leisure then."

"Yes, I know; but I can't wait until fall, and besides, it's in the spring a young man's fancy turns, you know where. Oh, go away. I never meant it, really! It was all in a joke and you know I couldn't say it if it were

Some one may come! I—I—well, if you like, but you know I didn't intend to say it, for I knew you would yourself some time, and now I'm sorry I didn't wait. Oh, Mister—"

A nurse with a towel in one hand and a half-dry scalpel in the other might appear dangerous to some people, but he trusted her very fully. If the blade had been directed against his heart he would have been accessory to his own death, for, as it was, he held the whole combination in a very decided embrace.

"All right, dear. I'll go and tell your mo'her to-night. Call me 'Bob,' I like it better than Mister and—what is your first name?"

D. I. A.

THE HOME OF CARLYLE.

I went to Ecclefechan and worshipped at the shrine of the great Carlyle. I found a village clachan, where the "bodies" still foregathered on Saturday night, and where the goodwives still made brose and oatmeal cakes. The village lay in a valley between the famous Birrenswark and the Woodcock Air, and down the middle of the village street ran a babbling burn. Here on the west side of the street was the shrine, the arched house in which the great man was born. One could stand in the room where the great miracle had taken place. Nearby at the end of the loaning was the small stone barn where the Carlyles next lived, and the outhouse where Thomas Carlyle used to sleep with the cattle. The stone wall was still there on which he used to sit as he supped his evening brose. The ruined fireplace was there by which he doubtless used to learn his lessons.

It was pure delight to wander over the country-side and pick from the lips of the old men stories of the "Cairles" (Carlyles). "Oh, ay," said an old catter, "he minded them fine; they were a dour, strechtforrit folk. He himsel' had worked out in the fields with Jeem; Carlyle."

The old father, a latter-day Covenanter, is still remembered in the district. He was a kindly, stern man, peacable in his way, but capable of just and terrible anger. He was a mason, but when seamping came into the trade he quitted his mason's work and went into farming, for conscience sake. I have seen somewhere that Carlyle based his style very much on the way his father used to speak.

Of the mother all readers of Carlyle's life know. It is well known that she practically held the hands and tamed the heart of her wild son when he meditated an attack on modern Christianity. Carlyle used to go back every year to Scotsbrig and spend a week with her. An almost pathetic fact is that when on the borders of old age she actually learned to write in order to correspond with Thomas when at college.

There were three sons. John, the eldest, became a doctor, and made a notable translation of Dante; but otherwise he was rather ordinary, and lacked backbone. Thomas corresponded with him considerably, and did not spare to give him advice.

Thomas came second, and then James. James, according to my informant who had worked out in the fields with him, was "wild, fecht, and whiles drucken." Often was the Saturday night when he came home with a sad tale of the gig having "coupit ower." Once on a bitter autumn day he and his son had occasion to drive to Kirtlebridge. At Kirtlebridge they visited the inn, and had a dram. It was getting late when they set off home, and they had not gone far when they began to quarrel. They stopped the horse, got out, and fought it out in an

adjacent field. The son knocked his father down, and then incontinently got into the gig and drove home. How the father got home, the legend does not say.

On the other hand, James possessed many of his famous brother's best qualities. Sham was as much a red rag to him as to Thomas. He doubtless tried to live a good life, according to his possible; he was a steady worker and good farmer, practising what his brother preached, and he thoroughly detested laziness or slipshodness in himself and others.

"Come in by, man," he once said to a mason who had been doing some work for him—rather poorly, James thought; "come in by, man, an' I'll pay ye for yer glaurin'—and gin I ever tell ye to come again, doan't ye come."

Another time he had some men in to help him with the harvesting, and things had not gone to his satisfaction. He paid the men in grim silence; but when he saw them idly loitering about, his anger flared out, and he cried, "Slant the bogs, noo, and bame wi' ye!"

This style of language, forceful and imaginative (cf. the uses of the words "glaurin'" and "slant the bogs"), makes one think that if he had had his opportunities, he might have been as great a writer as his brother.

Nor are stories about Thomas Carlyle himself lacking. There is one, possibly apocryphal, which illustrates excellently his admiration for the book of Job. When on one of his annual visits to Ecclefechan he was approached by one of the village fathers and asked to conduct the evening prayers of the family. He at first demurred, but afterwards consented. At the appointed hour he turned up. Without a word, he took down the calfskin Bible, opened it at Job 1, and, starting at the beginning, read right through to the end of the entire book. Great was the discomfiture of the village father and all his family; and it is recorded that Carlyle was afterward discovered sitting on the edge of his bed chuckling with unholy glee.

One of the most illuminating anecdotes ever told of a great man was told me by a gentleman who was native of Ecclefechan, but who is now a man of note. When a boy he once had occasion to run a message out to the farm of Grahame of Birrenswark, and when he got there he found Grahame and Thomas Carlyle sitting by the ingleside smoking their long churchwardens. He was introduced to Carlyle as a promising scholar in the village school. Carlyle took him by the hand. "Aye," he said, "I'm gled to hear ye're a guid scholar; an' I hope ye'll be a guid man, too—that's mair."

The same gentleman told me of a recollection he had of Carlyle crossing the track at Ecclefechan in a shower of rain, and in no good humor. A long greatcoat covered him from his neck to beneath his knees. A slouch hat hung around his head as if he had slept on it. Two burning eyes looked out from under the brim, and all the rest was grizzled beard and moustache. This was the dyspeptic.

Carlyle's motto was "Humilitate," and one cannot stand in the birthplace room in the arched house without conceiving its appropriateness. There is his quill pen, his tobacco-cutter, a sixpenny paper-rack, a plain bookcase, the big straw wideawake he wore, such as the harvesters wear in the fields. Up till his death he had his trousers made of Ecclefechan homespun by the Ecclefechan tailor. In London are exhibited several books of his that were bound by the shoemaker in Annan. And yet this was a man honored by Germanic orders of merit, wreaths from Emperors, by the friendship of the great Goethe, and by the offers of baronetcies and pensions and honors. In the birthroom is a note from Bismarck:

"Empfangen Sie mit meinem herzlichem Glückwunsch die Versicherung meiner aufrichtigen Hochachtung.

"Bismarek."

Right through his life he was honorably loyal to his own home and his own people. "For the teaching of the moorland farm, the ethic of the Sabbath nights lit by a single candle, and sanctified by the chanted psalm and the open Book, possessed him. It was the domination of the Puritan base."

