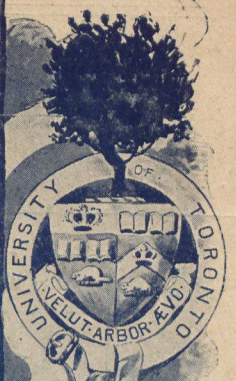
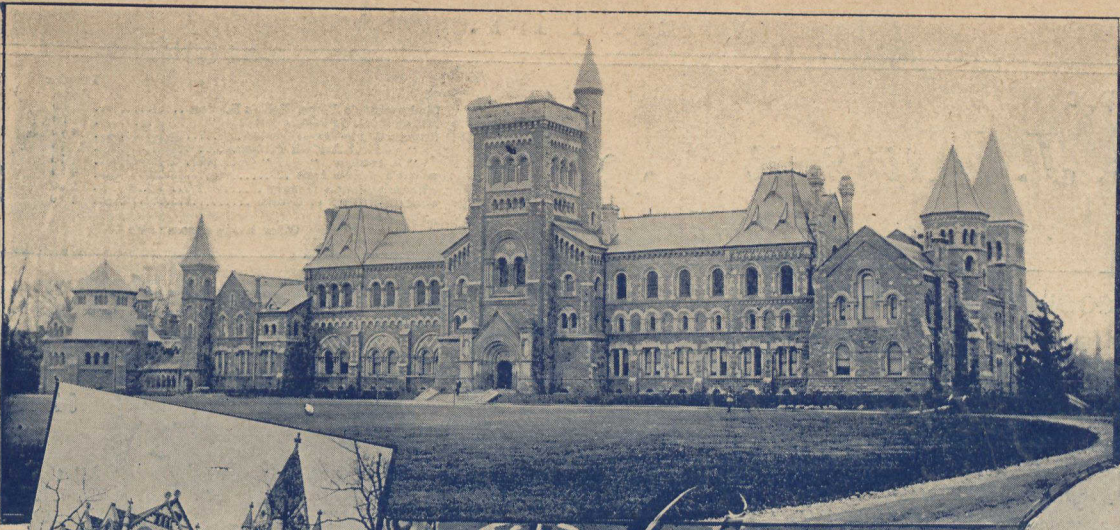


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# THE VARSITY

VOL XVI. No. 12.

University of Toronto.

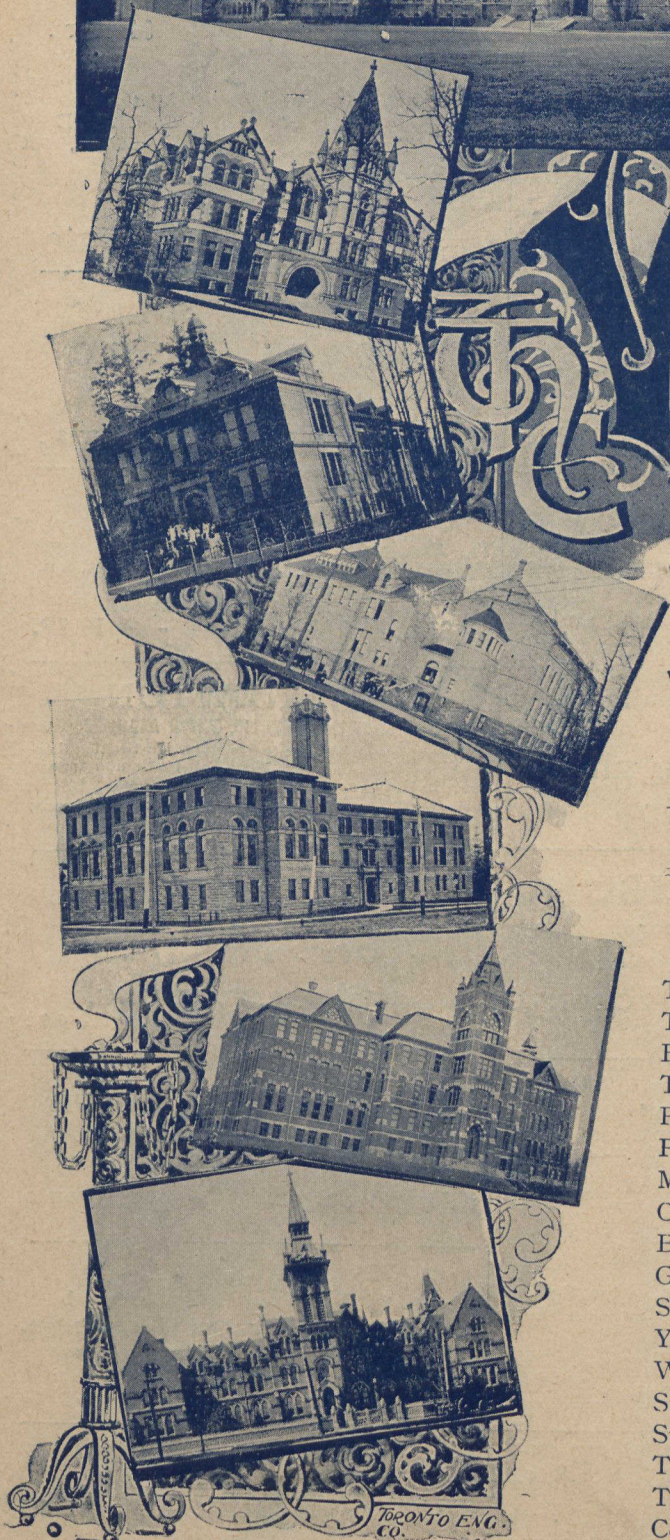
TORONTO, JANUARY 20TH, 1897.

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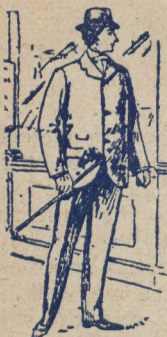
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# THE VARSITY.

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

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1897.

No. 12.

## THE MOURNING OF THE MARINERS.

Odyssey XII, vv. 14, 15.

The sea-wave smites down at the tall crag's base,  
Dashing far skyward flakes of snowy foam,  
Far out from shore the heaving billows race,  
Nor ever cease the ocean's path to roam ;  
Wild is the wind, dim in the earth's great dome  
The darkened sun, for that athwart his light  
A mantle of malignant mist is thrown,  
Hiding his welcome orb from mortal sight,  
Too soon, alas ! descend the shades of densest night.

O, comrade, brother toiler, where the wave  
Of hoary sea is surging evermore,  
Where there is sound of strife, where waters rave  
Against this battered peak of island shore,  
With bitter tears, with saddened hearts and sore  
We lay thee down to rest ; out on the main  
The sea-gull sings thy requiem, the roar  
Of rushing waters adds a hoarse refrain,—  
But where is solace found for souls enslaved in pain ?

