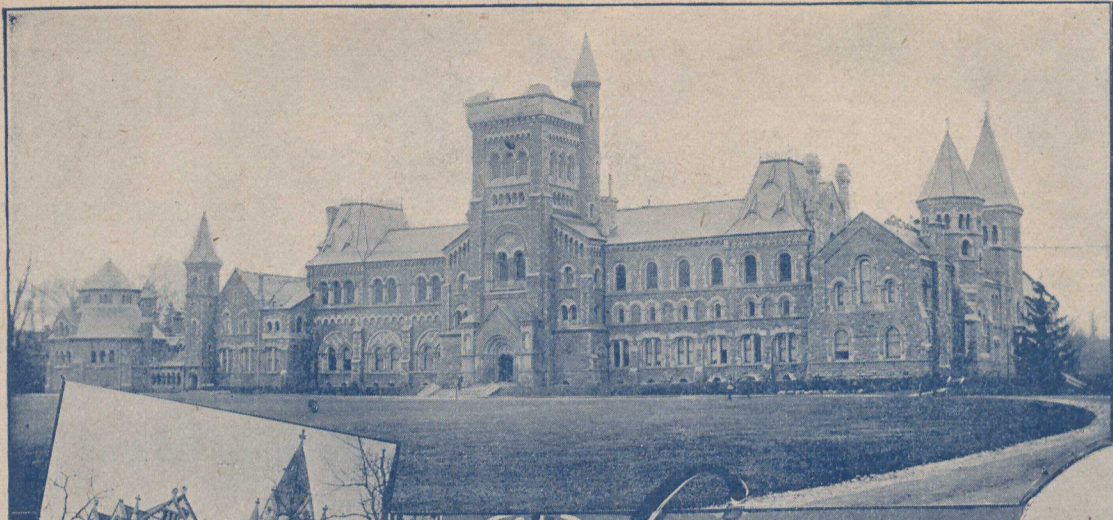


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THE VARSITY

VOL. XVII. No. 16

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1898.

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THE VARSITY.

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1898.

No. 16.

RENOUNCED.

Oh, once more to be free !
Out of the bondage of Time !
Let go every hawser, and flee
To the homeless deep, where the long waves sweep,
Travelling every clime,
Where the breath of Ocean, fresh and keen,
Sings in the tackle all day long,—
For drear the city of Time has been
With its glitter and streets a throng,
No longer its slaves are we,
Let others serve or not ;—
Weigh anchor, our home is the infinite sea,
And the infinite heaven of Thought.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

SOME ASPECTS OF COLLEGE LIFE AT YALE.

The student who has spent four years at University College, Toronto, and has had aroused within him towards it a deep and fond attachment, which the richness of its architectural beauty and its quiet peaceful surroundings cannot fail to have produced, must feel towards it ever afterwards that strange indescribable feeling which a man has always towards the girl whom he first loves ; a feeling which once experienced and lost never returns again.

The student who comes from Toronto with such a feeling towards the college he has left is not likely to find Yale University capable of giving him much relief, for Yale has not the rich classic beauty nor the quiet seclusion from the public street and the noisy life of business which its wide expanse of lawns and its situation give to Toronto University.

The college buildings are situated in the central and business part of the city of New Haven, the campus occupying the entire block between Elm and Chapel streets on the north and south, and College and High streets on the east and west. The front of the quadrangle faces College street and the buildings on all four sides of it are close to the walks. Opposite the front of the college and occupying a space about as large as the quadrangle is the "Town Green." This is a small public park in the centre of which stand three of the oldest churches of the city founded by the Pilgrim Fathers in the early days of settlement. Round about and through this Green stand many of those great majestic elms which give to New Haven its characteristic name "The Elm City," and which, having been planted more than one hundred years ago, have become solemn and venerable looking with age. It is this Green alone which gives any appearance of seclusion to the college. Upon three of the streets passing the college street car lines run, and amid the rattle of the trolley and the rumbling of dray wheels the students must form their philosophical theories, and as they translate the Odes of Horace are likely to hear accompanying them the more modern Roman with his street piano.

Nothing would be more disappointing to the Toronto student, with his inordinate and apparently ever increasing desire for exercising in a certain way his social nature,

than the condition of social life at Yale. Class receptions, such as are held in Toronto, are unknown and would be impossible ; for at Yale there are no undergraduates of the fair sex to make such things interesting. The recitation halls have consequently no other associations for the students than those of study. No memories of moments when hearts throbbed unusually, or pulse quickened, or when emotion was stirred to its depths, will ever come to the minds of the students as they recall in after years these halls, excepting such as some passage from Homer or Shakespeare may have caused. The Sons of Eli have strange ideas about lady students. They think of them as haggard creatures made pale and thin by study and weight of years. The following poem is a fair expression of a Yale man's view of the "Co-ed."

As moaning winds upon the shore
Look back to the forevermore,
So Miss "Co-ed.," long, lank, serene,
Looks back to the long-since-hath-been.
If all God's creatures could be fed,
The first I'd feed would be "Co-ed."

At Yale, perhaps, more than at any other university in America, fraternities are the dominating power in undergraduate life, and nowhere are the evils which are usually connected with such institutions absent to such a marked degree as at Yale. Just as every boy who is born in this country can look forward to becoming its president if he prove himself worthy, so every undergraduate in Yale who can show marked ability of any kind may look forward to having it recognized by being chosen a member of one of the fraternities. The possession of wealth counts for little in any of the societies ; high social standing goes far with some, but for all the chief qualifications necessary for membership are marks of high intellectual ability. In the senior year there are three fraternities. The one conferring highest dignity upon the members is the Skull and Bones, so called as some think because the bones of Elihu Yale, the founder of the college, are concealed there. To this fraternity are chosen each year in May the fifteen men of the incoming senior class who have attained highest scholarship or social prominence. Second in importance is the Scroll and Key, to which also fifteen men are chosen from the same class, but in this case social standing and possession of wealth go far in determining upon whom the choice will fall. The third society is the Wolf's Head, which usually takes the best fifteen men from those of the class who are left after the other two societies have made their selection. These honors are eagerly sought for by all the students, and for many form a great stimulus to work. As may be imagined the day when these men are chosen is one of the most interesting of the college year. It is called "Tapping Day" because of the manner in which the men are informed of their selection. It comes in the latter part of May. Crowds gather in the campus early in the afternoon. All the boys, and many of their friends who come to see the proceedings, are there. No one yet knows who the fortunate ones are and every person is in eager expectation. By-and-bye a member from each of the fraternities pushes his way as best he can in silence through the crowd until he finds one of "his men." He

taps him on the shoulder and says, "Go to your room." If the person tapped wishes to accept, as he usually does, he goes off amid the cheers and applause of the crowd, and in his room is given initiation. If, however, he thinks he may have the opportunity of being chosen by one of the other fraternities and prefers it, he stands still and is passed by. In this manner each of the forty-five men is chosen.

