



UNIVERSITY

OF

TORONTO

FEBRUARY 14, 1885

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THE 'VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

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THE 'VARSITY.

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Editorial Notes.

THE curators of Edinburgh University have chosen Sir William Muir as successor to the late Sir Alexander Grant in the Principalship of that institution. The new Principal is in his sixty-sixth year, and, like his predecessor, had a distinguished career in the East Indian Civil Service. He is a well-known Arabic scholar and the author of several historical works on Mahometanism and its literature. The late Dr. John Muir, an eminent Sanskrit scholar and the founder of the chair of Sanskrit in the Edinburgh University, was an elder brother of Sir William. The literary work of the latter won for him the honorary degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh, of which he was already a graduate, and of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

ONE of the interesting educational movements of the day is the increased importance attached to university work in the Southern States. The University of Virginia is an historical institution, which has to-day more of its alumni in the United States Senate than any other college has. Since its establishment in 1819 it has received donations amounting to \$719,000, of which \$653,000 have been contributed since the close of the war. Virginia has always been liberal in its treatment of the university, giving it at first \$15,000 and afterwards \$40,000 a year. Its revenue amounts to \$282,000 a year, or more than three times as much as the revenue of Toronto University. To those who assert that a State college can never appeal successfully to the wealthy for donations, we commend the instance of Virginia University, in which, even during the stormy reconstruction period, appointments to the staff were made regardless of political bias.

OUR correspondent, Δ, in criticising a remark of ours in the editorial of last week misconceived our meaning. No one would be more inclined than the writer of the editorial to give due credit to the ability of our professor in classics were it not too well known to need panegyric from us. But, admitting his superiority in that department to all other competitors, we have still grounds for regretting that Mr. Allen was unsuccessful. It is quite true, as our correspondent says, that "the graduates of Toronto University are surely not prepared to say that a second-

class Oxford man, who does not make classics his specialty, is to be preferred to a first-class Oxford man and a Fellow of his college there, merely because the former happened to be born in Kingston." But they, just as surely, regret that Mr. Allen, who not only is a fair classic, but, moreover, has such ability and wide culture as to be a metaphysician, a worthy disciple of Herbert Spencer, and the "poet of evolution," in addition to his being born in Kingston, has not attached the name of our university to the fame which his genius is winning him.

THERE seems to be a fair prospect of a consolidation of universities and colleges in the Maritime Provinces. We called attention recently to the rapid development of Dalhousie College, which is, like the University of Toronto, a Provincial institution. The Anglicans have been keeping up King's College in Windsor, but owing to a variety of circumstances, it seems to have declined, and negotiations with a view to amalgamation with Dalhousie have already commenced. The Baptist theological faculty of Acadia College has been consolidated with that of Toronto Baptist College, and there does not appear to be any formidable obstacle in the way of its Arts Faculty coalescing with that of Dalhousie. The Methodists have a nominal college at Sackville, but there has never been any university work worthy of the name done in it. There is no university in Prince Edward Island. There is a university at Fredericton, N.B., and a union of it and Dalhousie might follow a political union of the Maritime Provinces, which seems to be looming up in the not distant future. At all events a consolidation of university interests in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island seems not merely feasible but probable.

SEVERAL interesting letters on "Country Life" have appeared in *The Globe*. The writer is Mr. Thomas Conant, of Oshawa, one of our sturdy Ontario farmers. In these letters Mr. Conant sets forth the advantages and pleasures of country life, and takes it upon himself to defend our Province against the aspersions cast upon her by ignorant strangers. He also gives now and then a pleasing anecdote relating to the manner of life of the early settlers, in which we catch a glimpse of the wealth of historical matter which Mr. Conant could furnish us if he would. It is to be hoped that he and others like him will see to it that valuable information of this nature be not lost to their country. In last week's letter he calls attention to the fact that the beautifully illustrated article in the February number of *The Century*, relating to winter sports in Canada, is not characteristic of Ontario at all. The farmers of this Province know nothing of snow-shoes, toboggans and the like. If foreigners pay any attention to what American magazines and books say about us they will certainly have no very clear ideas of what we are. Wherever a reference is made to Canada, Quebec is almost invariably meant. Such men as W. D. Howells and John Burroughs speak of Canadians as if we were all *habitants*. Our brethren of Quebec may be more picturesque than we, may appeal more strongly to the artistic sentiment of our good friends from Uncle Sam's country, but we desire to protest against this manner of classing us all together, or of quietly ignoring the existence of Ontario altogether.

WE understand that next Friday evening has been set apart by the unanimous decision of the Literary Society for the discussion of the custom of giving prizes for reading

and public speaking in that body. Never was a step more timely or more urgently called for in the interests of the Society. It is notorious that of late years the contests for the prizes have degenerated into mere faction fights of the worst character. Now, such prizes owe their value in the eyes of the public entirely to the supposition that they indicate the possession by the winner of certain qualities, mainly elocutionary, while in reality considerations of an entirely different character largely determine the rewards. Personal popularity and party influence are prominent factors in the result, while instances are not entirely lacking where the prizes have been obtained by the most persistent and shameless intriguing of the winners themselves. This is a lamentable state of affairs, to say the least, but it seems to be irremediable so long as these prizes are awarded by the direct vote of the members of the Society, and so long as an extended suffrage and demagogism are convertible terms. A better plan would be that adopted in some American colleges of placing the decision in the hands of a committee. But there are very serious difficulties in the way of awarding such prizes justly by any method yet discovered, and the injury done by unjust awards is much greater than the benefit derived from just decisions. These objections do not hold in so large a measure in the case of the prizes for essays, since these depend on the judgment of a committee arrived at apart from extraneous considerations or influences. And yet it will be admitted by most thoughtful persons that the general tendency against granting prizes in any such cases is in the right direction. The intellectual work which is deliberately done with a prize in view, is *prima facie* destitute of the most admirable quality, and such as alone would entitle it to a special recognition of this nature.