W. H. ALEXANDER, '99.

## THE DIARY OF A BACHELOR.

### I.—ON HIS LOVE AFFAIRS.

How well I remember the first time I fell in love ! She was my cousin, and had blue eyes and flaxen hair. We were both going home from church, and my mother and hers were leaning over the gate talking about a hat, and she was standing alone, and so was I, so I went up to her and said, "Who oo ? me Dodo." "Dottie," she said, and blushed. "Me luts oo Dottie," said I. We kissed good-bye with full parental approval, and I looked upon myself as married. They told me she cried when I went away next day, but I don't believe it. I haven't seen her since. Jerome says one *affaire de cœur* like that is the maximum ; maybe it is—for him—but he isn't me. I fell in love again at seven, and we eloped from a juvenile choir-practice, one Friday night, and got caught in a thunderstorm, and I've never been able to sing since. We wisely concluded we didn't know where we were going, so both went home, and I got strapped. I've had enough of elopements. Next time I elope I'm going to ask papa and marry in the regular way. I never wanted to see Adelia again after that memorable night. It had lasted a whole month, too, and cost me five cents a week for candies, and I only had ten. I always was a spendthrift, pa said. My diary contains no records of engagements for the next eight years, and so I think I must have been shy, for I never lost any time in coming to the point ; but after that comes a period of sensations. I was at a Collegiate and loved the janitor's daughter. I think it started because

she could get the key of the tennis closet when no one else could, and I always liked tennis. She had eyes that were afflicted with an unaccountable desire to gaze into one another's limpid depths and succeeded, to their mutual satisfaction, apparently, for they never seemed to look anywhere else. It lasted two weeks, and all would doubtless have been well only I forgot and let her see me walking with another woman—one of the teachers—and she said she hated fickle men and hit me with a broomstick on the head. I hated her after that.

When I was eighteen the pale, sweet face of a little gypsy maiden melted the quadruple growth of ice from off my heart, and brought me to her feet, but Papa Gypsy wasn't near as nice as Minnie Gypsy was, and he said I was a "fool of a boy." I wasn't. I know most men are boys when they are only eighteen, but I'm not most men—I'm me. I couldn't love a girl who had a relation with such a poor eye for a proper man, so I left. The manner of my leaving was somewhat hurried, to be sure, and there was a big, black dog in it somewhere, but that was the true reason why Minnie wasn't mine—very long.

And now the hardened man of forty-five, who pens these records for your delight, scarce can keep the tears from falling on the pages as he writes of the years that followed upon that last love of his youth—of the period of misfortune and of passion that was real. For I was only nineteen when I met her. Her beauty, her wit, her loftiness of soul and aspiration placed her far above me, yet from this pinnacle she deigned to stoop and love me. That summer passed in a blaze of glory to my eyes and hers, for we saw everything as one in all the abandon of a passion that was true and a devotion that was real. At the last we parted, and for me the glory of the year was gone, and ashes only of the summer's roses dwelt within my heart. Long letters kept the fires burning on the altars of our love for a year, and then, at last—my heart is breaking as I write of it—came a letter from her sister to tell me she was dead. She had been killed in the Alps, and my name fluttered on her lips in death. How coldly do I write of this, the crowning tragedy of life ! To feel again the pressure of her clinging fingers, to hear again the sweetness of her voice, to look again with mortal eyes upon the beauty of her features, to touch again her living lips with mine, what would I not dare and sacrifice ! All my hopes of future happiness I'd barter for an hour—but enough !—the pain is mine, and I alone can feel the bitterness of that living, hopeless death.

Since that day the Wings of Love have fluttered far from me, and I can only watch their transient gleams above the gloomy clouds that circle me around and hug to my empty heart the phantom Love that comes when eyes look into eyes they love not, and lying lips whisper of passion that they know not. Thus has it been for many creeping years with the writer of this exceedingly mournful record, and thus will it ever be until the gates of that great Nothing that lies beyond shall open once again, and all the story has been told.

The night grows cold and my head is drooping o'er the pen that writes, and darkness lies upon my soul ; and thus the tale is told.

C.

## RETROSPECTION.

We gaze through the balmy summer night,  
Far over the noisy, restless town,  
Into the East, where the moon pours down  
On the waters a golden path of light.

There is peace in the East, and 'tis peaceful here,  
While between there is turmoil and ceaseless riot,  
But the distant noises scarce pierce the quiet,  
That broods o'er the warm night atmosphere.

In life's dim twilight men turn their gaze  
Over long years of toil and strife,  
To the peaceful waters of childhood's life,  
That gleam in the brightness of happier days.

W. W. EDGAR.

## THE CABOT CALENDAR.\*

We have just received a copy of one of the most interesting of New Year publications. It is the Cabot Calendar, the work of Miss Fitzgerald and Miss Mickle, of this city. The Calendar is a gem of art being enriched by many drawings from the pens of Misses M. Cary McConnell and Agnes Fitzgerald. Its production marks the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Canada by John and Sebastian Cabot in 1497, and it is an historical record of all the principal occurrences in Canadian history. To each day of the month is attached some event bearing on the history of Canada, or connected with the life of its makers and it is illustrated with drawings of prominent Canadians and old Canadian implements of war and peace. There are also several beautiful lithographed full page portraits of the men who have moulded Canada's destiny and led her sons to battle. On the first or title card of the series we have a portrait of Sebastian Cabot who in 1496 was sent out with his father Giovanni under letters patent of Henry VII by the Merchant Venturers of Bristol. In 1497 they discovered the coasts of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, being the first Europeans who had ever seen the shores of Canada. Above the portrait is a fac-simile of the signature of Henry VII. Its graceful and flowing capitals, when compared with the cramped and awkward forms of the others of his time which appear in the Calendar, suggest at once that Henry was of a much more artistic and graceful turn of mind than most of his contemporaries. This is particularly noticeable when we look from his signature to that of Sebastian Cabot—painful lines and feeble attempts at embellishment. On the next page appears a portrait of Champlain, the first Governor of the Colony. The man who looks straight at us from the page with his steady eyes and strongly marked features, set off by a great head of long curly hair, is easily recognized as a man of tremendous personal force, just the man to cope with the difficulties which beset the young and struggling colony. The large, childlike, labored, signature underneath bears out and strengthens his opinion. Following this is the January Calendar. On this page appears a drawing from an old print of the Merchant Venturers Hall in Bristol. This hall remained in existence until the beginning of the 18th century when it was replaced by the present one. Judging from the wrought iron work which abounds and the gorgeous crest over the door the Venturers must have been men of some wealth and power, and they were certainly men of daring to risk money and life in an adventurous voyage into the great unknown of the Western seas. On the same page appear drawings of the ships used by these early navigators—ships in which a man to-

day would hardly trust himself on the Muskoka Lakes, but which served the adventurous predecessors of our modern sea-captains and sailors to make voyages in the course of which they did not come in sight of land for many months together.