Just within the campus and running along the north side is what is called the "fence." This is a two-railed wooden structure divided into sections, one for the seniors, another for the juniors, and the third for the sophomores. It is around this "fence" that much of the social life of the college centres. During the warm evenings the classes assemble here, and occupying their various sections, sing or discuss matters in general. Here the Glee Club sings on several evenings during the week if weather permits. Here also after victories, such as were won this year from Princeton in football, and from Harvard in debate, huge bon-fires are kindled, Roman candles and rockets are fired, and a general celebration takes place lasting till late in the night. The freshmen have no section of the fence upon which to sit. They must stand until they have won from the Harvard freshmen the baseball match played between the two colleges each spring. The freshmen are the unprivileged class at Yale, as the following rules laid down for their observance will show:—

Not to smoke pipes on the street or campus.

Not to dance at the Junior Promenade.

Not to carry a cane before Washington's birth-day.

Not to talk to upper class-men about College secret societies.

Not to study, read, or sleep during chapel exercises.

Not to bow to the President at the close of morning chapel; this privilege is reserved for Seniors.

Not to play ball or spin tops on the campus; this privilege is also reserved for Seniors.

The social event, not only of the year but of the whole undergraduate's course, is the Junior Promenade, which is given by the Junior Class each year about the middle of January. This is the great social event of the east and usually some of the most distinguished members of New York Society are present. Notwithstanding the expense, which for each student varies from three dollars to five or six hundred, almost all the members of the class attend Festivities last for three days. On the Saturday before Promenade Week the ladies who are fortunate enough to be invited, usually arrive, some coming from as far away as the Pacific Coast. Sunday morning all attend chapel. Monday and Tuesday are spent attending the various Germans and teas given by ladies of the city at their homes. On Tuesday evening comes the grand finale—the Promenade.

A somewhat modern custom at Yale is known as "Bottle Night." On this night, which comes usually late in the spring, all the bottles which have accumulated for some reason in the various rooms, and have become too numerous as bottles will become, whether medicine bottles or other kinds, are thrown down from the windows on the stone pavement beneath. In the morning round the dormitories glass lies an inch deep. This however is not look forward to with any great enthusiasm by many of the students, and it is hoped by the better minded that this custom will soon become a thing of the past.

While to serious men these college pranks seem nonsense, yet there underlies Yale life a deep appreciation of its real meaning. These tricks are but the effervescence of youthful spirits finding a harmless mode of escape. It has been remarked by a Yale professor that there is more genuine energy well expended to the square inch on Yale campus than to the square mile elsewhere. The activity and competition is indeed intense, and, on the

whole, any fair-minded observer would say that Yale bids fair to produce citizens of which this country need never be ashamed. All is not study, and all is not play, but there is seen a healthy combination of the two which is generally successful in producing a well-rounded man, and no one ever forgets the healthy inspiration of it all nor neglects to keep close to his heart the familiar motto of Yale, *lux et veritas*.

Yale, February, 1898.

J. M. NICOL, '97.

MY FATHER'S FAME.

"Curious, isn't it, that Dickson is so like his father in appearance, and yet doesn't seem to be much good?"

"Yes, and his father such a clever man, too."

"That's always the way though; a brilliant man nearly always has a stupid son."

"Yes, I've noticed that myself."

I overheard this interesting scrap of conversation at the club the other day. The speakers, of course, did not know that I was within earshot, or they would not have spoken as they did. They thought they were right enough in their conclusion, I suppose, but that certainly did not make it any the more pleasant for me. I managed to leave the room without being seen—I had a notion just for one minute of showing myself to make them redder and stammer, if possible, but on second thoughts I decided that I, too, might find it somewhat embarrassing, and consequently I went out, as I mentioned before.

I walked quickly home in the sharp evening air. My sour feelings wore off as I approached my hotel and my dinner; and, by the time I had disposed of the comforting meal which James—who has waited on me for the fourteen years during which I have lived at the Hotel Vendome—set before me, I began to grow rather more amiable.

Just then, as I was becoming somewhat complacent, a thought came into my mind occasioned by James' very politeness towards me, and that thought caused my ill-humor to return in full force. It had just struck me that James was attentive to me, not because he had waited on me for fourteen years, nor yet because I have invariably given him a dollar on the first of every month, but because I was my father's son, and because he was proud to attend to the wants of the son of Sir John Dickson, K.C.M.G., the Cabinet Minister. So I moodily withdrew to my sitting room to nurse my perennial grievance, and smoke my after-dinner pipe, which is, I might add, a very elastic one, and generally lasts till I go to bed.

My particular grievance is one from which I always have suffered, and one from which I always shall suffer. To make matters plain, I may as well state it at once: it is that I am not myself, but merely my father's son. This may seem rather enigmatic, but it nevertheless is a fact, and for me a very sad one. I feel, and indeed I know, that I am being continually pointed out on the street, not as being Mr. E. Carter Dickson, but as being the son of Sir John Dickson.

It might at first thoughts seem to you, that to be the son of a famous man, and more especially, as in my own case, of a notable politician, would be of the greatest assistance to you throughout life. I assure you, that in the majority of cases nothing worse could happen to you; for, as it appears to me, of all the handicaps which nature may put upon a man there is scarcely any worse than that of having a famous father.

My name is Edward Carter Dickson. My father is Sir John Dickson, the well-known Minister of the Crown. Of his career I need say nothing, for his life-story is pretty well known throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, and indeed beyond its frontiers as well. My father, I should mention, is a man of very striking appear-

ance. His nose, in particular, is decidedly Roman, and his square chin gives determination to a strong, rather than handsome, face. It happens that in features there is a marked resemblance between him and me; only, I suspect, my nose is slightly more hooked than his and my chin not so prominent. His friends used to smile knowingly at my father when, as a boy, I was with him, and I could sometimes hear them mutter: "A chip off the old block, eh?" This, I remember, used to please me at the time, for I was old enough to know that my father was a man of both wealth and influence. And so, thoughtlessly, I vaguely supposed that I, too, should be rich and influential some day.

When I went to school, I remember the masters told me that I must do well, for was I not the son of the Hon. Mr. Dickson?—he had not been knighted at that time. It had been determined from the first that I was to be a lawyer, for, as my father said, he could secure me enough business to get me a decent living. Besides this, he meant that I, too, should enter Parliament, and, as most politicians nowadays are lawyers, he was determined that I should not be kept back, as he had been, by a lack of academic training. I, myself, should have preferred at the time to have devoted myself to my favorite hobby, Botany; but, as my father said, boys don't know their own minds; which, I suppose, is true—to a certain extent.

