

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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No. 15.

IN A DRAWING-ROOM—THE DIFFERENCE.

As you speak of men,—and living,—and books
With quick sharp words and a wit like flame,
I think of another face and voice,
From heart to lip, springs another name.

I think of a little white-faced girl,
Not the great grand woman you bid to be,
Who is waiting afar in her quiet home
Till love-harvest ripen for her and for me.

Mayhap she never could think your thoughts,
As they flash from a mind electric keen ;
But her voice, when she speaks, is clear and low
With room for sweet silences in between :

And then I can look at her pure curved face,
And the lids down dropt over hazel eyes,
And the thoughtful pout of the tender lips
Where the wavering shadow flits and flies.

I am glad I can leave *you* and straight forget
Your face and your words so fast and free.
How could there be more than one sweet girl
In this great round world for me?

BOHÉMIEN.

“WE.”

That journalism is now recognized as worthy of a place amongst the regular professions is a fact that must be admitted. The name given to it—“The Fourth Estate”—plainly shows the importance attached to it by the public. It is customary to talk of the immense power of the press as an educator, and as a powerful factor in modern civilization. But few ever stop to think by whom the power is wielded. The individuals who wield this enormous power are usually hidden behind the impenetrable mask of anonymity. The editorial “We” is rarely associated with a personality, or in other words, “localized.” And there are good and sufficient reasons for the retention of the editorial mask. It would assuredly weaken the effect upon the public mind if the opinions of a powerful paper were always credited to an individual; if, instead of “*The Thunderer*” thinks so and so, people were to say, “John Smith” thinks so and so. For, although “John Smith” may be an estimable and capable gentleman, yet, for many reasons, his *ipse dixit* would not produce such an influence upon the public mind as would the very same opinions when clothed with all the dignity and prestige with which the substitution of

“We” for “I” invests the utterances of a public journal. If “John Smith” were to sign with his name all the articles which go forth with the editorial stamp upon them, he would be dubbed a crank and a bore inside of a week, though these same editorial utterances may be “John Smith’s” work for all that. Having granted, then, the relative force and power of the editorial utterances of *The Thunderer* as compared with the opinions of “John Smith,” it must be granted that a very great responsibility attaches to the writer who, under the cover of the editorial barricade, produces such wonderful effects; and that it is most important that the editorial or leader writer should be a man possessed of the most varied attainments and general culture possible, unless he simply chooses to occupy the position of a sort of literary photographer, content to picture merely the passing show, and either unable or unwilling to lead public opinion and to direct, to some extent, the course of human affairs, ever upward and onward.

But, at the same time, this must be said in favour of our sometimes much abused friend “John Smith.” He is, in the majority of cases, simply an “accessory after the fact;” simply the active agent who gives expression, in his own particular way, to the opinions of those who are *particeps criminis* with him; in other words, who back and support him. And so the editorial “We” often does denote a plurality of control, whilst at the same time expressing unanimity—perhaps, sometimes, singularity of opinion. As has been said previously, the average “John Smith” should be possessed of a high degree of culture and be a person of varied attainments. To this must unquestionably be added sensitiveness, fine feeling, and true gentlemanliness, if this latter word be admissible. Doubtless readers will smile when they think of the average editor as being possessed of sensitiveness, fine feeling, and gentlemanly character, and here perhaps the reader will unconsciously dissociate the editor in general from the specific one which occurs most readily to the mind, and thus again our reader will do our friend “Smith” an injustice. For may not even the specific “John Smith” of the reader’s own acquaintance carry, as Will Carleton says, “a gentleman’s feelings under a rhinoceros hide?” Most probably he does; but still it is to be feared that “John Smith” in general is a very ordinary person, possessed of talents of the average kind, and gifted with a facile pen and no very alert conscience or sensitive feelings. But “John Smith” is capable of improvement. Surely it will not be allowed that in “John Smith’s” case evolution does, and always must, take a retrograde direction! Surely to say so were pessimism of the worst kind! No; there are influences even now at work which cannot but affect “John Smith” for the better, and give an upward tendency both to him and his work. And these are nothing more or less than the growth of independence in journalism, and the relatively higher class from which the ranks of journalism are now being recruited. “John Smith” now serves Party and the Caucus—the accolade of which is not the Queen’s Shilling—but a debased and discredited coinage; his bugle call is the shibboleth of his leader, and his conscience is anybody’s but his own. But the dawn of better days already is gilding the mountains, verdant with hope and bright with promise, and “John Smith” is even now preparing to welcome the day-star, the forerunner of the coming of the great Sun that shall herald his emancipation, and proclaim a glorious change of heart, if not of name. And the new day cannot dawn too soon.

TRISTRAM.

—
 THY IMAGE.

(From the German of Lenau.)

'Tis sunset, and the hills are clad
 With evening's varied tints ;
 Thy lovely form I hopeless see,
 Which Fancy deftly prints.

Vesperus' rays beam bright and mild
 From heaven's vault of blue ;
 And in the star-strewn canopy,
 I see thy image too.

The grove sleeps, bathed in moonlight pale ;
 The whispering evening breeze
 Stoops gently down to kiss thy form,
 I' the brook beneath the trees.

The raging storm roars through the woods,
 With lightning gleams the air,
 And in the thunder-riven clouds
 I see thy features fair.

I see the lightning's transient flash
 Dart round thy fleeting form,
 And through my breast impassioned thoughts
 Sweep like the raging storm.

From yonder crag the chamois sprang,
 Swift as a gust of wind ;
 So from my breast all joy has fled,
 And long in grief I've pined.

Then to a precipice's brink
 I came ; I know not how ;
 Its yawning gulf, in darkness veiled,
 No mortal saw ere now.

E'en from its shadowy depths appears
 Thy lovely face, fair maid ;
 Lo ! dost thou bid me follow thee,
 In sweetest smile arrayed ?

J. B. R.

—
 THE STORY OF THE PORTER OF BAGDAD.

[The ingenious man had held forth at great length on the distractingly delightful possibilities of the subject set for the prize poem this year, and was gradually subsiding as Shahzeran, our illustrious visitor, his face bronzed and lined by his many years of travel overseas, again spread his manuscript before him on the sanctum table ; and while he smoothed its folds, I noted with some surprise the dull weary monotony of expression with which hopeless resignation paints itself on all countenances, even at such a moment as this. But Shahzeran set himself to read from the manuscript unflinchingly.]

I had prevailed on my good friend, the Porter of Bagdad, to come with me after the muezzin, at the time of the second call to prayer after sunset, would pour out his voice upon the air. The afterglow had dissolved into a deep blue, and the stars were coming out overhead, as we made our way to a kiosk I knew.

