

THE VARSITY

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A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1897.

No. 5.

Visit to Stratford-upon-Avon.

Stratford-upon-Avon is reached by a branch line from Leamington, a place of some thirty thousand inhabitants, which lies on the line of the Great Western Railway. Instead, however, of taking the train from the latter town, my companion and I chose rather to hire bicycles and ride over the fine macadam road which connects Leamington and Stratford. We had arrived in Leamington during the morning, and after getting lunch we mounted our wheels and started to pedal to Stratford, about ten miles distant. The road was a very pretty one, running through a quiet rolling country. On both sides lay the broad fields, every acre of which was under the most careful cultivation. Two or three miles from Leamington we paused for a moment on the bridge over the Avon to admire one of the prettiest spots in Warwickshire. Looking up the stream, which is fringed on both sides by trees, and reflects them with scarcely a tremor in its lazy waters, we saw Warwick Castle standing on a slight eminence, round the base of which the Avon winds its sluggish current. It was an intensely hot day; everything seemed to be asleep, and fastest asleep of all the old castle, which now, in the evening of its days, seemed to be enjoying a well-earned repose. But we had to move on, and after passing the town of Warwick we had a very pleasant run to Stratford through fields already yellowing for the harvest.

Stratford strikes the visitor's attention mainly, I think, by its dullness. The streets are broad and well-kept; and indeed there is a general air of comfort and staid respectability about the place, not unlike the appearance of some well-to-do, elderly gentleman who has, perhaps, done something rather notable in his day, and is now content to live on his past reputation. And that is the case with Stratford. There is apparently very little trade a doing now—whatever may have been the case in earlier times. Stratford-upon-Avon is still a town counting some eleven thousand inhabitants, famous, because, about three centuries ago, William Shakespeare was born there, was married there, and died there. Yet these three facts are probably quite enough to keep Stratford in a thriving condition for as long, at least, as the memory of the great Elizabethan may linger among men.

To me there is always a certain sense of disappointment in entering such a place as Stratford. Until you see the rows of red brick houses, the dusty road and the horse and his rumbling cart, you imagine somehow, really without reason, I suppose, that this time you are going to see something different—a thing almost hallowed through its association with a sacred name. With your entry comes the disillusionment, for after all it is very like other old-world towns. You may tell yourself that you might have known that it would be like other places and that it would be foolish to think anything else, yet I think a little disappointment remains.

Notwithstanding this, however, the visitor will find in Stratford much that will interest him. Perhaps it is natural that he should first of all turn into Henley Street and stroll down until on the north side his eye catches sight of an old-fashioned, high-gabled house, whose projecting windows overhang the street. It has a well-cared-for look; and that is not to be wondered at, for four men and two women are constantly employed to look after it. For fear lest it should catch fire, the cottages which formerly surrounded it have been bought up and pulled to pieces, so that the house where Shakespeare was born now stands in a pretty garden. Through the street door we enter the old living room of the Shakespeare family. With its wide fireplace it must have been a comfortable chamber. Then passing on we climb the stairs, and in a moment find ourselves in the room where Shakespeare was born. It is a small room with a sloping ceiling. There is nothing of inspiration, surely, below in the uneven old floor, nor above in the rough-hewn rafters—dark as they now are with age! As we turn to go down again our attention is called by the guide to a window pane on which Walter Scott, Isaac Walton and others have scratched their names. But let no desire for immortality induce us to attempt to add our names, for a quiet corner in an English jail would probably be our only reward.

When we again found ourselves on the street, we mounted our bicycles and rode slowly over a bit of lovely country road to Shuttery. There we paused for a few minutes to see a cottage embowered in green, whose wide-spreading thatch and little garden packed with flowers give it such a snug and prosperous appearance. Certainly Shakespeare chose a pretty spot when he went to woo Anne Hathaway.

Again we got on our wheels; and, though the afternoon was wearing on, the sun was still high in the heavens, for the midsummer day in England seems astonishingly long to one accustomed to more southerly latitudes. The next place at which we dismounted was the Collegiate Church of Stratford-upon-Avon. The building dates from the thirteenth century, but it stands on the site of a church which existed before the Norman Conquest. Surely it is with somewhat bated breath that we pass through the door and approach the altar, inside which under a stone slab lie the remains of the author of Hamlet! We are not the only onlookers; others lean over the rail and speak in reverent whisper. Then when we have looked awhile and spelled out the well-known verses on the tombstone and beneath the bust, we turn away. As we go out we pass the church register, in which we may read in black and white the birth and death of William Shakespeare, the townsman of Stratford-upon-Avon. It is a rude awakening when we step into the glaring sunlight of the dusty road.

It was with somewhat sobered thoughts, I think, that we rode up the street to the Lion Inn. It is a very comfortable old house and has been in existence since the time of Queen Bess. When tea was over we started back to Leamington, occasionally meeting a flying cyclist out for a spin in the cool of the twilight, or more often a sturdy Warwickshire man, much as his fathers were before him, I sup-

pose, who was stumping along the deserted highway. On our way back we made a detour to pass Charlecote Park, where Shakespeare went shooting deer. It is a very pretty bit of woodland; and then, not long after we had left the ancient home of Sir Thomas Lucy behind, we came again to Warwick. A few minutes more took us past the bridge over the Avon, on which we had stopped in the afternoon, and on into bustling Leamington, where we alighted at the "Crown."

Altogether it had been a very pleasant day. A better road for a bicycle it would be hard to imagine, and the weather, though very hot, had been gloriously fine. It is something, too, I think, not soon to be forgotten, to have seen the house on Henley Street, the cottage at Shottery and the ancient Collegiate Church of Stratford-upon-Avon—the three spots in the world most intimately connected with the birth, marriage and death of William Shakespeare.

W. A. R. KERR.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL FELICITIES OF PHYLLIS.

No. 2.—*Vanitas Vanitatum.*

I had been acting foolishly in several ways, and as a result felt rather out of humor with myself. Therefore, when I caught sight of Phyllis at the Osgoodby dance, it was promptly borne in upon me that I should not hesitate to administer to her a timely lecture and reproof. There may seem to be a lack of logic in this, but be assured there is no lack of human nature. If we had no friends for our scape-goats, we should certainly be reduced to blaming our fits of bad temper upon ourselves.