The full-page portraits are all interesting to Canadians, that of Frontenac with its firm lips, protruding chin, deep set eyes and prominent, perfectly formed aquiline nose, presents to us exactly the type of man we should expect in the stern, unbending soldier of history. Strength and power shows itself in every line of his face, but there is wanting those qualities of forbearance and patience which would have been so useful to the opponent of Bigot. Two strong, despotic characters brought into opposition and trouble is bound to follow unless one of them at least is willing to make allowance for the mistakes in policy and action of the other. James Wolfe is another of the great makers of Canadian history, and he may perhaps be said to be the greatest. Without him Canada might, probably would, never have become a British Colony. England was not very anxious for its possession, and at the peace seriously considered whether she would not prefer Guadeloupe as a strategic point than the uncultivated waste of Canada. If Canada had never come into the possession of England the Southern English Colonies with the perpetual menace of France to their indefensible North could never have revolted and the year 1897 might have seen a North America consisting of a French dependency to the North and an English one to the South instead of an English Canada destined to be one of the earth's greatest powers and the United States of America dreaming of one day owning the earth and manufacturing easily sinkable warships to that end. Wolfe does not look like a moulder of the destinies of nations. His features are the reverse of powerful. A weak-looking, receding chin, thick lips, a nose pointing to the clouds and a slanting forehead are the principal characteristics of his face. But yet it is noble in spite of these defects. There is there an aspiring ambition, high purpose and the eye seems to bespeak firm resolve. It is not the face one would look for in the darling of an army, a man whom men would follow to glory or the grave, but such he was and such we must believe him to have been, however much our poor judgment of God's image may be against such a belief. The other full page portrait in the Calendar is that of Sir Isaac Brock. It is sufficient to say of it that his countenance bears out the opinion one has formed of the taker of Detroit and the hero of Queenston Heights.

Among the many very interesting drawings are some which are specially so. We may mention that of an old Indian pipe which was found in Toronto and is believed to be one of the most perfect specimens in existence. Its narrow bowl has around it four carved animals all apparently climbing up to get a whiff of the sweet scented smoke. The squirrel, beaver and seal are not animals one would expect to find had acquired the vice of smoking, but they are here joined to the pipe for life. Another noticeable drawing is that of Gen. Williams, of Nova Scotia, who appears carrying the sword presented to him by the Legislature of his native Province in recognition of his bravery. Beside the drawing is a fac-simile of the message sent by Gen. Williams from Kars, dated the 29th of September, 1855, with the words "This has been a glorious day for the Turkish arms. W. E. Williams." Other interesting autographs are those of the first and last Governors of Canada under the old and new régimes—Champlain, 1612; Vaudreuil, 1760; Murray, 1763; Aberdeen, 1897. A glance at these four signatures leads one to believe that there is much interesting matter to be gleaned from a close study of the science of graphology concerning not only individuals but races and generations also.

Space, however, forbids us even to enumerate all the interesting matter to be found in this beautiful Calendar.

\* The Cabot Calendar, by Mary Agnes Fitzgerald and Sara Mickle, with illustrations by M. Cary McConnell and Agnes Fitzgerald. Toronto Lithographing Co., 1896. Price 50 cents.

It is an epitome of Canadian history, unique in interest and beauty. It has been carefully compiled and the events attached to the dates make it useful as well as beautiful. It would well repay study and would be at the same time a constant delight to the eye and a mine of information for the student of Canadian history. One could not imagine anything better suited for a Christmas or New Year present and its low price combined with its usefulness, beauty and interest make it appeal particularly to the not over well filled pockets of the students. Canadians should feel proud that they possess the talent necessary for the inception and execution of such a work as this. Its compilers must have had great difficulty to contend with, but the result is up to all possible expectation, and they are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their work. The artists and lithographers are also to be congratulated on the excellence of their part in the production.

#### PROF. ALEXANDER'S LECTURE.

Of the many open meetings, by means of which the University public has been allowed an opportunity of listening to some very able essayists and lecturers during the recent term, none was looked forward to more eagerly, or enjoyed more thoroughly, than that of the Philosophical Society, on Dec. 11th, at which Prof. Alexander delivered his lecture upon "Some Principles of Æsthetics, with their Applications to Literature." For by no means the first time, the lecturer displayed that breadth of learning and power in holding his audience, which characterizes all his work as a University professor.

A beginning was made in the treatment of the subject, with the consideration of some philosophical generalizations. The end of man is activity, play for his faculties, not pleasure or happiness, as the utilitarian would have us think. In the lowest stages of his evolution, his energies are devoted exclusively to keeping himself alive, but, in time there comes a superfluous supply of activity. He has the means of accomplishing other ends than the purely practical. In this second division, the non-practical, it is that Æsthetics is found. But not everything giving pleasure, without a practical aim in view, is æsthetic; there must be more or less permanence in the pleasure given. Thus the beautiful consists in something without an ulterior end, and bringing an over-plus of pleasure, which does not vanish at the moment. Neither the satisfaction of hunger, nor the eating of plum pudding after hunger is satisfied, can be considered æsthetic. What is truly beautiful, is that which is beautiful to the most developed individuals of the race.

Beautiful objects are of two classes, those in nature and those created by man. It is those of the latter class, the artistic, that we wish to consider under the title of our lecture. Pleasure is an undoubted element in the beautiful; but lower and animal pleasures must be excluded by the artist. It is by a summation of pleasurable activities that pleasure is obtained; otherwise the faculties are tired, as in going through a picture gallery. A real source of enjoyment is thus found in a fine opera, a long continuous pleasure that is certainly æsthetic. But pain cannot always be excluded in a work of art; as for instance, in a tragedy, it is introduced to bring an ultimate over-plus of pleasure.

It is this æsthetic quality which gives to style and technique the importance which they hold in literature. The sense-pleasures, at the command of the literary artist, are much less than those at the command of the painter or musician, but his power of imagination is much greater. So the drama is considered the highest type of literary art; for how much less vivid is the description of a scene in a novel than in a drama. And, as the dramatist stands at the

head of literary workmen, so the tragedy stands above all other dramatic work.

Mr. R. J. Richardson, the President of the Society, occupied the chair. At the close of the lecture Mr. Muldrew moved a vote of thanks to Prof. Alexander, which Mr. Baird seconded. The lecturer replied expressing his large interest in the work of philosophy.

#### POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

The third regular meeting, the first of this term, of the Political Science Club was held on the 14th inst. in room 9. The President, Mr. W. H. Greenwood, occupied the chair, and in a few terse phrases, elegantly expressed, welcomed the students congregated. There were more than 75 present, of whom nearly two-thirds were ladies. Mr. J. R. Hewitt read an interesting paper upon "The Thirty Years' War." He succeeded, no easy task, in making a bright narrative out of a series of prosaic, homogeneous incidents. Miss Helen MacDougall's paper upon the life of "Sir Thomas More" was an excellent effort. Miss MacDougall has a keen and subtle sense of humor, and successfully used it in the composition of her paper. Our recollection of reading "Utopia" was that of reading a "dry-as-dust" book for examination purposes. But Miss Margaret Stovel in her paper upon this famous book threw so much light upon its *raison d'être*, and viewed it so intelligently in the light of present-day sociology, that it has, to our mind, taken on another garment. We will re-read it at our earliest opportunity. The meeting was slightly interrupted by the chairman's futile efforts to turn on the light, which was at last obtained just as the last paper was brought to a close. But the light shone upon the conclusion of the most successful meeting of the club for the year.