When our pipes were filled we dismissed the pipe-bearers who had been attending us, having first bade them place the sherbet-cups within easy reach on the kursees, small tables inlaid with pearls, tortoise-shell, and ivory, on either side ; and we reclined on the deep divans, listening in silence to the wail of the rahab, the singer's viol, with its plaintive minor chords, the trill of the double-stemmed arghool, and the throbbing of the darabukkeh. Before us was a parterre bordered with date palms ; drifts of snowy jasmine whitened the winding paths. Beyond was a grove of date palms and mimosas, whose boughs were filled with lanterns.

[As the ingenious man seemed to be on the point of making some remark, the reader paused. "Can you see your way clear," asked

he of the restless ingenuity, "towards mentioning again, as a personal favor, the wail of the rahab, and the throbbing of the darabukkeh,—to say nothing of date palms, muezzins, arghools, and—"

He quailed before the eye of Shahzeran, who read on, after an interval of dignified silence.]

When the music ceased there was no sound but the babble of innumerable streams, the splash of fountains beyond number, and the gurgle of rose water bubbling in the bowls of the nargilehs. And the Porter began his story, gazing dreamily on the hill where stood the seraglio, in the midst of cypress groves, with the moonlight streaming over its walls and domes and silvery minarets.

SHE,

A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

—
 CHAPTER I.

Morning at the City Gates.

Early in the morning I stood at the eastern gate of the city, waiting until a merchant of those that sit at the receipt of custom in the many bazaars thereabout, should call to me to bear a load through the streets, or until one of the multitude of travellers, who are ever entering the city, should wish me to carry his burden ; for so I might earn a sequin.

It chanced that employment of the latter kind was the first to fall to my lot that day. A Frank, from the lands in the far West,—an American he called himself,—came swiftly through the gates alone, seated on the top of a large, slight wheel which revolved with incredible rapidity as it bore him along. He soon alighted from his perch, and stood gazing about him ; and in a short time his eye rested on me with a keen carelessness. As for me I had fallen to thinking of what manner of man he might be, and what power it was that enabled him to move with such swiftness on the tall wheel. "Perhaps," I conjectured in my own mind, "perhaps the might of his genie is all unavailing to give him the power of flashing in such a surprising manner over the streets of our glorious, imperial city."

"No, my friend, said the Frank quietly, coming towards me and smiling, "my bicycle is not in the least damaged ; but I prefer to pick my way through your confounded, crooked streets on foot. Can you direct me to one of your famous ancient battered caravanserais ?"

It astonished me that he should have read my thoughts so quickly as to answer them before I, myself, had well completed them in my mind. Soon, however, I was leading him to a street where the pavement was sprinkled with rose water, and a grateful coolness filled the air ; there he obtained lodging. We held converse on the way thither, and my admiration of his great knowledge of the men of many countries grew momentarily greater ; while at the same time I was not a little uneasy as I walked at his side, for I began to see more and more what a wondrous power his was of divining the thoughts of others.

An hour before the heat of the day became burdensome in the open places of the city, the merchants once more beheld me at my accustomed post in the eastern gate.

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 CHAPTER II.

Noonday in the Great Hall of the University.

It had been proclaimed to the world with the sounding of silver trumpets that Mustapha, the Sultan's eldest son, was to be crowned the prince of poets ; for the seventh time his poem had been adjudged the prize. It was the pleasure of the Commander of the Faithful that the city should be filled with rejoicing.

The air was misty with the musical pealing of bells from all the minarets. The light of the sun overhead was flashed back to heaven from the lustrous domes of the mosques and palaces. All the ways of the city were thronged. The river was a scene of enchantment.

It wanted but an hour of mid-day, when the streets shook with a confused dread and tumult. There was desperate, break-neck galloping out over the bridges that span the Tigris; and in a moment the gorgeous trappings of the Janissaries and the gleam of their scimitars flashed through the city. Out on the plain one might see afar a lightly moving cloud of dust. I, the toiling Porter, went my way, jostled in the narrow streets by the trains of camels, laden too, like myself, with great packs of silks and strange woods and spices brought from India at the pleasure of the Commander of the Faithful. When the slave had taken my burden from me at the door of the house to which I had been hired to carry it, I was returning across the court before the University, and a sudden desire came upon me to enter and behold the crowning of Mustapha, prince of poets. No one in the city gives more thought to the porter than to any other serviceable beast of burden; so, with the dogged air of one who has nought in mind save the discharging of his message, I easily made my way through the guards, and ascended the steps to the grand entrance—and all was a flood of light, as the spice gardens of the Caliph, when the thousand silver lamps are lighted at once. I crept behind one of the innumerable pillars of marble.

From the conversation of two gowned doctors of the University who stood near my pillar, I learned that a Frank had come before the Sultan an hour before in the Grand Hall, and standing face to face with the Vizier, had accused him of conspiring to assassinate his sovereign. And while they were still speaking, a messenger entered the Grand Hall and announced to the Sultan that the Janissaries had bowstrung the Vizier and his party.

I now ventured to look towards the Sultan himself,—if I had a thousand tongues I could not tell you of the splendour of what I saw! Mustapha stood at his side. Troops of dancing girls, with little tinkling bells at ankle and wrist, bore the seven disks of gold, jewelled and embossed with verses from the Koran, the prizes of the seven poems. The Frank with whom I had spoken in the morning stood at the foot of the throne. A golden light was over all.

While I looked, the Sultan arose with a haughty gesture, and bade the Frank now divine Mustapha's thoughts, as he had divined the thoughts of all the others, even of the Sultan himself.

One of the doctors near my pillar said, "The dog of a Christian has incurred the displeasure of the Commander of the Faithful. It was enough to unmask the Vizier by his extraordinary power,—he had, been magnificently rewarded for that. But to peer into the august depths of the Sultan's own mind!"

When I looked again, the Frank was gazing helplessly on Mustapha. He put his hand to his head, tottered a few steps from the throne, turned with an effort, and essayed to speak. He could not utter a word!

But ere the Sultan might make the swift motion that had sealed the Frank's fate, Zobeide, the favourite of the Sultan's harem, the most divinely beautiful woman in the Empire, rushed to the Frank's side, and throwing aside her veil, defied the Sultan to harm him. Her eyes flashed gloriously; and at the sight of such dazzling loveliness I could not repress an exclamation.

The two gowned doctors turned and drove me out into the court.

CHAPTER III.

Night on the River.