It was Bannerman's number, too; but my collar being already hot and soggy, I did not want to dance myself. It was only natural to infer that the rest of the world, including Phyllis, shared my disinclination. She hesitated. "It would be dreadfully mean of me . . . besides, he's such a good dancer that . . . (with the demurest of faces), "I think I'll sacrifice myself, and let some other girl have his number." She slipped her hand through my proffered arm. "But I know I'll repent; so I mustn't let her see my envious phiz." We threaded our way to the corner behind the three palms.

I felt that this beginning was very inappropriate for what I was about to say. In fact I was in some danger of being mollified, and had to stiffen myself with the stern necessity of doing my duty. I confess the irritation from her teasing helped me somewhat.

She arranged herself. Then she tucked in her lips with a philosophic frown, and said: "Do you know, Mr. Jones, I've come to the sad conclusion that women are vain by nature. They can't help themselves."

I had been accustomed to season such confessions by saying the same for men. But now I promptly replied: "Yes, they are. I saw you on Yonge Street yesterday; you were driving with your mother, and your nose was considerably above the horizontal. Also I noticed that you are beginning to cultivate that blank and stony expression peculiar to some very estimable and unpleasant society women whom I have the high honor of knowing. Really, you know the Clara Vere de Vere pose doesn't suit you—or any other girl for the matter of that. I'm not joking about this. It's one of a few things girls ought to be told."

She slowly opened her eyes very wide, and gradually let her fan fall. The corners of her mouth tightened visibly. But she very rapidly changed countenance again and smiled sweetly—entirely too sweetly. "Why Mr. Jones, it's so kind of you to take me into your kindergarten—or is it a female seminary—a ladies' school for manners and

deportment? Perhaps you'd like to examine me on the proper method of leaving a drawing-room." She put out a daintily slipped little foot, as if to begin the lesson, then resumed her former attitude of deeply interested and beaming attention. "And pray, does my present pose suit your lordship?" By this time her smile was painfully saccharine.

It was very rude of her, but I continued without losing my temper: "I often think that a girl who has no brother could be given a lot of very valuable advice by men—not that I'm infant enough to suppose she'd take it as it was meant. Has it ever occurred to you that the way in which others see you may be very different from what you suppose? To tell you the unpleasant truth, girls—of necessity—know almost nothing about the world."

"And of course by the 'world' you mean men?"

"Well, suppose I do. Don't you sometimes have a horrible suspicion that your sex doesn't fill such a tremendously large corner in life as men flatter you into believing?"

She seemed more surprised than hurt, but burst forth after a moment of dumbness: "Mr. Jones! . . . I don't know whether you're making these pretty speeches in the rôle of a brother, but if you are, let me give you to understand that if I had a brother who talked so to me, I'd very soon use my largest hat-pin on him. Really!" (she breathed a moment) "I don't know what has got into you to-night, but for my part, I shan't do you the honor of quarrelling with you." She rose haughtily, and turned to leave. But when she had parted the palms she hesitated. Then she turned resolutely, and forcing herself to laugh in despite of all the powers of evil, she sat down again. Making one of her comradish grimaces she said: "Perhaps you think you're going to make me fight with you? Well, you're not, you perceive. Life's too short for rows. Just think, too, how horribly tragic you'd feel if I were knocked over by a trolley when I'm taking my spin tomorrow. I'm sure you'd spend the rest of your life writing the dreariest sort of elegies. . . . Besides, it would cost you something for flowers—you couldn't get out of it you know—and lilies are dreadfully expensive at this time of year—and let me tell you I would insist on being buried in a regular bank of lilies. Just think how rueful you'd be!" She laughed, but it was a pathetically strained little laugh.

There are certain moments when men fall down and worship. If the thoroughly-trained young lady, who stands upon her dignity with such cold correctness only knew the power—however, such reflections are quite uncalled for. I had a struggle with myself, which all male creatures who have been in the same position will understand—others it does not concern—but the proprieties conquered. Phyllis flushed radiantly at the contriteness of my apology, then cut it short with a mischievous laugh. "If you insist on doing penance, why you may. You were speaking of my posing"—I began to protest by all that was sacred, but she went calmly on—"Now I'm afraid I do pose, sometimes, although I always feel mean afterwards. What I would very much like to know is what you, and other men really do know about girls' posing. Sadie Vansitter's brother almost paralyzes her sometimes by the horrid acuteness of his remarks about his girl friends—she says he gets it from Thackeray, and such literary wretches—but I think he only listens to what women say about each other. Still I often have to wonder if you know more than we think you do. As you were kind enough to hint, a few minutes ago, I need a brother. Now I want you to be a brother to me."

"Really, Miss Phyllis, this is so sudden!"

"Now none of your nonsense! Don't talk bosh when I want to be serious, or I'll make you go on with your apolo-

gies; you're at present walking with peas in your boots, please to remember."

She paused. So did I.

Then imperatively: "Well, Mr. Jones?"

Then coaxingly: "Now, do be good! You know there won't be anything personal in this. You needn't be afraid of pricking my sense of my own dignity. I've shown you what a heavenly humor I'm in to-night. You'll never get such another chance to tell the truth—the awful truth—about feminine affectation. Supposing too, that I should enlighten you about how we girls catch men showing off. . . . Now, *do* tell me!" She leaned forward expectantly.

"Very well, then—only you'll be furious in half a minute. In the first place, you—that is, girls in general—are altogether too fond of cats and babies and dogs. I know one young lady who is eternally rubbing her cheek against the muzzle of her pug—that is, when men are present."

"You mean Bessie Carter," commented Phyllis calmly. "I thought she was a little too obvious. She understands the power of contrast though."

I was somewhat staggered, and after attempting to deprecate all personalities hastened to continue: "Again, you do the indifferent entirely too earnestly. When two girls have the honor of being with a man they always feel the need of talking very much to each other. He must be ignored if he is to be given the proper impression of what nonentities men are in this end of the century."