At last I went up to the University at Toronto to take my college course. While there I studied political science, which, I must confess, I found decidedly dry. Great things were expected of me—for what reason you may perhaps guess—because I was Sir John Dickson's son, and, as a man who had seen my father and shaken hands with him said, "the very image of him." Unfortunately I was not very much interested in my work, and when I returned to Ottawa after getting through my first year, and with no very high place in the class-lists at that, I determined to speak to my father about changing my course at college. I found him in the library one evening after dinner, and so, after some hesitation, for my father always awed me a little, I spoke out:

"I suppose, father, you noticed that I did not do very well at the examinations," I began.

"Yes, I did," he replied; then added kindly, "but you were strange at your work; I shall expect you to do better next year."

"I was thinking I should like—that is, I don't seem to take to my work."

"Come, come, Edward; don't talk nonsense—talk like a man," my father broke in rather impatiently. "You must remember you are not a child any longer. You really must have more decision and manliness; you annoy me sometimes; you seem so childish. You know you are to be a lawyer, so you must make up your mind, and then you will be all right."

That was the end of my interview. I determined to work hard during my next session at college; and with this good resolution I went up to Toronto in the autumn.

During that year and the succeeding two years at the University I managed to get along fairly well. My position was never particularly good, but it was, at any rate, above mediocre. Some of my relatives were kind enough to suggest that my only fair standing was due to my, perhaps, excessive indulgence in athletics. Of course I always have been fond of sport—indeed very fond.

At last, after putting in my course at law, I was called to the Bar, and went to practise my profession at Ottawa. My father with his patronage was able to turn a good living towards me, and for a while, what with the novelty of my position and a comfortable income, I was fairly happy. I derived considerable importance from my father's position, and I can remember how charitable I

used to feel when I would sometimes overhear on the street: "There's young Dickson, Sir John's son, you know."

Now this was all very well—for a time. But after some years I began to grow a little tired of the same formula, for, as I thought, it was about time for me to get some individual notice. Not that I was particularly desirous of notoriety, but, if I *was* to be remarked, I preferred, as I grew older, to be noticed, not as the minister's son, but as myself. It was, perhaps, this fact which caused it to occur to me one night while enjoying my evening pipe that I was not mounting the ladder of fame as quickly as I might, and I began lazily to speculate on what the cause of my non-success might be. I saw that, after a considerable number of years' practise, I had not pushed my way to the front, as I should have done. I was not recognized as a prominent lawyer. Few big cases came my way. As my thoughts were drifting along in this fashion, there sounded a rap at my door. "Come in!" I shouted.

My friend Dick Wheaton entered, and, saying he had come to have a chat with me, he laid aside his cap, coat and gauntlets, for it was winter, and sat down in my second armchair with the assurance that betrays old-time friendship. Dick proceeded to stretch out his legs to the fire, and then began, as he invariably does, to light his pipe.

"Cold night, Dick," said I.

"Yes, it is," he replied, crossing his legs.

Silence fell upon us for a moment; then, my thoughts recurring to what had been in my mind before Dick came in, I asked a question which I regretted, before I had finished uttering it.

"Look here, Dick, why do you think I have not got famous when I have had such good opportunities?" And then I added, rather lamely, I fear, "I was just thinking about this before you came in."

"Really, old man, if I were you, I should give up thinking; it is very hard work."

"Don't be a fool. Wheaton," I replied, for, now that I had introduced the subject, I thought that, to be dignified, I must go through with it. "I really want your opinion."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Dick, looking at me rather curiously.

"Yes, I do," I retorted.

"Well, if you are going to get angry about it, I suppose you must have it," and Wheaton thoughtfully puffed at his pipe.

"Well, Dick," I resumed rather more amiably, "What is your opinion?"

"Why, my dear fellow, I don't know, haven't the faintest idea. By the way, I haven't seen such a good exhibition of hockey for a long time, as I saw this afternoon," and Dick went off into a glowing description of a match at the Mattawa rink.

I saw that he did not want to be bored with my stupid question, and I was, to be honest, rather glad that he had been kind enough to extricate me in spite of myself from my silly blunder.

When Wheaton was gone, I saw what had made him so determined not to answer me: evidently a true answer would have been decidedly uncomplimentary. It must appear to him that, if I had had abilities above the ordinary, I should have risen to the top; and conversely, as Euclid says, if I had not risen to the top, it was because I —, but I did not care to follow this to its logical conclusion. This was, surely enough, Dick Wheaton's opinion; but, and I am speaking as honestly as a man may under such circumstances, it was not my own view of myself, nor is it now; and I think I know more of myself than Mr. Richard Wheaton does. So I unhesitatingly rejected Dick's opinion as being wrong. What, then, was

the reason why I had never risen above mediocrity? That was the problem I had to face, and I grew quite interested in finding a solution to it.

For a long time I was unable to discover anything; indeed, I doubt whether, at this date, I could set any particular time for the acquisition of a knowledge which, so far as I recollect, came to me gradually. The final result of my investigations was deduced from a great number of incidents, of which I shall mention only the last, perhaps the most apparent.

At my father's request I had finally consented to contest the electoral riding of North Keewatin, in order, of course, to enter Parliament. After a hard campaign I carried the seat. I made my maiden speech in the House a month afterwards. After I had sat down, and it seemed to me I had spoken forcibly and with some point, my father got up, and, with that force and directness for which he is famous, attacked the speech of the member of the Opposition. As he warmed to his subject, I could have imagined that it was myself, older, with more experience and more self-confidence, who was addressing the Commons. Yet my poor effort at a speech became dwarfed and forgotten, when placed alongside of my father's eloquent argument.

I went back to my hotel that evening, and, after having dinner, I went to my room, and made myself comfortable for the night. This incident of the speech, together with many others which I have kept noticed—I mean occasions on which I seemed to have failed, and when people appeared to have been disappointed in me—these incidents I now examined closely, and at last my conclusion was reached. I was sure that I had now the key to the situation—that I was at last certain of the reason for my only moderate success in life. I had made sure by repeated observations that it was my father's fame, and not by own stupidity, which had so often, as it seemed to me, retarded me. It was by the comparison of me, a young man, with my father, a man of maturity and a statesman, that I had been kept back. The comparison was, no doubt, unfair, but it was forced on people by our very position; for, by my following his footsteps, even into the halls of Parliament, comparisons were bound to arise, and they must of necessity have been unfavorable to me. From the constant comparison of the less with the greater, the less begins to appear even smaller than, perhaps, it really is.

I know it may be answered that the advantages which I got from my father's influential position would more than compensate for any over-shadowing from which I might suffer. Well, the only reply I can make is that, while you are entitled to give opinion, I also may hold mine.