Editorial and Contributed.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY AND THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

IT would be a mistake to suppose that the Provincial University has any reason to dread the future, whether the scheme of federation becomes an accomplished fact or not. It has a strong hold on the people now and that hold will rapidly become stronger if proper steps are taken to cultivate the people's good opinion. One of the best means of ascertaining the estimation in which it is held is afforded by a comparison of the number of graduates of the different universities who fill the head-masterships in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. In 1865 the Grammar School Act was amended so as to make possession of a degree from some British or Canadian university necessary as a qualification for a head-mastership. In the report of the Education Department for 1866 it is stated that of the 104 head-masterships, Toronto graduates held 16; Victoria 3, Queen's 5, and Trinity 4, the remaining 76 being held by graduates of universities outside of Ontario, or by teachers who continued to qualify on certificates, as those actually engaged in teaching were allowed to do. The following table shows the relative numbers year by year to 1884, and the first month of 1885:—

Year.	Head-Masterships.	Toronto.	Victoria and Albert.	Queen's.	Trinity	Miscellaneous.
1866.....	104	16	3	5	4	76
1867.....	102	24	12	6	2	58
1868.....	101	30	13	10	8	40
1869.....	101	32	13	6	6	44
1870.....	101	33	13	8	8	39
1871.....	102	42	16	8	5	31
1872.....	104	42	19	9	7	27
1873.....	108	43	20	10	8	27
1874.....	108	46	23	8	7	24
1875.....	108	40	19	10	8	31
1876.....	104	45	21	9	3	26
1877.....	104	44	22	7	5	26
1878.....	104	39	24	9	7	25
1879.....	103	45	22	8	4	24
1880.....	105	50	22	11	3	19
1881.....	104	47	23	8	3	13

Year.	Head Masterships.	Toronto.	Victoria and Albert.	Queen's.	Trinity.	Miscellaneous.
1882.....	104	53	22	12	4	13
1883.....	104	52	25	11	6	10
1884.....	103	55	23	12	9	4
1885.....	103	58	20	12	9	4

These statistics show that Toronto University graduates preside over 50 per cent. of the secondary schools, and that the graduates of Toronto and Victoria hold amongst them about 75 per cent. The general tendency of the pupils in any locality is towards the university favored by the head-master, and therefore if Victoria and Toronto unite under the proposed scheme they will soon absorb almost the whole of the University material of the Province.

Should the scheme fail the position of Toronto is nevertheless safe. The proportion of High Schools presided over by her graduates will increase rather than diminish, and she can easily, by a system of local examinations, bring her matriculation within the reach of thousands who would not think of trying to pass it in Toronto. All that is needed is to admit male as well as female candidates to what are now called the "examinations for women," and to grant, irrespective of place, to every candidate who passes in all the subjects of any examination the standing of a fully matriculated undergraduate. Had this been done years ago the position of the university would by this time have been even better than it is. The abolition of the High School intermediate affords now the requisite opportunity, and the university which steps in to fill up the void will reap a rich harvest of students and graduates.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE Montreal Star, which is a persistent advocate of the admission of women into McGill College, has just published a number of answers received recently from heads of Universities to a series of questions submitted to them by the editor respecting co-education. The questions were as follows:—

1. How long has the system of co-education existed in your institution?
2. What is the present number of lady students, and does it tend to decrease or increase?
3. Have you experienced any special difficulty in the way of discipline arising from the admission of women to your classes, or has anything occurred to warrant the inference that mixed classes tend to lower the moral sentiments or injure the character of any of the students?
4. Have your observation and experience in the matter of co-education discovered any valid objection to the system?
5. In your opinion has the experiment of co-education proved a failure, or does it show signs of losing the confidence of the public?

The most interesting of the replies is that of Dr. White, the eminent President of Cornell University. In answer to the first two questions he states that women have been admitted to all the privileges of Cornell for eleven years, and that there are at present in that College about 50 out of a total attendance of 563.

Dr. White answers the third question with a distinct negative and goes on to state that the general feeling, even among those members of the faculty who were opposed to the admission of women, is that the tone of conduct among the young men has been improved thereby. "Young men cannot glory in the same things or talk in the same way when even a small number of ladies are present among them as many would do without such restraint. We all know perfectly well that a public room full of men alone is pretty much at the mercy of any blackguard who chooses to indulge in unbecoming conduct or foul speech. When a woman enters all that is changed." He further testifies that there has been no depreciation of scholarship; that while young women are not as a rule the very best scholars, they are very rarely low down in the list; that both at Michigan and at Cornell the "best womanly characteristics are developed and strengthened" by the mingling of sexes; and that, to sum up, "by the admission of women to University classes men become more manly and women more womanly."

In answer to the fourth question Dr. White admits that he had at first fears for the health of the female students, and he still thinks that there is a danger on this side to be guarded against. Amongst the precautions taken at Cornell are the institution of a gymnasium in which all the young women are

required to take daily exercise under the direction of a skilled teacher of physical culture. A lady of high character and large experience is appointed to act as a "sort of guide, counsellor and friend" to the students, and if any of them show symptoms of declining health they are required to give up their studies temporarily or permanently. On the testimony of the students themselves "their health under this system is better than at home."

Dr. White claims, in answer to the last question, that "the experiment of co-education at various institutions, and especially at the State University of Michigan and at Cornell, has proved a success," and he sees no signs of its losing the confidence of the people, but rather the reverse, for it is slowly gaining in public favor as it becomes more and more understood. He disclaims being "an apostle of the system," and holds himself quite free to judge by the results. He argues that the number of young women who seek a University education will always be small, and that it is absurd to expect that ladies' boarding schools are to be emptied into University classes. "In conclusion," he adds, "allow me to say that the experience of eleven years under this system, here and elsewhere, leads me to believe it a blessing from every point of view, and my observation of the same system at other American Universities strengthens me in this opinion.

W. H.

FRENCH IN CANADA.

(Concluded.)

TURN now to the second division of the subject: *differences in idiom*. It will be at once admitted that this is the most important of the three divisions. If a language has an individuality—a genius of its own—it is in the idiom that we must look for it. New words may be appropriated; meanings and pronunciation may change, but so long as the phrase-forms remain the same *the language* has not changed.

In Canadian-French some very irregular-looking sentences may be found; but their number is so extremely small and they admit of such satisfactory explanation, that the idiom might without qualification be pronounced pure.

Many seeming irregularities—such as *jusqu'à tant que* (for *jusqu'à ce que*); *tant à* (*quant à*); *quant et* or *quant et quant* (*en même temps*)—are nothing more than old French forms, which are preserved in all their vitality not only in Quebec but in Normandy and Picardy also.

The examples given above—the most commonly occurring phrase-irregularities among the common people—were all in their time literary forms used by the best known writers of earlier French. If these are irregularities they are certainly very interesting ones, and are rather to be sought out than shunned. A more serious kind of irregularity is where, through ignorance or carelessness, the sentence becomes ambiguous, as *je m'ennuie de vous* (meaning *je m'ennuie d'être séparé de vous*); *je vous demande excuse*, (*je vous fais excuse*). Such blunders are not common, and are, after all, due rather to confusion of individual words than of idiom.