His grave is in the Ecclefechan burial ground among the peasant folk from whom he sprang, and his gravestone is a plain, severe slab of red Dumfries sandstone. "For," said he, "no marble or granite put up to my head."

W. S. W.

THE UNIVERSITY LAND GRANTS.

During the whole of our association with the splendid buildings which constitute the University of Toronto, although we may fully realize and appreciate their magnificence, we seldom, if ever, stop to consider definitely whence came the funds necessary to construct them. Those who have acquainted themselves with the milder regions of Ontario, or even of the Dominion, will appreciate the contrast that our University buildings form to these milder regions. A freshman as he enters our rotunda and halls for the first time, will, in his awe and admiration, be struck with the stupendous and admirable work of art that is contained therein, and even after years of intimate acquaintance we realize what splendid surroundings we possess, in which to conduct our studies. But let us consider when came the finances necessary for these structures.

Very soon after the conquest of Canada by Great Britain, and as soon as the surveys of the land for the settlers began to be made in Upper Canada, an order in council was passed, setting apart every seventh acre of the land to be surveyed, for the University of Toronto and Upper Canada College. Since the surveys up to this date were only made along the front or bordering upon the waters of Lakes Erie, Huron, Ontario and River St. Lawrence, we consequently find that only such lots contributed to the University fund. Gradually, as in the case of the clergy reserves, instead of setting apart every seventh part of a settler's farm for University purposes, these sevenths were commuted, and the portions of the then surveyed lands were granted to the University in a solid lot. It is needless to say that this was a more satisfactory method of allotting the land than that a settler should find every seventh acre of his farm possessed by the University of Toronto. As the settlement of the lands proceeded, the lots then covered with the virgin forest, but which ultimately made farms, by virtue of the lumberman's toil and the settler's untiring diligence, were conveyed entire, and every seventh lot or farm was supposed to be kept for the University.

It is very true that they were not always kept, and the business of choosing the University lots seems to have been somewhat haphazard and by no means conforming to any law of regularity or to any well defined rule. Certain lots were kept, while others, almost immediately after being granted, were sold by the University, through its bursar, over the great seal.

The dealings of the University with the settler were manifestly fair, and even when the University was in need of funds to erect the college buildings, it did not press the settlers upon their lots. There are, indeed, very few instances in which the University dealt sternly with the settler.

The University lands which were set apart soon began to command purchasers, being mainly along the waters of Lake Ontario. In the earliest deeds to the University all white pine trees are reserved by the Crown, as well as the gold and silver, but in the deeds of 1866 there were no reservations in the University deeds. This may, in part, explain why the lands of the University commanded purchasers so readily.

We must emphasize the fact that our University buildings were built and equipped without demanding from anybody. Lands in those days were abundant, and no one suffered from the grants or because of the "University lots," as they have invariably been termed. At that time the lands granted to the University were practically worth nothing. But it is fortunate that these allotments were granted because, on account of the increase in the value of lands in our Dominion, the University lands have grown to be worth vast amounts, and now, in consequence of this turn of fortune, we possess an Alma Mater of which we are proud, and which we are happy to know was built by the prosperity of our Dominion. Consequently, through this and the generosity of the Crown, a University has been founded which is of infinite value to every Canadian who wishes to avail himself of the opportunities therein contained.

G. D. Conant, '05.

A VALENTINE.

Anonymous verse is not to be tolerated at all, but when it takes the form of a valentine and is sent to a member of the Editorial Board with a rose all dry and dead and wrapped in cotton wool it is different. Then, too, the writing was so thoroughly disguised. The long letters were so curly at their ends and the forget-me-nots on the corners of the dainty pages so delicately drawn with a fine pen that the lines themselves must be put in print. It is a shame that a signature cannot be appended, but there is none, and so the "challenge" must wait until the owner of the gage is known:

This rose I send is like thy heart,
All withered,
And dry and dead;
If thou couldst to this bud impart
Some living force to make it start
And bloom again all rosy red,
And in the air sweet perfume shed;

Then could I in thy heart the glow
Of youth long-vanished re-awaken:
'Tis strange so many decades' flow
Should leave thy youthful looks unshaken.
Return the rose to let me know
If I may count the challenge taken.

NOTICES

All matter for this department must be handed in, signed, before Monday at 9 a. m.

The regular meeting of the Medical Society will be held on Friday evening, Feb. 19th. A good programme has been provided, in which the principal number is an address by Professor Fotheringham.

The annual open meeting of the Natural Science Association will be held in the Biological Building on Wednesday evening, February 17th. Two good speakers have been procured, and a good programme is assured.

THE VARSITY,

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M. H. V. Cameron, Editor-in-Chief.

T. B. McQUESTEN, Business Manager.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17th, 1904

ANONYMOUS writers are nuisances. At least such is the opinion of THE VARSITY. If the editor cannot be trusted to keep a confidence as to a contributor's identity, he should not be asked to publish correspondence signed with a pseudonym. If there are reasons for withholding a signature, no one will insist upon its appearing in print, but no magazine can assume responsibility for matter coming from no one knows where and expressing sentiments which may or may not be in accord with those of the Editorial Board. The same may be said of other contributions, such as have been sent in from time to time by a poet, who tells us that his work "though not great, is good." This verse should be given to the world, but its author prefers to remain incognito for the reason given in his last letter: "There is a fascination in mystery that draws attention." This is a very pleasing conceit, but it scarcely warrants the use of our columns to effect its purpose.

APOLICY is a necessity to a journal which in any degree professes to influence the thought of its readers. That this policy should be definite, sound and fairly permanent, goes without saying. THE VARSITY is liable to have a new policy twice a year. This is because it emanates from the editor-in-chief, to whose care this and certain other matters are entrusted, for a period of three months, when his successor takes office. There is no guarantee that any two men will see eye to eye on a given set of problems, and though both may be animated entirely by the best good of the University, their opinions as to that good may be quite opposed to one another. In such a case a compromise may be arrived at if consultation takes place early enough. If not, then one of the two must, in honor, avoid certain topics of discussion rather than combat a position taken by his predecessor. This is more prophetic than actual, but still it has a point. The mention of it now is with a view to causing the various electing bodies to give a little thought to the matter in selecting the members of the Editorial Board for another year. A man should really have had some experience in such work before attempting the editing of

THE VARSITY. He should have done a little work in a subordinate position before he undertakes the guidance of the committee and the framing of its policy.