ABIT.

#### MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The first regular meeting of the Easter Term was held on Monday last in Room 4. It was a German meeting, the programme consisting of able papers as follows: "Faust and Goethe's Intellectual Development," Miss Allin; "Carlyle and Goethe," Miss Nichols; "Die Brant von Messina and the Fate Tragedies," R. B. Page. Next Monday the club will resume the study of the development of the French tragedy.

The first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. for 1897 was held on Wednesday, Jan. 13th, and it was gratifying to notice a decided increase in attendance. It took the form of a missionary meeting, and the minutes of the last missionary meeting of the old year were read by Miss McPhail. Miss Harrison read a practical and well expressed paper on the "Missionary Spirit," and this was followed by a paper by Miss Yemans on "South American Missions." After the collection of the usual missionary subscriptions the meeting adjourned.

ETHEL M. SEALEY.

#### CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Classical Association held its first meeting for the Easter Term on Tuesday, the 12th, in room 3. The subjects before the society were "Greek Ideals of Womanhood," treated in an interesting manner by Miss E. E. Deroche, '98, and "The Authenticity of the Greek Legends" by P. W. Saunders, '98. An interesting discussion followed the reading of these papers, in which Prof. Hutton, who presided, Mr. Carruthers, and several of the members of the society took part.

The next meeting of the association will be held on the 26th, and it is hoped there will be a large attendance.

## I.

Now, every youth, in every clime,  
 Must sometime serve a miss,  
 And write to the queen of his heart in rhyme,  
 And swear he will love to the end of time,  
 And recklessly spend the immortal dime—  
 I've also experienced this.

## II.

But that apprenticeship once o'er,  
 The maiden's heart grown cold,  
 When lips have parted to meet no more,  
 When wounds have healed that once were sore,  
 He'll find in flirting a sport galore,  
 And bless the day he was sold.

## III.

No ever-loving maids for me,  
 That foolishness is gone ;  
 But give me the girl with laughter free,  
 Who kisses others as well as me,  
 And laughs at the thought of the fools that be,  
 When all is said and done.

K., '97.

## BASEBALL.

The management of the Varsity Baseball Club are looking forward to a brilliant baseball season. '97 promises to be a red-letter one in the annals of baseball at Varsity. With one exception, all the members of last year's team will be available, and as there are many promising players, Varsity will surely be represented by a very strong team.

As this is the only game in which we can try conclusions with the best American colleges, for this reason alone we think it should be encouraged.

Again, in this age of advertising, we think that universities must advertise themselves, as advertising increases the number of undergraduates ; and since the strength of a university, to a certain extent, lies in the number of its undergraduates, every one who has the desire to advance the interests of the University should co-operate to increase its numbers. We think there is no more conspicuous way of advertising our University than by having it represented in athletics by teams which are capable of upholding the honor of the University against all-comers.

In order to have a successful team at Varsity, there must be co-operation between the students and faculty. In the past the faculty have always given the baseball club their heartiest co-operation, particularly in financial matters. We hope in the near future to see the club self-supporting, and in fact we believe that in a year or so all clubs will be, or should be, united under Athletic Association on a sound financial basis.

The management of the club are now arranging dates for the annual tour, which will be through western Canada and the Western States, as far as Chicago. Games will be played in the following places: Hamilton, Brantford, London, Chatham, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti, Jackson, Flint, Durand, Olivet, Chicago, Beloit and Madison.

With regard to baseball, many people in Canada have an idea that there is a degrading tendency about the game, and are, therefore, not only unwilling to encourage it but they take pains to decry it. The majority of these people have usually never seen a game of baseball, or if so, it has probably been a professional game, in which they see the usual characteristics which are evident in any game wherein professionalism has been adopted.

In playing baseball with a university team, we think we are correct in stating that a young man receives all the advantages that accompany the playing of any legitimate game, and that in a game of baseball all those sports-

manlike qualities, which all Canadians admire, are as much "en evidence" as in any other game (such as football).

## NOTES.

The services of a good coach will be secured from the 1st of April till the end of May.

The opening game will probably be played on the campus about the 24th of April with Niagara University. A grand stand will be erected, and invitations will be sent out for the opening game.

## GLEE CLUB NOTES.

In our report of the annual tour, published in last issue, there were several omissions made in the notes, for which we desire to apologize most deeply to the gentlemen concerned. We can however assure them that it was a case of pure accident.

Mr. W. S. McKay made a decided hit with his splendid song, "The Bandolero." Billie never sang better on any tour, and is to be congratulated on his success.

Mr. Geo. F. Smedley, as usual, gained the goodwill of his audiences everywhere and frequently had to respond to double encores. He was very ably accompanied by Mr. Jack Martin.

Mr. W. F. Robinson's clarinet solo, "Luisa di Montfort," was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was rendered in a manner that stamped him as one of the finest soloists on that instrument in the country.

On the 25th of this month the club goes to Hamilton. They are assured of a splendid reception there, which will certainly give the club a fine financial footing, with which to start off another year. But if the necessary practice is not gone through with before that date, it will be necessary to cancel the engagement. The members of the club do not seem to realize this, as the last two practices have been very poorly attended. So to ensure the club's going to Hamilton, every man must turn out to this week's practices.

## S. P. S. NOTES.

For the present year a new course has been added to the regular ones of the school, viz., a Prospectors' Course. Quite a large number are availing themselves of it. In fact the "mining" end of the school is besieged by special students taking assaying, mineralogy, mining, etc. The regular students in mining manage to get a little work in when they do not interfere too much with the prospectors and other specials. But the establishment of this new course would naturally be expected to interfere with the regular work at first, and, no doubt, everything will be running quite smoothly in a short time.

We might expect to find the Rainy River District overrun with scientific prospectors early next summer. Surely the resources of this now famous region will be made the most of, when attacked by such an army of gold-seekers versed in all the known principles of ore deposits.

As there is practically no placer gold in Ontario, a prospector would hardly require to study the washing of placer gold ; although someone said that the panning of gravel had been taking place in the cloak room on Thursday morning. But it is not likely that the students in prospecting had anything to do with this.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Mr. Robert E. Lewis, travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, has been in town since last Friday. Speaking at some 18 meetings in six days and holding a number of interviews besides, he has been kept very busy. On Friday he addressed our own Association on "The Relation of the Individual Student to the Foreign

Missionary Enterprise." A good attendance of students was present, and all were *delighted with the clear, earnest and vigorous style of the speaker.* In fact they seemed to forget he was the Travelling Secretary and to regard him as a fellow-student.

Last Saturday afternoon the Student Volunteer Union of Toronto met at Yonge Street Y. M. C. A. Dr. A. B. Leonard addressed the Volunteers, and Mr. Lewis spoke for a few minutes. Mr. Lewis also met with the Varsity Mission Band in the evening.

The third in the series of concerts being conducted by this Association, took place in Association Hall last night. Mr. J. W. Bengough, the *Globe's* cartoonist, gave his annual entertainment "Sketches From Life."