The day "melted into peace, like a tired lover's sigh," as sings the greatest poet, Kalidasa; and a night followed, beautiful beyond all others that I may ever know before I enter Paradise. I, too, was a poet for the time, as I rowed the Frank and Zobeide down the Tigris in their caique. Because I had known the river since I was a boy, I was to bring them a safe distance from the city; the Frank would then row his lady to his "steam-yacht" which awaited them further down the river. I knew not what it was he spoke of; but I conjecture it to have been a something which made way over the water in a manner not unlike that of the "bicycle" on land. And vain, indeed, were the thought of pursuing! They begged me to accompany them, but it might not be. I have never known the unrestful longings of some to wander over the earth; my simple life has been rounded for me in Bagdad. Even the "bicycle" which the Frank left with me has not been a tempt-

ation to me. Indeed, to say the truth, it has been far otherwise. Once, when all the city was sleeping, I mounted it in a quiet street,—in an evil moment for me, by the beard of the Prophet! For I was constrained to explain to Agib al Karish, the good physician, that a band of robbers had fallen upon me in one of the narrow alleys of the city, and left me for dead. Bismillah!

At length, where platans guard the outlet, I turned the head of the caique to the steps of stone leading down into a broad canal, far from the city. I sprung on the stairway and waved them farewell; and when I had turned to go, I heard for the last time the entrancing voice of the beautiful Zobeide. "I have known Mustapha ever since he became a prize poet," she said. "And what folly in you to attempt to read his thoughts! He never,"—and her rippling laughter was as musical as the silver-chiming flow of the fountains in the Caliph's gardens,—"he never has any!"

W. J. H.

AB ILLA DO.

Olenda Nero Cato me
Vili anno tritu
Tollet uno mi artis ures
An dures interni seu.

Ala alas! I sancto heu
Lato ureris cum.
An anseri expectando!
Micatis mutandum.

In vani feli cincto heu,
No glans is casto me,
In vani si an securi
Micate can'tu se!

I cano longa ritu thus
Mirus te penna! sta!
Heu gestat mi versanda me!
"Heris anas!" usa.

Stilli, venari metui
Professu ara duc,
I trito cursu an dicant,
I fumat mi illuc.

L'Envoi.

Adjuto heu for hœrendi
Mi versas it istuc.

DIDYMUS DOLICHOPOLITES.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

III.—PLATO'S FACETIOUSNESS.

Euthydemus, who had long been absent from Athens on a protracted visit to his brother, Thrasymachus, in Megara, made it his first care on returning to the city to visit the editorial rooms of his friend Plato. It was long after midnight when he made his blundering way up five flights of stairs to the den of the illustrious Athenian, whom he found engaged upon the last proof-sheets of his immortal *Phædo*.

Plato swung round in his chair, and greeted his friend warmly. He then went to the speaking tube, and shouted down to the foreman some instructions relative to the last galley proofs; and giving over his work for a time, he entered into a long conversation with Euthydemus about the trial and death of Socrates, and his discourses in the last days. It was a subject upon which he was at all times willing to descant.

"I have been told," interposed Euthydemus at a point in the narrative, "that his wife was with him shortly before his death?"

"Yes," Plato said, "Xantippe was there. But that did not hasten materially our friend's departure from amongst us. I have little doubt," he added with a grin, "that our friend's demise was altogether due to the natural action of the hemlock."

H.

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent naturalist and traveller, will deliver two lectures on March 10th and 11th in Convocation Hall, under the joint auspices of University College and the Canadian Institute. The subjects are "The Darwinian Theory: what it is and how it is demonstrated," and "The Origin and Uses of Colour in Nature." Dr. Wallace is chiefly known for his fascinating books of travel in the tropics of both hemispheres. His account of the Amazons and Rio Negro was written after a long visit to Brazil, during part of which time he was the companion of Mr. Bates, but his laurels were gained by the publication of "The Malay Archipelago," written after an exhaustive study of the fauna and flora of Borneo, Sumatra, Celebes and the smaller islands of that Archipelago. The knowledge so acquired has placed him in the first rank as an authority on the distribution of plants and animals, and several works ("Tropical Nature," "Island Life," "Geographical Distribution of Animals") have been published by him within the last few years on this topic. Both the Royal Society of London and the Geographical Society of Paris have recognized the value of his researches by awarding him their highest honors. Dr. Wallace's most important labors have, however, not been those of the mere observant traveller, but those of the philosophical biologist. During his stay in the Malay Archipelago, he gradually arrived at the same solution of the question of the origin of species which Darwin was laboring at in England, and indeed it was the appearance of Wallace's essay on this subject in 1858, embodying the doctrines of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, which forced Darwin to publish his book in the following year. Wallace is thus regarded as the co-discoverer of the Darwinian theory, although, with rare modesty, he has always kept his own claims in the background. Darwin frequently acknowledges Wallace's assistance, especially on such interesting points as those of mimicry and protective resemblance among animals, fields of observation which Wallace has made peculiarly his own, and which will form part of the subject of his second lecture. With regard to the subject of the first, now that Darwin himself is dead, there is no one who can speak so authoritatively as Wallace.

A strain of satire familiar in literature and conversation, is that which is given to playing about the *nouveau riche*, utterly lacking in culture, who has the "library" in his spacious new house furnished per contract with an array of splendidly bound volumes, in tall walnut bookcases, behind whose glass doors the fine bindings dry-rot at ease. With regard to our Library,—perhaps we had better say the Library of University College,—the satire, except in the opinion of the privileged few, is perennial; and with such sarcastic utterances as he has at command, the ordinary undergraduate has had indeed to content himself in the matter. The old order in the Library,—which is an established state of disorder,—never changes, never yields place to the new. There is no reason why our correspondent in another column should say what he has said now rather than at any other time. It has been said often before,—and always it has been as vain as speaking in a dead man's ear. For nothing may mar the Librarian's "sacred, everlasting calm." Even to his assistants, taken up aloft from amongst ourselves, is it given to gain in time something of that god-like calm, "not all so fine, not so divine" as His, but still such as we know,

All our undergraduate readers have passed through the pleasing experience of being treated at the wicket with that disdain and haughty scorn which is quite as grand and imposing in the Library staff as it is in bank-clerks and the young ladies behind lunch counters, and fully as amusing. They have gazed upon that chaos bound in nine huge, clumsy volumes, the so-called catalogue; by any other name it would be as disgracefully useless. They have had to submit perforce to small, trivial forms, childish rules and petty exactions, which recall to them, as they stand meekly at the wicket, an earlier stage in their education,—and they are apt to see themselves curly-headed boys of nine, trudging along to their first school, taught by a kind, motherly old maid in spit curls.