* * *

THE Undergraduates' Union is an organization of students. Its Executive Committee includes representatives from each of the faculties, and from each of the federated colleges. Its work is entirely among and for the students, and it receives no subsidy from the funds of the University. That it is not the factor in the undergraduate life of the University that one might expect from a study of its charter, must be admitted; that it is accomplishing so much in the face of so many disadvantages is a matter upon which to congratulate the Executive. The rooms of the Union furnish a common meeting ground for the students generally. The privileges of the members are many, and the occasional enjoyment of these is not denied to those who are not members. The fee may be the barrier to a larger membership, but the limited membership explains the increase in the fee. There is no organization more worthy of a liberal support by the students of all faculties. No other club or society is doing so much to advance the University spirit so often bewailed. The purchase of THE VARSITY is a concrete example of what it has been attempting in the last few years along these lines. It might have proved a more profitable investment if it had been more extensively used to advertise the Union. Instead of thus bringing Pegassus down to draw a plow, the editors have been left unhampered in their efforts to publish a University magazine. These efforts, as well as the success of the Union, depend entirely upon the support given to both by the student body at large.

* * *

SOME time ago we read of a youth who wrote an essay that came in for certain criticisms at the hands of a professor—unkind and cruel, he termed it. His freshmen year was spoiled by this reception of his literary effort, and such as he were forever discouraged from offering anything original to a college journal. Let us tell of another youth whose composition deserved and received just such caustic treatment. He wrote a wonderful tale, including a description of autumn. One sentence was particularly well pleasing to himself, but it was framed in blue by the examiner. It ran like this. "Now has summer passed away, garlanded in epitaphs." It was too bad, surely, to clip the flight of a genius thus high soaring, but it had to be done. In this case, however, the student had the gumption to settle down to work and to improve his style. He had the gift of expression, and it was not long before he could use simple English with a fair degree of accuracy. His metaphors were not hopeless jumbles of earth, air, fire and water, but pictures with some meaning in them. His speeches became more matter of fact, but he won more points in debate and his audiences waited until he had finished before leaving the hall. He won a few essay prizes in time, and now preaches very fair sermons. There is nothing dreadful about an honest criticism, unless a man is so hopelessly conceited as to imagine his work to be above criticism. So long as it be just and with-

out venom in it, criticism should be welcomed by a young writer. Critics might be kinder, perhaps, at times. For instance, our poets were rather severely scored the other day in a class-room from which no poetry ever comes our way. It would be more helpful if assistance were offered the editor in securing a more liberal supply of a better quality.

THE COLLEGE GIRL

MISS J. A. NIELSON, Superintending Editress



The Woman's Lit. met Saturday evening at the usual hour in the Gymnasium. The feature of the meeting was a very interesting address by Mrs. Nicholson Cutter. Although the attendance was somewhat smaller than usual, we are pleased to say that it was a most appreciative audience, who listened to Mrs. Cutter's encouraging and inspiring words.

The main thought of the address was that we should not do anything that would not in some way elevate our thoughts, broaden our ideals and develop character. She spoke of our duties in life; the duty we owe ourselves, our fellows, and God. The subject was taken up in a very broad, general way, but throughout the whole could easily be detected the whole-souled enthusiasm and earnestness of the speaker.

Mrs. Cutter is a woman of high ideals and great intensity of purpose. Her address of Saturday evening was specially suited to college women, who, as college women, are expected to think more deeply and intelligently than their less fortunate sisters. May the old halls of our Alma Mater oft resound with expressions of such lofty ideals as we listened to on Saturday evening!

It is to be regretted that more of the girls were not able to hear Mrs. Cutter, but it is also hoped that at an early date we may again have the privilege of listening to this fluent and earnest speaker.

The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem, after which the remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse and dancing.

The Inter-collegiate meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Monday night, and took the place of the regular Tuesday meeting. Mr. Fasken, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, gave a most interesting address on "Usefulness." He took the text from Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter 2: 14. Mr. Fasken's interpretation of the text was that the Christian is led captive to Christ, like the captives in the old Roman triumphs, but as it was their shame to disperse incense in honor of their conquerors, so it is the Christian's glory to disperse the fragrance of the Christian graces of patience and long-suffering.

The regular meeting of the Missionary Study Class had to be postponed last Thursday owing to a sad accident which befell the leader for that afternoon. She became immersed in an English essay and forgot to lock at the clock until after the time when the students of missionary enterprise had gone home in disappointment.

MR. YEATS' LECTURE.

On Saturday Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, lectured in the Chemical Building on the Celtic Revival. He is, if anyone is, the man on whom the mantle of the ancient Irish bard has fallen; and perhaps no one could have spoken on the subject with more authority.

Mr. Yeats is a young man, with a dreamy and dramatic manner, with atherial smile, and a voice that falls in cadences. He introduced himself as a man of conviction. He had come to Canada to tell the people there of these convictions. That was not easy, because Canadians could hardly appreciate the condition of things in Ireland that made these convictions possible. He described the ancient Ireland, when lord and peasant sat at the same table and listened to the same wandering bard as he sang of Cuchulain and Deirdre. That was a true democracy of intellect, a true popular culture. Then came a time when the lord went off by himself and read a book, that introduced our present culture, which pertained to the bookish few. The object of the Gaelic Revival was to bring back the earlier and truer popular culture.

A mildly sensational passage was where the speaker condemned books and modern education in general. "I think I am about the first man," he said, "who has ever told the book that it was a great fool." It was unnatural for men to dig their culture out of books. He told of an extraordinarily long Gaelic poem he had come across, to which every maiden in the village had added a verse. That was popular education. He wondered how many of the fair ladies before him could write a verse.

There in the Irish cottages, he said, was a feeling for womankind. That was part of their ancient and simple culture. And again, "They know the beautiful and the ugly; they know nothing of the pretty." They knew that the highest beauty was that which, like Penelope's, changed least from youth to age.

Wherever the Celtic Revival went, there the ancient culture was revived. It was one of the most potent influences in Ireland to-day. When the Gaelic League met in Dublin in 1901, nearly all the public houses closed on procession day out of pure deference to the league and the Celtic Revival. It was impracticable, but was it not all the impracticable movements that lifted the world?

The lecturer spoke at considerable length about the attempt of the Gaelic Society to revive the ancient play, which was really more oratory than anything else. A great actress had once said to him that it was only within a century or two that plays had really been discovered. He was quite at one with her, but the difference was that she admired modern plays, and he didn't. Acting was useful everywhere in life except on the stage.

It was one of the things that predicted for Ireland future greatness that it upheld the ideal. He believed the day would come again when Ireland would give the world great poets, great dreamers. The literature of the world was, as it were, pipes, and the invisible hand played now on this, now on that stop. He was confident that in the future the Irish stop would sound again.

