

Pages Missing

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1893.

No. 11.

Editorial Comments.



WE should take up with considerable diffidence the editorial pen so ably wielded by our predecessors but for the comforting reflection that the duties devolving on the editor of THE VARSITY are, in great measure, editorial, critical and selective rather than constructive, and that the able support so willingly accorded to the editor in the past will be extended as cordially and efficiently in the future.

We shall keep in mind the object in view on the establishment of the paper, and we hope to speak out without fear or favour on all questions in which we consider the interests of the undergraduates are involved and we invite discussion of such matters in our columns.

Toronto University Conversazione is of the past. The changes incident to the disaster of February, 1890, have rendered its re-establishment on the former basis impossible. Those who heard the President of the Literary Society rehearse the reasons why the Council had decided to refuse the use of the building for conversat purposes must have felt the futility of further efforts to obtain the necessary consent. In this matter the students have not met with that frankness from the Council which we think they deserve. In withholding for a time their reasons for refusal, they left us the choice of considering those reasons insufficient, or the student body not possessed of sufficient judgment and control to accept conclusions patent only to maturer minds. With that high sense of dignity and infallibility characteristic of undergraduates, we could not accept the latter, and, consequently, the other was forced on us, with the result that, halting between two opinions, we have left the consideration of the alternative scheme to a later date than we should under different conditions. We have much confidence in the considerate judgment of our rulers, Council or Senate, but a confidence that is wholly one-sided is not established on the most permanent basis.

Some few weeks ago an event that will be of much interest to many of our readers occurred when the Benchers of the Law Society accepted the recommendation of a committee, that henceforth the regulations in regard to the admission of women to the practice of law be the same as those now existing for men. But one application for admission has been received—that of Miss Clara Martin, a graduate of Toronto University. The Globe in referring to this matter remarks that though it may be somewhat disconcerting for one lady to attend lectures

with so many of the other sex, that in a few years it will be all the other way when bashful youths may be seen seeking a quiet corner unappropriated by the legal-aspiring maids. So, one by one, the barriers are crumbling, and emancipated in this, women will, in the next century, work out the long-disputed question of women's equality or inferiority, and decide, conclusively if not satisfactorily, whether her present subordinate position in the world of affairs, is the result of inherent weakness or historical circumstance. Whatever the result may be, the effort can result only in good and THE VARSITY congratulates our fair graduates and undergraduates on the opening up to them of a wide field of action and usefulness.

Mr. Heliems' retirement from the editorship will be regretted by all who have had the pleasure of being connected with him in his editorial capacity, and every fair-minded reader will acknowledge that during the past term THE VARSITY has been conducted by the youngest occupant of the editorial chair with ability and judgment worthy of riper years. We should not have referred to a matter on which the readers of VARSITY are so well-informed had not some VARSITY student taken advantage of his irresponsible position as correspondent of a city newspaper, to indulge in a sneer at college journalism in VARSITY. College journalism has, we believe, been maintained at as high a standard in Toronto University, as under similar conditions of experience and opportunity, it has reached in any other seat of learning, and if during the present term that standard be attained, the editor will not consider that he has been unsuccessful.

We regret very much the non-appearance of the 'VARSITY' last week, but barring illness, strikes and other dispensations of Providence, the future numbers will issue promptly.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Very few ladies make use of the library at night. This is no doubt a source of regret to the authorities and to many who are not in authority.

Better ventilation, a more equable and considerably lower temperature would perhaps, render the reading-room less satisfactory as a sleeping apartment but could scarcely fail to have a good influence in other respects.

Natural science men have great difficulty in getting the books they wish to read. The few science books that are in the library seem to be generally in the hands of the Faculty.

It is not an invariable rule but results would seem to indicate that it is the usual practice for the men who wear eleven's or have squeaky boots to take the seats farthest from the entrance.

DANS LA PAROISSE DE GRAND BRULE.

I.

Dans la paroisse de Grand Brule
De place w'ere I was born in,
In fifty six, de mont' was May
'Bout 'alf pas' five one mornin';
I was de firs' one in de crowd
Of h'eigheten, nineteen—twenty,
Dat make my fadder hawful proud
For see his childs so plenty.

II

W'en I go hup for make my law
I don' go hon Laval, sir,
Dat make me row wid my *papa*
Mais ça, ça m'est egal, sir.
Bagosh! I soon make hup my min',
De h'English, *dats* de knowledge
An' *dats* de reason dat you fin'
Me 'ere, on McGill College.

III.

My gran'modder she halways say—
'Er name's Malvina Clare,
"Jean Louis Pouliot, you'll don' forgot,
You're *enfant de ton pere!*
Your fadder 'e's no gentleman,
'E work one day to h'odder,
'E pay 'es way so long 'e can,
An' den 'e never bodder."

IV.

Papa say, "Well, dose boys more swell
On McGill dan Laval, sir,"
I'll not care, me, for compagnie
Or, ça, ça, m'est egal, sir,
"Dat Hel, Hel, B's de bes' degree
For push your tree of knowledge,"
But jus' as well's de B. C. Hel
We get on McGill College.

V.

I 'ope for get my gown some day,
Den I'll 'ang out my shingle
I'll marry Philomene Barre,—
De gal she's no good single.
I'll stump de country hup an' down
I'll make de 'lection speeches
Mos' hevery year you'll see me roun'
In broadcloth coat and breeches.

VI.

My holdes' son I guess 'e'll went
To college at Laval, sir,
Dat make de hol' man pleasurement.
Et ça, ça, m'est egal, sir—
'Urrah, 'Urrah, jus' one more *coup*
To wet de tree of knowledge.
'Ere's luck to you w'en you get t'rough
No matter w'at your college!