"They do that only when the man has a particularly good opinion of himself," remarked Phyllis, with her most innocent expression. I pigeon-holed the observation for future reflection; at the moment I ignored it and continued my aspersions.

"Also, as a body, girls are too fond of telling what particularly glorious times they have when they get together in their little clubs and societies—where the awful mysteries of the *bona dea* permit no man to enter. They wish us to understand that we are necessarily bores, and are admitted to their sacred presences, only when it cannot be helped. That is all bluff and vanity—it will never deceive anyone."

"You little wretch!" exclaimed Phyllis. (Some one should certainly inform her chaperone.)

"You confirm it by the way you are stirred up," I said.

"I'm not stirred up;" she hotly answered, stamping her foot, "but I won't listen to any such mean attack on girls as that. You're the vainest creatures." . . . She could not find words terrible enough. I laughed.

But she was angry in earnest "I'll just tell you what men do. Girls may pretend to be a little more independent than they really are, but they haven't got down to taking pride in vulgarity and wickedness. I know men who are such wretched little puppies, that they are forever talking about 'having their fling,' and 'sowing their wild oats,' throwing out hints with a calm face, which would make one think they never had any mother or sisters, and they expect you to admire them for it, too! Girls' posing! Commend me for posing to the nasty little cad who pretends to be such a 'bold bad man.'—He talks of his cheap theatre experiences, of his playing cards till all hours of the night, and he takes care you should know that he doesn't play for fun, though I don't believe he ever gambles for anything but pins and matches. Then, too, he thinks it tremendously fetching to allude to the various times the boys—including himself of course—have been drunk, and no doubt made despicable exhibitions of themselves. I suppose you'll find some girls who'll admire a man because he's what you are please to call 'a little fast'; but let me tell you they're not the girls whose admiration is worth having. If there are silly creatures among us, there are

contemptible beasts among you, and you needn't try to defend them!"

I didn't, nor had I the slightest desire to. The lecture seemed to have "gone off at the wrong end," as one of my friends puts it. Moreover Phyllis must be more frivolous in future, if she is to furnish material for light literature.

MERCUTIO.

SKETCHES FROM 'VARSITY LIFE.

This was Freshy's first day, and as he came striding across the lawn in his patent leather shoes, tight-fitting suit of navy blue, faultless laundry, and puffing a wee cigarette, a smile of complete satisfaction overspread his face. Coming up the steps he encountered a gentleman in a very light brown suit, and whose bald head (as Freshy thought) shone with the classics.

"Good-morning, Professor. Could you tell me where is the Bursar's office?"

"Hem! hem! You go down the corridor on the right, and then towards north, it is on the right hand side by the entrance. Hem!"

Freshy proceeded as directed until he reached the east corridor, then perceiving a speck of dust on his shoe he bent down to brush it off. Glancing up he noticed a man standing in the doorway, attired in a quiet suit of black, his clean shaven face, dark hair, and eyes always beaming with a kindly look. (Freshy couldn't see that.)

"I say there, can you tell me where's the Bursar's office?"

The gentleman complied, meanwhile the smallest possible smile flitted over his face. Freshy proceeded on his way and thought that the staff were beastly obliging, don't you know. Having transacted his business with the Bursar he wandered out to the tennis court, and running up against a sturdy Soph, slapped him on the back and said:

"Well, old man, how are you?"

The Soph was astounded at the audacity of Freshy.

"I say, what's that professor's name in light brown?"

"Professor, eh! Haw! haw! haw! That is the beadle."

"What! Well, who is that?" pointing to the gentleman who had given him the further directions.

"Oh! that is the Dean."

Freshy is falling yet.

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The College Girl

When from a far western state comes an enquiry for the immense Art School in the Queen's Park, Toronto, the following is the reason, and the blame thereof rests on a certain well-known college girl, whose wits forsook her at the wrong moment.

It was last summer at the time when the Epworth Leaguers swarmed everywhere, and the college girl was showing two or three friends over the University buildings. When they came to the University College two strangers who were wandering around, asked the girl to take them through; the girl smiled and said, "Certainly." Now, be it known that this girl is a most profound admirer of the college building. She drew the attention of the visitors to its peculiar beauty, and especially to the fine carving. When they reached the west hall the girl expatiated on the beauty of the carved discs all around its walls, and told of the many weary hours of lectures whiled away in the fruitless search for two discs which should be alike.

When the inspection of the building was over, the two strange Leaguers began to ask the college girl questions about the University, and not liking to tell them that to explain the relations of the various parts would be worse than solving a Chinese puzzle, she blundered ahead, and it may be this is responsible for the rattled condition in which she found herself a few moments later. Moreover, she frankly confessed to me that she didn't know as much about the University as she might, but she didn't mean to tell the strangers that. Finally, the elder stranger asked to which faculty the college building was devoted. "Oh," said the girl, feeling her way clear at last, "this the Arts building."

"Indeed," replied the stranger, "an Art School—it's pretty large—well, now I understand why they have all that beautiful carving."

As the strangers smiled their thanks and moved away the college girl found herself unable to make any explanation, and stood gazing blankly after them.

And when you are travelling out west, through the States, and anyone enquires after this Art School, have mercy on the memory of that college girl.

* *

The meeting of the Women's Literary Society, next Saturday evening, promises to be one of unusual interest. The president, Miss Grace Hunter, tells me that the chief feature of the evening is to be a dramatic presentation of an original comedieta in which the characters are four of Shakespeare's heroines. This, I should imagine, will recall to several the representation of George Eliot's heroines, given so successfully by the Literary Society at its annual "At Home" two years ago. A large audience should assemble to see this play, and all freshettes are especially invited and urged to attend. It will be given by girls of the senior class, and the following cast should insure its successful presentation:

Portia	Miss H. B. McDonald.
Lady Macbeth	" G. Burgess.
Ophelio	" H. Johnston.
Juliet	" Rumball.