Transgression of the grammatical code is not the besetting sin of the ordinary *habitant*, still we find such disagreements as *j'avons* (*j'ai*) occasionally. Sometimes, too, the adjective refuses to satisfy the gender-whims of the substantive whose attendant it happens to be, and a slight jarring is the result; but on the whole the grammar runs much more smoothly than the English grammar of corresponding classes in Ontario. Irregularities of idiom due to English influence occur almost exclusively in stereotyped legal phraseology, e. g.: *sous une pénalité de*; *au meilleur de ma connaissance*, etc. These are not heard outside of legal and legislative circles, and there is at present no reason to fear corruption of the French idiom through English influence.

Differences in pronunciation remain to be considered. I shall take up the sounds in alphabetical order: though it may be observed in beginning that *b, f, i, j, k, p, q, s, v, x* and *z*, in all their connections, are precisely the same in Canadian-French as in the literary dialect, so far as I am aware; consequently they will be passed over.

A, not in combination with another vowel, is nearly always pronounced like English *aw* (indicated thus *â* in examples): *je ne sais pas*; *il passe par là*. In rare instances *c* is softened to *g*, and *ch* to *j*: *gavale* (*cavale*); *jeval*, *jevaux* (*cheval*). *D* before a vowel is usually lisped (almost like *dz* with *z* lightly pronounced): *dzit*, *dzu*, *redzuit* (*dit*, *du*, *reduit*). So with *t* before a vowel: *partzi*, *bin assortzi* (*parti*, *bien assorti*). *C, d* and *t* are for the most part very indistinctly pronounced. *E* followed by *r* (not final), and combinations of letters having the sound of *ê* or *é* in literary French (e. g., the terminations *et, ai, ais, ail*) are

commonly pronounced like Fr. *à*: *viarge* (*vierge*); *commarce* (*commerce*); *ouvartement* (*ouvertement*); *projat* (*projet*); *bâla* (*balai*); *jâmais* (*jamais*). *E* with acute accent has not the sound of *a* to my knowledge. *H* is sometimes treated as an aspirate where in the literary language it is mute; but more frequently aspirate *h* is elided: *n'avez-vous pas honte?* (or even *pas d'honte*); *je l'hais*. In order to make words more emphatic *h* is occasionally prefixed: (*h*)*immense*, (*h*)*énorme*. The liquids, *l, m, n, r*, very frequently suffer elision, e. g.: *l* in the termination *able*; *agrêâbe*, *âbominâbe*, *remâsquâbe*. So with *r* in the ending *re*: *Arbe*, (*arbre*, also abbreviated into *âbre* and *âbe*); *autê*, (*autre*). *L*, again, is sometimes represented by *u*: *quenque*, (*quelque*). In the prefixes *em, en, in* the *m* and *n* are often unheard: *ajamber* (*enjamber*); *aveution*, (*invention*); *etendre*, (*entendre*). On the other hand *m* or *n* is not unfrequently inserted after the prefix *a*: *a(n)fin*; *a(n)valer*; *ampât*, (*appât*); *anpauvrir*, (*appauvrir*). In many words *o* gives place to *a*: *nos affences*; *glarifier*; *danner*. *Oir* is always *ouaire* (Eng. *ware*): *tirouaire*, (*tiroir*); *nouaire*, (*noir*); *vouaire*, (*voir*). In addition to the sound of *t* mentioned in connection with *d* rare instances of its displacement by *k* occur: *mékier*, (*métier*); so, too, *d* is replaced by *g* in *guiâbe* (*diable*). Our last letter is *n*, and with some rare exceptions it is like the *n* of literary French. Now and then it appears as *eu* or *a*: *leune*, (*lune*); *preunes* or *pranes*, (*prunes*); "*une jâlie brane*," (*une jolie brune*). Instead of *un, in* is commonly heard: *lindi* (*lundi*), *quenqu'in* (*quelqu'un*).

With regard to pronunciation generally, it may be said that the ordinary French-Canadian appears to have his mouth full of gravel. He will not trouble himself to open his lips more than is absolutely necessary, and consequently his pronunciation is slovenly. His abridgements, too, are striking, e. g.: "*a veut pus*," (*elle ne veut plus*); "*i pâle bin*," (*il, elle parle bien* or *ils, elles parlent bien*); "*sojis la tâbe*," (*sous la table*); "*pâ hempo*," (*par exemple*).

Let us now see what is to be learned from this analysis of Canadian-French; and the reader will please bear in mind that it is mainly the language of the uneducated *habitant* that I have had to deal with here, and not that of the educated Quebecker, who speaks as pure a French, in every respect, as the best of France; though a fastidious Parisian might occasionally detect the slightest difference in the pronunciation of *oir, ai(s)* and *ail*. In examining the vocabulary we found that a very large proportion of the new and adapted words were natural growths—not only natural but necessary. Those that are really useless and barbarous are in most cases so easily recognizable that nobody has the least difficulty in avoiding them if he chooses to do so. The idiom, again,—the vital part of language—is pure, even among the least educated. The pronunciation, while presenting all the peculiarities I have mentioned—though certainly not all in the same locality—is just as truly French as can be found anywhere in France. The peculiarities of pronunciation which seem to change the whole character of the language are the sounds of *a, ai, ais, ail*, and *oir*, discussed above; but these same sounds are just as common in various parts of France. So-called pure French—i. e., the literary—is not found in France except among the highly educated; and educated Canadians speaking this very literary language are not so rare in Quebec as is usually supposed, and they are certainly more accessible there than in Paris. French is French, whether learned from the lips of a Canadian or a Parisian; and vocabulary, idiom and pronunciation are as likely to be pure in one case as in the other. Let no student expect unalloyed purity of language in France; there is no special virtue in its soil or in its atmosphere. In Paris the student must accept or reject the language according as his own judgment tells him it is pure or impure: he has no more to do in Quebec; and the probability is that he will hear fewer impurities of language in Quebec than in Paris. The majority of people met with in either place are not highly educated, but they are not on that account to be shunned. The contempt of the uneducated man's language, so apparent in most of our students of language, is hard to understand. The uneducated man's language differs from that of the educated man, not so much in kind as in extent. Let the student ask himself whether he has proved himself capable of understanding and using *être, avoir, aller*, and *venir* in all their relations before he treats any Frenchman's dialect with contempt; and if he cannot answer the question affirmatively he may profitably learn of the least of the uneducated. The danger in language study lies in choosing not what is too common and colloquial, but what is ultra-literary and unnatural.