We have been wandering from the point; but the paths of memory are pleasant, and indeed we have not the slightest suggestion to offer with regard to the management of the Library. That would be presumption on our part; advice from us would be wasted on the air. For the personages of distinction in the Library live without the distressing consciousness that we and all other undergraduates are of the same vertebrate order as are they themselves. Their souls dwell apart, like a star.

We had not written thus at length, were it not that our correspondent's letter once more turned us to the contemplation of such monumental indifference, such vast placid unconcern. It should, of right, have no place in this new world. It is antique, it is of the fragments of old worlds; of the Pharaohs who sleep somewhere in death,

"With staring eyes and gilded lips,
Wrapt round with spiced ceremonies in old grots,
Rockhewn and sealed forever."

It is majestically out of character with the prosaic work-a-day world we live in. It suggests date palms, the camel voyaging, columned Thebes graven with gorgeous emblems, the Oriental magnificence of slumbrous summer noons in languid, mysterious Egypt,—it is sublime.

The amount of Provincial legislation regarding educational affairs promised in the Speech from the Throne is unusually large this year. The measures to be introduced, affecting the most vital interests of higher education in this Province, will cause, we doubt not, a vast amount of discussion. The action of the Legislature and of the Government, in respect of these matters, will be watched with uncommon interest by university men. The Government is pledged to bring the long and much-debated question of Confederation into a final settlement, and it yet remains to be seen upon what scale it intends to establish the proposed new order of things. It is, perhaps, but a vain regret, and yet it is a very sincere one, that the question of University Consolidation was not settled twenty years ago. At that time, a confederation of all the colleges in Ontario could have been accomplished for one quarter of the amount now to be expended to unite two colleges only, out of the five. The present Government is not, of course, responsible for the shortsightedness of its predecessors; but this much may be said, that even the present somewhat unsatisfactory scheme might have been made more acceptable had the Government been prepared to spend the necessary amount of money. And in a young country like this, the time will come, if it is not here already, when the people of this Province will regret that, whatever the cause, University consolidation, in its original and all-embracing form, failed to bring about a consummation that would have been most highly advantageous to the higher education of the Province. Confederation, upon the present basis, is far from being satisfactory, and can only be accepted as a compromise, and as probably the only thing possible under the circumstances. The Woodstock College Bill, also, will come up for discussion, and will probably receive a quasi-official support from the Government. We have already given our reasons for opposing the measure, and see no reason for changing our opinion on the subject. Another Arts college may or may not be necessary, but a new sectarian university certainly is not required in Ontario. The Government, in supporting the scheme of University confederation, and, at the same time, granting degree-conferring powers to another collegiate corporation, will adopt a position for which even adroit politicians will have some difficulty in finding a satisfactory explanation. In view of all these circumstances it behooves the graduates and friends of the Provincial Institution to watch the proceed-

ings of the coming session of the Legislature very narrowly. That body is very apt to distribute its favors with little consideration for anything else than an increase of local popularity and an assurance of a second term. In such cases as the present, the interests of University College, and, indeed, of higher education generally, will stand small chance of being carefully considered in the scramble to pay back election pledges and to satisfy the claims of party wire-pullers.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.
No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

THE LIBRARY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The occasion of the conversazione has called to my mind very forcibly, as it has doubtless to the minds of others, the fact that we undergraduates are deprived of a very important privilege. I refer to the regulations which forbid us to enter the sacred enclosure of the Library.

If there is one place which delights the heart of the average undergraduate more than another on the night of a conversazione, that place is the Library. The reason for this is not far to seek. He looks to this occasion as a sort of anniversary. If he is alone, it is only his blameless courtesy which prevents him from occupying a place there to the exclusion of his guests. If he is in the company of his friends, he takes special pride in showing them the beautiful volumes which the librarian on this occasion is accustomed to draw from their dusty shelves for an annual outing. In their admiration of the external appearances, our guests will naturally picture to themselves the pleasure their entertainers enjoy, always surrounded by such delightful books. It would surprise them greatly to know that there is at least one creature of the dog species which enjoys a privilege denied to the whole undergraduate body!

For what reason we are denied the privilege of entering the Library, I am at a loss to know. I can only conjecture. It may have been that the thoughtless act of some student in the past in picking up a book from the wicket shelf and forgetting to return it, has confirmed the authorities in the present regulations. In all probability something like the above has occurred. For what other reason indeed, is it that the librarian now invariably shuts the window when he is obliged to turn his back? Or something like the following may have occurred—which affords a plausible argument in favor of closing the Library. In ages past, some wretched student, heart-broken, and almost demented by the despot restrictions imposed upon him, after many futile attempts, has at last succeeded (through the most reprehensible stupidity of an assistant in opposition to the most explicit commands) in obtaining an interesting edition of some author much in demand. Beside himself with joy at this unexpected good fortune, he disappeared, and has not been heard of to this day.

It is likely that undergraduates will never be allowed in the Library until several books which may have thus disappeared are replaced. I would, therefore, propose that a subscription list be passed round for funds to recoup the losses suffered. By doing this, we may gain the good will of the authorities, and so induce them to treat with us.

We might be allowed in the Library by the payment of a fee. In case the loss or destruction of a book cannot be placed, the cost might be levied on the fees of all. This fee, I am sure, would be more ungrudgingly paid than the one which is now exacted.

In asking for this privilege, I think I am not unreasonable in my demand. Osgoode Hall students enjoy the right of entering their Library. The Johns Hopkins University gives her students an almost unrestricted freedom in a Library far more valuable than our own. The same can be said of other American Colleges.

No one can doubt the advantages that may be derived from having the freedom of a large Library such as our own, while every one has experienced the many inconveniences and annoyances to which we are at present subjected.

STUDENT.

THE "DR. WILSON MEDAL."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The first paragraph of Mr. Young's communication in last week's number would lead one to suppose that he is qualifying for the position of writer of leaders for some Texas or Colorado journal. With his present vocabulary, a belt and revolvers, and testimonials from those who have read that letter, which will be willingly given, his outfit for the position will be complete.

For the benefit of readers of THE VARSITY who are not conversant with the opinion of the undergraduates in Modern Languages, with regard to the system on which the medal is to be given, I may state, that so far as I have been able to find out after considerable enquiry, Mr. Young is the only one who favors it. He has, therefore, evidently adopted the Theory of Numbers formulated by that distinguished Englishman, who holds that the minority is more frequently in the right than the majority. But he, no doubt, goes further, and will be ready to maintain that the smaller the minority the greater the probability that it is correct; and when it is reduced to one, it becomes infallible—it being necessary, of course, that that one should be Mr. Young himself.