WM. McLENNAN.

NOTE—The foregoing has been accepted by the Faculty of Law as their Faculty song to be published in the New McGill Song Book.

This song adds one to the very few distinctly Canadian college songs. Mr. McLennan's efforts in the line of select sketches are already widely known and his stories in the January, February and March numbers of *Harper's Monthly* last year were most enthusiastically received.

PHILLIPS STEWART.

Five years ago a small volume bearing the simple title "Poems" was published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, England. The poems contained in this volume, the utterances of a mind habitually turned inward upon itself, were not on the whole of such a nature as to appeal

to a wide circle of readers, at least not to those who contribute most to an average present-day swell of popularity; and when the author, Phillips Stewart, died in Toronto on February 2nd, 1892, at the early age of twenty-seven without having published anything further in the meantime, it may be that there were comparatively few who could feel from their own reading of his poems what a gifted singer went from our midst.

Phillips Stewart was born in the County of Peel, Ont., in 1865. He entered University College as a matriculated student in 1883 and became a B. A. in 1888, having taken the honor course in Metaphysics under the late venerable Professor Young, whose lectures so many have still in mind as lasting sources of inspiration. Between his third and fourth years at college Stewart spent about a year and a half in Italy and England, during which time his "Poems" appeared in London. After graduation he proceeded with the study of law, and in the spring of 1891 took the degree of L. L. B. Having seriously overtaxed his strength in this work, he spent the summer of the same year chiefly in Switzerland, and this trip, instead of improving his health, probably hastened his death.

Poets, true prophets among men, are not necessarily the more numerous at present because ours is pre-eminently an age of verse-makers. Of the latter the United States and Canada have produced in recent years an exceptionally large share among English-speaking lands. On the North American continent the men and women are to be counted by scores who write verses of great grace and high polish, all that makes up the art of poetry being brought to a rare state of perfection such as perhaps was never before so general. But considered as poetry, as an emanation from human souls, real mind-life put in words and as such finding a sympathetic chord in the hearts of other men, does not most of the verse of our day justify Walt. Whitman's query: "Judging amid the influence of loftiest products only, what do our current copious fields of print... better, for an analogy, present, than, as in certain regions of the sea, those spreading, undulating masses of squid, through which the whale swimming, with head half out, feeds?"

Carlyle has said: "There is no grand poem in the world but is at bottom a biography—the life of a man." One feels in reading the poems of Phillips Stewart that here too we have something biographical, a true reflex of the life of a man. But not all experiences, nor all thoughts, with however much natural beauty they may be embodied in verse, appeal to all the writer's fellow-men. I speak here of the class of poetry commonly called subjective, the personal, individual kind, which Stewart's is. Strong, active, positive men, who after all are the basic force of the world, feel but little fellowship with one who stood so apart from their path as the author of these "Poems." His life's activity was, like that of Hamlet, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He seems to express his consciousness of this when he says in "Lines to My Mother,"

"My soul doth crave
Action."
and again,

"And if I cannot enter where I long

To go, let me breathe thoughts for noble action."

The death of both his parents when he was still very young was perhaps chiefly instrumental in giving a tinge of sadness to his character, which often shows itself in his poems. This rarely impairs their beauty, however, or is felt as a weakness, for it never obscures the rare clear color of the underlying thought. Whatever may have been Stewart's own thought of the degree of his achievement, however frequently he could see nothing so plainly in the world about him as his own limitations, the noble possibilities of a human life are ever present to give buoyancy to his faith, and evenness to his thoughts though they be of sorrow subdued.

In the longest poem of the volume, 'Corydon and Amaryllis,' is contained under a thin veil a passionate tribute to the memory of his parents—the unending plaint of Amaryllis for her dead Corydon, and the fruitless efforts of the narrator to assuage her grief. The spirit of this poem in blank verse is perhaps not just what would naturally be looked for in a tale told of shepherds of the classic Arcadia. For that there is too much of the meditative, the reflective. We do not feel ourselves so completely transferred to that ancient poetic world as when reading, for example, the 'Actæon' of Charles G. D. Roberts, that gem of Canadian verse of this kind. But there is in 'Corydon and Amaryllis' a serene beauty of speech and elevation of thought. In all that Stewart has written there is absolutely nothing of the commonplace. In this uniformity of purity and grace he emulates within his own sphere the rapture of Keats and the sustained elevation of Tennyson. He has a deep love for nature, a keen joy in the beauties of the earth, which he looked upon with the contemplated gaze of Wordsworth. As one out of numberless examples of this I will insert at length the following beautiful lines addressed to the robin in 'Corydon and Amaryllis.'

"And thou,

A robin, with the yellow flute so full
Of melody, 'twas almost to forget
That this fair world of ours could know one pang
Or tear, it was so beautiful, so full
Of joy. How my young heart did wildly bound
With thee in warbling greenness of glad spring!
My youth hath been attuned to thy sweet song;
We have together roamed by mossy streams
Whose gladness mingled with our own, through fields
Where buds and berries ripened into bloom,
And by the leafy greenness of cool woods,
Our lives were like a merry dream, serene
And shadowless, passion and apathy
Were far away, when thou wert breathing forth
Thine ecstasy. With thee I drove the kine
Homeward along the lane, whose winding way
Left far behind the tangled trees and gloom—
That daisied lane, how like the tender thought
Of early home! Then did the brown-armed maids
Come tripping with their ample pails, calling
The kine with simple names, until they drowsed
In girlish laughter and low sweet-lipped rifts
Of song. In happy rivalry we stood,
With eager eyes, and linked our childish dreams
Unto the first born star. The moonlight brought
Dim fairy tales and June's rose-heavy wreaths
By fragrant doors and lingering good-nights.
Thy merry song was wont to wake the morn
To eager-footed play and careless joy;
But time has brought a spiritual change,
The light of sadder thought. Now, when I leave
The dream-paved palaces of sleep, thou art
A Dorian flute of wordless grief and pain,
A feathered memory of the vanished years.
One night I could not sleep, but knelt beside
The window sill. The red sun rose behind
The hedge; thy song became an elegy
Of dying love. O God, how little do
We cling to what we have, how much to dreams!"