Mr. Yeats' manner throughout was very pronounced, even extravagant; but his lecture was an anthralling exposition of the aims of the Celtic Revival. W.

There's the meter iambic, trochaic, dactylic,
The meter that's tender in tone;
But the meter that's neater,
Completer and sweeter
Is meet her by moonlight alone.

—Ex.

DRIVING.

Emmerson or Holmes, or someone equally famous, expressed his ideal of happiness in a phrase, "Four feet on a fender." Once upon a time I said "Nay; four feet behind a dashboard!" But that was in the happy days when I could go driving on summer evenings. When the great harvest moon would light up everything and the shadows were dark enough to frighten the horse as we came suddenly upon them. When the swamp roads were dusty and there was no sound but the strident rasping of the crickets, the soft hum of the smaller insects and the long sigh of satisfaction that came now and then from the pasture fields; when we had the road to ourselves and were loath to come to the end of it. What talks we had! Ellen was such a good listener. Maybe she was laughing at me all the time, but I was happy as could be, as I built castle after castle in a Spain where she was queen. I used to make verses in those days, and when we had passed the swamp and could see the harvest fields all about us I would recite them to her. She always listened, and her eyes would tell me of how she enjoyed them. Once I told her a sad little story about something or other, and she looked at me through tears. Brown eyes in tears! and with the moonlight sparkling in them! The sight would nerve me any time to do and dare the hardest things. Those brown eyes were her greatest charm—so far as one could see. One had to know her to appreciate the fact that she was the loveliest girl alive. She was certainly the most ideal of companions, and really I should not have cared whether it were dashboard or doorstep or fender so long as our four feet might be there at the same time. In any case the ideal of happiness would have been realized.

But summer days pass away and so do happy years of youth. The winters come and the long road is white with snow. Then the work was done betimes and she was waiting at the gate when I came driving up the lane. Now she waits no longer and I go down to battle with the strong and strive to win the prize that will make real those castles built in youthful fancy. She still is queen, of course, but I haven't time to think of governments in Spain.

I still go driving, however, and often pass along a road like that one through the swamp. The nights I now choose are always bright under a new moon. Nights when the stars seem to be multiplied beyond comprehension and the whole black vault of heaven glitters with cold little points of intense light. Nights when the roads are white and frozen and the sleigh track gleams in the moonlight and the runners shriek over the snow, making an unearthly harmony with the bells. The music of it goes to my head like wine, and I laugh within myself in the very joy of it. My horse seems not to touch the road beneath him. The sleigh seems to rise with me, and we go on and on as though drawn through a sea of air. Then he drops to a walk and I see myself on earth again. He steps softly, this little black of mine. He treads lightly as a cat so that the string of bells around him hardly make a sound and then he springs ahead as he startles at a gnarled and snow-capped tree trunk that rises gaunt and ghost-like beside him. What a night for thoughts! No, it is too cold to think. It is just right to sit and forget everything. It is the time to do nothing but feel without reasoning on the feeling. The ear is tuned to music that comes from within and with it the bells are in perfect harmony, and so is the hissing complaint of the runners, made rhythmic by the horse's stride. The eye rests untired and untiring upon a vague expanse of

beauty past description, and the heart glows with a feeling that is religious in its fervor and that expresses nothing but kindness to everything alive.

Such are my nights of recreation now, but the old ideal has not been replaced. The summer will surely come again and, when the harvest moon beams down on the old road once more, maybe it will shine upon me in my happiness. Maybe she will be waiting when I drive up the lane, and again we may find the road too short. I have made a new story for our next drive. It is one I never told before, and if she will turn her brown eyes upon me when I have told it, and if there is just one tear in each—well, I will know where to fancy my feet placed as, in after years, I recall my realization of the ideal of happiness.

L. M.

SOME MEN FROM UNDERNEATH.

The Prohibitionists had worked hard, and it now seemed as if they had captured every post in the riding. Yet both bodies still looked to their oars, and to the credit of both be it said, they found little clew for subsequent charges of bribery particularly in the village of Underneath, North Patewawa. Every outrider in North Patewawa was well acquainted with the fact that the village had not a single saloon to its credit or discredit (speaking from both sides of the encounter). The only explanation was that it was far removed from the lumbermen's way and the Navigation Company's wharves. Whether that be the reason or not, it little matters. The point is that the antis of the county capital shipped a case of Irish in a wagon ordinarily used for other purposes.

The motives of men at election and referendum times are not always capable of analysis. Some secret actions bring forth glaring results. Others bring results as secret as the cause. As for the driver of the wagon that conveyed the whiskey, he had his share of the profits. He had likewise a profit in the line the people wot not of. His ordinary occupation was transitman from the Underneath grist mill to the town on the lake front, but he used his arguments in whatever line he pleased, whether his politics or his inclinations in general agreed with those of his employer or his employer's worst enemies.

Polling day had been postponed from showery April to the dog weather of July, and as the driver approached the mill, conscious of the heated bodies of the miller, his engineer and other two helps, his mind reverted to the Irish. This had been left in safe keeping at a farmhouse not a hundred miles from Underneath. His mind reverted also to former animosities between himself and "the head man."

"How's the North?" the driver was greeted by the miller.

"Clean Prohibitionist," was the answer.

"Hang it!" came the acceptance.

The temporary boss at the Underneath mill thought of a residence at the lake front, with a well-stocked cellar, in case of emergencies, especially the great emergency subsequent to an unfavorable vote in the province. His employer, ten miles away, thought of this attitude of his manager, and kept him too busily employed to balk prohibitionist aims. A "tenner" cheered the driver.

The boss was weary and sick and sad, but the driver showed no willingness to bury the hatchet.

"How's the heat? Like a bottle now?"

The face of the enemy became sadder. "Couldn't trust a boy to bring some from the front."

"Never mind a kid," simplified the wagon-man. "You can have your fill after supper." Then confidently:

EXCHANGES

AMOR INCONSTANS.

Oh, fickle love, my hut was bare,
 Cheerless, and lone—no light was there—
 And keen the winds—oh, how they blew!—
 When first my lone heart called to you
 To dwell with me and make life fair.
 But laughing you passed to where
 A palace reared its towers in air—
 Who'd win you must with riches woo—
 Oh fickle love!

I strove and won a royal share
 Of fame and gold; my mansion's stair
 Was thronged with friends—ah, were they true?—
 But to a hovel mean to view,
 Laughing you went, deaf to my prayer.
 Oh fickle love!
 —From Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

A ROUNDEL.

