

McNairn W H



# THE VARSITY

VOL. XVII. No. 14

University of Toronto.

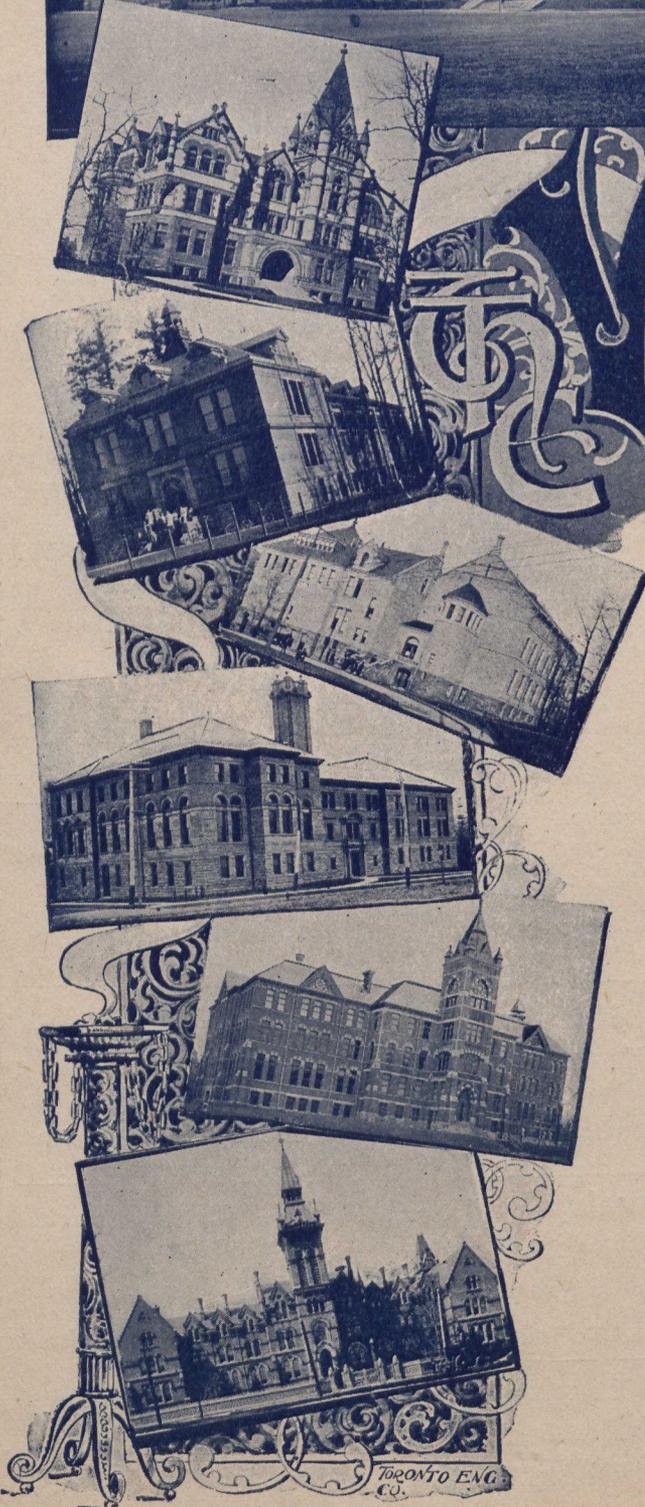
TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1898.

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# THE VARSITY.

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

VOL. XVII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1898.

No. 14.

REV. DR. McCAUL:

SECOND PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

John McCaul was one of two sons of a tradesman in Dublin, and both became distinguished in after life as eminent scholars. The younger son, John, was born in Dublin in 1807. He obtained his preparatory studies at Trinity College, situated in his native city; and graduated in 1824 with the classical gold medal. In the same year he proceeded to a university education in Trinity University, and after a brilliant course there graduated B.A. in 1825, took his M.A. in 1829, and had the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him some six years later.

His university course had proven him a man of such great capabilities and his academical work had shown him possessed of such excellent powers as a teacher that he was appointed Principal of Upper Canada College in 1838 by the authorities in England, and resumed his duties in that institution in the following year.

Here, again, he was remarkably successful, and when the staff of the new university of King's College was being formed Dr. McCaul was chosen vice-president of the university and also to hold the professorships of classics, rhetoric and belle-lettres.

When the act of 1849, which resulted in the complete secularization of the University and the consequent severing of all connection with it of Bishop Strachan, Dr. McCaul was appointed president of University College, but continued to hold his three professorial chairs as well.

The organization of the university did not seem to be satisfactory to many yet, as subsequent legislation proves; for by an Act of Parliament in that year the constitution of the University of Toronto was very radically altered and made to conform, presumably, with the English idea of university constitution as represented in the University of London and University College, London, the former the degree-conferring corporation, the latter the teaching body. This English model seems to have been the one that was followed in the new organization of the university, by which the University of Toronto was given the power of conferring degrees, formulating the courses of study, and holding the examinations; and University College provided the instruction in Arts alone.

By this Act of 1853 the faculties of law and medicine were abolished, but work in these departments was provided for by the Senate in this way: The faculty of law had no teaching staff at the university, but the work was carried on *extra-mural* entirely. In medicine, however, the practical work and lectures were carried on by several medical schools in affiliation with the University of Toronto, and the latter merely held the examination and conferred the degrees. Under this constitution for thirty-four years, and under the headship of the Rev. Dr. McCaul for thirty-one years, the University of Toronto continued to flourish and make great strides towards its present admirable position among the greatest universities of the world.

(In support of this apparently extravagant statement, if you will permit the digression, I will quote the words of Lord Kelvin, Sir Wm. Thompson, on the occasion of the conferring of the degree of LL.D. upon him by the University of Toronto. He said, "I consider the University

of Toronto to be the *greatest* university in the British Colonies, and among the foremost of the world." This, coming from such a man as Lord Kelvin, is, I think, very pertinent, and should help to make us realize and appreciate our position.)

I have not been able to obtain the exact number of matriculants for the first years of his rule at Varsity, but it was under twenty; while in 1880 it was one hundred and fifty-two. This shows a marked increase; and moreover in 1877 the "standard"—that beautifully indefinite idea—was raised, and altogether the University "was rising from its dead self to higher things" and reaching out towards that high plane whereon it now rests.

Dr. McCaul was always a fervent champion of the rights of the University, and was largely instrumental in preventing its disendowment when that measure was proposed.

At the University he was exceedingly popular among the undergraduates; who were wont to express their admiration in the following couplet:

"Easily first at the top of the tree  
Is Johnnie McCaul, LL.D."

His lectures were also said to have been remarkably interesting and instructive. He had a habit of making his discourses more delectable by the interspersing of numerous anecdotes and significant comparisons.

He seems to have been an unusually versatile man, and indeed might be taken as a type of the old college professor, who had mastered a number of sciences or departments of study, in contradistinction to the modern professor who must needs devote all his time and ability towards *one* department or even sub-department.

Dr. McCaul continued to hold the three professorships of classics, rhetoric and belle-lettres during his connection with the University. He was, moreover, quite musical, and is credited with a number of compositions that were well received by the public of his time.