One of the most successful receptions that have been held in the Association building was the joint re-union of the members of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., last Tuesday evening. In previous years the ladies were not present at the Y. M. C. A.'s New Year receptions. But the departure this year in the way of a joint re-union of members proved to be a happy one, and no doubt, similar occasions in the future will always find the ladies present. The programme was brief but excellent. Prof. Hume spoke on the place of the Young Men's Christian Association in a University. Piano solos were given by Messrs. Sandwell and Martin, and vocal solos by Messrs. Urquhart and Merritt. The Pre-ident, Mr. Dodds, filled the chair well in every sense of the term. At the conclusion of the programme Mr. Rowley, of Spadina Ave., entertained the audience for about half an hour with his phonograph, which excellent machine, by the way, was made entirely by Mr. Rowley. The well-deserved thanks of the audience was tendered this gentleman for his kindness. After this feature was concluded, came refreshments, which were kindly provided for the occasion by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. As only members of the two Associations were invited, the discomfort of crowding felt on previous occasions was not noticeable.

Sunday, 17th inst., was the Day of Prayer for colleges. At the early hour of 7 o'clock some thirty men gathered in the parlor for prayer. At 3.30 a mass meeting was held, the Bible classes having met earlier to make way for it. Mr. R. E. Lewis spoke very earnestly and searchingly on "Fellowship with Christ." He pointed out that this involved fellowship with Him in His passion for Bible study, in His passion for prayer and in His sufferings.

On Sunday evening a special service for students was held in Central Presbyterian Church. Mr. Lewis spoke of the aims and successes of the Student Volunteer Movement.

Mr. C. E. Race, of the fourth year, had, some time before the holidays, an experience of such a nature, that he will not be likely to soon forget it. While passing over the Gerrard Street bridge one evening, after paying a visit to some friends to the east of the Don, he was startled by a sudden splash in the water. On his running to the railing, a man was to be seen struggling in a spasmodic manner below. Taking off only his boots he pluckily plunged into the icy bath, seized the man, and after great efforts succeeded in bring him to shore. On examining him, he found that the person whose life he had undoubtedly saved was in a beastly state of intoxication, being quite helpless. Assistance was summoned and the man taken care of, Mr. Race taking the shortest road to his home, in order to relieve himself of his now icy garments. Our fellow-undergraduate certainly deserves all the credit which can be bestowed upon him, and we can congratulate ourselves upon having so gallant a young gentleman in our midst. A life-saving medal has often been bestowed in much less worthy cases.

### "WANTED—A WIFE."

Mrs. Walton was about to take a trip south for her health. She was in a quandary what to do about getting her dresses in order for the journey. Looking over the list of advertisements in the paper her eye was attracted by the following: "Seamstress wants employment, apply box 458." Well, she thought, Mr. Walton is away, "I will just employ this woman for a day or two and have everything attended to." So she sat down and wrote the following reply: "Will advertiser call at 23 Pembroke street as soon as possible." Then she addressed it and had it mailed. She expected the seamstress would call the next day, and so, to lose no time, she laid out her dresses in the library.

Mrs. Walton's maid came upstairs the following morning and announced that a gentleman wished to see her in the library.

"Did you ask his name," she enquired of her maid.

"Yes, m'am, but he said he had come in connection with an advertisement, and gave no name."

"Oh, it is someone replying in place of the seamstress," thought Mrs. Walton.

She arranged herself a little and descended.

A tall, handsome young man awaited her. He was scanning the dresses, carefully laid out on chairs, with air of evident satisfaction.

"Good morning, sir! You have come in respect to your advertisement, I believe. Just take a seat."

The gentleman rubbed his hands together, fidgeted a little and sat down, saying, "Yes, madam. I received your answer this morning and came over immediately. I presume by this display of finery that you intend to waste no time over the matter." "Just so," said Mrs. Walton, "I am hoping to take a trip south, and wish to have my dresses in order, before starting."

The gentleman looked a little perplexed, but replied: "Yes, yes, madam; I quite understand. I had not expected anything so sudden as this; but as this is purely a matter of business, I suppose we had each better state our terms and come to an agreement."

Mrs. Walton was rather surprised at such a proposition, and said, "But I thought it was a woman who advertised; you surely are not going to undertake this yourself?"

The gentleman was still more perplexed. "I don't understand you, madam," he said. "I think I am quite capable of doing everything properly."

Mrs. Walton was becoming perplexed herself. "But was it not a seamstress who advertised?" she asked. "I presumed you had replied on her behalf."

The gentleman finally concluded to put an end to the embarrassment, and said, "I am afraid, madam, there must be some mistake. Did you not answer an advertisement for a wife?"

"Why, no sir! What do you mean?"

"Well, I am very sorry, madam, but I received this note this morning." He took a note from his pocket and handed it to her. She recognized her own hand-writing: "Will advertiser call at 23 Pembroke Street as soon as possible."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am afraid there is a mistake somewhere; I answered a seamstress' advertisement for employment."

By this time the handsome young man had begun to feel rather "de trop," and was edging towards the door.

"Yes, madam, I believe there is a mistake, I must bid you good morning," and he made a hasty exit.

Mrs. Walton hunted up a copy of the previous night's paper, and after a long search came upon the following advertisement: "Widower of means wishes to meet young lady, must be handsome, object matrimony. Apply, box 453."

H. BOULTBEE, '97.

# The Varsity

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## STUDENT MANNERS.

IT IS not often that a journal of any kind (a college journal at any rate) is called upon to address a portion of its readers upon a subject of good manners; but standing in the relation that we do to student life, and feeling it our duty to call attention to everything in connection with that life which we think in need of improvement, we would desire to draw attention to certain features which have for some time past characterized the various gatherings which students are in the habit of attending. No one who has ever been present on such occasions can have failed to be impressed, in one way or another, with the manner in which the gallery or "gods," composed as it is of a number of undergraduates, has conducted itself. The demonstrations carried on have undoubtedly been at times the source of much genuine amusement. If a collection were to be made of all the witty remarks that have come down from above, it would certainly make very pleasant reading matter. Without this assistance from within the body of the spectators such events as these would lose much of that flavor which marks them off as peculiarly the University's own. But everything loses its charm with immoderation. When the undergraduates in the gallery try to absorb the attention of the audience to such an extent as to take away the enjoyment from the body of these, our guests, of that which they have come to see or hear, whether it be the exercises of Convocation, a Glee Club concert, or any other such events of our own, then we believe that it is high time that a remedy of some sort should be applied. Within the last year we have seen the conductor of a concert stop his programme on account of the noise which distracted the audience. We have heard such an uproar while a musician, who was not one of ourselves, was performing that he could not be listened to

with appreciation. We have seen several of our very best essayists and debaters given the shabbiest of treatment at the hands of those from whom they had the right to expect the best. We have seen ladies insulted, and an evening spoiled for a large part of those assembled in the hall. All this we have seen and considered, and at last have come to ask if the students of this University are fully awake to the consequences of such conduct.