It all depends on whether you
 Love the girl Dame Fortune sends;
 And whether she is fair to view;
 It all depends.
 Whether she counts the sums she spends,
 Whether her relatives are few,
 Whether her "mops" will stay week-ends,
 Whether her waist is not too—too—
 Whether her figure gracefully bends,
 Whether she knows a thing or two,
 It all depends.

"There was a young man without shame,
 Who wrote verses which were much to blame,
 The girls screamed, "How shocking,"
 And never stopped knocking;
 But read every one just the same.

—Ex.

SPORTS

P. J. MONTAGUE, Superintending Editor.

THE HOCKEY STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	To play.	Pts.
Queen's	2	1	1	4
U. of T.	2	2	0	4
McGill	1	2	1	2

QUEEN'S 6, U. OF T. 1.

At the beginning of the season the hockey experts, looking at the paper line-up, concluded that McGill had slightly the better of U. of T., but that they would have to fight hard to win the championship. Queen's wasn't even considered a possibility. Then when we won the first game here it was a case of sure thing. But things have gone wrong. It seems as if we can smash McGill at any old time or place, but when we go up against the Kingston men we don't know how to play them. On Fri-

"Know Gullen's barn? Know the corner 'twixt it and the forsaken woodshed? Don't forget to take a shovel."

"A box or a bottle," asked the miller, getting into details. He was quite glib now, and admired the secrecy of the "antis."

"A box—no less. Take Jack with you." Jack was the man who fired.

Some hours later saw the miller and his assistant in the vicinity of Eldorado. One held the lantern, the other the spade. Jacked kicked aside a few chips that were unnaturally scattered over the ground, and then set to work.

A minute or two passed.

"Do you see anything, Sister Ann?"

"No wood yet." He of the mill engine tugged at an obstruction in the earth.

"Whitakee! What's that?" Something hairy and brown had appeared.

"Only one thing it can look like. Dig a little to the other side." Another minute passed. "What's that? Looks like a cow's foot." "That" certainly belonged to a quadruped whose hoof was cloven.

"I'll be blowed!" The miller began to feel hotter than he had at the mention of a glass in the afternoon. He raised the lantern to the barn wall, and for the first time a chalked inscription met his eyes:

Died, July 8th,

Leo,

Pet Calf of Hattie Gullen.

North Patewawa went prohibitionist.

W. K. Millar.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Dr. Tracy addressed the regular meeting of the Association on Thursday. His address on "Prayer" was a very practical and timely one, touching those problems which meet one as he thinks of the place of prayer in his life.

We are looking forward to a visit from Mr. A. B. Williams, one of the student secretaries of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Williams will spend three days with us next week, during which he will carry on a series of training conferences for next year's committees.

We are glad to report that the attendance at our Bible classes is being steadily maintained.

The next sermon in the University series will be delivered by Rev. Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University. Tickets will be in the hands of the members of the committee for distribution among the students.

CHESS CLUB.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 9th, the third match between the University and Central Y. M. C. A. Chess Clubs took place. It resulted in a victory for the Y. M. C. A., the score being 6 to 2. The teams were as follows:

U. of T.—Prof. Mavor, W. Eddis, Taylor, R. Hunter, E. Freeland, F. Moure, C. Freeman and J. Lang.

Y. M. C. A.—E. Willens, D. Meyer, E. Harrington, E. Muntz, D. McKinnon, W. Blythe, J. Powell and G. Crompton.

Wins for the University were made by Messrs. Eddis and Hunter.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 23th, in the Undergraduates' Union, a match will be played between teams from the faculty and from the undergraduates.

Chas. E. H. Freeman, Sec. U. T. Chess Club.

day night our seven were soundly whipped by Queen's with a score of 6-1, and if it hadn't been for the good work of our defence, especially of McLaren, the score would have been 16-1. The best team won Friday night, and that is all there is to it. But some of the hockey followers in the University would like to see another game when our forwards were a little bit more alive to the fact that they were playing hockey. For Queen's, Walsh, Richardson and McDonald played the best hockey. Walsh was undoubtedly the best man on the ice. Both he and Richardson seemed absolutely tireless, and constantly followed back. Our forwards didn't do this, and so lost the game. Maybe the fact that they had had only one full practice since beating McGill helped some. The referee didn't gain any thunderous applause for his work and some of his rulings looked really suspicious. If Queen's wins next Friday night in Kingston they win the championship, but if they lose it is a three-cornered tie. May the best team win. The teams:

U. of T.—Goal, McLaren; point, Evans; cover, Beck; forwards, Gilbert (captain), Housser, Brown and Sherry.
Queen's—Goal, Mills; point, McDonald; cover, Sutherland; forwards, Walsh, Richardson, Knight and Scott.
Referee—C. McDonald, of McGill.

R. M. C. 8, McMASTER 8.

McMaster went down to Kingston last Friday and played the first of the final games for the intermediate intercollegiate championship. The half-time score was three all. McMaster got a good lead on the Cadets in the second half, and as they were skating better than the military men, it looked like a sure win for the Baptists. But R. M. C. braced up suddenly, and by hard work tied the score just before time was up. McArthur at point and Young at cover did the best work for McMaster, while Dunlop put up the best game for R. M. C. The teams:

McMaster—Goal, Monroe; point, McArthur; cover, Young; forwards, Peine, Blackader, Baker and McArthur.

R. M. C.—Goal, Goldie; point, Parrington; cover, Constantine; forwards, Dunlop, Powell, Budden and Hale.

SENIOR S. P. S. 18, SENIOR MEDS. 4.

The Senior School put it all over their old-time rivals, the Meds., Monday afternoon, when they defeated the Senior years of the Faculty of Medicine by a score of 18-4. The playing was hard from the start, and at times it got very strenuous, Montague and McIntyre being put off for five minutes for a duel, in which fists and

sticks were the weapons used, besides other minor penalties. The School team was much stronger throughout, but their big score was very largely due to the point and cover of the Meds., who didn't get in the game much at any stage. A feature of the game, which made it look somewhat like a burlesque, was the rushing of both goal tenders, one of which almost netted a goal. Pattee in goal for S. P. S., had little to do, but handled himself well, as did Jackson, and the whole forward line played well together. For the losers Reg. McIntyre, George Biggs and George Strathy put up a good game. The latter, with a decent defence, would have held the School down to very nominal score. The teams:

S. P. S.—Goal, Pattee; point, Cubbs; cover, Jackson; forwards, Montague, Barrett, McInnes, Swan.

Meds.—Goal, Strathy; point, Briggs; cover, Frankish; forwards, Pritchard, Biggs, McIntyre, Eakins.