Let us examine, then, the proofs of his infallibility.

In the first place, he says as there is an option between Italian and Spanish, it would not be fair to take either of these into consideration in awarding the medal. I grant that this could not be done in the way in which it is to be given, and this just serves to show its fallacy and the validity of my contention, which was, that it should be given on the result of a competition on all the work which is made compulsory by the curriculum, if it is to be called by its present name.

If it were given in this way, the same value could be assigned to each of these two languages, and it would not matter which of them a candidate should choose. My objection was not that a candidate was not required to write Italian or Spanish prose, but that he was not required to have a knowledge of these along with English, French, German and Ethnology in their full extent, as taught in University College.

Mr. Young bewails the tendency in some of the American Colleges to emphasize the study of philology. He highly commends a College which tries to develop essay writing alone. I take neither of these extremes. I would develop both, and the University Senate requires a knowledge of both. The influence of the medal, therefore, is as much to be bewailed as that of the American Colleges.

He says, "The work for the medal lies along the line of the curriculum." So would it lie along the line of the curriculum if the subject of the theses were the Neanderthal skull. The difficulty is, that it only requires a knowledge of about one quarter of the work on the curriculum in these subjects, and permits, nay, encourages, entire ignorance of the other two, which are compulsory for students in Modern Languages.

He seems to have a poor opinion of those who won medals under the old system, and thinks the University examination a poor test.

Can he name one medallist in Modern Languages within the circle of his acquaintance, who, in the opinion of his fellows, was not superior to them, not only in the work specified for the examination, but in acquaintance with *belles-lettres* in general, and who won his first class honors by his "ignorance, his narrowness, and the dishonest and dishonorable means he employed"? He cannot; yet he presumes to assert that there are such.

I characterized the scheme as an injustice in my former letter. I still think that is the proper word. It is unjust, not only to the winners, but to those who lose. Two out of the three gentlemen who proposed it have admitted that the medal is not called by its right name,—that its name does not properly indicate that for which it will be won. This defrauds the losers, and allows the winner to arrogate to himself honor which he does not deserve. The medal is not given for proficiency in Modern Languages. Injustice, therefore, is a mild word.

He closes with a suggestion that the time for receiving theses be extended till September.

He admires a system which reduces the work required to so small an amount as to make it a farce; he also wants to remove competitors out of his way.

He himself lives in Toronto, and has the advantages of three large libraries. He expects time will hang heavy on his hands from May till September. He should remember that there are those among his fellows who live outside of Toronto, and have not the advantage of any library at all, and who, immediately after the examination, will be engaged in other work which will occupy their time to its full extent.

Would not one think that such a suggestion was whispered by Mephistopheles into the ears of babes and sucklings? Mr. Young suggests, in effect, that the medal be given to Mr. Young. Here is an opportunity for the philanthropy of Toronto to display itself by offering a medal to him for something in which he undoubtedly surpasses his fellows. I suggest that presumption be made the test.

Would not one swear with Mr. Dennis that this came from some "superannuated sinner," some wolf in sheep's attire, some one who would have the advantage of honor with very little of its pains, and not from my estimable friend, Mr. Young.

He should know that he has not the diplomatic skill of Satan; nor have his fellows and the members of the College Council the inexperience of Eve before her fall.

Let him rest assured that his suggestion will fall on the ears of the members of the Council like the seed of fowl weeds upon an unreceptive soil.

T. LOGIE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stoole as well to the farmer's sonne as to your Templer, that your stinkard has the selfe same libertie to be there in his tobacco-fumes, which your sweet courtier hath But on the very rushes where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the state of *Cambises* himselfe must our feather'd estridge, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly (because impudently) beating down the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality It shall crowne you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy : and to let that clapper (your tongue) be tost so high that all the house may ring of it ; your lords use it ; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too ; your inne-a-court man is zany to the knight, and marry (very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it To conclude, hoord up the finest playscraps you can get, upon which your leane wit may most savourily feede, for want of other stuffe, when the *Arcadian* and *Euphuis's* gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you : that qualitie (next to your shittle-cock) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his A B C of compliment. The next places that are fil'd after the play-houses bee emptied, are (or ought to be) tavernes ; into a taverne then let us next march, where the braines of one hogshead must be beaten out to make up another."

* * *

The above is extracted from chapter vi. of Decker's *Guls Horn-book* (1609), which has for subject matter how a gallant should behave himself in a play-house. It seems to have been the fashion for the younger members of the bar to consort with players, and pick up fag ends of lines wherewith to embellish their conversation. I believe that some of these echoes from the play-house are to be found in the rhyming dedication and prose preface to "the Attorney's Academy" by Tho. Powell *Londino-Cambriensis*, London, printed for Benjamin Fisher ; and are to be sold at his shop in Paternoster Row, at the Signe of the Talbot, 1623 (the date of the first folio. Mr. Powell hints that he himself is not of the sacred mystery of the Law, though compiling a hand-book for common use. In a very ambitious dedication to 'The Right Reverend in God John Lord, Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper of the Great Seale in England,' we find

So I be safe and saven,
While I shall ride at anchor in the Haven :
Alas, the Fatal Sisterhood (in sport)
Will there betray thee.

The concluding couplet is,

Now may that name and honour n'ere expire,
But in a melting firmament of fire.

* * *

For us, however, the prose preface 'To the Reader' has most interest, reminding us of the English of Shakespeare.

"Unless thou be superlative and superstitious in the faith and profession of publique weale, thou shalt be to too innerved to meete the privie malice of those who are only studious of private profit ; or to make up me and my good meaning to the generall advantage For my printer's faults of all kindes (Mr. Donnelly may try his cypher on the paging) I give him kindly to your mercy. Would you have me now to leave all undone, because some part cannot bee done to perfection at the first ? Will you blame me for those few imperfect quidlibets, without whose company and fellowship so many usefull quodlibets with which the ensuing tractate is forced, had never been able to hold out so tedious a journey. Surely, whatsoever you bee that shall do it, I must tell you, that the million multitude will repute you and report you for a second Alexander, not the Conqueror, but the copper smith ;"

* * *

While there may not be any reference to Shakespeare's dramatic work here, the language is so much an echo from the play-house,

as to suggest how deep an influence the stage had in moulding ordinary written English, unless we adopt the difficult alternative of believing that Armado's letter in *Love's Labour's Lost* is not extravagant.

* * *

Originally the cheers of colleges would seem to have been a repetition of the name of the college ; the advantage, of course, being with the colleges whose names were sonorous, or otherwise well adapted for vociferation by a crowd ; and, as the constant aim of cheering is to produce a greater and longer sustained volume of sound than the opposition, it can easily be imagined how new yells came to be evolved in the course of time.