Were it not for a false sentiment in social and college circles a student would no more think of going to Paris to learn French than he would of going to London to learn English. As it is, Canadian-French is despised. Because it may be had cheaply it is worthless. This sentiment is almost entirely to blame for the miserable attempt to teach French in so many High Schools of the Province. Nearly all our teachers of French could make it convenient to spend a summer vaca-

tion, or several of them, in Quebec; and certainly if they spend one they would wish to spend more. It is not opportunity that is wanting, but the true spirit of language study.

C. W.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON, M.A., (obit Jan. 7th, 1885).

"Thy leaf has perished in the green."—*Tennyson*.

And so thy work, but scarce begun,
Great soul, intent with earnest eyes
On deeds of worth and high emprise,
E're noon has struck, is passed and done!
Is done and passed! Still it shall live.
E'en as the tree sends shoots again,
So shall thy deeds in struggling men
Stir up new life, and courage give.

* * * * *

To home a blessing, friends a gain,
To Canada a worthy son.
Thy spirit's with us tho' thou'rt gone,
Tho' passed, thy work shall still remain!

—P. H. B.

Toronto, Feb. 1st, 1885.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

WITH your Christmas number lying before me, I did not expect to have any embarrassment in writing to you. What, feel confused and awkward in talking to my dear old 'VARSITY! You come to me indeed in all the splendor of your holiday dress; but that does not make me forget that you are my old familiar friend come to see me. I simply feel proud of your enhanced beauty. When, too, all those non-deplumes and quaint little disguises are kindly made transparent, and I see the "old boys" (of both sexes) joining their thoughts together into such a delightful symposium, the whole 3,000 miles become as nothing, and I see them all again in the 'Varsity halls. I know I don't place them right. Moving about the corridors and chatting on the benches, I see figures who, my good sense tells me, are out in the world now, scattered through various callings and most widely different surroundings. It is very delightful to read on and enjoy these revived college memories. The enjoyment is all the keener that there is a pulling at the heart-strings, "painfully sweet." Where, then, lies the embarrassment? Why not loosen the tongue and talk and talk in garrulous friendship? Well, just as I was looking about to explain this embarrassment, I thought of a picture I once imagined a mad photographer made for himself. He kept one plate upon which he successively stamped the faces of his customers, and, as time went on, he came to have the strangest picture. You could never decide what its real expression was. At first it seemed an old serious man with thoughtful brow and eyes and long white hair, firm mild mouth, and fine sensitive nose; a moment later a different face peeps through. The hair is still long, but it is rippling into curls, and the color is no longer the same. The eyes are blue and bright and the brow is not so heavy and overhanging. A straight little nose, dainty parted lips, dimples, blushes,—I declare, a madien is smiling at you. But what a fright now! Don't look away, pray. Photographer, could ever any such self-condemned villain have voluntarily sat before your camera? But let us stop here; for as we look on, the curious photograph opens up into a long picture-gallery, where the eye aches and the head whirls under the endless fluctuation and succession of faces. And so, in glancing at your face, dear 'VARSITY, to seek inspiration, I experience the strangest bewilderment. First one and then another and then another and another, and a giddy succession of familiar and friendly faces pop up, stay a moment and then away. I sought inspiration, and verily the spirits have come and in numbers to astonish a practised medium. Such a bobbing succession of faces! I can no longer distinguish your head-piece or the table of contents; those faces are "keeping the pot a-boiling" with such mad persistence. Now, I say, how is any regular thinking to be done in this topsy-turvy of images? If this same embarrassment weighs upon your other correspondents, I admire the skill, the genius with which they cut themselves free.—Oh, the flash of an inspiration! I bethink me of a little metaphysical trick. Those haunting faces are tied by a hundred invisible cords to your cover, dear 'VARSITY. Let me hide you away for awhile in my inside coat-pocket.—What a relief! What a fleeing away of cloud upon cloud of visions and the dissolving away of unreal shadow scenery. Like out of a dream I have fallen, fallen, down and down—into my seat here.

Yes, there is no doubt about it, it was a dream, and here I am still sitting in my chair here at the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. "A pretty considerable sized little room," as a Californian friend at my elbow remarks. He has just walked across the floor, and tells me that it comes to exactly 48½ steps. Add two yards all round for a passage not included; consider the room a rough square and my friend short, and the area figurer out tolerably easily. The ceiling is high enough to keep the atmosphere in a fair state of purity. Eight graceful pillars rise up and branch away into domes, and it is through the glass of these domes that our light comes—never inconveniently dazzling at any time. The walls are lined dense and high with books, scrudging shoulder to shoulder. The serried battalions would strike terror into the boldest by their numbers, and they may easily fling out the defiance of the Persians that were they simply to stand unarmed and unresisting their adversaries would lose the battle and die from the fatigue of the slaughter. This feeling of helplessness before this array of books is exaggerated to a feeling of apprehension by a contrivance of ingenious atrocity. I said the light came in from the top. Very good. But if you turn your eyes to the wall above the books, away up under the dome-like roof, you fall under a delightful illusion. Luxuriant tree-tops fling down a refreshing green to your eyes, and they nod coquettishly into the room, and they give you glimpses of a blue sky and beves of snow-white clouds, and birds sailing in silent enjoyment of their liberty, swinging down head-long and eddying away heavenward again, a blissful scene. And we think how perfect it would be to be able to study out in the open air, in a royal garden, with fountains, lawns, arbors, couches, and all manner of recreations—not a relaxing pleasure-paradise, but such as those gardens in Greece and Italy, where ancient Philosophy was nurtured. As we strolled up and down in these gardens, our learning would be a real growth and rounded development. But alas! I was a-dreaming. It is only a deceiving piece of tapestry we see up there. The walls close in upon us like the walls of a well, and the domes press heavier down from the top. Oh, the crushing weight of those walls of books! They lean forward all together, and hang toppling and ready to rush down and annihilate. One dreads lest, some day, some grim infolio up there may give the charge, "Up, boys, and at them!"

Meanwhile, here we sit—two hundred (the books are two million!)—pecking away at little crumbs or grains of knowledge, gratified over our little successes, our microscopic "bonanzas"—a very miserable, laughable sight. And yet, no; it will not do to look at the thing that way. Properly regarded, everything has dignity about it, nothing is contemptible. Consider, then, this place as the hugest sample-depository of human thought upon the globe. The world is thinking away now, and in some form or other the record of its thought is being increasingly made here. The past of our modern nations is irrevocably fixed here; and nations long dead have registered their names and their occupations here. And so, both for comprehending the sum and direction of the world's activity now and for noting all their fluctuations in the past, for reading the past under the fullest light of the present and for looking out into the future with better knowledge of the past, perhaps there is no vantage ground like that offered by this same *Bibliothèque Nationale*. And so I say again that it is a place not to be laughed at nor to be made a matter of jesting.