I quote this from a contemporary newspaper with regard to his powers of oratory: "Dr. McCaul's convocational addresses were marked by eloquence, grace and dignity, and on one particular occasion, when the memorial window [destroyed in the fire of 1890] to the men of the University Company of the Queen's Own Rifles who fell at Ridgeway, was unveiled, he made a most impressive oration."

Dr. McCaul took great interest in public affairs and was much relied upon to preside at important meetings. From 1862-64 he held the presidency of the Canadian Institute, and was several times president of the Philharmonic Society.

As a classical author, too, he had a wide reputation both at home and in the mother-country. He published a great number of annotated editions of Latin and Greek authors, many of which were text-books in England for a number of years. He also published a volume of sermons and was intimately connected with several journals. He edited the *Maple Leaf*, and was a constant contributor to the *Anglo-American Magazine* and the *Canadian Journal*.

A biographical notice in "Men of the Time" gives him a very high reputation as a scholar and critic.

Dr. McCaul married the daughter of Judge Jones, and

had a large family, one of whom is the wife of the present worthy and genial occupant of the chair of Greek in our University—Prof. Hutton.

Dr. McCaul towards the end of the seventies became somewhat feeble, and in 1880 was forced to resign his position as president of the University, and also all professorial duties. He, however, lingered in very poor health till April 16th, 1887, when after an illness of two days he died.

In conclusion I quote from Morgan, a contemporary, who says, "Foremost among the learned and distinguished professors who adorn our Canadian colleges stands Dr. McCaul, a profound scholar, orator and wit, urbane and kind as he is learned."

And also from an editorial in the *Globe* commenting on his death: "By the death of Rev. Dr. McCaul, Toronto has lost a venerable citizen whose name was a household word in Ontario. He had been withdrawn from public life for some years, but the younger generation have the tradition of his eloquence, learning and geniality. His effect upon the education of the Province was excellent, for he had the tact and address to carry a weight of erudition in such wise as to make learning attractive"

During the period of Dr. McCaul's administration from 1849 to 1880 there graduated from the University of Toronto 1148 men, as follows: 638 in Arts; 108 in law; and 402 in medicine; and among them some of Canada's foremost men in the professions, politics and business.

On the present Arts staff of the University are President Loudon, Prof. Baker, Prof. Wrong, Prof. A. B. McCallum, Prof. Fletcher, J. Squair, W. H. Vander-Smissen, W. J. Loudon, P. Toews and D. R. Keys; at the School of Science are Prof. Galbraith and Dr. Ellis; and almost every member of the medical faculty.

Chancellor Boyd, Judge Armour, Judge Meredith, Judge Falconbridge, and Judge Street, who are the chief "dealers in justice" in Canada, were all undergraduates in the time of Dr. McCaul.

In law we find at the head of the profession, B. B. Osler, A. B. Aylesworth, T. G. Blackstock, and S. H. Blake.

In medicine the names of Dr. I. H. Cameron, Dr. R. A. Reeve, Dr. McPhedran, Dr. McDonagh, and Dr. Aikins stand out prominently.

In politics we find also leading men, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Wm. Mulock, Hon. R. Harcourt, Hon. J. M. Gibson, and many more.

Oronhyatekha was also a graduate in medicine in 1866.

This is certainly a goodly list of prominent men, and is an additional evidence of the high place the University of Toronto has in equipping the youth of Canada to fight their own and their country's battles in any of the various walks of life. G. W. Ross, '99.

### SIGNS OF THE TIME.

We have heard much of late with reference to the achievements of the Victorian era; yet it may be that few have noticed in the celebration of the jubilee a tacit acknowledgment that the era is all but closed. We have heard so much of the history of this epoch; of the great progress made in every line of human endeavor, that we have perhaps considered but little the tendencies and movements of to-day. Let us now glance at this present hour with regard to this and a yet wider setting, for with these last years of the Victorian era the century too is drawing to a close, and it is as though the coincidence of these two cycles (if such we may term them) were making a double impress on the character of the time.

The history of the race, we know, is like that of the

individual. It has its seasons both of work and of inactivity. It has its moods and sentiments even. There are times when it seems as if the whole race were moving to a common impulse, and again there comes a lull when no advance is visible. This is a strange fact, that individuals no two of whom are wholly alike, whose ideals are often directly opposite, should compose a race which, viewed in the broadest aspect, acts and thinks as one.

However different men may be in opinion, they must come in touch with each other in all great fundamental facts, the facts on which opinion is to build. It is impossible for a man to reap the benefits of society and not fall under the influences of his time. Only the man of genius dare let go the thought of his age and pass on to spheres beyond the common ken. He alone may keep aloof from the influence of the spirit of the hour,—the race will not divide nor follow, until it has exhausted the possibilities of the present. It moves as one, and has a life and development like the individual. Its hours of labor are our years, its day a century,—around whose colossal dial the shadow is now falling to the night

In the present case this is something more than a mere figure of rhetoric, for, strange as the coincidence may seem, there is now the feeling of a universal pause, as though the race were resting from an effort which had been too great for it. It is as though behind us lies the day within whose compass so much has been done, and now, dreamy and retrospective, we are standing in the twilight of the century.

It has been said that the life of those who accomplish most moves like a star, without haste, without rest. Though this may be true, it is not the universal method of advance. There are single times when truth after truth bursts upon our vision, and in almost feverish haste we work to make the discoveries our own. And then after the novelty no longer allures and the strong-strung will has relaxed, we turn from our work with wearied discontent. The harder the effort has been, the stronger is the revulsion. So, if from the dawn of democracy a century ago there has been marvellous achievement, on the other hand there has grown up in our own time more than in past centuries that feeling of world weariness, which is voiced in all the literature of to-day.

There is a significance in this fact which is easily overlooked, for from it even more than from the positive achievements of men, we may judge of the personal character of the race. Its progress, we have guessed, is not from spontaneous effort. It is the result of obedience to single leaders, and yet while the race is in action we cannot decide how much is natural, how much has been forced. But in these times of pause the natural instincts are seen more distinctly. External impulse is removed and the race stops short; with hardly a gleam of intelligence in its eyes it looks at the work it has been lead to do, apparently convinced that it has done of its own accord. And with a still blanker look it fronts the future. These are the times to read the mind of the race. One thing at least we may deduce. That the individual whom the race most resembles is not the genius. Let us say rather the dullest of the dull.

The man of true genius works with a tireless energy; his eyes are always on the scene before him. No idle dreaming, no self-gratulation which brings discontent. He uses the memories of the past only as experience for present aid. When one difficulty is surmounted he will turn to the next with an eagerness that foretells success. Not so the race. Like a child set to a task, it does its work; and like a child, when it has finished, stands gazing at what has been done. No thought of what it shall turn to next, no thought of the great world of truth it has yet to compass! Its resting periods are spent in retrospect, never in outlook over the future. Hence the sadness instead of expectancy in these times of reaction. The eye

of genius may be on the far horizon line, but the race turns to the past and the structures it has reared, as a child turns from the landscapes of summer to stand in disconsolate rapture over its crumbling mud pies!