The *Yale News* traces the origin of college cheers to the boating contests of twenty years ago on Lake Quinsigamond between Harvard and Yale. The "'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !" three times repeated, was then first heard ; Harvard rolling out the nine "'Rahs" with a full strong sound,—Yale giving them sharply and defiantly. The former added "Harvard," pronounced so that "ar" and a clipped "d" were all that were heard. "Yale" was added to the New Haven College "'Rahs," with a long, able-bodied howl on the "a."

* * *

In the Town and Gown affrays which formerly occurred at Yale, the rallying cry, according to the *Harvard Crimson*, was "Yale ! Yale ! Yale !" and was so well understood that it "almost immediately emptied the college buildings of students, and assembled them in a body on the campus."

* * *

Princeton's cheer, we are informed by another exchange, was developed soon after, as Princeton came into athletic relations with the other colleges. They took the three "'Rahs" for a basis, and added the skyrocket cheer, "S-s-t-boom-ah !" They sustain this as long as their opponents hold out, and then yell "Princeton !" as a caliope climax.

The secret midnight password, by the way, at Princeton is "Jimmy McCosh, b'gosh !"

* * *

Our Dartmouth friends claim with some justice that their cheer is among the most striking and original. It is "Wha-hoo-wah ! diddy, diddy, Dartmouth ! Wah-hoo-wah !" It is rather picturesque.

* * *

Columbia's *staccato* cheer has made its way into American literature, and is, perhaps, the most widely known of college cheers. It is given, "Hooray ! Hooray ! Hooray ! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a !" The name spells itself out rhythmically. Johns Hopkins, and several other colleges have similar cheers.

* * *

Rutgers,—the home of the *Targum*,—has an original cheer "'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! Bow-wow-wow ! Rutgers !" Williams has a resonant "'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! Will-yams ! yams ! yams !"

Pennsylvania University has a wild Philadelphia cheer without any special charm. By a clipping in the *Crimson* I see that the class-yell of '90 at Rochester is "Zoo-zoo-zi-zee ! Yi-yi-nine-ty !"

* * *

I may pass over all the other college cheers which THE VARSITY'S many exchanges have to tell of,—and not a few of them are novel and striking,—to come to a cheer, which like the rhyme of the *passenjaire*, can never be forgotten. The Cornell cheer was originally "Cor-Cor-Cor-nell ! I yell ! Cor-nell !" But to this an addition is made,—only in times of intense excitement, they would have us understand,—which transforms it into undoubtedly the noisiest and most gracelessly irreverent of college cheers, endowing it at the same time with undeniable robustness and a certain Roman vigor,—"*Cor-Cor-Cor-nell ! I yell,—like H- !!! Cor-nell !!!*"

I have no doubt that in the opinion of the ladies at Cornell this questionable annex to the college cheer has not enhanced its attractiveness.

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

The Nat. Science Conversat. Sub. Committee: H. R. Wood, B.A., C. P. Clark, B.A., R. A. McArthur, W. L. Miller, J. R. Hamilton, F. G. Wait, J. A. Giffin, R. H. Black, E. L. Hill, G. Wilkie, J. A. C. Grant, J. Munroe, B. Kilbourn.

Some of our grads. and undergrads. were busily engaged in the fray, "stumping the country" for the respective parties in politics. Many of the students "went home to vote" on Tuesday. They exercised the privileges of the franchise, but not because they are students.

Justin McCarthy lectured in Madison University on the 11th inst., on "The National Cause of Ireland." He dilated on the wrong done to Ireland by not giving her "Home Rule." "Position, history, education and tradition all say that home rule is Ireland's right." He pointed out, too, that the giving of home rule to Ireland at the present time would not be a mere experiment tried for the first time. "She had it up to this century, and prospered under it." The burden of Mr. McCarthy's address was: How Ireland Lost Home Rule. It is impossible to give a *resume* of his remarks, nor would it be desirable. The fact that it is not our privilege to hear some of our own statesmen at home on the burning questions of the day, somewhat detracts from our interest in their lectures delivered abroad.

In continuance of the plan adopted last week the following list of songs is published in the hope that some assistance may be lent to the committee compiling the College Song Book. Some of the songs mentioned will no doubt be difficult of acquisition, owing to copyright law, others again may be inaccessible. The aim however, is to give a list of songs eminently suitable for a College Song-book, both as such and in order to make it generally popular.—*Tom Bowling*; Pork, Beans and Hard tack (No. 149); *They All Love Jack*; Canadian Boat Song; A Jolly Good Laugh; Good-Night Ladies; Sailing; The British Lion; *Tarpaulin Jacket*; The Old Sexton; *The Skipper*; Nancy Lee; Kerry Dance; *Aula Lang Syne*; *The Tar's Farewell*; *Home Sweet Home*; The Three Sailor Boys; Larboard Watch; John Brown's Body.

Last week the fourth-year men appointed a committee to make arrangements for having the photo' of the graduating class taken. This is usually about the only means taken by our students of obtaining a permanent memento of any value of their college life and associates. No class canes, gold or silver topped, are indulged in; no distinguishing badges are worn, except the college colours common to all the years—and many do not wear even the white and blue. Every student, then, in the graduating year should take the time and go to the expense of sitting for the class photo', if not for his own satisfaction, at least for the sake of those who take a pride in the possession of such things. It is impossible for a man to know well each of his fellow-students graduating in the six or seven different courses. Some are known to some others, perhaps, only by name, or only by sight; and unless some means is provided for associating name and face, many in whom an interest ought to be felt are forgotten to our memory, and a peculiar loss is sustained. One duty of the committee appointed would, no doubt, be to canvass doubtful classmates and any who may be opposed to the idea. It is the duty of each man of the year to assist the committee in this work.—The step taken presages the near approach of spring examinations.