This is a matter of great importance to the relation in which we are to stand to those who have in the past taken such a kindly interest in our work and life here. If the state of affairs is to continue, which we have described, how long can we expect them to honour us with their presence on the various occasions on which we throw open our doors to them? It has, we believe, already materially affected the composition of our audiences. No one, who has carefully watched University assemblages in the last few years, can fail to note how much less frequently undergraduates seize upon our various events of the college year to provide entertainment for their friends. Their friends, for the most part, object to being made conspicuous at the hands of the gallery, and as for the poor undergraduate, he himself usually joins the unruly crowd above on future occasions. And who can fail to note the absence of that large class of firm University friends, whose temperament or age prevents them from entering into the spirit of the mirth provided, but who would otherwise enjoy the evening's programme, if it could be proceeded with undisturbed? To such as these we owe a duty. We have a large place in the life of this province, and if we are to keep in touch with that life, if we are to continue to be its intellectual centre, we must make use of every opportunity given us to bring its people within our influence, and ourselves within the circle of their interests.

We do not advise that the men of this University cultivate the habits and customs of a monastery. By all means let them preserve the spirit of jollity and rollicking good-fellowship, which goes so far to make up one of the best features of our college life. But in nothing let them imagine that they are freed from their ordinary duties as gentlemen, in the truest sense of that word, with its often distorted meaning. Dr. Parkyn, in his address in reply to the toast of Canada, at the University College dinner, dwelt upon what seems to us one of the greatest needs in this new country of ours, and in this University, representative as it is of all that is best in this country, namely, the cultivation of that style, that dignity, that finish, which goes so far in the perfecting of an individual or a nation. Would that in this connection we could impress that message upon our undergraduates. Let them but act upon it, and then see how quickly our position in relation to the world around us would improve. If they would indulge all the buoyancy of their natures, as they wish, at suitable time and occasions, but still show that they know when this sort of conduct is out of place, then we believe that the outside world would begin to think that they see more evidence of the training which a university is supposed to give.

We have a large amount of confidence in the undergraduate; but, of course, he is not without his failings.

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where



Like everybody else he may go to extremes. He is really a much better sort of an individual, taking him all around, than one might think from seeing him at a public assembly. At heart he is a good sort of fellow. Sometimes he does forget his manners, however, and then those who really do not know him, get a bad impression of him.

## STORIES FROM THE IMPOLITE.

## I. O'HALLORAN'S LITTLE GIRL.

The sweltering June afternoon had brought its own relief in storm, cold wind and tumbling blue-black clouds, and then a pelting, swirling downpour. The first big spattering drops seemed to clear a dull humming from my ears. I wondered for a few moments; then it occurred to me that a belt cannot run in the rain, and the mill had stopped. I bore the first crashes of thunder alone, but when I saw the storm bade fair to last an hour or more I flung a piece of old carpet over my head and dashed out through the lumber-piles to the engine-house.

The men were sitting about the engine talking, and their converse was upon women. Of some things the rough know much; being humanly curious I said nothing, so that they might be encouraged to go on. McTavish, the dry old engineer, was in one of his crabbed fits, and smoked on in uninviting silence. O'Halloran's knees steamed before the furnace door and he seemed plunged in philosophic calm. But Smith, who sat with hat and chair tilted back, and pipe between thumb and forefinger, raised his voice in continuation: "An' there's been some almighty curious ways of askin' the girl if every man 'ud tell his own story."

"I hae na doot o' that," commented McTavish surlily. "An' there's a many fules ha' spoke the word for lack o' else to blather about."

"Why, Mr. McTavish," said Smith with concern, "so you've been bit too; I thought no sensible man would mix himself in such things." He winked at the others.

The old fellow smoked on, ignoring him.

O'Halloran turned an eye full of reminiscences upon us. "An' there's no man here that has had the time I had whin he sid ut."

He was silent for awhile and watched the water trickle hissing off the boiler. We were all very quiet, and the story came as we knew it would.

"I niver danced wid the girl all that night, an' that mint no little. I wint home wid another, an' ye may wonder at that too. To top all that, before I shpoke to her I fought the felly she was wid, as I niver fought man before nor sinst. Ye have seen these picture-cards in shtore windies where they make the young whiffet knalin' mighty foine at the lady's fate; it was not so wid me. It was on the sidewalk I was, and part on the bullyvard, for I cud scarce see, me eyes bein' so black. An' because the blood was spurtin' from me nose like the wather from yon ave-trough, it was onendin' ages till I cud kiss her whin she had promised. But it's none such a short shtory, boys."

We pleaded with him—all save old McTavish. The story-teller filled his pipe, and when the first puffs of smoke had gone up like incense to the Muses, he resumed:

"Well, ye understand I was but a young buck in those days, an' I did some things thin that I wud not do now. I was workin' in a coal-yard in Buffalo, an' ivery Friday night it wud be larrup the ould nag home before a cart fair shakin' the boots af me wid its joltin'; thin inty the tub, on wid a shtiff shirt an' away to the danst. For sure as Friday came there was one somewheres. I wud foot it all night and get home by chanst in time for breakfast. Thin I wud have shlapy eyes, if it was not a roarin' headache all nixt day. An' I liked it too. It was all pure joy

to me; for on those nights I wud be wid the little girl, an' ye cannot know what that was to me. It would be thinkin' av her all the week I wud be. Oftentimes the kids would shout at me for grinnin' all to mesilf as I drove the cart. It happened trequent enough, an' I had not the heart to run thim. It wud have been a sin agin the little girl it samed to me; for she it was I sid my prayers to. May the Holy Virgin pardon it me!"

"Ay, mon," broke in McTavish, "its woonders ye think them, when ye see them only when when they're smirkin' and sneekerin', and saft as a haggis. Ye discover mair in aftertime," and he blew hot smoke fiercely through his nose.

O'Halloran was roused. "An' it's the little girl she is to me yit afther fifteen years' thrial, an' always will be. An' she is more, too, that an onmarried man can niver understan'. Such av ye as judge all women by the ones fools go wid, may take note av her wid good to yersilves." He waited for McTavish to reply, but the latter not deigning to do so, his face gradually softened, and he went on with his story.

"Well, I cannot rightly say how it happened, but one night throuble came betwane us. I thought she was bein' too shwate wid a big hulkin' fireman, McCool be name; an she told me afterwards that if it was so it was only because I had been too attintive to the other girl; her name was Shannon, Lily Shannon. If I had noticed her more than any other it was unconscious like. But I think the little girl was in the right of it; for the first night I did not go home wid her, I was the promised iscorn av the Shannon before she consinted to go wid McCool. I did not thry to make it up wid her, for I was a fool, a great onreasonable fool. I'd have gone inty the shafts for her, but for all that I was a dale too proud to let her see that I cared.