Scattered throughout this and most of the other poems are passages of similar beauty showing how clearly Nature in many of her phases had mirrored herself upon Stewart's mind from his childhood. To quote once more from "Lines to My Mother," which is largely made up of recollections of his early life:

"My youth hath taught me love for humble men.
How fair those brows weary with honest toil,
Those arms brown with the sun of harvest days,
Those homes that lie like silver sails afar
In silver peace upon an emerald sea!"
There is little or nothing of purely local coloring in his poetry, nothing that would stamp him plainly as a Cana-

dian. And yet many a light touch naturally carries a more vivid illustration to the minds of us who have grown up amid similar scenes than of those who have lived surrounded by other landscapes and beneath other skies. And it is not just this intangible quality, unconsciously part and parcel of the poet's mind, that alone gives nationality to any poetic creations worthy of being claimed with pride by a people as its own? What means nationality in literature beyond this? Even true songs of freedom, national hymns, great epics are not 'national' in the common narrow sense of the term. They are only grand, only soul-stirring, only of universally felt power because, underlying all that is individual in them of time and place, is to be found an embodiment of the best and warmest aspirations, which are best and warmest in that they are in accord with the instincts of all humanity. Men who are men, who have deeds to do and thoughts to put forth in speech, will spend but little time in the attempt to create a national literature.

While Stewart was an undergraduate of our University he received a prize for a poem entitled 'The New World.' The lines, 'At Sea,' 'Morn,' 'Fame' and 'Home' in this published volume are extracts from it. The beautiful ode 'To a Winter Bird' appeared originally, if I remember aright, in almost exactly its present form in THE VARSITY, with the title 'To a Snow-bird.'

To the reader of Stewart's poems it will be easy to perceive the tenor of his life's philosophy. Up to a certain point it resembles that of George Frederick Cameron, who of all Canadian poets wrote during his too short life the most impassioned love lyrics, and who spoke of himself as

"Standing on tiptoe ever since my youth,
Striving to grasp the future just above."

The lives of both were in their different ways episodes in the world's ever-continued drama, where the tragic elements are those which George Eliot has so often in her novels given human form to—the mighty trend of universal things, and the will of the individual, now acting in harmony, now opposing their forces with the inevitable result. Stewart's was a clear mind, whose logical directness preserved itself throughout every experience. He uncompromisingly followed the light of his reason. To use his own words,

"Who will not take the light of truth,
Nor grow, must cling unto the glimmering lamp
Of self made gloom; who loves not freedom loves
Not man; who fears to follow truth where'er
She leads, is but a slave tricked by his birth."

He believed that

"Man makes religion, not religion man,"

and consistently with his delight in independence and freedom, he deprecates the ruthlessness that would make even the warmest of personal conviction an excuse for the attempt to proselytize. Speaking of the happy rustic he says:

"Take not his village rhymes,
The sweet church-bells of youth and love and death.
They have a power o'er him thou mayst not give,
Take not this music from his footsteps, lest
He fall. Unless thou give the larger mind,
Break not his dream!"

If I have spoken at greatest length of Stewart's characteristics as a thinker, it is because in this respect he seems to me to stand out most prominently among the little band of Canadian poets who have made themselves dear, not only to their fellow-countrymen, but to many beyond our country, to whom they speak a common tongue. The circle of his readers, of those who can enter with fullest sympathy into his thoughts, will be smaller than that of most others who rank with him in poetic power. He will, I think, always be best understood and most loved by poets themselves. He certainly was of those who see deep down into the immutable beauty and majesty of life, and reflect the secrets of its depths, each in his own way, to the benefit and joy of their fellows.

G. H. NEEDLER.

The Varsity

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street, Rooms 2 and 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

The Editorial Staff.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - - R. S. STRATH, '93.
BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER, G. R. ANDERSON, '93.
ASS'T BUSINESS MANAGER - - - K. D. McMILLAN, '94.

The Directorate.

N. McDougall, '93, Chairman.
H. A. MOORE, '95.
S. SILCOX, '93.
W. J. KNOX, '94.
G. M. FERRIS, B.A.,
Toronto Medical School.

W. E. LINGELBACH, '94, Secretary.
A. R. GREGORY, '94.
F. BOYCE, '95.
J. A. McARTHUR, '95.
A. R. GOLDIE,
School of Science.