Just last night I was stretched out in an easy chair with my feet to the fire enjoying in my own quiet way a smooth going, old fashioned love story, when there was a knock at my door, and Wheaton came in. After talking of different things I told him of the discovery which I had made. Dick smiled; but whether the smile was one of agreement or indulgence I have not been able to decide. Once more, in his own polite fashion, Dick tacitly refused to be interested and turned the conversation into other channels.

W. A. R. KERR.

JABEZ SMYTHE, SCOLAIRE; HYS CHRONIKLE.

ED. NOTE.—The following fragment seems to explain itself. If it was not found in the recent alterations at Oxford, it is to the greater shame of Antiquarians that such an opportunity for finding it was neglected. It is now published for the first time.

Oct. 1. I doe herebie solemplic make resolucion to studie alway, aminding of my bookes and ye precepts of my maisters. And this doe I resolve, not alone because of ye warninges add instructions of my kin and parents, but eke for ye greater solace of my owne mind, for, if I doe not diligentlie apply myself to reapinge ye harvest whilk oportunitie hath (thus to say) sowed for me, surelie Remorse will gripe me keenlie when ye daie of reckoninge cometh. And thereto I adde, sith there be no few foolish-minded wights dwelling in ye chaumbres hereabout, who do ever make boast to doe no worke ere Michaelmas be past (whilk is little but blasphemic,) it well behoveth me to reason with them as best I may, bothe for their owne goode and the greater contente of my proper conscience. Albeit, they doe gibe and girde at me alway, and make ye Satan's owne noyse at all houres of ye night-time.

Nov. 1. I have in ye late month encompassed moche studie. I have ever sat atoilinge in my chambre, though verilie there lacked not temptation to draw me forth. And indeede in Aristotle hys Rhetoric it lieth plainlie written that even to dwell solitarie is ye beginninge of madnesse. Soothe to say there beethe no great delectation therein; thereto my chambre is passinge cold, and I wasted moche time awarminge my handes at ye rooffe of my mouthe. My mind is no little troubled by snares and doubttes. I will hie me to bed and by sound sleepinge flee ye Evil One hys lures.

Dec. 1. Albeit ye sharpe abidance by vowes and resolucions may well help some weake knaves, it doth wittenesse a right poore will and understandinge if a man may not follow hys owne reasoun when it so liketh him and seemeth wise. Thus believinge, I have adjudged it seemlie to betake me one night from my toile to seek ye concourse and societie of ye worlde. (Should a wight ever sit with hys heade under a candle? I trowe not.) They cleped this thinge an *At Home*; it was ye first that ever I was at, and trulie I was none too easie and happie of minde. (Sooth to say I had never thought my feete were so great and cumbersome, and that my two handes could of a sudden seem so manie. I was sore put to it to know where I might hide all of ye same.)

Jan. 1. In ye late month I wente to some ten *At Homes* and *Receptions*, for it behoveth me to gain what culture I may. At ye laste (albeit it is little seemlie to write down such follie) I did thereafter accompanie to her dwellinge one of ye bravest damsels ye sonne, or ye moone (which befitteth better such thinges) ever shone upon. Right trulie did one of ye other scolaires clepen her a peache, and readily had I made essay to discover if ye doune of her faire cheekes would rub off like ye doune of that same sweet fruite (nor would I have committed ye sacrilege of touching her with my fingers) but soothe to confesse, I durst not. Nay, I could scarce bring myself even to speake to her, my tongue beinge dryer than ye dry bones of Holie Writte, and clave to my jawes at every syllable. Ye whilk I have since greatly marvelled over, nor have I yet found any philosophical cause thereof.

Now I mightilie fear lest my moche studie ere Michaelmas have not done some grievous hurte to my understandinge; I can scarce bring myself to toile even in daytime, and by candle-light I am taken with ye cravunge for ye concourse and societie of ye worlde. And for that she is ever in ye same concourse it may even be so with her. I shall make bold to demand if she have ever suffered ye like; peradventure she may know a remedie whilk will bring me cure.

Feb. 1. Trulie ye college porter beeth a heedless wight, little reckinge that cleanlinesse lieth nigh to godliness, for my quille hath lain upon the floor a full fortnight, and he hath never moved to pick it up. And my bookes do show all of one coloure for ye exceedinge

thicknesse of duste upon them. I cannot abide to stay in my chaumbre; I will to her (for I have not seen her now since yestreen)

* * * * *

Mar. 1. Right well hath it been sayde that woman hath ye face of a faire angel and ye hearte of a stinginge serpent. She ensnareth and deceiveth man, and her conscience troubleth her not a whit thereover. Greatly do I rejoice that I have never fallen into ye meshe. (Albeit one of ye same may think in her vaine hearte that she hath bewitched me, I care naught for her. I did but dissemble some sort of likinge that I might ye better studie ye sexe.

I doe hereto say that if ye cursed, lyinge knave, Jones, cometh anigh these chaumbres I will throw him through ye painted oriel.

Ap. 1. I chronikle naught upon this daie, lest it should seem to mock me, for trulie I am the verie foole of fortune. (Nevertheless I have bespoken two gross of candles and have gotten my bookes out of pawne with ye monie my father lately dispatched to me. I did write him that I had naught to give ye pious palmers who do come abegging to ye college.)

May. 1. I have not yet loste all hope of bettering my evil case. If a man sit with his feet in a bathe of colde water he may worke till three of ye morne. (Albeit I have but lately seene that newly-made booke ycleped *Dante, Hys Inferno*, and verilie I did all but envie ye lotte of manie a wight by him encountered in ye abode of Plutoe)

June. 1. I am horridlie besetten by fears and dreadinges. My hande is sore shaken. I can not hold ye quille.

June 10. Ye mercie of Providence be prayed! But soothe to say, ye clawes of Satan were nigh to graspinge me. Now will I go afishing with a gladde hearte FESTE.

OPEN MEETING OF THE NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Another open meeting of the Natural Science Association is numbered with those of the past. The large audience that filled the amphitheatre of the Biological Building on Friday evening, February 11 will all agree that in every way it was a decided success.