* *

It seems to be time now that the college girls should seriously consider whether the publication of *Sesame* shall

be continued or not. A meeting was called last week by the business manager, Miss McKenzie, to ascertain the feeling among the girls on this subject. As the meeting was not large it was decided that every girl should be questioned individually. The returns from this canvass go to show that there are very many quite indifferent as to what is done, and only about half are decidedly in favor of continued publication. Now, if the college girls generally are not going to stand by the Literary Society it will be almost useless for the Society to attempt to publish the magazine. But, on the other hand, it seems a pity to recede from a position we have once gained. Last year saw the first appearance of *Sesame*, and while it did not perhaps fulfil our ideal of what such a publication should be, still, we must remember that allowance must be made for it as being the first. As the college girls gain in experience they will be able to do better work—indeed, unless this is so we had much better drop *Sesame* altogether—and I see no reason why, in a college as large as ours, such a publication should not be a successful and a desirable one.

Since the returns of this canvass are not very decisive, there will doubtless be another meeting to discuss this question. It is greatly to be desired that all the girls should attend the meeting, and that they should not be indifferent, but should think over the matter carefully and come to some decided opinion as to whether *Sesame* shall or shall not continue to be published.

* *

"We had an elegant game of basket ball last night. Really I think the Varsity girls don't know what they are missing in not having the use of the 'Gym.'; the one here is one of our few small blessings." So writes a correspondent from the Normal College, Hamilton. The college girls who are up there have become most enthusiastic lovers of gymnastic performances, and have formed an Athletic Association, with Miss E. M. Graham, '96, as president. The above mentioned game of basket ball has become a most popular pursuit in their gymnasium.

* *

On Wednesday afternoon last, at the usual hour, was held the first missionary meeting of the Y.W.C.A. for this year, Miss Pearce, '98, presiding. The position of pianist was ably filled by Miss Hurlburt, '98. The usual opening exercises, consisting of hymns, Scripture reading and prayer, were performed. The minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved. The president then introduced to the society Mr. Waters, formerly an undergraduate of University College, now a student of Trinity Medical. Mr. Waters briefly reviewed the rise and growth of the College Mission, which now comprises about sixty-four organizations. By means of pictures illustrating his subject, he described in a very interesting manner the Corean habits and customs. The Corean is very superstitious. The method employed to cure the sick is to exorcise the evil spirit with which they are said to be possessed. Yet, in spite of this superstition, the Corean is anxious to hear the Gospel, as is shown by recent letters from Corean, expressing the hope that Dr. Hardie would return, and with him other missionaries. For the fulfilment of our motto, "Christ for the world in this generation," not only are funds necessary, but also the prayers of all. The hour between eight and nine o'clock on Saturday evening has been set apart for special prayer for Corean, since it corresponds to the hour from eleven to twelve Sunday morning in Corean, at which time religious services are held. Mr. Waters recommended all who wished to know more about the mission to the booklet, "Facts on Foreign Missions." He further invited all who had not as yet subscribed to the

Continued on page 72

= School of Practical Science Notes =

Kormann's makes you sing,
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Kormann's is the very thing
You cannot do without.

The fourth year had quite an exciting time for a few minutes last Thursday in the chemical laboratory. A. H. Robinson, while measuring sulphuric acid into a pipette, accidentally drew a quantity up into his mouth. At his shouts the rest of the year rushed to his assistance. Some ammonia was administered which he rinsed around in his mouth. This neutralized the acid all right, but the sting of the ammonia also made him hop about pretty lively, for the boys in their hurry had forgotten to dilute it. In the meantime Dr. Ellis was called and came rushing up from the laboratory below. He mixed up a lotion of lime water and linseed-oil which the patient had to chew. Not content with one experience, within the hour Robinson did the same thing over again. As a consequence, he lost all the skin inside of his mouth and had to live on soft food a few days.

Most of us saw the notice which was for a few days on the board, and which stated that the library of the Engineering Society in the school would be open every school day hereafter from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. This is a first-rate arrangement and ought to have been carried out long ago, for until now it has been an impossibility for the big majority of us to get a look at the many interesting periodicals which are there, only those who brought their lunch being able to enjoy them between 1.30 and 2 o'clock when the librarian could be present. We never have any regular spare hours, but there are often ten or fifteen minutes at different times during the day which could be advantageously spent in this way.

Mr. Mickle did not confine all his attention to mining during his sojourn in Freiberg, but found treasures there that bring more happiness than any product of the mines, the treasures of a true and affectionate human heart. So we have the pleasure of extending to him and his charming bride a welcome home and wishes for much joy.

Mickle-Beck.—At the Petri Kirche, Freiberg, Saxony, on Monday, Oct. 11th, by Pastor Walther, George Reginald Mickle, of Toronto, to Elfriede Herminie, daughter of Hermann Beck of Freiberg.

INTER-YEAR CHESS MATCH.

The Chess Club has arranged a tournament between representatives of the various years. H. H. Narraway will lead the champions of the senior year, R. G. Hunter those of the junior year, R. A. Armstrong those of the sophomores, and F. H. Lloyd those of the freshmen. The tournament was started Tuesday afternoon.

ATHLETIC DANCE.

While the students are laying aside their coppers for the many University functions that are billed for the next two months, they should not forget the Athletic dance, the chief social event of the Michaelmas term, this At-Home, will be held this year on Tuesday, November 23rd. This will be just two days before Thanksgiving

Experiments in Boston show that cooking by coal costs but 19 per cent. of that by electricity.

At Great Falls, Montana, they are shearing sheep by electricity.

On an Arizona ranch there is a saltlick which holds placer gold in such a fine state of division that it is impossible to profitably separate it. Cattle and sheep are in the habit of pasturing there. In the stomach of one of the steers was found four ounces of gold and a smaller quantity in that of a sheep. This is the latest process of separation.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Two excellent papers were read before the Natural Science Association at its last meeting.

The first, on "Glacial and Interglacial Deposits Around Toronto," was given by Mr. J. H. Lemon, '98. He laid stress on a fact little known to Torontonians, viz., that in the neighborhood of Toronto are glacial and interglacial deposits that have no equal elsewhere, with the possible exception of the Alps. He compared the layers of "till" or boulder clay and intervening fossil-bearing beds of Scarborough with those of the Don Valley, bringing forward many facts to show that the glacial epoch must have been discontinuous, consisting of at least three distinct periods.