JANUARY 25, 1893.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



At the point of attendance the first Literary Society meeting this term was a noble and remarkable success. Not the coldness of the weather, not the alluring inducements of theatre and concert, not the stupendous attractions of the great political meeting in the Auditorium, addressed as it was by the illustrious Premier and his docile family, could stifle the patriotic desire of the members to honor the meeting with their presence. They turned out to the number of twenty-five, and huddling over the register discussed the menu before them. Mr. McDougall, acting for the absent secretary, kindly consented to decipher the latter's hieroglyphics. Satisfied with the truth of his translation, the well-nigh frozen society suffered Mr. Moss to delight its soul with a cheering committee report giving reasons against a conversat, recommendations for an afternoon at home instead, and asking for the appointment of a committee next meeting to make arrangements for the same. Mr. Moss, whose vital energies, despite his cosy surroundings, seemed now on the point of exhaustion, received a reviving reminder from the President, and gasping out that speakers for the Queen's debate would be elected next meeting, peacefully expired. The sorrowful meditations of the company were now interrupted by the announcement that the literary course was about to be served. Mr. Laschinger read an able and elegant essay on "What is commonly called science," prefacing his effort by the encouraging declaration that he had done his very best to elevate his subject to the level of the cream of Canada's culture. This over and applauded, Mr. Island, leading for the affirmative, attempted to prove that the system of trial by jury should be abolished. The speaker bore his position with ability, displaying a capacity for original thought, little to be expected from any fourth year student. The society's thermometer now being at zero, the President suggested an exodus to the sunnier realms of the ladies' parlour. No sooner had this been accomplished than the secret, but mighty influences left in the room by its usual occupants commenced to work. A thoroughly masculine air began to be visible in the conduct and bearing of the members, an intense and grasping ambition to

obtain and maintain their rights showed itself in the contending speakers. A remarkable disposition to settle things prematurely, but decisively, was seen in the chairman. The influence exerted by the absent upon the present even extended to matters of apparel, and the awe-struck audience looked on in terror while the successive speakers, striving to drape themselves, found it almost impossible to penetrate the labyrinthic mysteries of the gown's sleeves, which had been suddenly mesmerised out of all understanding by the influence of a lady's pocket. Mr. O'Connor, rising to lead the negative, struggled hard for a time against the pervading feminine atmosphere. He tried to talk to the question, he tried to be logical, he tried to stifle the indignation naturally aroused by the senseless opposition of the affirmative, but all in vain, the power of woman conquered; the inevitable explosion came, and the society rolled in tremendous laughter, while the speaker, involuntarily throwing argument and fact to the winds, furiously denounced the idiots who had the presumption to cry down what he had the honor to uphold. Despite the odds against him, his speech was singularly able, and Mr. J. L. McDougall had no light task in rising to reply. He showed, at first, a spirit of conciliation and no small skill of refutation. But he also became a victim to the ghostly sisters, and if any one doubts the influence of surroundings let him bear in mind forever that under the influence of surroundings the traditionally unassertive Lorne actually was guilty of asserting by inuendo that a man who possessed no mathematics possessed no common sense. Mr. Wilson answered for the negative. Mr. Island summed up for the affirmative, and Alfred the Greatest rose to pronounce his decision concerning the time-honored institution said to have been established by Alfred the Great. Any one acquainted with the characteristics of the lawful owners of that fatal room, any one aware of the awful power those characteristics can exert on others, needs not to be told what that decision was. The spiritual influence of those who hope by their personal influence to change and abolish the earth, it is superfluous to relate, was quite sufficient to change and abolish trial by jury. In conclusion, the hypnotised members struggled home to dream "of thee," and the great mock parliament of Friday next.

AS WE LIST : AND YE LIST.

"There is a pillar," it has been remarked, "in the nave of Strasburg Cathedral, nearly opposite the pulpit, whose capital represents a donkey celebrating the mass while other beasts assist."

The curious gargoyles, and grotesque carvings in the churches of the thirteenth century, indicate that same spirit of satire which found vent in the *Renart* stories, which flooded the literature of Western Europe at this period, forming in France alone a collection of more than eighty thousand verses. These strange and fanciful devices had then an inner meaning: they typified the wonder-seeking minds, the blind researches, the magic lovers, the mystic dreamers of the middle ages. In nineteenth century structures we still discover in wood and stone designs, the weird images of man and bird and beast, but their national force was lost: they are merely architectural ornaments. For instance, you may recall the sturdy and unprepossessing form, whose stooping shoulders bear the ambitious stories of the Canada Life building on King Street. It means but little more to us than, perhaps, a chimney. With the builders of the cathedral in the olden days, the psalming donkey meant sly laughter in cynical hearts.

What man could ever epithetize like Carlyle? Here is a sentence from "Past and Present," Chap. xiv. He has been lauding Cromwell as a governor, after which, turning to the "Modern Worker," he says: "And now do but contrast this Oliver with my right honourable friend, Sir

Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Viscount Mealy-mouth, Earl of Windlestraw, or what other Cagliastro, Cagliastrino, Cagliastraccio, the course of fortune and Parliamentary Majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity, any time during these last sorrowful hundred-and-fifty years."

That the liar has need of memory was made ludicrously evident at one of the meetings of our last mayoralty election. An enthusiastic gentleman on the platform rose up to fulminate against economy and conduit pipes, or Lake Simcoe (I forget which,) precluding his remarks with the frank declaration that he had had no intention of speaking and was quite unprepared to do so. As he proceeded he grew heated and doubtless forgetful, for he presently produced a bundle of papers full of statistics, which, he shouted, he had brought in order to prove his statements.

One of those presumptuous simpletons who profess to do all things and perform nothing, declared recently in the presence of our Man of Fiction, that any one could produce an acceptable short story nowadays, if he could only write somewhat ungrammatically, and throw in a description or two. He was answered and subdued by a withering silence. But afterwards, when a less profane inquirer put some questions, our Man of Fiction replied: "The first thing needful, fundamental, vital, to the writing of a good story, is the conviction of the writer."

"And by conviction, I mean," he continued, "an unalterable consciousness of having something to tell that is worthy of being, and must be, told; in the performance of which we labour without fatigue; in the accomplishment of which we are enriched without money; in the perfection of which we are satisfied without praise."