The music alone was well worthy of a long tramp through the rain and slush of that disagreeable evening, but when this was supported by the pleasing and instructive addresses that were delivered, the entertainment was all that could be desired. Dr. Coleman, the President of the Association, occupied the chair. It is not necessary to say to any one who knows or has heard Dr. Coleman that the position was happily filled. In giving the Assembly a few words of welcome, he expressed his satisfaction with the activity of the Association and with the many interesting papers which have been read since he became president. He enumerated certain desirable qualities, the extent of which is greatly increased by the study of the Natural Sciences. Dr. Sheard, the Medical Health Officer, gave a most excellent address on "The Relation of Contagious Diseases to Public Health." With his happy method of expression he introduced many facts concerning infection, which certainly were a revelation to many of his hearers. Contagion and Infection are synonymous terms, though contagion is often spoken of in cases only where the disease is communicated by actual contact with the person suffering. He illustrated the growth and habitat of the disease germ, which in general is a micro-organism of a lower plant type, by referring to the diphtheria bacillus. The mucous membranes of the throat, nose, etc., are its favorite haunts. It multiplies rapidly, and secretes a toxalbumen, which is poisonous to the system. The disease is cured by introducing into the system enough anti-toxin,

i.e., an antidote for the poison of tox-albumen, to overcome the force of the poison. He described the periods of (a) Incubation—when the germ is gaining a foothold, but cannot be noticed. (b) Invasion—the time of attack, when the disease can be seen to be doing its work. (c) Despumation—the period of recovery, when the bacilli are cast off as minute scales. It is during this last period that the disease is most infectious. He concluded by referring to the danger attached to the method used in some public schools of the collection and indiscriminate re distribution of pencils, scribblers, etc. If disease is present, this forms a most potent means for its dissemination.

Dr. Bensley's address on "Poison Glands in the Animal Kingdom," proved very interesting. Poison glands were described; their structure was explained, and the different organs which serve to ensure the insertion of the poison into the enemy or prey, were described. Starting with the Animals and Birds, he mentioned the representatives of each class through the vertebrate and invertebrate kingdoms, which possess these organs, the lowest type being the thread cells of the coelenterates. He took up the poison organs of the venomous serpents at greatest length, as snake-bite produces more cases of fatality in some warm climates than many of the infectious diseases do. It has been found possible to produce anti-venom similar to the anti-toxins in common use to destroy the effects of the poison, if in the system, or to procure immunity from the effect of the venom. This has been quite successful in India, where many deaths are caused each year from snake-bite. The lecture was illustrated by numerous lantern slides projected on the screen by Mr. B. A. Bensley.

The opening number of the programme was a selection by the Varsity Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club. It was so enthusiastically received that the club responded to an encore. Unfortunately all of the members were not able to reman, and their second number had to be dispensed with.

Miss Mac Dickenson, as she always does, captivated the audience by her vocal solos. She was on the programme for two numbers. "The Owl" and "Go Sleep, My Honey," both of which she gave with guitar accompaniments. The appreciation of those who listened was shown by the prolonged applause, and Miss Dickenson in each case kindly responded to an encore.

Miss Bertha Rosenstadt, who has long been the favorite pianist in University circles, contributed a piano solo to the programme, and to the satisfaction of those present responded to a second demand on her powers of entertainment.

Mr. A. B. Steer, who gave a piano solo, was favorably received, but he did not return to ameliorate the insatiate cravings of those who were charmed by his first appearance.

When the programme was completed, a large number took advantage of the invitation to take a glance at the variety of objects in the museum, which, through the kindness of Prof. Wright, was thrown open for inspection.

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LAST year's magazine literature dealt large with the vexed question of college education, those individuals who have never been at a college having naturally the most to say on the subject. It is our purpose to look at one or two phases of our student life which can, perhaps, best be seen from the inside of the university, and by an undergraduate. We are not given to painfully precocious habits of introspection. We cannot stand in wrapt silence listening to catch the faint beatings of our own heart; but yet there are certain characteristics of ourselves which we, as students, can most easily understand and interpret. One of these is the undergraduate department of sport—more especially football. It is a strange thing that while the philosophers of our century have been finding the direction and source of every minute current of mental activity, have been turning little rays of side-light on every habit which leads to thought and action—particularly such as emanate from the university—while our mental microscope specialists have mounted us innumerable psychological specimens and made them translucent with copious watery rhetoric, one of the most manifest expressions of the character of the growing race has been persistently overlooked. A revival of original racial instinct has gone almost unnoticed. The wonderful advancement, the conquest of consideration and care, which the body—as represented in manly sports—has made in the last decade, the records broken on every field, the astonishing multiplication of baseball, football and hockey teams, the omnipresence of the bicycle, the increasing numbers of the patrician golf club—all this surely means something. What can it mean, but a renewal of delight in a strong and active frame, a pride of the flesh, if you will, but none the less a very real and powerful pride. And that sport has rooted itself most deeply in the university,

can hardly be interpreted otherwise than that mind and body are beginning to understand and value one another as they never have since the time of Socrates and Phidias. Matthew Arnold would have called it the union of the Barbarian and the Cultured. But this manner of saying the thing is needlessly pompous. Let us descend from the stilts of the abstract to the surer, if less dignified, footing of the concrete.

* * *

Most representative and most wide-spread of sports is Rugby. If it be not too impertinent for one who does not play the game to speak on the subject at all, we will try to say what the majority of undergraduates seem to think about this sport of sports. We have read much hostile literature, by "old ladies of both sexes," and have heard many hysterical anathemas shrieked at "a game which endangered life and limb for an end which is utterly silly and trivial," "which is both brutal and brutalizing," "which reminds one of the gladiatorial shows of the time of Nero"—all of which is very good, and is sure to make the "gladiator" chuckle immoderately while he judiciously applies the advisable arnica and sticking-plaster. Let us stand for a while with the overcoated line, which borders the campus on a chilly November afternoon, praising or criticising as we please, shouting hoarse enthusiasm, or muttering "things which we had better have left unsaid," if too strong emotion overtake us. The champions daudle out of their dressing-rooms, sloughing off their ulsters and jerseys. They toss the ball about disinterestedly—with only occasional touches of animation. Old opponents greet one another with knowing grins, their meetings afore-time having been memorable. They are all there on the basis of pure manhood, like tourneying knights in the days of chivalry. Some of them, too, may be wearing ladies' favors; for the college girl has won many famous matches—that is another story. But the ball is moving in earnest now. The line of overcoats begins to sway in and out, and surge internally. A long roar goes up which only stops at half time. Now, comes the brutality. These young heroes—or bull terriers—whichever you please, *do* handle each other most rudely. They pitch each other on their faces in full career by crafty duckings. They work dire damage by attempting to go through the scrimmage by ram-like buttings of the head. They trample the fallen. They shed blood. Not uncommonly they break fingers and ribs and collar-bones; even worse things happen. Often there are hot personal combats on the field; men roll over and over locked together like fighting dogs, and are ruled off till the cold douche of helpless inaction chills the devil out of them. Is there anything more we can say against the game? Why, yes—it takes much time and not a little money. All this is "for an end which is utterly silly and trivial," a hard case to argue against surely! But we fear the fighting masses in the field and the shouting, heaving lines which *will* at times burst into it, would never think of arguing the case; to them there is nothing to argue about, so thoroughly are they benighted!