The second paper, on "Nitrification," was prepared by Mr. J. H. Faull, '98. Nitrification consists of the formation of nitrites and nitrates from free nitrogen or organic compounds of nitrogen. The process has long been made use of along agricultural and sanitary lines, but it is only since 1877 that any direct knowledge regarding its action has been acquired. It has been found that the process is due to nitrifying bacteria. Of these there are at least two different species, one which produces nitrites from organic compounds and the other which produces nitrates from nitrites. Nitrates are very necessary for plant food.

These bacteria are therefore capable of acting in such a manner on sewage that they give valuable constituents derived from it to plant life, and leave the water contained in it devoid of impurities.

Day, as it is not probable that much studying will be done that week.

For some time past the members of the Athletic Association Committee have been forming plans for this season's dance, but it was only the other afternoon that the date was finally decided upon. The fact that such energetic men as President J. W. Hobbs and Secretary W. M. Martin will have charge of the arrangements is a sufficient guarantee that the function will be a thorough success.

It was decided to guard securely against all crowding of the hall this year. Absolutely only five hundred tickets will be issued. Although this was decided upon last year also, nearly one thousand were sold. President Hobbs, however, assures VARSITY that under no circumstances will more than five hundred tickets be sold this year, and only those who arrange for tickets early will be sure of getting them.

The Varsity

TORONTO, November 11th, 1897.

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VARSIITY MISREPRESENTED.

NEVER to be misunderstood, never to be misrepresented, is indeed a happy lot, but to few men and to fewer journals does such happiness fall. There are always some stupid readers who unconsciously misconstrue, or some clever mischief-makers who wilfully pervert a paper's utterances. To keep these unfortunate individuals ever on the straight path, to see that they are set right each time they stray, were indeed a hopeless and a thankless task, and one that no sensible journal would undertake. VARSITY, however, has been misrepresented so seriously on a couple of subjects that it is willing to goodnatureedly assume that the fault all lies with its ambiguous sentences, and that, therefore, it is bound to make not only an explanation but an apology to those who have been so kind as to read into the editorials sentiments that were never intended.

To state that this paper is opposed to the scientific branches of study or to original research is as ridiculous as it is untrue. The editorial columns of this year's VARSITY will be searched in vain for any remark that will justify either the one statement or the other.

So far from being opposed to science, VARSITY would like to see a course of lectures in natural science made compulsory on every student, in every course, in every year. Such a change in the curriculum would certainly not meet with very general favor, but it is abundantly evident that students of languages and history and mathematics and philosophy, moral and political, are sadly in need of some study which will sharpen their physical and broaden their mental vision. For the former task no study is so well suited as biology, while the study of chemistry and physics gives not only valuable mental discipline but a store of useful general knowledge that every educated man should possess. But the fact remains that there are some scientific studies, as there are some linguistic studies, whose real educational value is certainly "very low." Among these VARSITY would class mineralogy, which is of

value for its practical money-making usefulness, not for its faculty of imparting culture. And, moreover, there are serious doubts as to the wisdom or justice of giving some students what amounts to a professional training at the public expense and at the expense of other students who are seeking in these academic halls a general education.

Equally unwarranted is the statement that VARSITY is opposed to "original research." It merely pointed out the danger of exaggerating its importance and overlooking its faults. In many universities "original research" is carried to a ridiculous extreme. One of Toronto's professors tell of a German friend of his who wrote a learned thesis for his Ph.D. degree on whether it is proper in English to say "a professor in a university," or a "professor at a university." Although he spent many toilsome months investigating the usages of the best English writers on this subject, and although his thesis won for him the Doctor's degree, the result of his "original research" was more laughable than valuable.

If one were to judge from the extravagant talk of some people, one would be led to believe that "original research" is some great and new system of education. On the contrary, it is older than the oldest scholar. That student who has not engaged in original research for himself in his undergraduate days is not worthy of Toronto's bachelor's degree. VARSITY, however, would like to see more stress laid on it in the undergraduate years, for the student in the third or fourth years of Toronto University is fully as capable of doing original work as the postgraduate students of Cornell or Chicago or Harvard or Princeton. Make an original thesis a test for the B.A. examination, and then raise the standard of the B.A. degree, but do not, by dabbling in postgraduate work, impair the efficiency of the undergraduate course.

* * *

An old student of Toronto University, one of the brightest men that ever entered her halls, has this to say of the new Ph.D. degree: "If Toronto were wealthy she might even then consider matters well before embarking on the work of post-graduate instruction and examination. But everyone knows she is desperately poor and likely to remain so. Why should she attempt to follow in the wake of rich American, German and English universities? Why be a mere imitator? She has a field of her own: let her cultivate that field well, and reap the harvest that is ready for her sickle; let her be faithful over her one talent, and by so doing prove herself worthy of stewardship over many talents. If she wishes her B.A. degree to retain its present high value, she must be careful how she scatters about more high-sounding letters that may bring her scholarship into contempt in the country and foreign institutions of learning." All of which remarks are of profound wisdom.

* * *

VARSIITY congratulates the Intermediate and Junior Rugby champions of Ontario.

* * *

Surely someone else has other views on the examination system.

There are just two graduates registered for the Ph D. course.

VAR-SITY is patiently waiting for someone to advance some arguments in favor of the University of Toronto granting the Ph.D. degree.

After all, the question whether this course or that is the best means to an education depends as much upon the individual student as upon the course.

GOING TO HAMILTON.

The Ladies' Glee Club received a high compliment the other day when the leading musical organization of Hamilton invited the club to repeat its concert there. For the women of the college to go on such a visit is a decided innovation, but it speaks much for the energy and resolution of the management as well as for the musical ability of the members.

It was last week that Miss Margaret Stovel, the president, received the very tempting invitation from the Ladies' Morning Music Club, of Hamilton, and President Loudon said he was quite willing that the invitation should be accepted. Some doubt was felt, however, as to the views that the members of the club would take of the proposal, but it at once met with general approval.

The concert will be given under the auspices of the Morning Music Club and the *alumni* of the Ladies' Wesleyan College, so that a good house is already assured. The date will probably be Friday, December 10th, the day after the club's concert here in Association Hall.