"When a man has the conviction which impels him to write the story, the second necessary thing is that he know how to do it, and these two things can be no more separated in the working artist than the two parts of the workable scissors, or the tongue and the shell of the sounding bell."

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY,

The Women's Literary Society met Friday evening, January 13th, in lecture room 3, where the meetings will be held hereafter. The Vice-President, Miss Lye, was in the chair.

Miss Hamilton, seconded by Miss Telfer, moved that the Senate of Toronto University be petitioned to allow students the use of library books over night as was formerly the case. The motion was carried. Miss Hillock, seconded by Miss Dowd, moved that the petition be forwarded immediately. After some discussion this resolution also prevailed.

The Vice-President informed the meeting that periodicals would not be placed in the reading room this term.

There being no more business the Glee Club was called upon, and sang "Those Evening Bells." Miss Mason, by special request, read an essay on the "Civilization of the Early Germans," showing her knowledge of the subject and her mastery of a high literary style. Then followed an instrumental duet by Miss Kerr and Miss T. C. L. Robertson. The next number on the programme was an address by Miss Lawlor, B.A., on the "Life and Works of Samuel Johnson," but, as Miss Lawlor was prevented by illness from attending, Miss Durand was called upon to read a story. Before commencing the narrative, Miss Durand gave a short sketch of the ability and merit of the authoress, Mary E. Wilkins. She then proceeded in her own inimitable fashion with the pleasures and trials of "Christmas Jenny." It is needless to say that Miss Durand's story was attentively listened to and appreciated. The closing number was the touching strain "Fare Thee Well," rendered by the Glee Club with much pathos and tenderness.

M. O'ROURKE, Cor.-Sec.

"CROWN OF SORROW."

O happiest, happiest hours. O days that sped
With golden feet from shore to sun-kissed shore.
O heart, dear heart. O laughing eyes that shed
A radiance round them that shall be no more.
O soft, brown hair, in rippling masses tressed.
O warm, soft hand. O, lips, my lips have pressed.

Ah, cruel, cruel hours. Ah, whither fled
With youth, fond youth, and all the love we bore.
How do ye mock the fruitless tears I shed,
O cruel hours! O eyes that shine no more.
O coldest grave, where, loveless, uncaressed,
Low lies my loved one. And men say—'tis best!

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Prompt as usual, the Literary Society began its cogitations: At first there were not many present, and it seemed that if that large and enthusiastic mass meeting of the free and independent student body, which is to commence on May first, was acting as a counter attraction. However, as the evening advanced, the wayward student came out of the highways and byeways and gravitated towards the Lit.

And first of all the question of an "At Home" engaged our attention. Mr. Moore informed us that the indifference of the students, seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle in the way of an "At Home." Mr. Boles spoke briefly against the "At Home" proposal, telling us that the downtown merchant was not going to leave his gilded ducats, in order to board the bounding trolley which would bear him into the Varsity four o'clock "At Home." The general opinion seemed to coincide with that expressed by Mr. Boles and so the "At Home" was relegated to the limbo of nepenthe.

There came another grand matter. We had to choose a man to represent us at the McGill dinner. At once all the hungry men stood forth, men who were still living on the memory of christmas dinners, men who were existing on Railway sandwiches and promissory notes, and men who were staying in residence. Eagerly the Society scanned the faces of the competitors for the Olympian laurel and at length J. L. McDougall took the cake.

Yet some more business and we chose Messrs. Horne and Henry to uphold our name and fame in the inter-collegiate debate with Queen's, next for a reader for the same auspicious occasion, and Mr. Reeve was elected. Again for an essayist, and now for a modesty competition. Mr. Strath, was nominated and forthwith he protested that he was not fitted for such an honor. Mr. S. J. McLean was nominated and he declared that ever from his childhood days, in the first year had he avoided the frolicsome essay. Then Mr. Biggar was nominated and fierce was the interest which centered in the contest. The partisans of Strath were especially anxious to secure his election, in fact one supporter of the aforesaid gentleman was detected in the act of putting in seventeen ballots in the ballot box. But at length the result was made known, the modest men were not elected, and Mr. Biggar was the choice of the meeting.

Now the Society threw aside the butterfly robes of a Students' society and assumed the statesmanlike look, the porteous form, and the boodle-desirous appearance of men on whom their country's fate depended. At this juncture an ex-M.P., Mr. C. A. Stuart, entered; it was moved that he be given a seat on the floor of the house; the floor, however, was somewhat dusty and so the motion was not pushed.

The Minister of Finance, Mr. Reeve, with bitter tears, lamented over the fact that Canada was going to the dogs, that she wasn't prosperous, and that the only thing which would take her out of her "Estate of sin and misery" was—to buy a new flag. Mr. Horne now arose on behalf of

he opposition and gave the government a broadside. He was in fine fettle and delivered an excellent address. There was just enough of the bitterness of the partisan to make it spicy. He would not admit that all the loyalty of the country resided on the sacred Treasury benches.

The minister of Seaweeds and Fisheries, Mr. N. McDougall, now took the floor. We were told how the opposition were dwelling in the Valley of Indecision, and instantly some of the western members wondered if that was the same as the Credit Valley. His argument was at times buried in a plenitude of statement. A wide historical knowledge was shown by the Honorable Minister, but occasionally this led him to wander from Dan to Beersheba. Mr. McDougall has the characteristic of a successful speaker in that he indentifies himself with the question he is discussing, and consequently speaks out with an earnestness and force which will no doubt be effective in a wider sphere. Mr. J. L. McDougall now followed on behalf of the opposition. In the sad and solemn tone of a man who "is led as an ox—to the dinner," he brought back the question from the realms of romance and sentiment down to the mundane sphere of fact. A critical review of the facts adduced by the government was made. Mr. McDougall spoke strongly on the obstacles which the French question place in the way of Independence; the honorable gentleman has met the wild and untutored Frenchman of Ottawa on his native heath, and it is rumored that the aforesaid Frenchman borrowed fifty cents which he never returned. There was one defect in Mr. McDougall's speaking; he assumed rather too much the calm judicial tone; and while his speech was logical and exact, yet had he raised his voice more, he would have had a wider circle of hearers.