And now, my dear 'VARSITY, after this sermonizing which was not intended for you, peep out of my pocket and follow my enquiring eye around. What a lot of long tables, are there not? I count sixteen on each side of the broad aisle. Don't you think these arm-chairs are snug and back-easing? Perhaps you don't observe the hot-air pipes that offer at once support and warmth to the feet. From ten to four we are nicely cared for. How did I get this pile of books? Oh, I simply wrote the names upon a slip of paper together with the number of my seat (144), and the books were brought to me. It may seem to you incredible that, though three back-breaking volumes were amongst the number, the man, who was an old hand, did not swear at me. I confess I was prepared for it. It is true all these men wear uniforms, and it may be argued that the uniforms have a subduing, civilizing effect. I don't argue that point. What polite men are the chiefs or main directors of this room. Several times search has been made during a whole afternoon for a volume, the exact indications for which I was not able to give; and they put themselves to the trouble to come and express their regret that it could not be found that day, but that to-morrow the search would be renewed and the book found if it took all winter. They have a just pride in their library, those gentlemen, and are much disgusted when they have not any book asked for.

But it is time now to take a look at the persons for whom all these preparations are made. In the first place, they are half of them foreigners. One of the genial librarians assured me of this as I chatted with him one afternoon. Rather than National, the library should be called International, and the name would be nobler as well as truer.

Again, these 200 persons are arranged in no order whatsoever, and

their studies can be arranged under no system. If you were to take a big sheet of paper and on it draw short lines, indicating by position the position of each person; by color, his nationality; by breadth, his age; by direction, the subjects of his studies; by length, the depth or superficiality of these latter, I imagine the sheet would very much resemble one of our maps of the heavens, out of which you might indeed contrive a few figures and hieroglyphics, but which after all would remain an image of inextricable disorder. You might question and syllogize about those lines and seek for laws that might be responsible for their arrangement; but I should not wish to encourage you nor risk a cent in wagering on your success, though you should have all the ingenuity of all the astrologers combined, together with that of those other persevering gentlemen, their successors, who seek for the Laws of History.

No admirable arrangement of the whole being discoverable, let us glance at a few random individuals. As representative of the ladies (about a dozen, in all), will you look at that "slip of a thing" to my right, whom, with apologies for the profanation, I must call No. 137. Barricaded behind books, and stooping over in that injurious way, she is safe from your curious glances. Where she comes from, what she is studying, what her ambitions are, I do not know, as I must answer with regard to nearly all who come here. Strangers we are brought together from who knows where; after a short interval we separate, and are strangers still.

There is that gentleman in front of me about whom I am much concerned. For months he has been reading nothing but books on blindness, hospitals, insanity, &c., &c. With appalling perseverance he wades through the serried ranks of statistics. Joseph Cook said that a few weeks' reading of spiritualistic books was enough to drive a man insane. The diseased mathematics of my friend opposite must soon begin to tell. The Californian to my right has been having an exclusive diet of Chemical Encyclopedias for at least six months. I have warned him in vain, and predict another victim. Seat No. 144 soon threatens to be untenable.

Right in front of me, two tables ahead, you may see two men and a young lady. The two men are arguing. The old one, with silver hairs, evidently the father of the girl, is gaining an easy victory over his young blushing opponent. The old man is in the flush of triumph, careering over the field, carrying one after another the last feeble defences of the enemy. Things were not always thus. About a month ago, the two used to come alone, and in those times, day after day, the old man was cornered, and shamefully beaten; until one day, happy thought, he brought this fair auxiliary. Then I noticed that the young man's vigor was weakened. The battles became drawn-battles. Then the old man maintained some trifling advantages, and the degeneracy of his opponent went on at a frightful pace. At last, to the sorrow of all who uphold and believe in the valor of young men, he it said that the old man and the fair auxiliary often came to the field, and marched and counter-marched, but found not their discomfited, lily-livered opponent. Dear 'VARSITY, would not our heroes have acted nobler and fought on like Spartans, indifferent to the odds against them?

That man to the left over there is not of the race of the Papuans, of whom it is said in the ethnology books that the teeth of their combs are $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. You might bring to witness the plates in Prichard and say that in the name of the Science of Ethnology you call that man a Papuan of the most pronounced type: you might ask me to look at that microcephalic skull, the brush-heap of crisp, stiff, black, greasy hair, the bleached skin, but though I may be threatened with a heretic's dungeon I must say what I believe to be true. He may indeed be a Papuan now (I don't argue that), but before he was a Papuan he was an Artist, and before he was an Artist he was a Caucasian. More and more I am learning the immense importance of customs and habits of thought as factors in the formation of ethnological types.

I should like, dear 'VARSITY, to consider others of our number, each of whom presents subject for much profitable thought. But my time is short, and the time of your readers also, and moreover the scene before me is shifting and changing in its multitudinous combinations and disorders every day, and so the task is endless. This is a quiet scene externally, just as the coils in your electric battery are quiet and impassive. Touch any of the wires, however, and see if there is not a rushing activity beneath. I know for a fact that much of the life that flashes in French journalism and vivifies French politics has first run quietly along here. Authors are quietly working away around me. Over there, I see Emile Zola crushing up some dry old chronicles, and you know that he is storing up force for to-morrow or another day. Oh, the very air is electric with the simultaneous working of these many brains, and tramping along in the march you forget your own fatigue, you are lifted up and swept along, and the stimulus and the profit of each day is simply incalculable.

ROBERT BALMER.

Paris, Jan. 25, 1885.

TOO MAS-CU-LINE.

The talk of a country quilting bee,
Last week submerged our universitee,
And deluged the ladies whose lights there shine,
With the words "How mas-cu-line!"

FULL CHORUS (*sadly, but with snap*):

"Oh, yes, it's too mas-cu-line!
Very much too mas-cu-line!
With no such proceeding we can't ever jine,
It is too mas-cu-line!"

"They take the same courses as men," said one;
"And they're in dead earnest—they don't go for fun;
"Such doings as them is an awful bad sign,"
"Its far too mas-cu-line!"

FULL CHORUS (*shudderingly*):

"Oh, yes," etc.

"A woman should stick to her husband and sewin',"
"What *he* can't tell her she can go without knowin',"
"A woman ought never to have any spine,"
"That is too mas-cu-line!"