Referee—Price Montague.

JUNIOR ARTS 5 JUNIOR S. P. S. 0.

While the Senior School was having an easy time defeating the Senior Meds., the Junior School were getting gradually beaten in the next rink. The score at half-time was 4-0, and the Arts men regarding it as a sure thing, did not work very hard in the second half. Lash, Southam and Sherwood put up good hockey for University College, while Hall and Fletcher were the only hockey players on the School team. As there was a scarcity of men owing to the cold weather, only six men a side were played. The teams:

Junior Arts—Goal, Lash; point, Keys; cover, Francis; forwards, Southam, Sherwood and Fraser.

Junior School—Goal, Hall; point, Fletcher, cover, Blackwood; forwards, Cook, McKenzie and Hull.

Referee—Unknown.

DENTALS 3, JUNIOR MEDS. 2.

The Dentals won out from the Junior Meds. on Tuesday afternoon, but they have got to play again. The combination of the Dentals, which was expected to land an easy win for the tooth carpenters, was greatly interfered with by the constant checking of the Meds. The Meds. scored the first two goals, and this remained the score until half-time although the Dents. made desperate efforts to score on Robert. In the second half the Dents. started off well, and by constant rushing and following back they landed three goals. Then about seven minutes before time was up Lipatnikoff put it through for the Meds. The goal umpire, however, didn't see it, although the referee and several spectators did. Neither side tallied before time was up. The Meds. put in a protest to

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the Athletic Directorate, claiming a goal, which would make the game a tie. This has been allowed, and the game will have to be re-played. Robert in goal did extremely good work for the Meds., and kept the score down well. Nethercott did the best work for the Dents. The teams:

Meds.—Goal, Robert; point, Graham; cover, Scott; forwards, Jamieson, Robertson, Lepatnikoff, Lackner.

Dents.—Goal, Fyfe; point, Hogan; cover, Crawford; forwards, Carruth, Nethercott, Hartley, Martin.

Referee—John Sherry.

PHARMACY 7, ST. MICHAEL'S 6.

Pharmacy and St. Michael's made their entry into Jennings Cup hockey last Thursday, and Pharmacy won with a score of 7-6. The half-time score was 3-2 in Pharmacy's favor, but St. Michael's bucked up and in the second half scored four to their opponents' two, making the score six all. Extra time was played, and Pharmacy managed to get a goal, thus winning the game with a score of 7-6. The teams:

Pharmacy—Goal, Ritza; point, Nichols; cover-point, Campin; forwards, Black, Kenely, Best and Wallace.

St. Michael's—Goal, McCool; point, McPhee; cover, Docley; forwards, Crockett, Amyott, La Rue and Conner.

REGARDING BASKETBALL.

We have received a communication from a fourth year man, enclosing an account of a game of basketball played by McGill and Queen's for the Intercollegiate championship of Canada, and asking why U. of T. has been so

slow in taking up this sport. This game is played by all the big universities of the United States, although it necessarily ranks below other sports, and it is also played very largely throughout Ontario. Many men come to U. of T. who are experts in this game, and it seems only fair that they should be considered, especially as many students are used to this form of exercise alone. The difficulty, however, is that we have no accommodation for basketball. To keep the Gymnasium in running order as a gymnasium is an absolute necessity to this University, and the building is the only place that we can imagine where such a game could be played. It is possible, however, that some arrangements could be made with the Athletic Association whereby accommodation could be gained in the Gymnasium. Again, a team might be got together which could compete in the city arenas. The men who are interested should get together and form a club, and then they could ask for recognition by the Athletic Association.

THE 1904 DIRECTORATE.

Friday afternoon, pretty nearly on time, the Directorate elections came off. The men nominated were Ralph Williams, Casey Baldwin, John Sherry, Ned Boyd, Eric Henderson, Max Yeates, Gerald Addison, Harold Beatty, Reg. Hore and Wilkie Evans. The first five of these were elected, and will represent the undergraduates of U. of T. in the council which manages all athletics of the University for the year 1904-1905. On their records no better men could have been chosen, and it's up to them to live up to their reputations.

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FRESHMAN TRACK PRIZES.

The prizes which have been awarded to these securing firsts in the freshman track meet held last fall, are in the secretary's office in the Gymnasium, and may be called for during his office hours, which are posted on the door.

SENIOR FENCING TOURNAMENT.

The Fencing Club have decided to hold the Annual Senior Tournament next week, with a view to having the finals fought off at the Assault-at-Arms in the first week of March. The tournament will begin on Thursday, 25th inst., and will be continued on the following Saturday and Tuesday. All entries must be in the hands of the secretary by 4.30 p.m. of the first day, when the drawings will take place. From present appearances, the fight for championship will be the hottest yet, and there is no doubt but that the winner will deserve the U. of T. senior colors. Among the men in active training are Fred. Overend, Jamieson and Smart, the first three men of the 1902 Juniors; Tim. McQuesten and Gerald Addison, winner and runner-up of last year's Juniors' tournament; besides Alex. and S. C. Snively, Freeman, Bryce, Burwash, MacDonald, Parker, Eaton, Galt and a lot of promising Juniors, all under the watchful eyes of Sergt. Williams and champion "Bill" Greig.

Around The Halls

EVERYTHING INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION IN THIS DEPARTMENT
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

There is much conjecture as to whether the Pin Committee will decide on a design this year or not.

Next Monday will be the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Literary and Scientific Society.

Study in Nature.—Strange Lady—"What a charming ravine, and what peculiar trees you have here. What is that green-colored tree?"

Native—"Oh; that is a telegraph pole."

The Unionist party has come to life again, and are once more going to attempt to raise the standard of University politics.

Student (as a fellow-student dashes by with his head in the air)—"That ——— lobster is in the Y. M. C. A. Bible Class with me."

The Literary Society met on Friday evening. Reports were heard from Life Membership, Dance, and Dinner Committees. After disposing of general business, the final inter-year debate took place. Messrs. Sovereign and Gordon represented '05, and Messrs. Pickup and Gibson '06. The debate was won by '06. Several graduates were present, R. J. Younge, D. B. Gillies, W. H. McGuire and R. B. Cochrane. Prof. McLennan made a short speech.

Mr. A. M. Boyd was elected to the office of athletic director of his year on Friday.