The Knox College Students' Missionary Society held its sixth public meeting in Convocation Hall on the evening of the 18th. The programme was opened by a paper on the "Eskimos in Labrador," by C. A. Webster, B.A. He described the people and their country with great vividness, and told of the sufferings and self-denial of the missionaries in a way that took hold on the large and representative audience present. Mr. J. Goforth, who is to be the representative of the students and alumni of Knox in the foreign field, then gave an address on the treatment which the Church had given to the trust imposed upon her by our Lord in one of His last conversations with His disciples. The address was well delivered, but was especially interesting on account of the useful subject-matter which was in it, and which showed very clearly what a great work there is to do, and how little has been done. Mr. A. J. McLeod, B.A., read a very instructive paper on the "Great Dark Continent," and proved how much poor uncivilized Africa needs earnest, educated ministers to preach "glad tidings of good things." Rev. G. M. Milligan said a few words on the "Apologetic value of Missions," confining his remarks to the great need there is that ministers who go to the foreign field should be thoroughly educated. Mayor Howland was in the chair, and, as usual, made everybody feel at home. He made a few very

appropriate remarks on the need there is for perseverance in this great and good work.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—The usual meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday afternoon in McMillan's Hall, the President, Mr. Houston, in the chair. After the transaction of routine business, Mr. Houston gave a short but interesting account of the Eastern Question. After pointing out the defects in the present system of teaching history, he presented the main subject under six different aspects. He treated it first as a question of physical geography, referring principally to Russia's desire for possession of the Dardanells; secondly, it was a question of Ethnology and Religion, the Slavonian races naturally being drawn to one another, and Russia claiming to be their protector as she claimed to be also of the Greek Church; he referred also to the different nations now independent that occupy the Turkish peninsula. It was, thirdly, a question of international law and treaties, in which connection were described the treaties of Berlin and Paris. Fourthly it was a question of finance, the relations of the stock exchange and invested interests. A fifth question was one of standing armies and their bad economic effects. And lastly, it was a question of special political principles, such as the "Balance of Power," "Race Connections," "Pan-Slavism." The speaker, in conclusion, foretold the complete evacuation of Europe by the Turks, they being an alien race and intruders. In this event, it was likely the different States at present in existence there, would likely federate for mutual protection and assertion of their rights against Slavonian invasion. The sketch was listened to with great interest throughout, and threw no little light on this hitherto darkened problem.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CLUB.—A movement that is now gathering strength, looks to the establishment of an University College Club. As yet, this movement is purely tentative, but the interest excited encourages the promoters to call a general public meeting. On February 8th, a private circular was sent out, signed by S. H. Blake, R. E. Kingsford, T. C. Robinette, W. H. Irving, W. H. Blake, W. H. Hunter, F. B. Hodgins, and J. H. Moss. The circular drew attention to the necessity of a closer social and political union among graduates and under-graduates of our University. It was felt that such a union would be a great source of strength to the Provincial University, and a useful bond between University men who seldom have a chance to become acquainted. In response to this circular, about 50 graduates and under-graduates assembled in a parlor at the Rossin House. Mr. Chas. Moss, Q.C., was asked to take the chair; and after some speeches, it was resolved that it was desirable to take steps to form a Club as outlined in the circular. A strong committee was appointed, including the delegates from the County Associations, to draw up a plan of organization to submit at a future meeting. This committee met and struck sub-committees to enquire after available places and the question of expense, and so draw up a skeleton of the constitution. The information thus acquired, with the plan of organization, will then be submitted to a general meeting called by public notice, when the first officers will be elected. It was thought proper to make such preliminary enquiries, so as to put the general meeting in possession of information sufficient to arrive at a decision, and not spend the time in idle and unnecessary discussion.

A recent issue of the *Toronto World* has the following remarks on University Federation introductory to an article on the proposed step on the part of the Baptist College:—

"The grand idea of University Federation—that is to say, the grouping around the national college of arts and sciences the schools of theology and medicine, established by religious denominations and medical associations—has made great progress of late. The first of the churches to give its adhesion was the Presbyterian. It was followed by the Baptists, a section of the Church of England and the Roman Catholics, and now the great Wesleyan body is about to join the national university. A basis of agreement has been arrived at between the Government of Ontario and the Committee of the Wesleyan Conference having the matter in charge; funds are being collected and legislation during the present session of the Legislature will give the people's sanction to the arrangement.

"The Catholic Church has a college at Ottawa, there is another at Kingston more or less Presbyterian in its character; Trinity in Toronto maintains its independent standpoint, and London boasts the Western University under Episcopalian auspices. It may reasonably be believed that some of these institutions will either cease to exist or connect themselves with the Provincial University, but as they now are they detract but little from the strength of that institution. The more largely endowed and attended school presents irresistible attractions to the ablest of our youth. It is there that they find the most varied and thorough instruction, the most fervid conflict of mind with mind, the widest outlet for energy and ambition. The noble buildings, the beautiful grounds, the large city with its many intellectual forces, are educators of no ordinary kind, and weigh heavily in the scale against their rivals.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

Last evening the annual conversazione of the Literary and Scientific Society was held in the buildings of University College. Notwithstanding the fact that Lent had already begun, the corridors and Convocation Hall were filled with as large an assemblage as has ever been gathered together under the same auspices. All conversazioni are more or less alike, and it is needless to describe this year's event at any great length. Suffice it to say that the same order of things prevailed, the same style of decorations were used, the same kind of experiments were performed by the science students, the usual special displays were made, the same crush in the hall occurred, and the same charming *ensemble* of academic seriousness and society splendour rendered the whole scene as brilliant and pleasant as in former years.

The musical portion of the entertainment was under the direction of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the conductor of the Glee Club. The following programme was rendered:—

PART I.

1. Glee—"The Winds Whistle Cold (Guy's Mannering)..." *Sir H. Bishop*
GLEE CLUB.
2. Flute Solo—"Rimembranza Napolitana"..... *Paggi*
MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.
3. Reading—"Spartacus to the Gladiators"..... *Kellogg*
MISS AGNES KNOX.
4. Romanza—"Spirto Gentil" (La Favorita)..... *Donizetti*
MR. GUSTAVE THALBERG.
5. Part Song—"Four Jolly Smiths"..... *Henry Leslie*
GLEE CLUB.
6. Violin Solo—"Fantaisie Caprice"..... *Vieuxtemps*
MRS. ADAMSON.
7. Quartette — (a) "Forsaken"..... *Koschat*
(b) "Softly, Softly"..... *Chevalier de Seyfried*
MESSRS. MERCER, C. W. GORDON, HAMILTON AND G. GORDON.
8. Song—"The Message"..... *Blumenthal*
MISS ANNA HOWDEN.
9. College Chorus—"The Freshman's Fate".....
GLEE CLUB.

PART II.

1. College Chorus—"Funiculi Funicula"..... *Denza*
GLEE CLUB.
2. Melodie—"Verrei Morir"..... *Tosti*
MR. GUSTAVE THALBERG.
3. Flute Solo—"Du du liegst" (by desire)..... *Boehm*
MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.
4. Reading—"Lasca"..... *Desprez*
MISS AGNES KNOX.
5. Bolero—"Leggero Indivisibile"..... *Arditi*
MISS ANNA HOWDEN.
6. Violin Solo—"Legende"..... *Wieniawski*
MRS. ADAMSON.
7. Song—"Swedish Air".....
MR. GUSTAVE THALBERG.
8. Ballad—"Margarita's Three Bouquets"..... *Braga*
MISS ANNA HOWDEN.