FULL CHORUS (*with renewed vigour*):

"Oh, yes," etc.

"Them gals, if they know'd it, are workin' their ruin,"
"A gal should do nothin' but bakin' and stewin'";
"Or she never will twine, like the oft-quoted vine,
Around somebody mas-cu-line!"

FULL CHORUS (*more in sorrow than anger*):

"Oh, yes," etc.

"Did you know some of them are to graduate?"
"No, no; that's too much!" "It's as sure as fate!"
"Well, they shan't 'sociate with no daughter of mine,
"I would make her too mas-cu-line!"

FULL CHORUS (*more in anger than sorrow*):

"Oh, yes," etc.

A. E. W.

DREAMING.

Sleep, oh, sleep, thou maiden fair,
Wrapped in thy golden hair;
On thy lip a sweet smile beams
From the sunlight of thy dreams,
Whilst thy lover, o'er the sea,
Calmly sleeps in thought of thee.
Soon the rude awak'ning day
Scatters all these dreams away,
Till the kindly night once more
Wafts each kiss to either shore.

J. H. BURNHAM.

University and College News.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

BEFORE seven o'clock yesterday evening a large number of people had assembled at the main entrance waiting for the opening of the doors. From that hour until after eight, a continuous stream of youth, beauty, and fashion poured into our stately University buildings, intent upon enjoying the varied attractions which are characteristic of our conversazioni.

The objective point was, of course, Convocation Hall, where the concert was to take place. Passing in at the vestibule, the guests were met by those members of the reception committee who were not too busy pinning on their badges—which they became very well—and who did the duty assigned to them with gallantry and assiduity.

After the "utter inadequacy of Convocation Hall had been again demonstrated"—or, in other words, when about one-third of the assembled guests had found seats and standing room in Convocation Hall—the Rev. Father Teefy, President of the Literary Society, in a few well-chosen words, called upon Dr. Wilson to take the chair. The

learned President immediately requested Mr. Torrington to commence the performance of the cantata, *Frithjof*.

The scene upon the platform was brilliant and imposing. The orchestra, consisting of over thirty picked musicians, and the College Glee Club, to the number of about seventy, resplendent in dazzling shirt fronts, were seated on raised seats behind the orchestra. At 8.15 Mr. Torrington, raised his baton, and the overture to *Frithjof* was begun. Throughout the performance of the orchestra was characterized by vigor and brilliancy, though there was a slight tendency to play too loud. In several instances the orchestra overpowered the solo voices. The Bridal March, in Scene II., was rather spoiled, by the unaccountable absence of the cornet. Too much praise cannot be given to the gentlemen who played the French horns. This part of the orchestra is one of the most valuable, though usually also one of the most unreliable sections. But it gave entire satisfaction throughout last night's performance.

The honors of the evening clearly belong to Mr. A. E. Stoddard, who came to us from New York, and whose singing showed the true artist and musician. Mr. Stoddard possesses a magnificent baritone voice, which was heard to great advantage in the beautiful solo, "World's Grandest Region, thou Mighty North." This was sung with exquisite expression and feeling, and drew forth a warm response from the audience. The other selections allotted to *Frithjof* were most artistically sung. Miss Hardmann, who took the part of *Ingeborg*, sang her principal number, the "Lament," with great tenderness and delicacy, and created a most favorable impression. Of the Glee Club's performance we can speak only in terms of the most unqualified commendation. They sang the various choruses with that dash and vim which are characteristic of societies trained by Mr. Torrington. Their most effective pieces were "Thou Mighty North, Farewell," and "Now hold high your Lances." This latter was rendered in magnificent style, and elicited enthusiastic applause. The solo quartette in Scene IV., "Sun in the Sky," by Messrs. Frost, Gordon, Kent and Brown, was exceedingly well sung. Mr. Torrington conducted with his accustomed ability and success.

After the customary intermission the second part of the programme was begun by the orchestra playing the overture "*La Gazza Ladra*" by Rossini. Miss Hardman sang Verdi's well known "Ermani Involarni." Miss Churchill recited "Hiawatha's Wooing" with marked success. Her rendering of the old Arrow Maker's soliloquy after the departure of Minnehaha, was very effective. She was encored, and responded with a humorous selection. The orchestra, assisted by Miss Kerr, played Mendelssohn's first Concerto in G minor. The Octette—Dudley Buck's setting of "Annie Laurie"—was one of the most successful pieces on the programme. Miss Alice Cummings contributed an excellent piano solo, "Polacca Brillante" (Weber-Liszt). Mr. Stoddard's selection was Corrisimi's "Vittoria mio core," which was encored. The concert was brought to a close by a Duo for flute and piano, rendered by Mr. C. E. Saunders—one of our undergraduates—and Miss M. Blackwell. Mr. Saunders is a flautist of more than ordinary ability, and is quite an acquisition to the musical talent of our University. The Queen's Own Band, stationed at the main entrance, played a number of popular selections in good style.

Of the decorations, we can only say that they were not up to those of last year. But we desire to compliment the students of the School of Practical Science upon the really admirable display made by them in the South Reading Room. The decorations in the Library were very effective, and reflected the excellent taste of Mr. J. M. Baldwin, the popular and efficient senior assistant.

CONVERSAZIONE NOTES.

Those who kept their coats and hats on, and who put their overshoes in their pockets, declare that the conversazione of 1885 was concluded at 11.30. Those who wended their way home arrayed in high collar and somebody else's odd overshoe, affirm that it was not brought to a close till 3 a.m.

The following list of articles, found around the building, has been sent to us for publication: 150 overshoes, 3 of them pairs; 23 overcoats, nothing in the pockets; the remains of 239 stiff hats, 2 whole brims and 1 hat band; 60 canes; 1 cotton umbrella; 13 pocket handkerchiefs, unmarked; 1 shirt bosom; 1001 "complimentary" allusions to the dressing-room committee. The above will be auctioned off if not claimed by the owners within 24 hours.

The only unpleasant feature of the evening's performance was due to the mismanagement of the dressing-rooms. The committee should have seen that the persons whom they engaged to attend to this most important matter were in their places at the proper time, and, failing this, the members of the committee themselves should have assumed their duties. The guests of the evening were certainly entitled to greater courtesy than they received in this particular.

ECHOES FROM THE CORRIDORS.