He who plays true Rugby must be a man. His body must be in the best possible condition, his mind must be at its keenest, his heart must be without fear—yet, let him be as ready to fight as eat (as the homely phrase goes), he well knows the wisdom of keeping his wits by the control of his temper. He brings into play the fine nervous impetus of dashing attack and the 'slow rude muscle' of unyielding degree. He must give in to no weariness, he must conquer his weakness and bite down his pain. In the drawn and haggard face he wears toward the close of the game there is more than mere desperation and exhaustion; there is the consciousness that he is doing the best that is in him—and this makes men to be as gods. If stern self-reliance is truly one of the qualities which make soft clay of the adamant of life, it is purchased cheaply at the cost of a little blood. Again, a good Rugby team plays as one man. The individual does not act by and for himself alone; he is but a part of a very complicated instrument, and he learns how wise it is to ask the help and come to the aid of others, how powerless is separate unsupported action. And if a man can be taught the need of his fitting himself into his true place in the great world machine, his teaching will not be dear at the price of several broken bones. Yes, the game is a rough one, and so is the most tremendous of all games—he may well prepare himself for it. And there are many object lessons: When a man learns that a broken wrist is not broken for ever he will have some wholesome cynicism concerning the eternity of broken hearts; when he finds that his body, banged and bruised, fagged out to the point of dropping, feels remarkably rested next morning, he is providently sceptical of hopelessly wearied souls; and he who has played at this mimic war will have some realization of the meaning of that of sword and bayonet—for the man who has had his fingers split on the football field and sewed up again by impromptu surgeons, will scarcely be found making fervid orations about pouring out his life-blood on the field of battle—though he will not, therefore, be the more backward in the fighting. In this century it has been the youthful Englishman tempered by college or country-side sport who has won the battles for our race. Kipling tells us how splendid these young army officers or company officials,—tight-set and hard-bitten by football and riding to the hounds,—comport themselves when need is; these Eton and Rugby boys learned first principles in knickers and laced jackets, and now at an age when most of us are still in our salad days, they are quietly and powerfully putting them into practice. Football is only the old Norse and Saxon love of strife and danger. The dragon-ship bristling with untamed vikings, which raked the Thames and Seine and all the coast between, which threw Hengest and Horsa into Kent, and Rollo into Normandy, gave us the race and spirit together. The palm to the friend and the knuckles to the enemy, has been the tacit English watchword for a thousand years. True, the idea has gradu-

ally become more respectable and civilized; it is now outwardly quite decorous and gentle. We arrange a Rugby battle as politely as we do a euchre party, and then—woe to us, hopeless Barbarians that we are—we shed copious blood and break each other's bones. Stranger races lift cultured eye-brows with ill-concealed disgust—but the Rugby man does not take it greatly to heart—he understands.

O'er the line the wedge goes straining;
 Bedlam sweeps the heaving stand!
 Shag-haired, shouting, battling, onward,
 By the wings of victory fann'd;
 And old Earth is glad beneath them,
 Joys to feel himself new-mann'd!

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

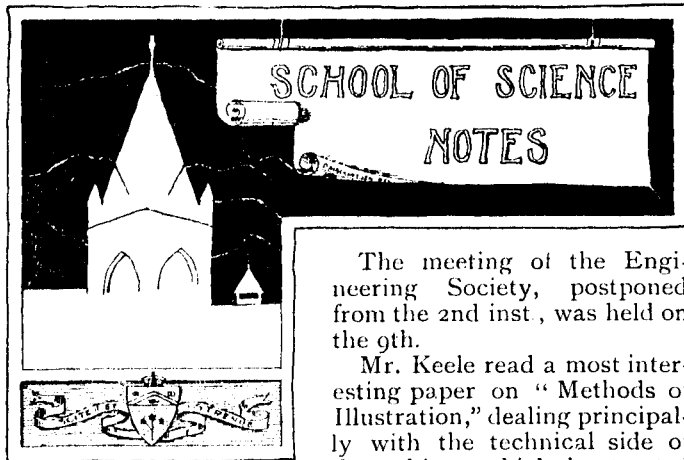
This afternoon Mr. John R. Mott, travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, will address a mass meeting of the students of Toronto University, in the Students' Union Hall, at four o'clock. Mr. Mott has just completed his tour around the world, in the course of which he conducted conferences among students of almost every nationality. He has thus come into intimate contact with these men, who, in other lands, perhaps, even to a greater degree than in our own, control not only the best thought, but the best life of the nation. Every student who can possibly be present should avail himself of this opportunity of hearing one who has seen student life under so many different aspects. Mr. Robert P. Wilder, who spent several years in India, and has, since returning home, been travelling among the theological seminaries and colleges of America, is expected to be present at the meeting. A large attendance is looked for. **LET EVERYBODY COME!!**

The Day of Prayer for Students was observed by a number of the pastors of the city.

A meeting for prayer was held in the Y. M. C. A. parlor Sabbath morning from 7.30 to 8.30, at which thirteen students were present.

PUBLIC LECTURE.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. G. A. Reid delivered a most interesting and instructive address on Mural Decoration, illustrating his subject by lime-light views of many world-famous examples of this phase of art. His opening remarks dealt with the beginning of painting and sculpture, and he finely showed how intimate is the connection between art and life. After comprehensively sketching its progress among the ancient races, he paused for a time on the art of Rome and Greece, then dwelt at some length on the golden age of the Renaissance. The last part of the lecture was devoted to the interest in the beautiful which is reviving again in this century. Particularizing, he spoke of the magnificent work of Puvis de Chavannes, and the decorators who have charge of the new library of Congress and that lately perfected in Boston. The next half hour was given up to illustration, and the beautiful ceiling of the Sistine chapel, the frescos of Rome and Florence, and the fine examples of modern mural decoration, were flashed before us. Mr. Reid should be congratulated on the splendid way in which he dealt with his subject.



The meeting of the Engineering Society, postponed from the 2nd inst., was held on the 9th.

Mr. Keele read a most interesting paper on "Methods of Illustration," dealing principally with the technical side of the subject, which he treated

in a most masterly manner. He illustrated his paper with sketches and numerous examples of the different methods of illustration. The paper, although of necessity being rather long, was listened to throughout with pleasure by the members of the Society.

Mr. Mackintosh, seconded by Mr. McMillan, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Keele, which was unanimously carried.

The President described his recent visit to McGill, and thanked the boys for sending him as their representative. Mr. Piper was appointed to represent the School at the Pharmacy dinner.