Mr. Gustave Thalberg, a Swede lately arrived in this country, is a new tenor of much promise and made his first appearance in public last night. Mr. Thalberg possesses a very sweet voice, of good compass, and sings with expression and taste. We understand that he will remain in Toronto, and in that case he will prove quite an acquisition, as our stock of tenors is very limited. Miss Howden is already a great favorite in Toronto, and sang her numbers in a charming manner. Mrs. Adamson sustained her well-earned reputation as a skilful violinist, and played her selections most artistically. Mr. Arlidge is *facile princeps* among flautists who have played in Toronto; he furnished an *obligato* to Miss Howden's rendering of Braga's "Marguerite" with his usual taste and discrimination. Miss Knox, who is comparatively a stranger to Toronto, showed herself to be possessed of considerable dramatic ability, and was very successful in pleasing her audience. The Glee Club showed up in good form, and though small in numbers, showed careful preparation and filled its part of the programme most acceptably. Messrs. Mercer, Hamilton and the Gordons sang two quartettes in a finished manner. Mr. Haslam conducted in an able manner. Taking everything into consideration, the Musical Committee may congratulate itself upon the result of the evening, so far as the music was considered. The only unfortunate thing which happened during the evening, occurred in the east dressing room, where the scenes of the conversazione of '85 were re-enacted with more than usual vigour. This was no doubt the result of the very large attendance—the largest for years—and the Committee cannot be held responsible for the failure of the arrangements. THE VARSITY will be happy to insert advertisements for lost dry goods free of charge during the next week.

The band of the Royal Grenadiers, under Mr. Toulmin, played during the evening in the entrance hall; and in the Museum, Seager's orchestra made that old curiosity shop assume an unaccustomed levity under the dreamy spell of *Waldteufel* and *Suppé*.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.—The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held yesterday afternoon in the School of Science, Professor Galbraith presiding. An exhaustive paper, written by J. L. Morris, C. E., on "Act pertaining to Land Surveyors and the Survey of Lands," was read. Mr. Morris has evidently had a wide experience, and points out and elucidates many apparent contradictions in the act. The steadily increasing library of this Society received another valuable addition, the gift of Colonel Gzowski. This, the second addition from the same source, consists of a large number of works containing the latest and most reliable information concerning recent engineering experiments.

Y. M. C. A.—At the regular Thursday afternoon meeting the students had the pleasure of listening to an excellent address given by Pastor Denovan. The address was an answer to the question, How can I make the most of my life? The speaker sketched in his most attractive style the progress of society throughout the Christian era, showing that the increase of population has actually outrun the result of Christian effort. The strength of young men was referred to in a manner eminently calculated to stimulate the vigor of all present. Mr. D. R. Keys presided at the meeting and on behalf of the Association thanked the speaker for his able address. The hearty applause which followed Mr. Keys' remarks showed how well the address was received.

A number of mass meetings of a missionary character will be held in the Y. M. C. A. building between Saturday (Feb. 26) and Tuesday. They will be conducted by Mr. Forman, a graduate of Princeton, who, previous to leaving for China, is making a visit to the leading American colleges, for the purpose of advocating the cause of missions. He has met with very great success in every college he has visited. The meetings arranged so far are Saturday at 3 p.m., Sunday at 8.30 p.m., Monday at 8 p.m. All the students in any way connected with the University are cordially invited. In addition to these an informal conference with Mr. Forman will be held on Monday from 10 a.m. to 12. Any changes that may be necessary will be announced on the Bulletin Board.

Women are now admitted as students in the Imperial University at Tokio, Japan.

It is stated that the editors of the new Harvard song book are to be prosecuted at law for publishing copyrighted songs.

Leyden University, in Holland, is the richest in the world. Its real estate alone is said to be worth four million dollars.—*Ex.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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The Story of the Porter of Bagdad. W. J. H.
Ab Illa Do. DIDYMUS DOLICHOPOLITES.
Unrecorded Conversations of Great Men. H.
Topics of the Hour.
Communications.
The Library. STUDENT.
The "Dr. Wilson Medal." T. LOGIE.
Round the Table.
University and College News.
Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous cigarette manufacturers to cope in part the Brand Name of the "Richmond Straight Cut." Now in the eleventh year of their popularity, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original Straight Cut Brand is the Richmond Straight Cut No. 1, introduced by us in 1875, and to caution the students to observe that our signature appears on every package of the Genuine Straight Cut Cigarettes.

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PROSE AND POETRY.

Copies of this book—containing the choicest selections from the columns of THE VARSITY since its first year—can be obtained upon application at this office. Price, 50 cents. As but few copies are left, those graduates and students who have not yet subscribed for THE VARSITY Book should do so at once, as the edition will soon be exhausted.

DI-VARSITIES.

A TALE OF A YORKSHIRE WIFE.

The Yorkshire people of the West Riding, according to Mrs. Gaskell, are "sleuth hounds after money," and in illustration of this characteristic we may take the following anecdote:—

Not far from Bradford an old couple lived on their farm. The good man had been ill for some time, when the practitioner who attended him advised that a physician should be summoned from Bradford for a consultation.

The doctor came, looked into the case, gave his opinion, and, descending from the sick-room to the kitchen, was there accosted by the old woman with "Well, doctor, what is your charge?"

"My fee is a guinea."

"A guinea, doctor! a guinea! And if you come again will it be another guinea?"

"Yes."

"A guinea, doctor! Hech!"

The old woman rose and went upstairs to her husband's bedroom, and the doctor, who waited below, heard her say—

"He charges a guinea, and if he comes again it'll be another guinea. Now, what do you say? If I were ye I'd say no, like a Britoner; and I'd die first."

A young working-man was being shown the advantages of having a home of his own instead of knocking around in lodgings. "I don't see," said he, "the good of giving some woman half my victuals to get t' other half cooked."

The students of a Spanish college recently tarred and feathered a member of the faculty.

First sweet girl: "Do you like tobogganing?" Second sweet girl: "Not so much as dancing." "Neither do I." "No; it's too long between hugs."

READY ABOUT THE END OF FEBRUARY

THE YEAR BOOK,

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,

1886-87.

Published under the authority of the Senate.

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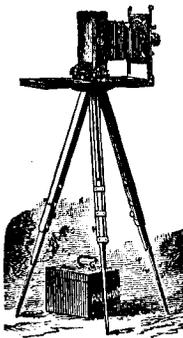
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