Bravo, Glee Club.—*Prof. Torrington*.
Did yer git yer hat, Dinnis?
Why didn't the dressing-room committee take a leat out of the book I left here five years ago?—*F. F. Manley*.
Who occupied that red gown?
Did you see my little cap?—*Prof. Young*.
And mine?—*Bishop O'Mahony*.
There seems to be a little confusion here.—*Dr. Wilson at the storming of the East Dressing Room*.

Y. M. C. A.—The number at the prayer meeting on Thursday was not so large as usual. Mr. Gilmour, the leader, read part of the 17th chapter of the Acts, and proceeded to give an address on missions in China. He referred to the three leading religions of China, Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism, characterizing them respectively as moral, materialistic and metaphysical. Superstition is wide-spread and deeply rooted, forming a great barrier to the progress of missions. Various reasons for this were given, notably bad government, filthy habits, teaching of the priests, menial position of women, and the opium habit. The only hope of raising this country, with its four hundred million inhabitants, from its present degraded condition lies in the power of the Gospel. The cause is not a hopeless one. If the work goes on at its present rate, the church of Christ in 1913 will have 26,000,000 adherents in China. The speaker closed by alluding to the great responsibility under which we all lie to help on the work, if not by actual labor in that distant land, at least by earnest prayer and Christian sympathy. Mr. Reid mentioned some interesting facts with respect to the geography and population of the country, showing that at least four times the population of our own Dominion have not even had the chance of hearing the Gospel. Mr. Haviland gave an interesting sketch of the progress of missions since their commencement in the beginning of the century. There are now 357 established missionaries and light is surely breaking over the whole of this benighted land. Mr. McLeod in a few words closed the discussion, fittingly referring to the text, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

When prominent men are solicited for subscriptions to the building fund of our proposed hall, one of their foremost questions is concerning the amount the University students themselves feel disposed to contribute. It will be seen that \$1,000 would only be one-eighth of the total cost of the building, and this is the sum the committee of the Y. M. C. A. hope to obtain from undergraduates. These subscriptions are to be payable in October. By obtaining six or seven thousand dollars in April and May, as we hope to do, a sufficient sum will be on hand to carry on the work during the vacation, and on the return of the students in the fall their contributions will be sufficient to complete the project. Although no regular canvas has been instituted, the committee are happy to acknowledge the following:—A. J. McLeod, \$20; J. C. Tolmie, \$10; C. A. Webster, \$10; J. J. Elliott, \$10; H. R. Fraser, \$10; J. McD. Duncan, \$10; T. H. Rogers, \$10; J. McP. Scott, \$10; J. N. Elliott, \$10; W. H. Bradley, \$10; J. A. McMillan, \$10; J. L. Gilmour, \$10. Students who feel it their duty to subscribe are requested to favor the President or any other member of the committee with the amount of their contribution, if possible during the coming week.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—At the meeting of the Club on Wednesday afternoon Mr. Sykes presided. The programme was entirely devoted to American literature. Mr. T. Rowan read an essay on Whittier, in which he gave the distinguishing characteristics of the poet with illustrations from his works. An essay was read by Mr. A. F. Chamberlain on William Cullen Bryant. He classified his works, and gave a critical analysis of the most important of them. Bryant's distinguishing characteristics are: His love of nature, his strong religious sentiments, and his intense patriotism. Readings were given by Mr. J. B. Holden from Bryant's "Antiquity of Freedom," and Mr. J. E. Jones from the "Bigelow Papers." The meeting closed with a discussion on "The dialectic varieties of English peculiar to North America."

KNOX COLLEGE.—The last public debate of the session took place on Friday, 6th inst. The chair was occupied by Professor Young, who after a clear summary of the arguments advanced by both sides, gave his decision in favor of the affirmative—"That public opinion is a safe guide to legislation." The audience was large and apparently appreciative. The Glee Club gave a concert in the West Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening. Huge volumes of vapor bursting from number eleven greeted the observation of the students returning from the dining-hall yesterday morning. The excitement became intense as the rumor gained currency

that dynamite had at last gained an entrance within our peaceful walls. Closer inspection, however, revealed the fact that a steam pipe had given way to the severe frost of the previous night.

The discussions around the fourth year table have taken such an ultra-metaphysical turn that the mathematical element is in grave danger of being subsumed and disintegrated by the heterogeneous conjunction of dialectical disquisition on the analytical transcendentalism.

TORONTO MEDICAL SCHOOL.—At the last regular meeting of the T. S. M. Medical Society, Mr. Carr occupied the chair. After the business of the evening was transacted Mr. Howell read an excellent paper on the subject of "Jaundice," taking up the etiology, pathology, and treatment of the disease in a most thorough manner. The next meeting will be held on the 20th inst., when Dr. W. W. Ogden will address the Society on "Medical Ethics."

Editor's Table.

The Educational Weekly of this city is one of our most highly valued exchanges. In variety and uniformity of excellence its editorial columns are not surpassed in the field of educational journalism. Indeed, so far it compares very favourably in every particular with the best journals of this class in Britain and the United States. Its editors, Mr. J. E. Bryant and Mr. T. A. Haultain, are distinguished graduates of Toronto University, and right loyal they are to their Alma Mater. The articles in *The Educational Weekly* on the University confederation question are among the very best which the question has called forth. We wish our new contemporary all the success it deserves.

The two following paragraphs appeared in *The Educational Weekly* of the 29th January :

"If, then we lose the classics as a basis of education we must fall back upon English. There is always a sort of undefined basis to education, and the transition from classics to English means only a change of foundation, not a removal. Nor do we see much to be deplored in this change of basis—rather, we may say, much may be gained. For, first, all that is sublime in the ancient Greek and Latin authors is in these days preserved for us in our own mother tongue by translations of exceeding merit; second, their elegance of diction is rivalled, if not surpassed by writers speaking the language with which we are most intimate; and third, that systematic study of the construction of a language, a factor of such inestimable importance in training the mind, is as feasible in English as it is in Latin or Greek."

"Prof. Lucius Heritage, of the State University of Wisconsin, insists that the way in which the child picks up an acquaintance with his vernacular tongue is not necessarily the best way for the acquisition of a new language by a mature mind. His opinions, we think, are well founded. The objects for which a child learns Latin and Greek, and the objects for which he learns French and German, are dissimilar. The one is a training for the mind; the other cannot be called so. He may be said truly to "pick up an acquaintance" with the latter from his French governess and his German master. It is the *system* in the ancient languages, the study of which is the muscle-giving exercise to the mind, that makes the acquisition of them so beneficial."

It would be interesting to know whether these statements are in harmony or not. If they are, will the Editor be good enough to explain how it is that French and German are so much inferior to Latin, Greek, and English in the matter of mental discipline? Would he please explain why "the one is a training for the mind; the other cannot be called so?"