"The nixt wake I had avil thoughts enough, an' in me mind I sitted what I shud do. Sez I to mesilf: 'The nixt danst shall decide it. If McCool is your chosen man we will walk apart, but sure as hiven I'll mate the bold boy comin' home, an' ye'll see on his dirthy mug who's the bether man.' Ye obsarve I niver thought av goin' shtraight to her an' settin' mesilf to rights. We expict the women to go the whole length whin they're laste like to take the first stip. I misdoubt 'tis often so. She had her own pride, an' it has been no bad thing for ayther av us

"Well, niver a word did we shpake all through that night, an' whin I had made up me mind that she was goin' wid McCool, I wint wid the Shannon girl. An' she was soft enough, too, askin' me what I cud see in her to lave another for. But I was thinkin' on what was to come an' little I sid shwate in return.

"The little girl lived in a blind shtreet, and wanst rid av the Shannon, I shtruck out almost on the run to come by the corner before he shud get back. 'Twas too fast I was, for I got there just before them. I will niver forgit the look I got from her as she passed me. She was white enough, but there was that in her face which fair wilted me. 'Twas well she knew what I was about, an' she was aqual to my thricks. They had not gone twenty rod whin she brings him to a halt and turns back towards me. He samed none too eager to follow, an' I sez to mesilf: 'Tis a white-livered coward ye are, and not worthy the shwing av me arm. Tis me foot ye will get. But before I well knew what she was at, she had shlipped her arm through his, and was passin' me wid a shwape like a quane. An' she shot me one flash from the height av hei eyes, that was my defy, an' a token that she scorned me brute's strength an' devil's hate.

"Right up till his door she took him, an' I follied like a dog not sure av his masther. I wud not lay hand on him, I know not why; but I kept afther thim, waitin' me chanst,

as ye might say. Ivery little while he wud twist about an' look at me, an' his face was not good to see. He fair shquirmed to be loose, but she hild to him, an' so they came to his boordin'-house. She waited till he had gone in—she made him do it—and had closed the door behind him; an' thin she turned, an wint past me wid a rush and brush of av her dress, an' she sid: 'This night settles it between us, Dinnis O'Halloran.' An' I cud say niver a word in answer."

His face was dark with passion and he took the pipe from between his teeth. "We may laugh at such things now, but that hour I wud have gone an' drowned myself, had me mind not gone to him. An' thin I cud not have died without revinge, black revinge. I shall nivr forget the bad, bad thoughts I had. I stud clinchin' me jaws together, fair diggin' the nails into the palms of me hands to think how I wud do if I had him by the throat. Oh, I was grinnin' wid pure badness to think av his eyes shtickin' out an me smashin' him agin the wall. I had turned towards his door, whin av a sudden it was jerked open, an' he came jumpin' down the shteps.

"He was wild to be at me; an' we shtruck together. For the shpace av a minute there was nought but smashin' like rocks inty mud hapes, for the body's soft agin the knuckles. An' thin we shtopped to fling av our jackets, for we cud well see 'twoud be no mather av a round or so.

"'Tis a led cur ye wud think me,' he sid, an shpat blood on the groun'; an' we were at it agin. He was foam'n mad wid the insult, an' I have told you how I filt meself. Ye may know what a fight it was. Ring nor rules had no part in it, an' we had no thought av defendin' our-silves. One moment we would be tearin' each other in the guther, an' the nixt we wud be on our fate agin, hittin' blind for the face. He was a powerful man, but I fought like a baste run mad. Ivery time I filt my fist go home, smashin' on his nose, I joyed in it; an' whin I got it meself I filt no pain. An' all this time we cud make out the little girl about us, and half hear her prayin' us to shtop. She wud have got betwane us had we let her.

"Well, av a sudden—I do not know how it happened—I was stritched out on the side-walk, an' he bein' fair beside himself wid fury, was kicking me where I lay. I cud catch her voice above his ragin' curses, and she was shcramin' at him to shpare me. For all I was half murdered I cud not abide her pity. I got to me fate somehow, an' bein' iver lucky, a blow as I staggered up to him, got him on the joint av the jaw, jst fornist the ear. Ye know what that is! 'Twas his shtopper; for he took his face in his hands an' tothered inty the house. The pape were just commincin' to come to the windies, so we cud not have fought so long as it samed to me.

"I wint for me jacket, an' as I drew it on, bendin' over to let me nose drip clear, I could make out the little girl shtandin' claspin' her hands together in the moonlight. She was like pictures av angels ye have seen in the windies of churches. But I was too full of pride to shpake to her, an' was goin' by her, thinkin' in me own consate, that for all she had cast me off, she wud know she had lost a man, whin I thought I heard her voice. Oh, it was a little, little voice! I was maner than dirt an' paid no hade to it. Thin, av a sudden, she cried out like a soul in torture: 'Mr. O'Halloran!' an' thin, 'Dinnis!' She had nivr given me the name before. Ye may think if I was shlow in turnin' back!"

His pipe had gone out; ke knocked the bowl against his boot. "The rist ye can guiss, but the quare part av it was me only bein' able to take the handkerchief from me face for the sphrase av a jiffy now an' agin till we reached a place for watherin' horses. It was thryin' enough; for she had given me her word, an' nought could I do till the chill av the wather had fixed up me troublesome nose, an' me

face was washed as clean as it might be. But whin the time did come, I took me interest on the delay."


McTavish had risen. "Na doot! na doot!" he said testily. "If ye'll be good enough to stand frae the door, I'll shovel on some dry chups." FESTE.

#### THE OSGOODE "AT HOME."

The annual "At Home" of the Osgoode Hall Legal and Literary Society has always occupied a prominent position among the social events of the winter season; but all who had the good fortune to be present at that which was held on Friday will most certainly testify that none of its predecessors could have been more enjoyable. The assemblage was certainly a brilliant one, including, in addition to a splendid representation of the more youthful beauty and gallantry of Toronto, many of the most prominent of our public men and thir wives. Dancing was continued till a very early hour. The success of the evening is due to the untiring efforts of the committee, among the members of which we were pleased to recognize so many of our graduates, including Messrs. Moss, Bowlby, Falconbridge and others.

An event of unusual interest to the undergraduate took place a week ago Saturday, when a most enjoyable afternoon tea was given in the fourth house of residence by Messrs. Hobbs, Hill and Wilson. A large number of the college friends of these gentlemen were thus afforded an opportunity, which is not often granted, of viewing the interior of that noble pile. Without its appearance is certainly very gloomy, but those who were present on this occasion will carry away very pleasant recollections of the cheery life within. The house was beautifully decorated, the various ornaments undoubtedly being chosen and arranged by an expert. The guests, some fifty or sixty in number, were received by Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Salter, and all managed to spend the short time very pleasantly. D'Alesandro's orchestra supplied splendid music at the head of the stairs. Altogether the tea was so successful that the gentlemen to whom it was due deserve the sincerest thanks for their efforts. The hope that it would not be the last affair of its kind was generally expressed.

The campus has been the scene of much liveliness since the fine new rink has been in working order. Our hockey club have been practising faithfully, and will doubtless make a fine showing. A number of matches, of more than ordinary interest to a more or less limited circle of undergraduates, have been arranged for the near future.