Last week A. E. Shipley fortunately escaped what came very near being a serious accident. While coming on the train from his home to the city, one of the axles under the tender broke and threw the latter off the rails, so that it ran along on the remaining wheels on the ties. The engineer was not aware of the accident until he noticed that the train was slowing up, and looking round saw what had happened. On investigation it was found that the axle in breaking had smashed the connections between the air-brake and the engine, thus setting the brakes and stopping the train. Had this not happened the train would have been a wreck in probably less than another minute.

E. A. Weldon, who graduated from the School last year, had the good fortune to secure employment in the building of the Yukon railroad. He left Toronto for B.C., last Wednesday, 2nd February.

Cam McArthur has at last purchased for himself another pair of trousers to replace the one that was eaten up in the chemical laboratory by the acid some time ago.

Another factor of safety has been added to the School in the shape of rows of pails filled with water placed at intervals along the halls, "To be used in case of Fire only." It is doubtful whether this little verse will be strictly obeyed, considering that no other thing has as yet been found that can so well replace the use of the forbidden tap.

The Third Year take this means of notifying a certain freshman, who has the privilege of draughting in their room, that if he does not immediately subdue his note and assume a more respectful attitude when in the room with his aforementioned seniors, he will be duly chilled under the tap.

Quite a political campaign has been carried on now for some time in the School, with regard to the coming elections. Several of the Second Year worked hard to get every one of the students, who were eligible, to register, and they were quite right, for we Science men are almost certain sooner or later to have something to do with the

Government, and the sooner we make ourselves acquainted with their policy, and know the men we want in, and help to put them in, the better for us.

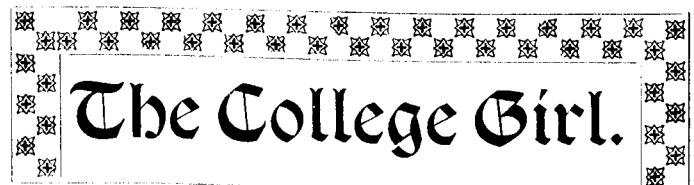
The "S.P.S. Varsity" debate will take place to-morrow night. This is going to be a very interesting one to us especially, because it is about the Yukon railroad, and because we have two good men representing us, namely, J. A. Stewart and A. N. Macmillan. Let every man from the School turn out to it, and thus help along our debaters.

A FROST.

Sunset's long tresses trail
Tangled with gloom,—
Down in the dewy vale
Violets bloom.

Stars in the dome of night,
Moon o'er the hill,—
Violets, pure and slight,
Droop in the chill.

Earthward the morning comes,
Bright overhead,—
Down in the valley's glooms
Violets lie dead.



Last week the College Girls certainly had no cause to complain of nothing to do; this really seems the more astonishing when one remembers, with a sort of horror, that we date our letters "Feb." now. Besides the usual meetings, the debate between our Literary Society and the Woman's Literary Society at Victoria has come off, and the Woman's Literary Tea is also a thing of the past. Several College Girls turned out on Friday evening also for the open meeting of the Natural Science Association; they were more than repaid for their trouble. An excellent programme had been arranged, but, I am afraid, it is hardly the business of the College Girl to tell of this, except that we were very glad to hear both Miss Dickinson and Miss Rosenstadt, and came home delighted with the meeting.

At the meeting of the Y.W.C.A. last week a very interesting paper on "Charity" was read by Miss Dickson, 'oo. After the reading of the paper an informal discussion of the topic took place, in which many helpful suggestions were given.

Two items of business were brought before the Society. A letter bearing greetings from the Y.W.C.A. of Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., having been read, it was moved, seconded and carried, that greetings be returned from our Society, and also that an account of our work be given. It was also decided that a letter of sympathy be sent to Mr. Cameron, who was recently summoned to New Mexico, owing to the illness of Mrs. Cameron, the Honorary President of our Society.

The attendance at the meetings of the Y.W.C.A. has greatly fallen off this term. These meetings cannot fail to repay all who attend for one short hour a week spared from their studies, urgent though those studies doubtless are

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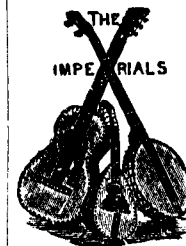
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At the close of Wednesday's meeting the usual announcements were made for the morning prayer meeting, the missionary study class on Friday, and Dr. Tracy's Bible class on Sunday, to all of which the girls are invited.

Last Friday afternoon, after climbing two flights of stairs, and trying to get lost in some of the comfortably furnished rooms of Victoria College, the University College Girls found the Alumni Hall, where the much-looked-forward-to debate between the two Woman's Literary Societies was to take place. We visitors felt very comfortable and well satisfied, for we knew that our honor was in good hands.

Miss Danard was in the chair, and our own Miss Hunter had a seat of honor on the platform. After some preliminary business, the subject of debate, "Resolved that the training received from the study of science is more beneficial than the training received from the study of literature," was announced, and Miss Stovel, as the leader of the affirmative, was called upon. She spoke in an easy, masterly way, marshalled her arguments forward in good order, and made her points very evident. Miss Ida Kerr, as the leader of the negative, spoke well, and scored numerous points for her side. Miss Helen Hughes followed up Miss Stovel's arguments, developed them, and although her special study is science, her audience found no difficulty in following her clear, concise statements. It was wonderful to what good advantage Miss Hughes put every moment of her precious allotted time. Miss Wilson then spoke for the negative, and illustrates her arguments by various apt quotations. Miss Kerr summed up for the negative. Afterwards the leader of the affirmative spoke a few moments.

The judge, a University College graduate, then gave her decision in favor of the negative. The Victoria girls are truly to be praised for their successful championship of the cause of literature; yet, I am afraid, we University College people cannot feel crestfallen, for science was nobly supported. We are proud of our representatives, even if both sides cannot win.

After Miss Hunter had made a short speech, we listened to some music and the meeting closed with the Critic's report, given by Miss Skinner.

If great numbers, inspiring music, and a buzz of happy conversation may be regarded as a criterion of success, then the tea given last Saturday afternoon by the Women's Literary Society left nothing to be desired.

Miss Grace Hunter, the President of the Varsity, Miss Northway, the Vice-President, and Miss Salter received the guests in the East Hall. In this hall, delightful easy chairs, rugs, curtains and tables on which were to be found works of art had been artistically converted into "cosy

corners," where one might rest for a few moments, and quietly enjoy the music.

The members of the Reception Committee, with the black academic gowns over their light dresses, were kept busy introducing the guests to one another.

The West Hall made an admirable Tea Room. Here the decorations were in pink and white; especially noticeable on the large table, where candles, shaded in pink and pink carnations, gave a very pretty effect. A number of the girls, in their pretty light gowns, dispensed the good things.

Two hours were pleasantly spent greeting old friends and meeting new ones, and shortly after seven o'clock the last guest had departed.