Miss Salter, the lady superintendent of University College, and several other ladies will accompany the club, and the members will probably be billeted in private residences in the Ambitious City, returning the following day.

The zeal and progressive spirit shown by the Ladies' Glee Club in this particular is only an earnest of a most successful year. Under Mr. William Robinson's leadership, the club is rapidly acquiring great musical efficiency, and there is every prospect that when its fame has spread abroad in the land, such flattering invitations as the one from Hamilton will be received from the leading musical organizations in other cities.

WINTER'S WINGED VISITORS.

I.

Day after day we are poring over our well-thumbed text-books, or gazing eagerly into the depths of test-tube or microscope: and day by day we are unconsciously losing the freshness of youth and childhood. Let us not anticipate age, but ward off its insidious attacks as long as possible. There exists a fountain of perpetual youth at our doors, far more potent than that fabled spring of Florida; for when a man once drinks of it his heart becomes young, and the buoyant spirits of youth are united with the kindness of age. Wordsworth was a deep drinker at this fountain, and so was Agassiz, and these two men preserved their youth throughout their lives.

It is not given to everyone to gain that deep insight into the mind of Nature as did Wordsworth and Agassiz. But the wood and the meadow are free to all, and whoever has watched the song-sparrow building her nest, or has heard the scream of the hawk exulting in the turbulence of his life of adventure, has taken his first draught at the enchanted well, and will not take the goblet from his lips until he has drained it. Winter is now approaching, that period of long and studious nights. We will soon be looking at the snow on the roofs and streets, and

thinking of summer and its flowers and birds. But it is a great mistake to imagine that the birds like us shun the winter woods. Here and there we come across patches of color and bars of song which give the silent forest and the forsaken fence corner a quiet beauty never found in June.

In the following paragraphs I have tried to describe a few of these hardy and daring songsters who are not daunted by cold or storm. No description can convey the daintiness of their figures or the richness of their songs, and even if it were possible they would suffer by being taken from their surroundings which add so much to the charm.

Prince Ahmed al Kamel, so Irving tells us, attended a course of lectures on the language of birds by his gifted professor Eben Bonabben. A careful perusal of a whole library of college calendars in these degenerate days would impress one with the distressing fact that this most interesting branch of linguistic study has been entirely dropped. And so the other day when a casual visitor from Labrador stopped to make a meal off the seeds of the dead weeds which mark the spot where "once my garden smiled," I could gain no information from him of the many leagues of forest and prairie and lake which he must have flown over on his southern journey.

In this season of the year when the snow is already burying the seeds and fruits which form the daily bread of thousands of birds, each morning brings a new detachment of the songsters, who, with true American instincts, have travelled all night to be on hand as early as possible.

One of the first to arrive is the white-throated sparrow. Four months ago when he passed us on his way north he was singing; but now after the family cares and anxieties of the summer he is very quiet. You can mark him easily with his ash-colored throat, and his black and white head, as he hops from twig to twig among the wigelia bushes. He is a great lover of good company. Whenever he is seen it is sure to be along with several others of his family, and at night they settle down together among the evergreens and we can hear their quiet voices before they fall asleep.

Before the cold weather reaches him, he departs with his family for the Southern States, leaving his kinsman, the tree sparrow, to sing to us during the cold months. In the clear, cold days of midwinter, when the sun is reflected from the smooth snow crust, and the north-west wind makes one's cheeks stiff, it lends a color to the landscape when one of these jaunty birds, in chestnut and gray, mounts to the top of some leafless hazel bush and bids defiance to winter and cold in his cheerful silvery song.

But while we extend the "glad hand" to all avian visitors, and make them welcome to our hospitality, we have a special feeling for those, our tried and trusty friends, who not only share the prosperity of our summer with us, but, when the hard times of winter are on us, do not take part in any exodus. The life of the pine woods in winter would not be so cheerful and happy if it were not for the gay little chickadees. The tall, dark trees, looking taller and darker by contrast against the white background; the silence only broken when the wind stirs one of the heavy laden branches, or when a mass of powdery snow becomes detached from a branch and rustles down to the ground, all combine to give the forest a funereal aspect which would be appalling were it not for the tiny birds that sing in the branches. The figure and song of the chickadee are known to everyone, and our poetry is full of references to him. His gentle and confiding character has made him a general favorite. The trapper in the northern forests is glad of the companionship of the little birds that pass unsuspectingly within his reach; and the tired tobogganer whom pleasure draws to the pinewood is glad of anything that makes it less dreary.

THE COLLEGE GIRL.

Continued from page 68.

Canadian College Missionary to do so. Some very interesting photos of scenes in Corea were shown after the meeting, when the opportunity was also taken of examining the curious little shoe of a Corean girl and the fan which a Corean gentleman uses constantly.

At the conclusion of Mr. Waters' address the president announced the institution of a daily prayer-meeting, 8 45 to 9 a.m., which is held in the lunch room, and to which all the women students are cordially invited. The Missionary Study Class, conducted by Miss Northway, '98, will be held every Friday at 5 o'clock in the Y.M.C.A. parlors. The meeting concluded with prayer by Mr. Waters.

CARR, '98.

HAROLD JARVIS TO SING.

Under the energetic presidency of Miss Margaret Stovel and the able leadership of Mr. Wm F. Robinson, the Ladies' Glee Club are meeting with wonderful success this year. Never was the club in such a flourishing condition, and there is every reason to expect that the annual concert in Association Hall, four weeks from to-night, will be one of the chief musical successes of the season.

Last year the concert was held in the Gymnasium, but as that building would be altogether inadequate this year, a down town hall has been engaged. Besides the various numbers which the club renders with such sweetness and accomplishment, Mr Harold Jarvis, a vocal artist of wide reputation and constant popularity, will take part in the programme.



MR. HAROLD JARVIS.

Harold Jarvis, whose photograph is published in this column, is certainly the most popular tenor soloist that ever appeared on a Toronto platform. He is now the soloist in Detroit's leading Presbyterian Church, and has won for himself an enviable reputation all through the western cities. In bringing him once more to Toronto, Miss Stovel and the other members of the committee deserve the sincerest thanks of the musical public.