After the death of Browning and Tennyson the muse of the Anglo-Saxon world was silent—so intensely silent that some even questioned if the time of poetry were over. Those who express this fear for the future of poetry, let us say in passing, only exhibit thereby their narrowness of view; for so long as a human heart is beating, so long as there is beauty in the world, or mystery in life, there is a field for poetry. Even now one poet has arisen who builds his song on the present, and looks out to the future with assurances. And so his poetry to-day may be said to resound throughout the world clear and distinct. For who has not heard the rugged songs of Kipling come ringing in the hush of the evening of this century?

Kipling is a strange phenomenon. In the history of modern literature we are accustomed to classify all works in two divisions: as romantic or as realistic,—that is, as fanciful and ideal, or as portraying the commonplace. The great modern writers have been pre-eminent in one class alone. Scott or Victor Hugo could not write of a "Cotter's Saturday Night," or any such simple theme. The attempt would likely have been ludicrous. But Kipling, a romantic like Hugo, turns to the real world around him for his subject, while his inspiration remains romance. Thus he combines the two different classes in himself, and stands as the representative of a new era, in which perhaps there will be less half treatment, and more symmetrical combination of the two distinct ideas. Realism will remain the groundwork for all literature, but in its treatment there will be the ideal colors of romanticism. Yet this is not entirely new. It is Shakespeare's method. And Wordsworth found the daisy on the moorland a subject for song, only because it held a suggestion for the imagination, pointing it to some fact of eternal beauty,—not because of its size, color or perfume, or any such scientific data.

If art and literature are almost at a standstill, not so science. Science, long ages dormant, while literature flourished, now will not slumber any more. Tireless, and with unflinching purpose, it pursues its work. Like art, it looks into the secret ways of the universe, but it has a different method. The poet tracks the solitude of life as an explorer,—lead on by the joy of exploration and the beauty of the world explored; the scientist, like a sober woodsman, clears up the forest as he goes, and if he joys at all it is that the clearing is becoming larger and the forest less. And yet they both have the common office of revelation.

So much for literature and science. Let us now turn to a wider theme—the social and political aspect of the present. How different is the world to us to-night from what it was to our ancestors on the 28th of January, 1798! Behind them lay a century of cold formality and cynical unbelief—the time of Voltaire in literature and Walpole in politics. This was behind them, but already the change had come, the new era was dawning. A section of the Anglo-Saxon race, which had stepped aside from the community of nations to build a state in America, broke from the traditions of the past and gave the world a new idea—the idea of the free equality of men.

This was the keynote to the age which still is ours. Formerly if nations had warred for territory or for glory, it was seldom that those who fought or suffered had interests to defend. The quarrel was theirs merely because it was their king's. Whether it had arisen from reasons of justice and national honor, or because of a private whim, the people did not enquire. But now all was changed. The fighters of the new struggle, both in France and in America, did not fight for the flag of an ancient dynasty. Their inspiration was the strong determination of men

fighting each for his own right. And the right they claimed was the liberty of self-development; the right to begin a new era in human history—and the era was begun.

We to-night look back a hundred years to that hour of dawn, and in the dim perspective there is much we cannot distinguish. Hopes were cherished then of systems we have entirely forgotten. We smile at the enthusiasm of these first democrats for their Utopia. We cannot get a proper setting of the time. We cannot see how sharp the contrast was between their past and the ideal future which held a new, untraversed world. That future has been the nineteenth century, and we know how it has been filled with action and advance; but not in such a way as was expected. Democracy has triumphed. Men have made the old world new by scientific discovery; yet the Utopia has not been gained. The race has become more intelligent, more respectable. But each man feels that the gain is not for him. And so, from the experience of this century, we are now almost indifferent as to whether the future will bring us new disclosures or not, for men feel that they will be just as happy undisturbed.

One word on the future of Canada and I have done. We are the Northmen of the New World. Let us not envy too much the rich luxuries of the south, remembering how they enervate. Our heritage is the Anglo-Saxon heart. Let us accept the stern conditions of our soil and climate as the only setting to our national character. We shall fail if we try to build up here the windy greatness of a state on material prosperity. Leave that for those on our south. But we can make Canada the classic Greece of the coming centuries.

Is not that a higher destiny than the implanting of a race of immigrant paupers on our northern fields, and their acceptance as co-citizens with us in the desire to add a hundred or a thousand more to our population? We must choose between the empire of earth or sea or air. Supremacy in the first two is denied to us. Let us choose the Empire of Human Thought—and achieve our supremacy there.

J. T. SHOTWELL.

AN AGGRIEVED POET.

Editor VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—I was almost impelled to commit suicide when I came across my "beautiful poem" in last week's VARSITY. Never again will I send in along with a contribution an explanatory note to the editor, in the fond hope that he may understand the explanation without printing it. I put in a note about the amateur style of the poem lest you should confuse its aim with that of the many unintentionally amateur verses, whose style VARSITY sometimes forgives, for the sake of the thoughts they contain; for in my poem, as Browning said, the style is everything. It makes one writhe more frantically than when reading one's Year Book biography, to find over one's signature in a paper a feeble joke with the explanation carefully printed below.

Yours in tears,

R. M. CHASE, '98.

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## OPEN LETTER TO MR. BURRISS GAHAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although my prose style must pale into insignificance before the elaborate bombast which the walls of Residence seem to have engendered recently—see the collected writings of Messrs. Hill, Hinch and your honored self—I shall make bold to employ a short space in the columns of VARSITY in order to make some comments on the letter which appeared in the last number of that paper over your signature. My reason for so doing it is fair, Mr. Gahan, that you should know, and for my part I am anything but ashamed of it. I have the honor to be a personal friend of Mr. McFarlane's, and in consequence it has long been my desire to render him some assistance in the battles which he is fighting for what I conceive to be fair and honorable, not to say honest. It appears to me that the opportunity has now arrived when I can be of assistance to him in the way of answering what you, Sir, would call "insinuations," to reply to which would detract his valuable time and attention from the main issue of the fray. And it would perhaps be well in the beginning of this matter to have it distinctly understood by yourself and anyone else whom it may concern that I am not an admirer of Mr. McFarlane's prolonged rhetorical invectives, as he himself has heard from my own lips, but that nevertheless I appreciate very keenly the validity of his arguments and the soundness of his impeachment of your honorable ring, for both of which he deserves the honor and respect of the thoughtful undergraduate of the University.

But hurrying from this introduction which has of necessity been somewhat prolonged, I shall take the liberty of making a critical examination of your epistle, allowing you whenever I can that morsel of fairness which you have earned, and perhaps even in my generosity granting you in your straits a little more.