Mr. Boyd, the Minister of Agriculture, followed. He received such an uproarious welcome that he took umbrage at what he considered insults to the first year. If his equanimity is so easily ruffled, Mr. Boyd has much to learn. Of course we all address advice in a kindly manner to the first year, and we also expect it to be received in as kindly a way as it is given. We all honor and respect the freshmen—had we no freshmen we would soon have no graduating class. We have all been freshmen once—some of us more than once; and so we speak not with a desire to insult, but actuated by a desire to advance the welfare of the "Gentlemen of the First Year."

Our Independent Annexation member, Mr. J. H. Brown, now arose. He dealt with the negro question; it is a *dark* subject, but yet we were assured that the negroes were not to be a preponderating element in America; that the whites were making advances, that the dawning light was appearing, and that, in fact, as the poet says, "The darkey's" hour is just before the dawn. Mr. Brown after pledging his vote to the opposition, took his seat. On behalf of the government, Mr. Fry now arose. The Secretary of State is a ready and, what is more, an attractive speaker. Even the most obstinate of the opposition looked around with concern lest Mr. Fry's siren tones should attract to the government any stray opposition sheep. Then Mr. Robertson spoke for the opposition and evidenced by his speech that he had faced an audience before. Last, but not least, arose the Minister of the Interior, — He - who - wears moccasins - cuts - his hair - with - a - tomahawk - and - speaks - from - a - lofty - stump. Mr. Bull's speech was a hair combing, not to say a scalp-raising one. He delivered in solemn tone, and with admonishing finger, a warning unto the House, at which the opposition quaked and said unto itself "Prisoner at the bar what have you to say for yourself?"

Now cries of "question," "question," arise; the members are called in; the vote is put; the preponderance of opinion is favor of the opposition; the government is defeated; the *loyal* opposition sings God Save the Queen.

Le gouvernement est mort; vive le gouvernement.

S. P. S.

The engineering society held its first meeting of the present term on Tuesday 17th, the president in the chair. The programme consisted of a paper on the "North Bay Water Work's System," by T. R. Deacon, '91 and one on "Triangulation" by C. H. Mitchell, '92. Mr. Deacon's paper on account of his absence was read by the corresponding Secretary. It was accompanied by plans of the work and contained a great deal of information useful to young engineers.

Mr. Mitchell's paper had the advantage of being read by himself. It was an interesting description of the methods taken by its author to secure accuracy of work in a system of triangulation on which he was engaged during the past summer in his capacity of assistant engineer to the city of Niagara Falls, N. Y. It evoked considerable discussion on the best methods of using surveying instruments, the remarks by Mr. Stewart, Lecturer in Surveying being particularly valuable. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Mitchell for his valuable paper.

THE GLEE CLUB FOUR.

On Tuesday December 20th, 1892, the merry men of the Glee and Banjo clubs left the Union Station in the handsome car furnished them by the G. T. R., on their second annual tour, under the guidance and direction of Mynbeer Schuch and Mr. Geo. Smedley.

The first concert of the series was given at Woodstock, under the auspices of the W. A. A. A. The town hall was crowded to the doors with a most appreciative audience, and numerous were the encores demanded and granted.

After the concert the boys were given a delightful free dance by some of the ladies of the town, and the devotees of Terpsichore enjoyed themselves to the full. The boys would fain have lingered long in Woodstock, but at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, they had to bid farewell to their fair entertainers, and take the train for London.

Here the London Athletic Club had charge of the arrangements and a large and fashionable audience greeted the clubs on their appearance in the Grand Opera House. The programme seemed to suit the audience immensely, the Banjo and Guitar Club being particularly well received. About 11 p.m. the boys adjourned to the residence of Mr. Baker, the father of the club's genial Hon. President. Here they were royally entertained, and after the toothsome viands were discussed, the toast list was taken up; the toast of the Queen was duly honored, and then the health of the host and hostess was proposed amid loud acclaim. The roof of the handsome residence was nearly raised by the strains of "For they are Jolly Good Fellows." Mr. Barker responded in a happy speech, in which he welcomed the boys to London, and expressed his delight at the concert.

The joyful assembly broke up about 2 a.m., and the citizens of London were startled at that unseemly (?) hour by the triumphant march of thirty Varsity students along their quiet streets, wakening the watchful "cops," as they went along, bringing souvenirs of the various stores on the way. Thursday p.m. saw them on their way to St. Thomas. Here the most enthusiastic audience of the trip filled the opera house to its utmost capacity. Every number on the programme was vociferously encored. Mr. Schuch directed the "Friar of Orders Grey" for the occasion, and gave the "Skippers of St. Ives" for an encore. Mr. Smedley's guitar solo, "Imitation of a Military Band Approaching, Passing, and Receding," brought down the house. After the concert, part of the club departed to attend a dance given by the Misses McCrimmon, and part to enjoy the hospitality of Prof. Andrews, in whose charge the arrangements for the concert were. In St. Thomas the boys procured the famous "owl," which is now the property of the Glee Club.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in the hands of the Editor by Monday night

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26TH.