J. C. Macbeth, second vice-president of the year, represented Varsity's class '07 at the freshmen's reception at Victoria on Friday.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

Mr. F. Hamilton represented the School at the McGill dinner last Friday. He reports a most enjoyable time.

Now that we have a telephone, a graduate dance and a Glee Club, why not agitate a reception-room? A number of the third year was embarrassed recently by having two of his lady friends call on him; unfortunately there was no suitable place to entertain them.

Mr. C. H. Mitchell, of the Ontario Power Co., Niagara Falls, represented the graduates of the School at the meeting of the Senate last Friday, Messrs. Brandon and Sauer, '01, of the same company, spent Sunday in the city.

A paragraph in the local papers recently intimated that McGill and Queen's would play off for the inter-collegiate basketball championship. There is no reason why Varsity should not be represented in this series, as we have plenty of material to form a strong team.

At the meeting of the Engineering Society last Wednesday afternoon Dr. C. A. Chant gave a very interesting and very instructive paper on Wireless Telegraphy, which was very much appreciated.

By an almost unanimous vote it was decided on motion by Mr. J. A. McFarlane, that the School does not see fit to do away with their present pin.

General sympathy is felt for Mr. W. J. Carroll, of the first year because of the death of his mother, which occurred at Cheburg on Wednesday last.

A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. No one ever took E. W. Oliver for a minister until he went to Hamilton a week ago Sunday.

The Normal College conversat in Hamilton last Friday night was a very brilliant function. The School's quota, Messrs. J. C. Gardener as Applied Science representative and N. D. Wilson, enjoyed it to the utmost.

Arthur advised the fourth year Civils not to sit on the University pin. His reason was, it might hurt.

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The Arts' Dance programme was again this year in red and white. Their use of the blue and white was a relic of the time when Arts was the only faculty of any size in the University. It will soon be our turn to do away with the relics of the time when we were but the Ontario School of Science and outside the University. Is it not rather insolent on our part and unfair to the other faculties to publish our biographies in the University Year Book, a year before we can possibly attain our degree?

The result of last Wednesday's balloting on the University pin question was decided. While recognizing the value of a common University pin for graduates, and undergraduates too for that matter, still the paramount need of the latter is for a faculty pin and a year pin during the four years of their course. This reason and the keeping of our promise of immutability of the design, to the many former graduates who have bought pins, influenced the voters. But as to the esthetic value of a University pin for graduates of Toronto, who desire them, including these in Applied Science, no word was heard in opposition. In this same connection it is hardly likely that the Medical Faculty or Victoria, while approving of the University pin, will do away with their distinctive college pins.

A very stout freshman called Blair
 Rode around on his wheel everywhere.
 When thirsty he'd jump
 On his bicycle pump
 And draw off some cool liquid air.

The valentine joker wished to be sure that his missive would reach its destination when he addressed "Master Harry Johnston, Seat 152, S.P.S., Queen's Park, Toronto, Ont., Can., N.A., etc., etc."

Another address, equally explicit, but four times as long, was handed in with the mail on Monday.

MEDICAL FACULTY.

Mr. J. E. Haigh, '05, has been chosen to represent Medicine on the Athletic Board of the University of Toronto.

It may not be generally known that Prof. G. N. Stewart, author of a text-book on physiology, and who has recently been appointed professor in Chicago University, is a Canadian. He was born in London, Ont.

It is a pity that the newspapers supplied to the Reading Room were not printed on some untearable material, so that they could be chained down to the desks. In this way every one might get a chance to read. There are none too many papers for the large number of students:

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and it is a selfish spirit that prompts a man to take a paper off a fyle and go and read by himself, when a half-dozen might be enjoying themselves at the same time.

If you are thinking of getting a new suit of clothes we are sure that you would do well to consult Jack Turabul who knows of one that he can heartily recommend.

Mr. George Seldon, '05, has been missed for several days. He was called home to Ingersoll on account of the illness of his mother, who has since died. His fellow students of '05 offer Mr. Seldon their sincere regrets.

"For Heaven's sake, who is holding that telephone so long?" First, second, third, fourth and all the rest of a bunch vainly waiting. —"Freddie Leach!"

A good deal of feeling and disgust has been aroused over the high-handed way in which things were done at the recent meetings of the Third Year when clinics were declared off in the face of a decided majority against such motion. There is a strong feeling amongst the majority of the students against the altogether too prevalent practice of declaring off work for every trival practice match. There is not one who would not strongly support such action did it affect an event of importance — say an inter-university game. It is true, however, that many have been too languid in speaking to motions, others, too, apathetic in exercising their privilege to vote, and we fear that on occasion some have allowed themselves to be influenced by the bluff and bluster of a few who love not sport so much as the idleness it affords. We believe, however, the outrage on decency and justice perpetrated last week will have the effect of stirring up the class to the need of voicing their sentiments and voting for them so that they will be respected.

The students of the Normal School held an open session of their Literary Society last Friday evening. A splendid programme of music and a promenade made the evening pass very pleasantly. Quite a large number of the Medicals enjoyed the courtesy of the students. Mr. E. A. Macdonald, "with his sunny, winning ways," was undoubtedly the Lord Chesterfield of the occasion.

Mr. Rae tells us confidentially that he called on eight girls last week and found so many as three of them at home. He doubtless owes this extraordinary success to his moustache, whose precocious irregularity lends him an appearance of romantic desolation which cannot fail to interest even the most blasee of women.

KNOX COLLEGE.

Just for diversion and variety, which is the spice of life, the Literary Society swung off on a lighter vein last Tuesday night. Instead of worrying over tremendous theological problems, we had a treat in the shape of a debate between the freshies in theology and the more sedate members of the second year. The debate was a very good one, the subject being: "Resolved, that compulsory arbitration is the best method of settling disputes between capital and labor."

Most of the speakers showed promise of future glory, some of the speeches being illuminated with lightning flashes of wit.

Messrs. T. J. Meek and R. B. Cochrane acted as the mouthpiece of the unsephisticated first year, and they certainly did it well.

In our humble opinion they possess in large quantities the raw material out of which the wise hands of Time will mould very strong, effective speakers. They both speak with decided forcefulness, both indicate argumentative and combative powers in a marked degree.

Messrs. T. A. Broadfoot and T. J. Reekie acted as the torpedo boats for the second year, and with their cunning, well-calculated, well-arranged arguments succeeded in blowing up the arguments of their opponents.