It will have been observed in the first place, of course, by all who have read your letter, that the article nominally vents its wrath on Mr. Gunn, although it darkly hints at another "wicked partnership." But, Sir, is anyone deceived by a paltry, flimsy blind like that? Do you think for one moment that the threats and demands which you have addressed to the Editor lead any one astray? Do you imagine that anyone who is at all cognizant of University affairs will be sufficiently deluded to dream that the hard-and-fast clique of a western provincial town has relaxed so far as to allow one of its members to attack another so vigorously save with some deep and hidden purpose in view? Do you expect us to believe that the ring which worked tooth and nail to place its candidate in office, will turn so soon to snarl at his heels, especially when in individual cases they sacrificed "integrity" to do so; for you, Mr. Gahan, will hardly care to deny that at a time when you had led Mr. Biggar to suppose you were working for him, you canvassed me personally for his opponent? Do you look to accomplishing any of these things? Save your energy; it is expended in vain.

What does your request to Mr. Gunn, the present editor, amount to, after all? Verily what you ask of him is in the inverse ratio to the quantity of bluster you expend in asking it; but this, I suppose, is part of your "bluff." You demand of him that he should withdraw an "insinuation" to which he does not stand in loco parentis, but has "gratuitously" inserted in his editorial columns, as you suggest, on the advice of Mr. McFarlane. Nothing in the world is easier for the editor than to retract the statement, seeing he only "re-echoed" it; he is not called on to forswear his own, but merely to express his sorrow for carelessly employing the phrase of another.

And so, Mr. Gahan, penetrating your designs, we discover who the real victim of the letter is. Since only the Editor and Mr. McFarlane are involved and the share of

the former really amounts to nothing, Mr. McFarlane is evidently the scape-goat, bearing with him the awful sin of having made an "insinuation" regarding our lamented ex-editor's "integrity." Alas, poor Mack! that you should have lived to become the scape-goat of an ass. The Varsity menagerie is growing.

It would hardly be just, Mr. Gahan, for me in view of the fair treatment I promised you, to omit to mention the fact that many of your readers, after discovering the ulterior design in your epistle of which I have already spoken, were in the next instance attracted by the literary style of the letter, but as in a controversy of the present sort, style probably does not count for much, I must content myself with giving attention to your article from a literary standpoint in a measure proportionate to its merits. It is, to be brief, like the prolonged blast of a smithy-bellows punctuated at appropriate intervals by wheezy sighs betokening lack of wind. Further, it is, as I have already hinted, quite in line with its predecessors from a certain section of Residence,—full of large mouthings, and equally full of refusals to discuss anything, or answer anything, or disprove anything whatsoever. Lastly, I might add that its insolent braggadocio would be a first-class recommendation to its writer for the position of satrap under the Shah of Persia.

But once more to revert to its contents, this time in a more particular way for the examination of individual statements or—mis statements.

(1) "It was ridiculous to charge me with garbling the articles of correspondents." Ah, me! the terrors of an evil conscience! Ex-editor, doth dark Nemesis hang around thy classic head, art thou the victim of the lash and scorpions of fell Ate, that thou dost court destruction by making light of facts? Is it not so, that on a night of doom one repaired to thy sanctum and found thee rejoicing in having adorned his report of the Lit in various spots with quotation marks, which though they be but small, can, if appropriately placed by cunning hands, damn a man's character for fairness? Ridiculous? Fair sir, stranger things have happened.

(2) "I shall not trouble myself to reply to anything he [Mr. McFarlane] has written till he has outgrown the childishness that he now manifests in everything he says and does." Mufti Hill, has ex-editor Burriess permission from you to filch sentences entire from your literary ebullitions, or is that favor extended to all members of your firm? But to revert: from you, Mr. Gahan, the charge of childishness comes with excessively poor taste. After the verdict of the Literary Society last fall, which, say what you will, adequately represented undergraduate opinion on the issue before it, did you not fall into utter childishness, or what is worse, utter inanity, when you claimed in the presence of several gentlemen that VARSITY was the private venture of the Business Manager and the two Editors, a claim as absurd as it is untrue? And mark you, childishness may be reprehensible but it at least can be outgrown; inanity is pitiable and in some striking instances defies amelioration.

(3) ". . . The meeting of the Editorial Board when I explained clearly that Mr. McFarlane's article was published just as it was given to me by the board." Yes, Mr. Gahan, I have a very distinct recollection of that meeting and of the arch smile that lighted up your face when you made the announcement to which you refer above.

But, Mr. Gahan, beyond all doubt you here take your stand on the sacred basis of technical right; I feel therefore that writing as I am to young men of British origin, I should receive but little sympathy in attacking any kind of right, barest technicality though it be, were it not for the fact that in British natures there exists in large measure another quality known as love of fair play. Relying on this latter I submit the following facts.

When Mr. Macfarlane read his letter to the board many, myself among the number, felt that it was too severe and expressed ourselves to that effect. The author of the letter, however, did not at the time feel like radically altering it, although he did adopt some of the suggestions offered. In this slightly amended shape the letter passed the board. Mr. Macfarlane later in the afternoon, feeling that he had been over rash in some things which he had stated, desired to change the letter and accordingly prepared some corrections for it, which, while they did not alter the spirit of the article, modified some of the more stinging verbal remarks.

Now, you, Mr. Gahan, certainly *did refuse to allow* these corrections, taking your stand, as I have already hinted, on the technical right afforded you by the decision of the board. Whether in view of the circumstances kindly and magnanimous action would not have been a better course, even looking at the matter from the standpoint of utility alone, you have probably ere this discovered.

But when I assert that you, had you been reasonably thoughtful and considerate, would have felt warranted in allowing of these changes, you will answer me in a variety of ways, two at least of which I hasten to anticipate. (a) "Your position is utterly inconsistent. You joined in censuring me for nothing more in effect than printing unsubmitted matter." Sir, we censured you for over-stepping the bounds of rational conduct in your position, for allowing an article composed largely of deliberate misrepresentations to appear in VARSITY without consulting any of your colleagues in the matter. Neither I nor any reasonable man would ever utter a syllable to censure you for allowing a correspondent to moderate and soften the words written down in a moment of passion, especially when he did not, as I have explicitly pointed out, change the spirit of the same.

(b) "I could not overstep the limits of the decision of the Editorial Board." Good. The Editorial decision was given in view of Mr. Macfarlane's manifest reluctance to change *at the time*, but you know perfectly well that the Board, with the exception of one or two miserable wire-pullers who adorn its ranks, would gladly have conceded Mr. Macfarlane the right to make the desired changes, had you taken the trouble to convene another meeting. You will claim that it was impossible to convene another meeting in time to discuss the changes before the date for the issue of the weekly number, but I reply that had you been anxious to give one who had worked hard to assist you in your editorial work, even ordinarily fair treatment you have found that the possibility was not so remote as you would like to make us imagine. In short, Mr. Gahan, you know just as well as anybody the reason why you wished the letter to appear in its original shape. You saw in some of its over-strained phrases which the author later desired to correct a political advantage for the clique to whom you have with a success which deserves our heartiest felicitations, so successfully renegaded.