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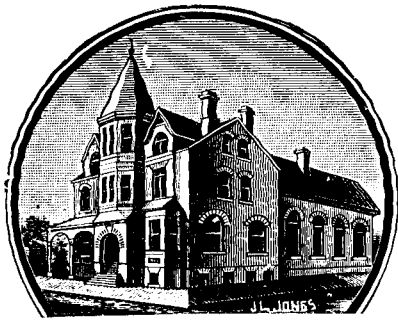
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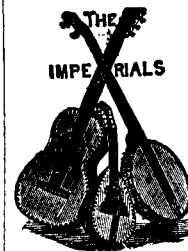
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## IN THOSE DAYS THERE WERE NO PASSES.

Thou shalt not pass.

—Numbers.

Suffer not a man to pass.

—Judges.

The wicked shall not pass.

—Mark.

Tho' they roar, they shall not pass.

—Jeremiah.

So he paid the fare and went.

—Jonah.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

When I reached my weekly rendezvous punctually at eighteen minutes past eight, I found the air full of noise and Patrons, the latter predominating. As I stumbled over feet innumerable to my reserved seat, Mr. Scarfe was reading the minutes of the special meeting held on Thursday; the orderly bearing of the meeting in which I found myself seemed to indicate that there was a spice of novelty in these minutes, and perhaps there was to the majority present.

Mr. Sandwell desired to hear the records of the Society's doings on the previous Friday. Mr. Scarfe acceded to the request, but seemed to find difficulty in deciphering the hieroglyphics of Love.

Mr. Hancock gracefully abdicated at this point to Mr. MacLennan, who had just arrived; and soon availed himself of his new-found liberty to move that the ladies be admitted to the next session of the Mock Parliament. Mr. "Jimmie" McCrae gallantly seconded the proposal. Considerable discussion followed, the chief point in which was, as far as I could learn, that Mr. H. M. Little's "source of private information had now left the college." I wonder what that means. Calls for Mr. Sandwell were now very much in evidence, and that gentleman in a few select phrases championed the cause of the ladies. The motion was lost; reward offered for its return at this office.

Two notices of motion were presented, one referring to stools for weary mortals in the reading room, the other to life members.

The President reported on behalf of the Conversat Committee that the Council and the Glee Club had been good boys, and had done just what was to be expected of them.

Messrs. Clegg and Don Ross were appointed debaters against the S. P. S. Loud and prolonged calls for Charlie Carson failed to bring him to his feet; I learned from the gentleman who sat next me, that had he risen to the afore-

said feet, he would have had to sing a song entitled "Susanna." Dear me! I wonder if that's her name!

The society now dissolved itself—in other words, resolved itself into a Mock Parliament.

The new ministry entered the house amidst dissonant cries, chiefly, I fear, signifying disapproval. The ministers, headed by the immortal "Mun," presented a very fine appearance, Mr. Bray's negligé outfit especially attracting attention.

Mr. Scarfe was elected Speaker, the President having left the hall, and the Vice-President's manly form having been called away to adorn the front benches of the opposition.

Mr. J. T. Shotwell introduced a bill to provide for commodious quarters for the fencing club. Then, according to custom, two freshmen, Messrs. Armstrong and Hill, moved and seconded the address in speeches no less remarkable for their eloquence than for their brevity.

The usual debate followed, Messrs. Boulton, Macnab (of Spodunkville East), Munroe, Sinclair (Jones's Corners), and Sandwell taking part. During several of these speeches the Patrons were detected in attempts to imitate the voices of the barnyard, while the interruptions of Bourinot were frequent, owing to the fact that so many of the new members did not understand parliamentary procedure, as laid down by that gentleman.

Caius Decimus Creighton, Annonae Præfectus, then began an address in his native tongue. Many were so overcome that they were heard to babble at intervals, "Hic, h-i-c," while some of the Patrons as often as possible practised the concluding scene in the "Tower of Babel."

Messrs. Boulton and Wallbridge moved the adjournment of the debate. Questions were now in order, but unfortunately I was so far from the scene of action that I heard but little thereof. A kind friend of mine told me afterwards that the jokes reminded him of an old barrel of apples he once had to pick over; they were very—ahem! —decayed.

The house rose at 10.30, after agreeing to meet again in one week.

There was a rapid rush from the hall since it was not yet 11 o'clock, and it had been so *very warm* in the hall all evening.

PHOS, '66.

"Did you ever," said the fair young thing

As they gazed on the star-lit heavens,

"Did you ever stand at night

On a rocky bluff—" "You're right,"

Said he, "I've stood on a pair of sevens." —Ex.



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## CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Mr. N. McDougall, B.A., '93, has lately been appointed Principal of the Parkhill High School.

Among those who visited the University buildings during the past week was Mr. Harry Furniss, the famous caricaturist of *Punch*.

Those with anything which they desire to have published in this paper will do well to remember that to ensure its publication it is necessary that it be in the hands of the editor-in-chief by 10 o'clock on Monday morning.

We have to note in Saturday's *Globe* an exceedingly interesting, illustrated account of the commencement exercises of the Mitchell High School. Among the masters we find the name of Mr. F. D. Fry, B.A., a graduate of 1894, and in his time business manager

of this paper. Mr. Fry, while proving a most capable teacher, does not seem to lose that great interest in athletics generally which characterized him in his undergraduate days, as it was under his direction that the various gymnastic performances on this occasion were given. His many friends will certainly be pleased to hear of his success in this new field of activity.

In the same paper we find an article upon the Chicago slums, by another of the more prominent of our recent graduates, Mr. W. L. M. King, B.A., of the year of '95. Mr. King at present holds a fellowship in Chicago University, and, judging from this contribution, seems to be taking the best advantage of the many opportunities which residence in Chicago affords for sociological study. We have no doubt that his work in the future will reflect great credit both upon himself and upon his *alma mater*.

He asked fair Rose to marry;  
By letter Rose replied.  
He read it; she refused him;  
He shot himself and died.

He might have been alive now,  
And Rose his happy bride,  
If he had read the postscript  
Upon the other side.

—Ex.

THE VARSITY, along with the general body of undergraduates, desires to congratulate our most esteemed professor of mathematics, Alfred Baker, M.A., upon the high honor recently conferred upon him by his election to the Council of the American Mathematical Society, besides to the membership of the Société Mathématique de France. No more signal token could be given of the high regard in which the learned professor's work is held; and, besides, it is a tribute to the University with which he has always been associated.

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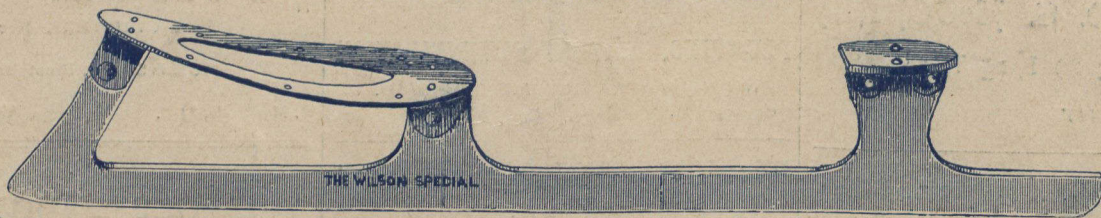
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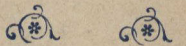
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