Having fought fiercely for about an hour, the case was submitted to a legal judicial board of arbitration, consisting of Neil Campbell, Alex. McLean and Andy Justice, who with the calmness and candor that is only the heritage of ripened experience and mature years, threw oil on the troubled water, and settled the dispute.

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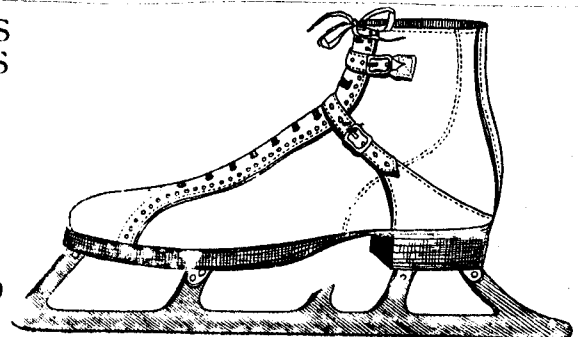
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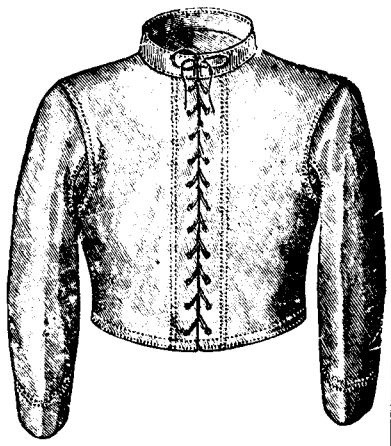
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While the decision was given in the affirmative, the members of the first year are still laboring under the delusion that their arguments were never touched. Such is life.

Mr. Little, the able critic of the society, "sized up" the speakers with skilful discrimination, always "hitting the mark." It requires heroism of the sternest sort to stand up in public and candidly tell people what you think of them, but Jim can do it very effectively.

HOCKEY MATCH.

The Originals and Afterthoughts met on the ice Friday afternoon for a game of hockey, but so fierce was the skating, so loud the talking and so Quixotic the movements that the multitude of small boys standing by had great difficulty in deciding whether it was a hockey match or just a rough-and-tumble "scramble on ice." The consensus of opinion among the juvenile experts favored the latter. Many were the halt and maimed as wearily they wended their homeward way. Wounded the noses, wounded the feelings! Some, indeed, seemed to be wounded everywhere. Captain Moore thinks they ought to be eligible for competition in the Senior League.

Quite a number of the boys are going to Whitby on Friday evening. Whitby College always has strong affinities with Knox. Joe Reid seems very enthusiastic over it and Walter McLaren is wondering whether he could "ship" the open missionary meeting that night.

Dr. —, (in class) — "I am glad to see you exercising your reason upon that matter, Mr. C. —; I would not like to venture an opinion myself."

Nothing has terrors for the dauntless George—not even snow-plows and walking.

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY.

On Wednesday afternoon the hockey team won their first game in the Jennings Cup series by defeating the St. Michael's College team by 7 goals to 6. The game throughout was decidedly clean and close. Owing to the sickness of one of the regular players the Pharmacy forward line was somewhat weak. When the whistle blew the score stood six all, and in ten minutes' extra play Wallace scored the winning goal. Mr. Hare made a most satisfactory referee.

The line-up of the team against Senior S. P. S. on Saturday afternoon in the second round of the Jennings Cup games was as follows: Goal, Ritza; point, Bond, cover, Nicholl; forwards, Kennedy, Wallace, Best and Campion.

Quite a large number of the students attended the Normal School students' at-home on Friday evening, and report a very pleasant time.

The regular weekly meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on Friday afternoon was addressed by Rev. Mr. Barr, of All Saints' Church. The attendance was good, and the meeting very interesting.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

The Literary Society held its usual programme meeting on Friday evening, Feb. 12th. Although the attendance was small, there was considerable interest manifested during the meeting. Quite a number took part in the programme, which consisted of solos, recitations and short speeches on subjects, which were assigned to the men a few minutes before they were expected to take the

platform. This last proved good practice for the orators, if not always instructive to the audience. Mr. Fawcett concluded the meeting by giving his criticisms of the proceedings.

Mrs. Pritchard, the housekeeper, gave the members of the Sunday Morning College Bedmakers' Association and their friends an oyster supper Thursday evening. It is expected that many new members will be initiated into the mysteries of this benevolent association next Sunday morning.

A number of the members of the college, comprising mainly the third year men, have formed themselves into a debating union. It is the intention to conduct their debates along parliamentary lines. The first meeting, held on Saturday, proved an encouraging success.

There is a general feeling of satisfaction in the college

that Messrs. McKee, '04, and Batten, '06, who were in residence last year, are to begin this week again to take their meals in the college refectory.

A treatise on "Higher Criticism" written by the Rev. Principal Sheraton, has lately appeared, as a result of the urgent request of a number of his friends. At this age of critical investigation it would well repay any student to make a study of this scholarly production.

Many of the members of the college notice with regret the decline in the good, old college custom of wearing gowns. Some of the students are never seen with a gown, others wear it occasionally, while a few conform to the rule of the college in this respect. If the custom has nothing to commend it, why retain it at all; but if it is still worth retaining as a feature of college life, why not unanimously conform to it?

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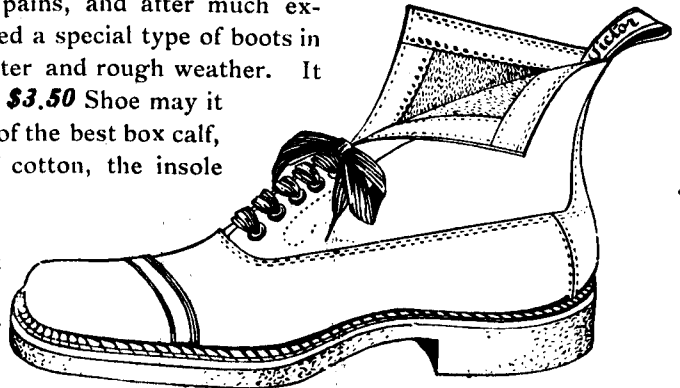
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EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

CALENDAR.

- Nov. 9.—King's Birthday
Dec. 1.—Last day for appointment of School Auditors for Public and Separate School Trustees. Municipal Clerk to transmit to County Inspector statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's Roll against any Separate School supporter.
" 8.—Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.
" 9.—County Model Schools Examination begins.
" 14.—Local Assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its objects and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact, it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

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

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

The course in mathematics is very complete, and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

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

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

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Seven commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

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

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

For full particulars of this examination, or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

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