In conclusion, Mr. Gahan, if you will take a warning from one who is your junior in academic work and whose capabilities to anything sensible you have persistently slandered in quarters where you knew it would soon reach his ears—if you will take warning from such an one, you will confine yourself for the remainder of the academic year to your books, and not earn for yourself more ridicule than you have already incurred in the graduate world, which, while laughing at the undergraduate who addresses homilies to the Senate, is ringing with the praises of one whose qualities and abilities you affect to despise with a bravado that betokens a sad deficiency of any better and more substantial methods of attack,—I refer, Sir, lest you should have failed to grasp my meaning, to Mr. Macfarlane. I have the honor to be, yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

## PALESTINE.

Prof. Robinson, of Knox College, delivered the third of the popular Saturday lectures before four or five hundred people at the Biological building on Saturday afternoon. The subject of his lecture, "Palestine," is one that the professor was made thoroughly acquainted with by a sojourn in that country. He reviewed in turn the physical conformation of the country, its climate, the industrial life of the people and their history.

In speaking of the people, he drew attention to a peculiar class called the Druses, characterized by great physical strength, and said that they were the descendants of the Crusaders of the middle ages, and were now the instruments of the Turks in Palestine for the persecution of the Christians in the same way as the Kurds were in Armenia.

Christianity has had the influence of starting a home-life among the inhabitants, a thing unknown under the system of early marriages of the Mohommedans. The superstition of the Semitic people, their humor and the wonderful memory of their students were all touched upon.

His clear forcible discourse was listened to with keen interest and great pleasure by the audience assembled, who were also delighted by the splendid lantern views that illustrated Professor Robinson's remarks.

The next lecture will be by J. B. Tyrrell, on the "Possible Resources of the Barren Lands of Canada" at the Biological building, and will be illustrated.

## CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

The third International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will be held in Cleveland, 23rd to 27th of this month. The present indications are that this will be not only the largest missionary gathering ever held in North America or the world, but also it will be the largest university gathering ever brought together. Two years ago the University students of Britain held a remarkable meeting in Liverpool, which did much to awaken the churches of Britain to their responsibility for the darker lands. This convention of the British Movement, attended by nearly a thousand delegates, was the largest student gathering ever held in Europe and, with the exception of the Federation Convention at Northfield last July, was the most widely representative student convention ever held. The Convention which will be held in Cleveland will be in much larger proportions than the one held in Liverpool, or any previously held in the United States. It will be larger in the number of universities and colleges represented, larger in its international and inter-university significance. It will be attended not only by leading students, whether Volunteers or not, of the universities and colleges of the United States and Canada, but by most prominent religious leaders of all denominations.

The Volunteer Movement is an inter-denominational missionary agency of twelve years' standing, having more than 800 institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada as its field. It does not independently commission or support missionaries, but works in cooperation with the regular mission boards. Through its efforts, hundreds of missionaries have been furnished the boards and are now upon mission fields.

Special arrangements have been made with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railroads whereby the return fare will be \$7.40. As billets will be provided for all students on application this will be the only necessary expense.

# The Varsity

TORONTO, February 3rd, 1898.

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**A**S undergraduates of the University of Toronto many of us, we believe, are too prone to undervalue our advantages. And the words of Lord Kelvin quoted by Mr. Ross in another column should make us pause and consider. We have not the antiquity and prestige of old world universities, neither have we the money nor the number of students of which some of the great universities of the United States can boast. But our growth and steady progress from small beginnings as indicated by the figures of Mr. Ross' article are certainly highly gratifying. The success of our graduates in all departments is also strong evidence of our well-being. Especially encouraging is the reception accorded to them by other scholastic institutions in all parts of the world. Indeed it seems sometimes as if strangers estimated our worth more highly than we ourselves. Humility is a good thing, but excessive modesty is not helpful to us. We are young and also poor, but increasing years will cure the latter trouble we hope no less than the former. Let us hold up our heads and step forward vigorously. To be confident of success is half to win the victory. It is no mean honor to be, as Lord Kelvin says, the greatest University in the British colonies.

\* \* \*

A suggestion has been made lately which seems to have considerable value in it, and which THE VARSITY passes on to its readers to ponder over at their leisure. It is proposed that each class upon passing out of the University should leave behind it some memorial to commemorate the pleasant four years spent in these halls. The form that this would take would be determined by the class. It might be a handsome oil painting, a bust, statue, or portrait of one of the distinguished sons of the University, or anything else that might be thought suitable. The difficulty of financing such a simple project should not be

great. If each class upon entering would but put this object before it, and begin at once to make provision, the matter would be an easy one. An assessment upon each member of twenty-five cents per year for this purpose would realize at least \$150.00 by the end of the course. And this would suffice for a very handsome gift.

\* \* \*

We are all proud of the beauty of our College buildings—praised so lavishly by all who see them. From the architectural standpoint nothing more perhaps could be desired, but inside the buildings, much could still be done doubtless, to add to their beauty. And the method suggested seems an eminently proper and feasible one. It would strengthen the interest and love for Alma Mater which all her graduates and undergraduates should have—for each would have an added personal interest in the building itself.

The results to the University of such a practice would not be apparent at once. But if it were followed by each class for ten or twenty years, it would so transform these old halls that their present frequenters would scarcely know them. No doubt a spirit of emulation would soon display itself, and from a rather modest beginning, coming classes would attain to something quite magnificent. If '98 should wish to begin the good work, we see no valid objection. Perhaps for this year, the graduating class might look for some aid from the lower years in making a start. Is the object worthy of an attempt?

\* \* \*

The success attendant upon the McGill debate is an argument in favor of the proposal to organize an intercollegiate debating league in the city. In all departments of athletics, these intercollegiate contests give a zest and stimulus that never could be gained in any other way. And there is no reason why the system should not be extended to include debating contests. There is abundance of talent in all these colleges waiting to be drawn out in some such way. By all means let us have a series of debates next winter similar to the series of matches in foot-ball or hockey. If some public spirited admirer of the new departure would put up a prize for competition, the scheme would be complete. But prize or no prize, the league should be formed. It would result only in good to all concerned.

\* \* \*

Ill-luck seems to be pursuing us this year with painful pertinacity. First, the Senior Rugby Team went down before its opponents last fall, and last week we were worsted by Osgoode in hockey and by McGill in debate. Varsity has no reason to be ashamed, however, and defeat this year will but add to the glorious uncertainty and zest of future struggles. We must just take the matter philosophically, like Peterkin's grandfather, for "you know such things must be in every famous victory." THE VARSITY extends its congratulations to McGill and Osgoode upon their success.



## The College Girl.

Behold the present author of *College Girl*, industriously counting the words of a column, in *Varsity*, and wondering how in the world she will make a respectable showing in the line of paragraphs, while writing as little nonsense as possible. A brilliant trio, as yet unknown in the literary field and of whom she is the least, has taken in hand the task of filling up the *College Girl* column.