Among those present are noticed:

Prof. and Mrs. Loudon, Prof. and Mrs. Baker, Prof. Alexander, Prof. and Mrs. Wrong, Prof. and Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Fletcher, Prof. and Mrs. Mavor, Rev. O. B. Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Murison, Mr. and Mrs. Chant, Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Dr. Wickett, Mr. Sellery, Mr. Parks, Mr. Jeffrey, Dr. Smale, Mr. McLellan, Dr. Lewis, Miss Street, Miss Hillock, the Misses Cowan, Miss Hamilton, Miss Millar, Miss Lawlor, Miss Rutherford, Miss Neelands, Miss Balmer, Miss Bapty, Miss Wilson.

Early in the week a copy of the University Groups at the Victorian Era Ball came up from the photographer's. Interested groups were gathered around it several times and we heard the usual criticisms that are given over all the many photographs which we see about the University. The general opinion seems in this case to be decidedly in favor of the picture. Everyone appears to be quite satisfied; perhaps, for once, the photographer will have no fault found with him.

One disappointment we had last week, the postponement of the meeting of the Political Science Association, which was to have been held on Thursday afternoon. We had been looking forward to papers which we knew would be interesting, from Miss MacDougall, '98, and Miss Patterson, '99. We can only hope that we shall not have to regret them altogether, but may have the chance of hearing them at another time.

The first meeting of the Classical Association for the term was held on the 9th, in Room 2, at 4 o'clock.

Mr. P. W. Saunders, '98, read a thoughtful paper on "Pericles' Funeral Oration," dealing with the inward significance and accompanying circumstances of that remarkable speech. Professor Hutton followed in a most amusing essay, which was occupied in drawing out the analogies between the Englishman and the Roman, the Frenchman and the Greek.

The attendance was regrettably small.



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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR

APRIL

1. Applications for examination for Specialist certificates other than Commercial, to Department, due.
12. Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto.
25. Last day for receiving applications for examination of candidates not in attendance at the Ontario Normal College.
28. Art School examinations begin.

MAY

2. Examinations for Specialists' certificates (except Commercial) at the University of Toronto, begin.
- Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance and Public School Leaving Examinations, to Inspectors, due.
6. Arbor Day.
23. Notice by candidates for the High School, forms I., II., III. and IV., University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations, to Inspectors, due.
- Application for Kindergarten Examinations to Inspectors, due.
25. Examination at Ontario Normal College, Hamilton, begins.
26. Inspectors to report number of candidates for the High School forms, University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations to Department.
31. Close of session of Ontario Normal College.

JUNE

23. Kindergarten Examinations at Hamilton, London, Ottawa and Toronto, begin.
28. High School Entrance Examinations begin. Public School Leaving Examinations begin.

JULY

4. High School Examinations, Form I., begin.
6. High School Form II. and Commercial Specialist Examinations begin.
8. High School Forms III. and IV. Examinations begin.

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THE VARSITY.

CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

The gun clubs of the Universities of Virginia will hold a shoot next March.—*Ex.*

The nominating board of VARSITY will be elected to-morrow evening. Turn out if you want to see a hot time.

In the absence of Mr. Gunn, A. E. McFarlane has control of VARSITY this week. He promises never to do it again.

Some of the recent newspaper comments on our undergraduate affairs should be put in the Divarsity Column. They are delicious.

Before the Women's Lit Tea the executive presented the President, Miss Hunter, with a beautiful bunch of roses and their very best regards.

A cruel man a beetle caught,

And pinned it to the wall;

The beetle thus addressed the crowd:

"Tho' I'm stuck up I am not proud."

Argumentative College Girl:—"Eve was the last and crowning work of creation."

Idiotic Artsman:—"Stuff, she was a mere side-issue."

One of the most notorious '98 punsters have been asking if there is any connection between a four years loaf

and being college bred. In the S.P.S. they put men under the tap for less than that.

The Modern Language Club held an English meeting, Monday afternoon. Miss Flavell, '98, and Miss Alexander, '99, read very interesting papers on Keats and Wordsworth. The attendance was, however, regrettably small. The Modern men should back up their department in this matter. It is well worth it.

Phi Alpha held its annual At Home Monday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Carder, Sherbourne St. Pedro and dancing, with the assistance of the brilliant management of the fraternity men—to say nothing of their charming hostess and many lady friends—made the affair a most delightful one.

When a letter comes to us without a heading, the editor places one there himself. Last week we thought we could sum up Mr. Macdonald's appeal in the words "Let there be *Peace*." The typesetter thought probably we were wishing to quote a well known passage of Scripture, and was kind enough to correct our faulty rendering of it by changing it to read "Let there be *Light*." No doubt our readers charged Mr. Macdonald or the editor with the grossest stupidity, if not idiocy, in the selection of such a heading, and in justice to the both of us, we wish to disclaim all responsibility.

Did he come to you with a beaming

countenance, giving you the glad hand and looking earnestly into your eyes? He was looking to see if he could see any green there. You have probably found by this time whom he was canvassing for. Athletic elections are corrupters of youth. Monday and Tuesday morning we had a scribe collecting *corridor cullings* in the Rotunda. He spent his time with our worthy electors of the lower years, and returned with many choice remarks—brief, various, and epigrammatic—but we shall not print them here. If the College Girl or the Y.M.C.A. wish them for their departments we shall be most happy to oblige.

JULIA ARTHUR.

Julia Arthur, the great American actress who is to appear at the Grand Opera House on March 17, 18, 19, is a Canadian, having been born and educated in Hamilton, Ontario. W. J. Thorold, B.A., '95 graduate of McMaster, is also a leading member of the company. The students do not often get a chance of seeing such an actress as Miss Arthur, and the fact that she is a Canadian as well as her leading man being a graduate of Toronto University should cause them to turn out *en masse* and give the company an ovation. A regular old time rally will be held on Saturday night, the 19th, and the students are invited to get up a program and give it between the acts. Mr. N. E. Hinch is in communication with the company and will be glad to give any information needed.

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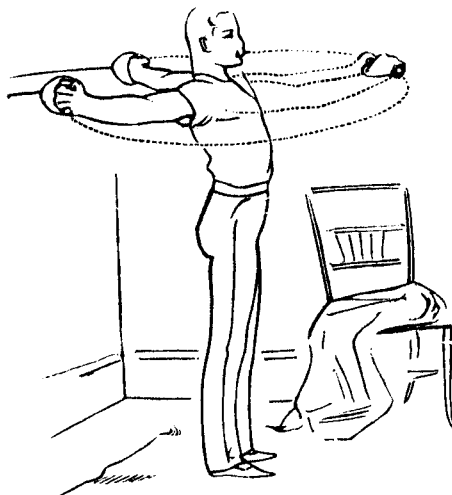


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