Another artist of high ability will probably be engaged in the course of the next few days. In spite of the expense to which the club is going, the price of the tickets will be kept within the reach of the shortest purse. Not a student in Toronto University should neglect to lay by fifty or twenty-five cents for the "Ladies' Concert" on the 9th of next month.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding the rough November weather that prevailed without, the meeting of the Literary Society last Friday evening was one of the most successful yet held this term. The attendance was good, owing, doubtless, to the fact that important elections were to take place; and elections have a great fascination for the average member. Nominations for public debaters were being made when

the humble chronicler of these events arrived, and this election was the first important business before the meeting. It was decided on Mr. Carson's motion to elect two of the debaters from the fourth and two from the third year, and accordingly Mr. W. F. McKay and Mr. Birmingham were declared elected third year representatives by acclamation. For the fourth year places, Messrs. H. H. Narraway, Hugh Munroe, N. R. D. Sinclair and J. M. Gunn were nominated, the last named, however, declining to stand. Mr. Narraway and Mr. Munroe were the successful ones this time. Some discussion arose as to whether payment of fees should precede the exercise of the franchise, but the president mercifully hesitated to enforce the law unless the society insisted on it, and the society did not insist. For essayist, Messrs. Shotwell, McFarlane, Kerr and Alexander were nominated. Mr. McFarlane had the honor of being elected by acclamation. Mr. F. A. Cleland was chosen reader, and completed the company of artists who will entertain us at the public debate next month.

Mr. Shotwell rose to a question of privilege. Auditors had been appointed last year, but had not reported as the constitution demanded. The president promised to refer the matter to the Executive Committee.

The way was now clear for the literary programme, which was led off by Mr. Blackwood singing the rollicking "Hot Time" to the piano accompaniment of "Count" Armour. Mr. Wagar followed with two selections from Mr. Stead's collection of jubilee verse—one on "The Treatment of Aborigines," a poem commending British methods with the Indians, and another, a "Hymn of Praise" for the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria.

The debate was in the hands of the Juniors, and the resolution was that trades unions are a benefit to the world at large. Mr. W. H. Alexander, leading for the affirmative in his usual forcible style, dealt with the positive side of the case. He showed that trades unions increase wages, secure healthful, safe and pleasant conditions of work for employees, tending to their greater efficiency and comfort, and act as a buffer against capital. Mr. McKay, for the negative, attributed the improved circumstances of employees to religion and common school education rather than to trades unions. He pointed out that members of trades unions sometimes worked against their fellows in other countries, that they fostered antagonism between capital and labor, and that the effects of strikes were generally bad. Mr. Cohen argued that unions were beneficial in giving the members the benefits of association together, in circulating good literature, in creating competent voters, and in relieving the community of paupers through their benefit societies. Mr. Cleary quoted figures to show what a small proportion of strikes were successful. Capital that might be profitably invested was left idle for fear of trouble from unions; and unions were even a menace to government. After Mr. Alexander had replied briefly, President Young congratulated the society and the debaters on the high standard that was being maintained. It was difficult to decide where so many dogmatic statements were made, but on the merits of the arguments advanced, he had to award the debate to the affirmative, contrary to his own personal opinion in the matter. This ended the evening's programme: the crowd straggled out into the darkness, and the rain rained on.

G.

G. R. FASKIN'S ADDRESS.

Rev. G. R. Faskin gave a strong address at the Y.M.C.A. meeting last week on "True Liberty," liberty which means cheerful submission to right laws and therefore power of control over wrong tendencies in ourselves and others. The men who were present were interested and much helped by Mr. Faskin's talk.

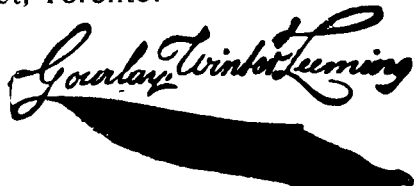
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INTERMEDIATE SERIES.

London I. vs. Varsity II., on University Campus—
London I., 5; Varsity II., 64.

JUNIOR SERIES.

Petrolea II. vs. Varsity III., at Petrolea—
Petrolea II., 5; Varsity III., 9.

THE TEAMS.

Varsity II.—Back, Waldie (Balls); half backs, McArthur, McMordie and Brown; quarter, Foreman (Waldie); scrimmage, Smith, Hinch and Hall; wings, Tanner (capt.), Spence, Stoddart, Telford, Scott, Ansley and Ferris.

Varsity III.—Full, Beal; halves, Aylesworth, Gibson, McDonald; quarter, Beatty (captain); scrimmage, Clarke, Isbester, Shenstone; wings, McDougall, Fisher, Dakin, Armstrong, McCallum, McArthur and Boone; spare, Evans.

It was very unfortunate that Ransford should meet with such a painful accident. He had two ribs broken and was forced to stop at half time.

Brown showed himself to be one of the fastest half-backs in the business. His running was the first seen this year.

From the first of the season McMordie has shown himself to be a splendid kicker, catcher and tackler, but not till Saturday did he show his capabilities as a runner. He is now one of the best all-round halves in the league.

Varsity II. men have this season scored 165 points to their opponents' 41.

Well done Varsity II.!

Two championships; not so bad!

The best Intermediate team in years!

A Record score!

Worse than Osgoode II.!

Now for the Britannias and championship of Canada!

London was never in it for a minute!

A great team with a great combination!

The best combination seen in years!

"Buster" Ferris will get the reputation of being a nasty little boy if he doesn't quit fighting with other "little" boys—and so will "Tommy" Stoddart.

"Hoot! mon, Hoot! But that combination is superreb!" So warbled the orator of Orkney at several stages of the Intermediate game.

"Scotty" upheld his reputation of never going through a game without making a try. Yesterday, as usual, he dropped over for four points.

Percy Brown scored four touchdowns and converted a goal.

When London sleeps!

Guess we're champs.!

Played Varsity!

Poor London!

And Petrolea!

Those rushes were rich!

Those trees of London must be weeping willows just now.

Varsity had practically a monopoly of the tries; London of the rouges.

Billy Hobbs played a hard game for the Forest City.