A goodly number of the feminine persuasion of University College wended their way, through the dark solemn western part of the building, sacred to the volcanic sciences, last Friday afternoon, in order to hear some girls "perform," in whom they were all interested. The occasion was, as you will perhaps gather, the meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society. Mr. DeLury occupied the chair, while two or three representative lady graduates were judges of the debate which was to ensue. Miss Northway, '98, opened the programme by reading an excellent witty five-minute paper upon the British Association. She gave a few sly digs at the frailties of the old servants, which were very much enjoyed, and she hinted that the apartment known as the "Ladies' Room" University College would hardly answer the luxurious taste of a Turkish Sultan. The next number on the programme was a debate. Resolved—that modern languages are a more suitable training for a woman than mathematics—or words to that effect. Miss Dawson, '98, and Miss Hall, '00, were on the affirmative, while Miss Wooster, '99, and Miss MacDonald, '01, supported the negative. The witticisms, which the subject called forth on both sides, were much appreciated. We think the majority of people are in favor of Moderns as opposed to Mathematics. The latter science being hard, dry, precise, and alas! inexorable, may have a tendency to make its woman votary too uncom promisingly matter-of-fact for "human nature's daily food." We would like very much to tell our readers (if we have any) who won the debate, but the present scribe left before it was decided and forgot to get information about the matter. The meeting ended with experiments performed by Misses Moore and Harvey.

The "Sesame" this year is a literary success (the girls will walk into me, if I don't say so), but how about its financial prosperity? One of the young ladies, intimately connected with its Editorial Board is very anxious about the progress of its sale. We see her repair to the janitor's office, to hear the latest accounts of its proceeds, from the genial Robert after nearly every lecture. As yet four copies sold is the latest upon the bulletin.

Those who braved the cutting north wind and the severe January frost, last Saturday, in order to attend the meeting of the Literary, were well rewarded for their courage. The programme was an excellent musical and dramatic entertainment. Miss Flavelle and her sister pleased their audience with a piano duet and Miss Rosentadt gave two appreciative numbers upon the same instrument. Miss Hall sang a pretty solo very sweetly while Miss Langlois, a very young violinist, played two catchy selections upon the violin, with a brilliancy far beyond her years. But the *chef d'œuvre* of the evening was a dramatic representation of the "Mouse-Trap," by Wm. Dean Howells. Miss Rumball, who took the principal part, performed it "to the Queen's taste." Miss Burgess made a very handsome man and was equal to the genuine article. Miss Tibbs was a pretty housemaid, and Miss Lawson, Miss Dickey and Miss Hutchison, as lady-callers,

were excellent. The prevalent idea upon which this little comedy is based, viz.: that women are afraid of mice, is a false one, but being the subject of so humorous a little play, the error is excusable. The programme closed early at about 9 o'clock, so that in all respects it was as it should be.

CENTURY.

### HOCKEY.

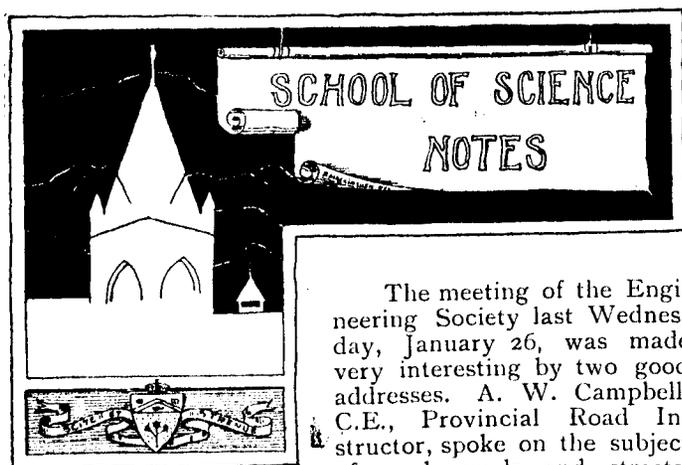
How perverse is this world of ours! How full of bitterness! Life is but a mockery, its pleasure but a snare. One short week ago what ambitions we nestled, what hopes were ours! Now there remains to us but the wizened husk of disappointed aspiration. The O.H.A. championship comes not to Varsity this year.

The thunderbolt descended Wednesday night when our team ran up against a collection of players, composed of men of all ranks and occupations, who have, however, agreed to style themselves the representatives of Osgoode. It must not be thought from this that none of the team are Osgoode men, for there is one of them who is really a student at the Hall. But that is neither here nor there, for these men whatever else they may do, play hockey; though it is said by some—soreheads these—that this aggregation's hockey cannot compare with that played by Capt. Snell and his team. But we must tell you about the game, and we will hurry through it, for it is a painful story. The round seemed to be lost for Varsity in the first ten minutes. One, two, three goals for Osgoode. Then a mighty shout. What does it mean? Varsity has scored. Hooray! But easy. The demon of ill-luck is abroad, and he seems to have no friends among the boys from Queen's Park. Four, five, six, seven—the first half is over, and the score is 7 to 1 in favor of—don't ask us.

At half time a serious disturbance took place at the north end of the rink. When the police got around it was found that the representative of this worthy journal had been bullying a small boy because he had given it as his opinion that "Varsity ain't no good."

"Artie" Snell promised us that they would do better in the second half, and he showed his sincerity by scoring a goal himself right away. This put us in good humor again, but our hearts sank many inches when we had to count eight, nine, ten, for Osgoode. 10 to 2. Cruel gods! Have ye no mercy? Our exclamation was heard with compassion, for Varsity scored three goals in little more than as many minutes. Then the referee blew his whistle and the game was over.

On Friday night, while many of our youths and maidens intently listened to the war of words in the Conservatory of Music, our puck-chasers resumed the struggle against Fate, and, incidentally, Osgoode. One could tell by their grimly-set features and kindling eyes that they were determined to win. A magnificent game they played indeed, easily capturing the match, and all but winning the round. The large Mutual Street rink made them feel more at home, for they had been sadly hampered in the previous game in the Victoria rink. In the first half, honors were pretty even, the score being 3 to 2 at the end, Varsity leading. In the second, the game was Varsity's all the way. Osgoode's game was one of individual rushes and long lifts—a very effective game on a small rink, while Elliott, Snell, Isbester and Shepard, on Varsity's forward-line, played their beautiful combination game to perfection. McArthur at cover was brilliant. Scott and Waldie were reliable. But why these honeyed words. They are but embittered by the sequel. Our side of the score went up until it was 11 to 5 for the game, and 16 to 15 for the round. And then *miserabile dictu*. Elliott and McArthur were ruled off simultaneously for foul play. Osgoode scored twice, and the end had come.



The meeting of the Engineering Society last Wednesday, January 26, was made very interesting by two good addresses. A. W. Campbell, C.E., Provincial Road Instructor, spoke on the subject of good roads and streets.

There is perhaps no man in Canada better acquainted with the roads, or who can put forth so plainly how it is entirely due to the neglect or ignorance of the authorities that we have not got better highways, or who can better state what we need. R. W. Angus, B.A.Sc., next read a paper on "Shaft Governors." What we heard of this was very interesting, but he only stated it generally, because the time was limited. We could read it all in the pamphlet, he said.

Seeing that the invitations for the lantern slide exhibit, given three Fridays ago, included ladies two of the boys decided to take advantage of it, and accordingly brought a young lady, and finding a good seat, sat down, one on each side of her. All through the evening they apparently seemed anxious that she should not get cold or fall off the seat, for they sat close, and by turns held her slender waist. This behaviour incited many witticisms from all those who observed it. A good many wished they could have exchanged places for such a snap. Just the other day they found out that this young lady was one of the boys dressed up in the feminine garb.