Y.M.C.A.—“The Christian's relation to the world.” Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.
Class of '96 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 8.30 a.m.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27TH.

Literary Society.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
The Varsity Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 4 to 6 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 1 p.m.
Jackson Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29TH.

Bible Class.—“The Spirit of Life,” Romans viii: 1-17. Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D.D., Wycliffe College, 3 p.m.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30TH.

S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 5 p.m.
Modern Language Club.—French Meeting. Curriculum Work, Room 12, 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 31ST.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 8.30 a.m.
Y.W.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Class of '95—Political Science Club. Room 3, College Building, 4 p.m.
Natural Science Association—Biological Building.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST.

Bible Class.—Rev. Dr. McTavish's class for Bible Training. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.
Class of '94 Political Science Club, Meeting at 4 p.m. See Board.

Geo. A. Fraser, Esq., who will be well remembered by many of our readers, is now adding to his laurels in the field of his choice. He has just been elected a member of the State Council of Higher Education—an honor rendered more complimentary by the recipient's short sojourn among the donors. A paper on “The Claims of Classics,” read by Mr. Fraser before the State Association at Missourac was described by the Western Democrat as “probably the cleverest and best paper of the session. We hope to be able shortly to give our readers an article from the pen of our former “Fellow” in classics, whose career at Varsity gave early promise of the success he is winning abroad.

It will no doubt be of much interest to lovers of good music to know that Mr. Whitney, the Manager of the Academy of Music, has inaugurated a series of operas at popular prices. This is the first attempt in Canada to bring first-class music at reduced rates, and in this laudable enterprise Mr. Whitney should receive every encouragement. This week the Nelson Opera Company will present “The Bohemian Girl” and “The Mascot.” An exchange says in regard to the first of these: “The Nelson Opera Company gave an even and excellent performance of the ‘Bohemian Girl’ to a large audience at the New Haven Opera House last evening. Had the company been playing at twice their price of tickets all the patrons would have been fully satisfied. Miss Essie Barton as Arline did particularly good work, and the best she has so far done on the engagement. Mr. George W. Traverer played Thaddeus and was entirely successful in the role. Probably the honors of the evening can be given to Frank D. Nelson as Count Arnheim, whose work entitles him to unqualified praise. He has a genuine artist's conception of his work and enters into it with care and earnestness. Miss Edith Barton as the Queen sung and acted with success unusual outside of grand opera. The Devilshoof of Mr. Hageman was a good piece of work. The choruses were well sung and the stage settings creditable.” Remember that during the Nelson engagement the prices will be 25, 35, 50 cents. No higher.

Berlin was the next objective point, and the boys arrived there about 6 p. m. on Friday evening, after an enjoyable reconte with Mr. Moke en route. The concert was under the auspices of the Presbyterian church and made an unqualified success in every way. Mr. Schuch made his announcement about his duett with Mr. Taylor and was loudly applauded. He saw the joke a minute afterward. “Bark” introduced the “owl” afterwards to the audience; and altogether the boys and their patrons enjoyed themselves.

At the conclusion of the programme the members of the clubs were driven out to Woodside, the beautiful residence of Senator King. The Senator and his charming wife spared no pains to entertain the boys, and it is needless to say that their efforts were successful in the highest degree.

Dancing was kept up to an early hour and the festive gathering dispersed, satisfied that Mr. and Mrs. King had excelled themselves in the capacity of entertainers.

The boys left for Toronto on the 10 a. m. train on Saturday, and arrived again tired and happy, early in the afternoon.

The tour was a success from every point of view. Mr. Schuch was more than satisfied with the Glee Club, and Mr. Smedley was congratulated on the excellent showing the Banjo and Guitar Club made.

NOTES OF THE TRIP.

A pleasing feature of the concert at Berlin was the presentation on behalf of the boys, of a gold headed cane to Mr. McAllister, the hustling Secretary of the Glee Club, as a token of their appreciation of his services in arranging in so satisfactory a manner the details of the tour.

Laurie Boyd's solo made a hit at every concert.

Geo. Taylor was along as usual. His rendition of the solo part in “Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming,” was excellent.

“Ki-ax-is-Ki-ax-Ki-Hurroo.”

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The committee appointed to draft a constitution met on Monday, there being present Messrs. Thomson, Goldie and Strath.

Among the more important recommendations will be the following:

All undergraduates in the Faculties of Arts and Medicine and in the School of Science shall be members.

The officers shall be a President, Vice-President and Secretary, selected, except the latter, from a Board of twenty Directors, ten of whom are to be elected by the Arts, six by the Medicos and four by the members of the school.

Each year, except the first, shall during the month of January, elect the representatives apportioned to it, which are:

4 yr. Arts....4	4 yr. Meds....2	4 yr. School...1
3 yr. Arts...3	3 yr. Meds.....2	3 yr. School...1
2 yr. Arts....2	2 yr. Meds.....1	2 yr. School...1
1 yr. Arts....1	1 yr. Meds.....1	1 yr. School...1

The Directors shall elect at their first meeting a President and Vice-President from the fourth year representatives, but not both from the same faculty.

No member shall be admitted to any of the privileges under the control of the Association until after payment of fee attached to such privilege.

The Association shall have full control of all grounds and shall retain $\frac{1}{3}$ gross receipts from matches played on those grounds.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

The students of Victoria are making preparations for a grand *conver-sazione*.

The Library was open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. during the holidays and was well patronized by those who remained in town.

Mr. W. M. Davidson, '93, who broke his ankle last fall is again attending lectures but still finds it necessary to use crutches.

Mr. R. Russell Baldwin has presented \$100 to the library with the stipulation that it be expended in the purchase of German literature.