We are not jesting; this is an important matter, and demands a more thorough discussion than the Editor has seen fit to bestow on it.

The employees of the Massey Manufacturing Co. have, with commendable enterprise, entered the journalistic field. A specimen copy of their *Trip Hammer* has been received, which, though small, is creditable, giving promise of worthy work. It is purposed to use the paper to aid in "crushing every evil which obstructs the way of labour on its journey to better, higher and nobler things." Literature is not neglected.

Drift.

In his recent article in the *Atlantic* on R. W. Emerson, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says:—"Mr. Emerson is a born poet but not a born singer. The great poets are judged by the frame of mind they induce and this test he stands well, but when he would sing his muse picked her way as did his speech in conversation and lecturing."

Men change their minds as completely as women, but not so often, and above all not so quickly. To be unchangeable is the quality of the idiot; to change too easily belongs to children and lunatics; and the happy faculty of a sensible judgment, permitting a change for the better and forbidding a change for the worse, is the high privilege of the comparatively small class of humanity who are neither fools nor madmen.

—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

BALLAD.

Music, when soft voices die,
Lives within the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

—SHELLEY.

Critics who, from a spurious good nature, unduly praise a work of art or literature, really do a cruel injury to deserving authors and artists by bringing their merits into an unworthy comparison with inferior powers. Evil of this sort, however, is apt to bring its own penalty. Directly a critic is even suspected of unfairness his influence is broken.—*Chambers' Journal*.

NEW MEXICO.

A dark-hued lizard on the dark-hued sand;
A rock; a short gray tree; an earth built hut.
Around, an edgeless plain; above, an equal sky,—
She sits and dreams. The whiteless blue of heaven
Comes down to meet the greenless brown of earth,
And compasses her dreams.

—E. HOUGH, in *The Current*, (Feb. 7).

It is interesting to know that whereas, formerly, men went to the universities only to prepare for the professions, now, many business men, merchants and manufacturers, and even well-to-do farmers and tradesmen, are giving their boys the advantage of the higher education, although destining them to follow their own pursuits.—*The Overland Monthly*.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Far, vague, and dim
The mountains swim;
While, on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands. . . .

Over the rail
My hand I trail,
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence. . . .

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

—THOMAS BUCHANAN REID.

Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave; it is not *catechism* but *drill*. It is not teaching the youth of England the shape of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continuance of their bodies and souls.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

Place-aux-Dames.

The Merrill Prize of \$800 at Colby, was won this year by a lady.

Miss Alice E. Freeman, now president of Wellesley College is but 28 years old.

She—I don't think I shall go rowing with you again. He—Why not, pray? She—Because you only hugged the shore.—*Rutgers Targum.*

It is expected that the presidency of Girton College will be given to Mrs. Fawcett, the widow of the Postmaster-General of Great Britain.

Dean Burgan says: "God has forsaken Oxford University since women have been admitted to its examinations."

A petition for co-education was presented to the trustees of Adelbert College, Cleveland. It was seventy-two feet long and contained 4,000 names. The trustees decided in favor by a vote of 12 to 6.

A circular recently issued by Cornell College says: "Young women bear the strain of mental work quite as well as young men, and there is no more sickness among them; moreover a large percentage of them complete the course and graduate; and the average scholarship among them is higher than among young men. This fact does not necessarily imply mental superiority; it results, doubtless, from the greater regularity with which they apply themselves to their work."

Communications.

MR. GRANT ALLEN.

To the Editor of THE 'VARSITY.

SIR,—I am sorry to see in the last 'VARSITY a repetition of the "regret that Toronto University, through some inconceivable short-sightedness, failed to secure the services of such world-renowned men as Huxley and Grant Allan." About the former name there can be no doubt, but is it so of the latter?

We wanted a first-class Professor of Classics to succeed Dr. McCaul. Mr. Grant Allen not only took only a second-class standing at his final Oxford examination, but Classics is not his speciality. He went out to Jamaica as Professor of Mental and Moral Science to a College for training colored youths. He is the avowed disciple of Herbert Spencer, to whom one of his books is dedicated in very strong terms; and it is as a Spencerian student of Darwin that he chiefly writes. He may therefore be the right man to succeed Professor Young or Professor

Ramsay Wright; but the graduates of Toronto University are surely not prepared to say that a Second Class Oxford man, who does not make Classics his specialty, is to be preferred to a First Class Oxford man, and a Fellow of his College there, merely because the former happened to be born in Kingston. Δ.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

To the Editor of THE 'VARSITY.

SIR,—The project for the construction of a new Y. M. C. A. Building originated last fall has taken definite direction and now bids fair to be successfully accomplished. The support which has been received by friends of the College and the Association has been most encouraging. About \$1200 has already been subscribed outside of the College.

It must be apparent that if persons not connected with the college are to be expected to give aid in carrying out this plan, undergraduates and especially members of the Association must be willing to do their share. Unless we help ourselves, we can scarcely expect to receive aid from others.

Nearly \$100 has already been subscribed by undergraduates, though no regular canvass has yet been undertaken. Is it too much to expect \$1,000 from 350 students of University College for what will be a permanent benefit? The liberal response made by all who have been asked for subscriptions leads me to hope that there will be no difficulty in obtaining the above sum from the students of University College. It would be quite unlike their liberality and enthusiasm in supporting College institutions to allow this enterprise to fail for want of support from them.

If it is true that "he gives twice who gives quickly," it is certainly true that those will give twice who do so without waiting to be solicited. Those in charge of this enterprise are men whose time is very valuable, and those who do not wait to be solicited add to the value of their contribution by saving the time of hard-worked men.

I do not wish to say anything concerning the benefits arising from the erection of this building. These have already been sufficiently discussed—and by no one more fully than by the last year's President of the Y. M. C. A. I only desire to ask undergraduates to find out the man appointed to receive subscriptions from members of their own year and inform him of the amount they wish to contribute.

February 11th, 1885.

J. McD. DUNCAN.

VENTILATION.

To the Editor of THE 'VARSITY.

SIR,—In your article in the last number of the 'VARSITY, you omitted one very important want, viz., ventilation. The ventilation, or rather the lack of ventilation, of the College is simply detestable. There is no provision whatever for continuous ventilation, and that sometimes afforded by opening the windows cannot be obtained on stormy or rainy days. Hence, on a moderately mild day, the air of the reading room is redolent with classical savours of the very worst kind, so that study is rendered nearly impossible and health becomes injured.

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