At one of their lectures last week the second year were suddenly startled by a dull rumbling sound, that seemed from its increasing volume to be gradually drawing nearer and nearer. They were beginning to exchange questioning glances with one another, when on looking over in the corner they espied the innocent cause of this outburst having a little snooze all by himself.

A new kind of precipitate fell down in one of the chemical laboratories, namely, the ceiling. For the moment this caused great alarm, especially to those around whom it fell.

The fourth year are seriously talking of quitting work if that dynamite cartridge is not soon removed from its threatening position on the shelf in their laboratory.

Willie Boyd and Roy Stovel are practising hard in the gym., and devising more funny scenes for the amusement of their audience at the coming tournament.

Frank King, ex Pres. Engineering Society, in a letter to one of the boys, wished to be remembered to the rest of them.

J. Stewart and A. N. Macmillan were elected by acclamation last Wednesday by the Engineering Society, to represent the School in the "S.P.S.-Varsity" debate. With two such good men as these we feel assured of coming out ahead.

The first year is avenged! On the principle that one freshman is as good as two from any other year, two second year men have been put under the tap. They are requested to take warning, and not meddle with the pet men of the first year. It was evident, however, from the noise that the first year has not had as much practice as the others.

Treason is here! Some of the members of the first year, on coming into the draughting-room in the morning, were shocked to find an American flag, in colored chalk, flaunting itself from the blackboard. It would be hard to prophesy the results had not the janitor erased it before many saw it.

We hope that the man who makes so much noise in first year chemistry, will remember that his desk is very conveniently situated, with reference to the tap, and will govern himself accordingly.

#### THE MCGILL DEBATE.

On Friday evening last the hall at the Conservatory of Music on College street was crowded to the doors by the aristocracy of Toronto (I mean the students and friends of Toronto University) who came to hear the merits and defects of their British kinsmen discussed by representatives of McGill University and our own Alma Mater. The gallery of the hall was filled with undergraduates, who enlivened the proceedings with timely witticism and applause. And just here it may be said that the students on this instance showed that the originality in college jokes and banterings so sadly mourned by wiser and graver heads is as much in evidence as in the days "when we were young"; and the boys so seemed to respond to the appeal made in last week's VARSITY that not once did they allow their fun to interfere with the speakers or the comfort of the audience in general.

A few minutes after eight o'clock Messrs. Archibald and Heney, of McGill, took their places on the platform amid great applause. Then came our own debaters, Jock Inkster and Hugh Monroe, along with Messrs. Shotwell and Hinch. On opening the meeting Prof. G. M. Wrong, who acted as chairman, extended in the name of the University College Literary Society and the whole of Toronto University, a hearty welcome to the McGill representatives, and expressed his own pleasure at these inter-collegiate debates which drew the two student bodies into such close friendship.

The evening's programme was opened with an instrumental solo by Varsity's accomplished pianist, Mr. W. A. Sadler. Then the chairman introduced the essayist of the occasion, Mr. J. T. Shotwell, who in a masterly production on "The Signs of the Times" kept his audience interested and spellbound—interested in the volume of matter and thoughts which the essay contained, and spellbound at the skilful manner in which he wove these facts together, showing how well under his control the essayist had all the rhetorical devices known to literary men; and we make no mistake in declaring this the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Shotwell's many literary productions. The writer predicted from the signs of the times that Canada was to become the classical Greece of modern ages, which prediction was received with great applause.

The next number was a vocal solo, "The Demon King," by Mr. Priser, in a rich voice of remarkable compass and power. In response to a hearty encore Mr. Priser favored us with an excellent rendering of the Armourer's Song from Robin Hood. Then followed Mr. Hinch's recital of a Spanish love story entitled "Magdalena: the Maiden of the Villa." The reciter proved himself an excellent actor as well as an elocutionist, for the dexterous way in which he changed his voice—now rapturous (!) in describing the many charms of the Senorita, now soft (!!) and entreating (!!!) to woo his lady love—(indeed so entreating that the spirit of Magdalena in the guise of a Varsity girl suddenly appeared at the stage door). This, combined with the true spirit with which he played the rôle of the insulted gentleman made everyone fancy that they saw before them the very Peter Brown before whose sword the man of many names went down—that is, every-

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one except the boys in the gallery who could not resist making fun of Nick and his love-making at every opportunity.

Prof. Wrong now announced the debate: "Resolved, that the British aristocracy does actually render such services to the state and society as to warrant its retention of present status"; and introduced the first speaker and leader of the affirmative, Mr. S G Archibald, B.A., of McGill University.

Mr. Archibald, before opening the debate, expressed the pleasure of his colleague and himself at being present in Toronto to debate against Varsity, and assured his fellow-students in Toronto (if he might call them so) that there was no greater honor to be obtained at McGill than to be chosen to represent their college in the annual debate against the University of Toronto.

The subject for discussion, Mr. Archibald stated, divided itself into two heads, viz: Services to the State and services to society. He intended to deal with the first head, while his colleague would show the good services of the aristocracy to society. With respect to the state, the British aristocracy was synonymous with the House of Lords, and a second chamber such as it is, was of invaluable service in preventing tyranny by the majority. The British House of Lords, the speaker went on to say, was therefore efficient in the best government in the world, since by results, as well as comparisons which the debater made with France and United States, the British Government was undoubtedly the best in the world. The secret of success of the English form of government was the complete union of the legislative and executive, such a union being entirely absent in the United States government. After asking the question "Does the House of Lords play a *practical* part in the government?" Mr. Archibald proved from history that by the character and independence of the House—the Lords being above all corruption, and not having to cater to the voters at election time—it has the power of delaying and altering legislation. We see, too, from history that among the aristocracy we find, with but few exceptions, all the best debaters, orators, statesmen, etc., since they have leisure, means and political training, being born in a political atmosphere. The Lords, too, no matter what their opponents may say, are interested in good legislation, being the great landowners of the country. It has often been stated that the people of England did not want the Lords over them, but this is not so, as in great municipal councils and boards the common people had of late chosen aristocrats to fill the highest positions.

Mr. J. Inkster opened the debate for the negative by vigorously denouncing the hereditary principle upon which the House of Lords was founded. He proved by several instances from history that the Upper House had never introduced legislation except to defend its privileges, and

in every case opposed new legislation introduced by the House of Commons on the same grounds. He reviewed the Greek, Roman and Venetian aristocracy, which, however, were founded on merit, not on birth; and then dealt with the British form, starting from the aristocracy at the time of King John, where alone we find an instance of the Lords being beneficial to the state, when the Barons wrested the Great Charter from their king. But, Mr. Inkster claimed, they did this only from selfish motives, and it was a case where all things worked for good. He then proved that retention of privilege was the main motive of the Upper House. It never completely opposed a bill it saw the Commons were determined upon passing, as that would mean a sufficient number of peers would be appointed to pass the bill in the Upper House, and thus the Lords would only be committing suicide. Mr. Inkster's arguments were all vigorously stated and clinched with a zeal and force which left no doubt in the minds of his hearers that these were the real facts; and when the flight of time forced him to dam the flood of oratory with which he had upheld his side, the affirmative seemed to have no ground of argument left.