Petrolea may be able to beat Port Huron, but Eddie Beatty's youngsters were too lively for them.

The Britannias won't be so easy.

No one specially distinguished himself in the Intermediate game. Every man played his position well.

If Foreman hadn't been laid out the score would have reached triple figures.

The passing of the halves was as pretty Rugby as one could wish to see.

Tom Reid put up a good game for London at outside wing.

Hugh Niven, London's clever little full back, made a brilliant run, but it was of little avail.

London had absolutely no team play.

Teddy Sifton, an old S.P.S. man, who held the fencing championship in his day, played in London's scrimmage.

Woodworth did his best to beat his former comrades.

Balls does not show up as well on the field as he does in practice.

London's fantastic yell didn't materialize at the game.

Varsity's scrimmage had it all its own way.

Armstrong played a fast game on the Junior's wing line.

Beal, the Junior's full back, did some phenomenal playing on Saturday.

Dakin, on the Junior wing line, has a clever trick that effectually checks mass plays.

Petrolea plays a rather dirty game.

The Toronto *Globe* man doesn't very often talk nonsense, when he discusses football. The other day a paragraph appeared in the paper highly complimentary to Varsity's Intermediate team. Many thought it too flattering, but those who saw Saturday's game with London will agree that the *Globe* was right when it said: Regarding the Varsity team, there is no doubt that it is playing as clean and pretty football at every point as any team in any series.

Devine, the old Ottawa College full-back, says Varsity II. is playing the most scientific game in Ontario to-day. One of the old war-horses of Queen's, who saw the game in Brockville, said that Varsity II. played the surest game he had seen this season.

Max Fraser, on London's wing line, at once won the hearts of the Varsity maidens on the bleachers.

Eddie Beatty played his position to perfection at Petrolea.

All the London men played a gentlemanly game, with the single exception of McCrae, and in justice to the Cockneys it should be said that he was an importation. The deliberate and malicious way in which he put Foreman out of the game constituted one of the dirtiest plays ever seen on a Canadian football field.

Oh, the poor Cockneys!

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CALENDAR

Nov. 1—Last day for receiving applications for Normal College Examinations.

Dec. 7—Normal College examinations at Hamilton, Ottawa, and Toronto, begin.
 County Model School examinations begin.
 Practical examinations at Ottawa and Toronto Normal Schools, begin.

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

22—High and Public Schools close.

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Classical Association to-night.

Compete for the Year Book's prize.

The University of Michigan's total registration is 3,007.

"Count" Armour has been coaching the Upper Canada team.

Every one try for the Year Book's \$5 prize for light poetry.

Congratulations are due to J. L. McPherson, '00, who won a fifty dollar prize at Knox.

The representatives of the first and second years will debate at the Lit. to-morrow evening.

The young people of Jarvis St. Baptist Church gave a reception to students last Friday evening.

Knox lost one of its most popular students when C. M. Barber left for the West last week, to take a mission church near Calgary.

R. H. Coates, B.A., who edited VARSITY in the opening of '96, visited England this summer. He is now living on his friends at Clinton.

Mr. J. M. Waters, formerly of '98, who has been in Manitoba since leaving Varsity, has returned to Toronto and entered Trinity Medical College.

If the rumor is true that some students attended the matinee at the Princess six times last week, the University Senate should petition the popular Cummings Stock Company, in the interests of higher education, to cancel its Toronto engagement.

Every committee should have its picture in the Year Book. To secure its insertion, the photo should be taken during the next eight or ten days.

The other day "Papa" Donaldson, of 2nd year Nat. Sc., was sent home along with the rest of his class for frivolous conduct. The irony of age.

F. D. Woodworth, B.A., of Wel-land, has taken H. A. Harper's position on the *London News*. "Woody" played quarter for the London team on Saturday.

W. W. Wells, a third year medical student, the winner of a scholarship in both his first and second years, spent the summer in Manitoba and Wisconsin. He reports a grand trip.

J. Bowes Coyne, of the second year, stayed around college as long as his money lasted—and didn't violate the doctor's orders about studying either. He returned to the Railroad City last week.

Most unfortunately Professor Proudfoot was not strong enough for the duties of the lecture room when he returned last week. It will probably be some little time before he resumes his lectures again.

C. W. Macbeth, B.A.Sc., who has been wandering around college for the last month, envying those who are still undergraduates, and incidentally looking for some easy way of making money, returned to his home in London this week.

The year prayer meetings are held in the Y. M. C. A. parlor, in the morn-

ings from half-past eight to five minutes before nine. The Seniors on Monday, Juniors on Wednesday, Sophomores on Thursday, Freshmen on Tuesday and S. P. S. on Friday. All the men are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

The Old Boys of the Strathroy Collegiate Institute have arranged for an excursion to that town on Thanksgiving day. The fare will be \$2.25, and the students of London, St. Thomas, Woodstock and other neighboring places are invited to join in the excursion.

The third year will hold their Michaelmas Reception Saturday afternoon. So extensive will the function be, that both East and West Halls will be used, the former for promenading, the latter for refreshments. The orchestra will be situated midway, overlooking the rotunda.

"No, Jane, I'm not at home to any one this afternoon."

"But, Miss, he's such a nice young man and he will be so disappointed, he told me he had some cards printed at Curry's on purpose to call on you."

Oh, well, that alters it, tell him I'll be down in two minutes."

Owing to the resignation of S. P. McMordie, of the third year, from the Directorate of the Athletic Association, an election to fill the vacancy will be held to-morrow. All nominations for the position must be in the hands of Secretary Martin by noon to-day, and the signatures of five men of the third year must accompany each nomination.

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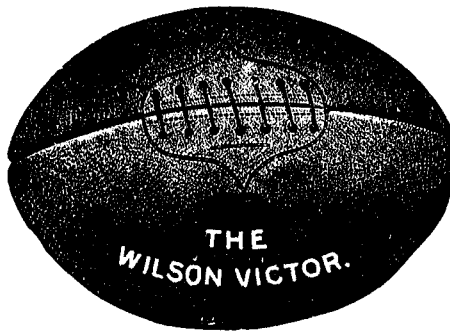
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