The Lieutenant-Governor has appointed Mr. Byron E. Walker as University Senator, in the place of Sir Casimir A. Gzowski, who lately resigned.

Quite a number of students had their ears badly frost-bitten by the severe weather of last week; a medico had both his ears and his feet frozen so badly that he has been unable to attend lectures.

The annual meeting of the Base Ball Club will be held on Friday 20th at 3.30, in the Y. M. C. A. Annual reports and election of officials; discussion of coming season's prospects. Everybody is invited to attend.

A large number of students turned out to hear Sir John Thompson and the other ministers at the Auditorium. The admission was limited and those who belong to the Young Conservatives were regularly besieged for tickets.

S. P. S.—The members of the class of '92 taking the fourth year were favored with a call from one of their number, Mr. Arthur V. White, on Friday last. Mr. White is now engaged as head draftsman in the Edison Electric Co.'s works of Peterboro.

Another instance of the recognition of Canadian merit was the high estimation in which Mr. MacGowan's mathematical ability was held at Clark University, which was duly attested by his recommendation and appointment as lecturer in Princeton University.

Mr. Jas. A. Maclean, '92, is making for himself an enviable reputation in Columbia College, New York. Testimony from such an authority as Prof. Seligmann is no mean tribute to his ability, and such testimony has been accorded in a private letter to a member of our society.

The subject for the inter-university debate with McGill, which takes place on Feb. 10th, is: "Resolved that Canada would be benefited by giving to women the franchise, and e presentation in parliament."—

Messrs. Bull and Hellemis, the Varsity representatives, will, of course, uphold the affirmative.

Mr. James Brebner, who has been acting for some time as Registrar, has been permanently appointed to that office at a salary of \$1000. Those who remember how efficiently he aided in the re-construction of the library after the fire will feel satisfied that a better appointment could not have been made.

The Classical Association met on Tuesday, 10th, with Mr. Fairclough presiding. Mr. Harvey read a paper on "The Chorus in Greek Drama," and Mr. Howells on "Ajax and Hamlet." Mr. Fairclough, who has rather made a speciality of Greek poetry, gave a very interesting and well-received comment on the subjects of the evening.

Basket-ball seems to be an even more vigorous game than Rugby. Last week Mr. Orton received an ugly cut in the forehead and now Mr. Craig is nursing a badly sprained finger. An exciting game was played on Friday evening between a Varsity team and the Y. M. C. A. Of course Varsity was victorious, the score standing 2 to 1.

Messrs. J. L. Hyland, '95, and E. M. Lawson, '96, have received the appointment of assistants for the library. Mr. Lawson will be on duty from 3 o'clock to 5 and from 7 to 7.30, while Mr. Hyland will be present from 7.30 to 10.30. They are both well thought of in their respective years and the appointment has proved a most popular one.

General regret is expressed at the departure of Mr. Harry Senkler, B. A., for British Columbia, where he intends continuing his studies in law. During his career both at Varsity and at Osgoode he distinguished himself in every branch of athletic sports and before his departure he was banqueted by the Osgoode Rugby Football Club, of which he was captain during the season of '91.

Several of the seminaries have been put in working order and a deep interest is being taken in them by the students. The seminary of Political Science has been placed under the charge of the 3rd and 4th year men who have promised to be responsible to Professor Mavor for the care and arrangement of the books. The seminary of History has procured a large number of historical documents and it is intended that much time shall be devoted to original research.

Mr. F. C. Brown, a graduate of Toronto University last year, is now editor of the Popular Educator, a monthly trade journal, published at Streator, Ill., to which place Mr. Brown emigrated a few weeks ago.

Mr. Brown is a bright, well-educated young man, who will do credit in his new home to his alma mater and his native land. While at the university he was for some years college correspondent of the Toronto Globe, and acquired his taste for journalism.

We are very sorry to hear that typhoid is so prevalent amongst our students. Mr. Myers and Mr. Tier, '95, who have been in the hospital since before Christmas, are both recovering; but Mr. Myers' eyesight has been affected and, as he is unable to study, he will lose his year. Last week Mr. D. D. James, '94, while down town, took a drink of the "pure and undiluted" city water and next day he, too, was suffering from the disease. He has been removed to the hospital and is progressing favorably.

It was stated in one of the Toronto papers that, after his examination this spring, Mr. G. W. Orton would go to New York and become a member of the Manhattan Club. When questioned concerning the matter, Mr. Orton said that he had heard nothing about it, but would get a paper and see if he were really going. He has received many offers from different athletic associations, such as free tuition at any American college and a European tour; but, tempting as they have been, he has, so far, refused them all.



SOUVENIR OF OLD VARSITY.
University Arms made of metal from the old Bell.
SOUVENIR TEA SPOONS
With cut of old University Building represented.

The J. E. ELLIS CO. Ltd., - Silversmiths,
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY
CORNER KING AND YONGE STREETS, TORONTO

J. A. MILLS
DENTAL SURGEON
GRADUATE AND MEDALLIST IN PRACTICAL
DENTISTRY OF R. C. D. S.
Office: Stewart's Block, South-West Corner Spadina
Avenue and College Street, Toronto.
Special Discount to Students.

FOR
Boxing Gloves, Fencing Goods,
Indian Clubs, Dumb Bells
And every description of Athletic and Gymnasium
Goods, go to

P. C. ALLAN'S
35 King St. West, Toronto
Agent for the Narragansett Home Exerciser.

THE
CITY ART GALLERY
By J. H. FORD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Picture
Frames.
Special Rates to Students.
290 QUEEN ST. WEST, - TORONTO
Tele ho 1362.