However, Mr. W. B. Heney advanced to the attack, and when he uttered a few of his well-composed sentences, bristling with points and stern facts, the audience at once climbed over to his side of the fence. In fact, so far did this smiling Irishman (which nationality he claimed) show himself a polished speaker, both in handling of argument and flow of rhetoric that all (especially those of the fair sex) admitted his to be *the* speech of the evening. As Mr. Archibald had stated he would, Mr. Heney dealt mostly with the services of the aristocracy to society. He pointed out its permanency, being based on birth and ownership of land, not on the almighty dollar as in the United States, where the leading men are nothing but boodlers, corruptionists, tyrannizing over the people's rights. Such as this the English lord could not be, from his very condition in life, his breeding and his dignity. He pointed out also, that if the House of Lords was done away with, where could we get such another second chamber? Two hundred of its members had been members of the House of Commons, and the most prominent men in England belonged to it. Mr. Heney then showed how such positions as those of Governor-General to the Colonies, ambassadors, etc., could be properly filled only by members of the peerage, as they alone could uphold the dignity and state of the British Crown.

Mr. Munroe closed the debate for the negative in an excellent address. He took the ironical vein, pointing out that we could not hope to be great or wise or dignified, for all the sunshine of this life was reserved for the aristocracy. The greater part of Mr. Munroe's speech was thus given to ridiculing the so-called benefits which the lords showered on the people at large. However, near the close of his time he so rammed home argument after argument that he completely finished the construction of the coffin which Mr. Inkster had commenced, for the now deceased aristocracy.

But Mr. Archibald, in his reply, showed that though disfigured he was still in the ring; and in a few well-put words brought the audience out of the hypnotic state in which Mr. Munroe had thrown them. Evidently he turned the tide in his favor, for Prof. Wrong, after stating his dilemma in judging between the logical clearness and oratory of the affirmative on the one hand, and the vigorous arguments and pointed irony of the negative on the other, decided that the honors rested with the McGill students.

This decision was received with great applause, the boys in the gallery declaring enthusiastically that McGill was all right, and that everybody said so.



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## DEPARTMENT

## CALENDAR

DEC. 7—Normal College examinations at Hamilton, Ottawa, and Toronto, begin.

County Model School examinations begin.

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14—Written examinations at Ottawa and Toronto Normal Schools, begin.

22—High and Public Schools close.

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Conversat to-morrow night.

Varsity students should remember Dunlop and Simmons in buying flowers for the Conversazione.

Remember Y.M.C.A. meeting at five o'clock this afternoon. Interesting reports from the delegates to the Brantford convention.

"Dick" Nicholson, '99, who was forced to leave Varsity last spring just before Exams. on account of illness, expects to return and write this spring.

The fourth year Philosophy men are at work on a thesis on "Causation," which is a part of their examination for degree; and the third year men are writing upon the "Relation of the External and the Internal."

Mr. W. F. Kerney, formerly of University College, who has been lately attending the Western University, is at his father's home near Brussels. He expects soon to take up the work of some Home Mission field.

Keep disengaged for Thursday afternoon, Feb 17th. John R. Mott and Robert P. Wilder in Students' Union. These are two of the greatest men in the world in Y.M.C.A. work and Student Volunteer work among college men.

Some of the Philosophy students of the fourth year are working in the Psychological laboratory on an interesting problem in "rhythm" suggested by Prof. Alexander. The results will be of some importance in the critical study of poetry.

Students and their friends attending the Conversazione on Friday evening next, are notified by VARSITY that all kinds of roses, carnations, violets and other seasonable flowers may be had

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The economic meeting of the Political Science Club, held last Thursday, was of an extremely interesting character. Three instructive papers were read by Messrs. Alex. McGregor, '98, W. F. McKay, '99, H. F. Fisher, '99. This afternoon the clubs will be addressed by Dr. S. M. Wickett, B.A., on "Political and Social Arithmetic."

A regular meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Friday afternoon, at which Miss MacDougall read a well written paper on "Leibniz." The life, character and philosophy of that renowned thinker were admirably presented. Prof. Badgeley and Prof. Hume spoke briefly complimenting the essayist upon the very interesting way in which she had treated the subject of the essay. Every meeting of this Society is open, and those interested in the discussions are always welcome.

Our McGill friends who won the inter-collegiate debate from us last Friday, have returned to Montreal well pleased with their visit among us. Mr. Archibald who led for McGill is a graduate in arts, and is now pursuing the law course of the same university. He was entertained in Residence. Mr. Heney is a third year Arts man with the ministry in view, and he was entertained at Wycliffe. Both gentlemen were shown around the city on Saturday morning by their "friends and opponents" of the previous evening, Messrs. Munroe and Inkster.

At the annual meeting of the Baseball Club last week, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year, and under their management the club

is looking forward to a prosperous year: Hon. pres, Hon. W. Mulock, M.P.; pres., F. H. Barron, B.A.; 1st vice-pres, Mr. FitzGerald, of St. Michael's; 2nd vice-pres., J. L. Counsell, B.A.; sec-treas, J. R. Meredith; 4th year representative, E. W. Beatty; 3rd year representative F. D. McEntee; 1st year representative Percy Brown; 3rd and 4th year Meds., A. W. Tanner; 1st and 2nd year Meds, "Stubbs" Smith; Dental School, R. R. Elliott; Victoria University, J. Parry; St. Michael's, N. Roach; manager, J. W. Hobbs.

Two volumes that are a credit not only to the University of Toronto, whence they belong, but also to Canada as a whole, are those that bear the name of "Torontonensis" and "Sesame." The former, which is richly bound in morocco, with soft backs, is the first volume of the Year Book of the University, and bears this inscription:—To President Loudon, who by wise counsels and uniform kindness has won the esteem of all and the affection of many in the student body, the first number of "Torontonensis," a yearly record and memorial of student life in the University of Toronto, is inscribed by the graduating class of 1898 in grateful and respectful recognition of his untiring efforts on behalf of the students and the University." Besides a number of excellent photogravures of the University buildings and of student groups, the volume contains brief sketches of the undergraduates. "The fair ones of '98, being 52 in number divided themselves into a pack of cards, and their biographical sketches are bordered with diamonds, hearts, spades or clubs, as the case may be. The last portion of this most interesting volume is devoted to a series of literary sketches written by graduates and undergraduates of the University.

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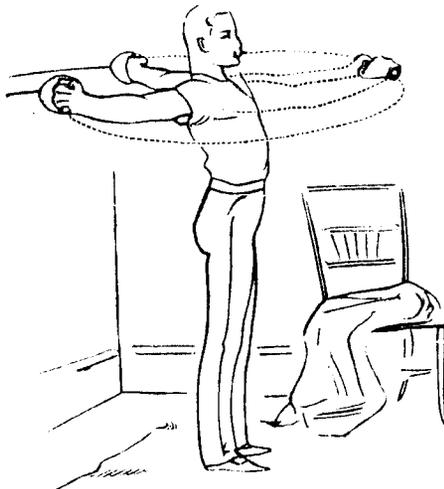


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