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# Octa Victoriana

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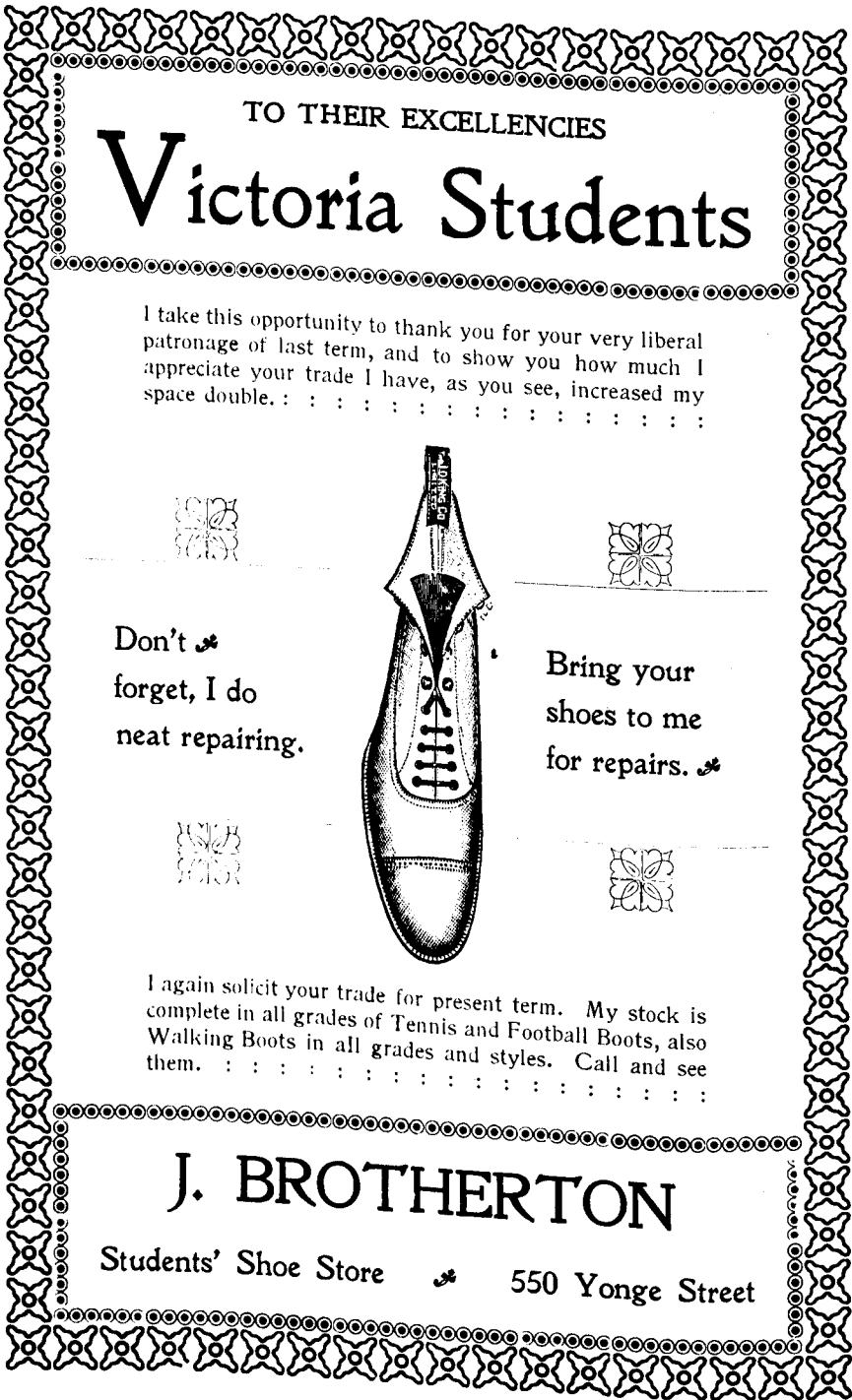
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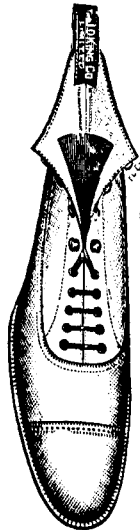
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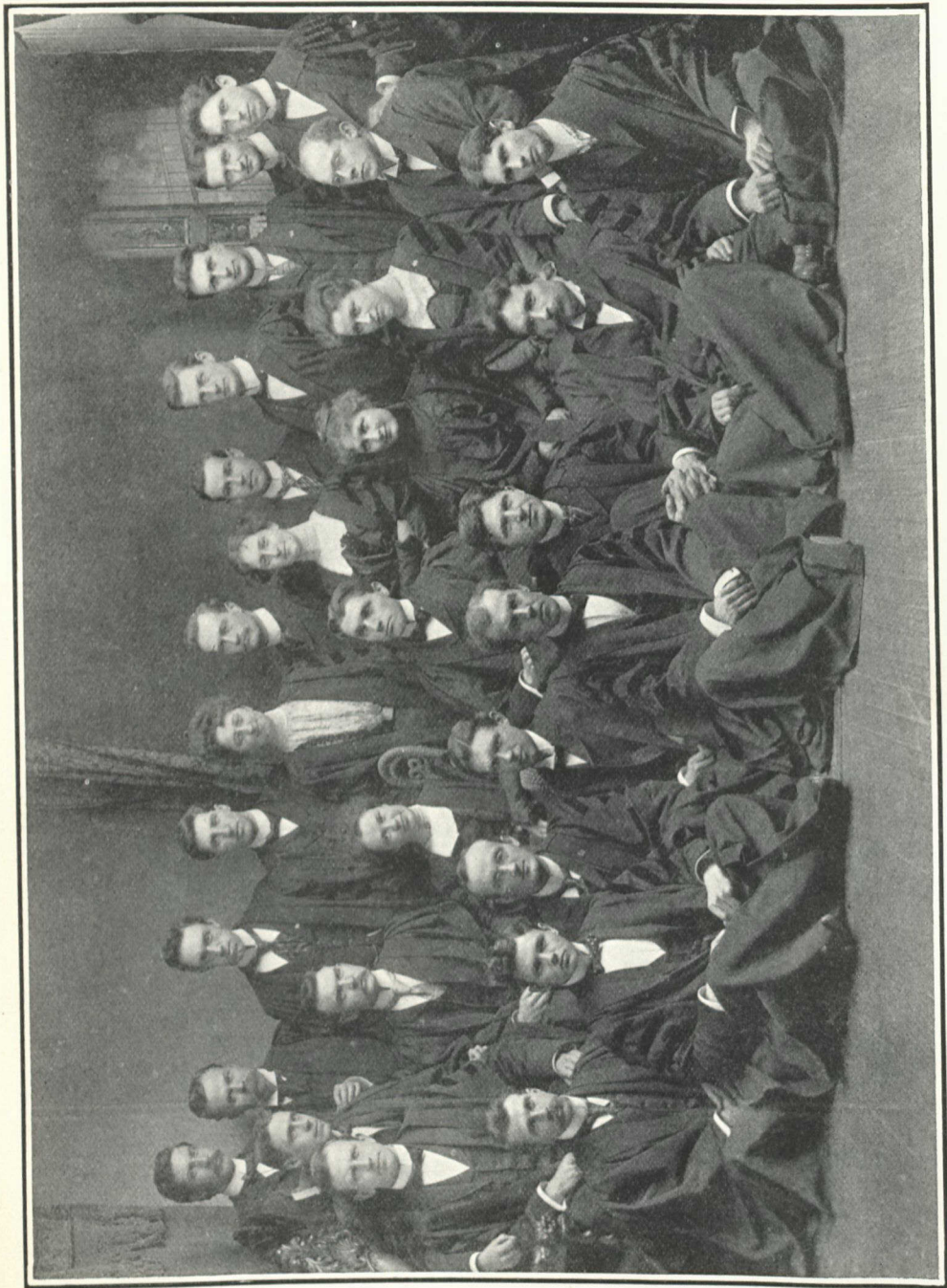
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### Evening Prayer.

*(From the German.)*

T IRED am I, and go to rest,  
Now I close my weary eyes;  
Father, let Thy orbs of light  
On my pillow rest to-night.  
If to-day, in heart or mind,  
I have sinned, O Father, kind,  
See it not, for Jesus' blood  
With Thy mercy makes it good.  
May all earth hold of my kin  
In Thy hand rest free from sin,  
Human beings great and small,  
Pray Thee guard them one and all.  
Send the sick at heart repose,  
Gently tired eyelids close,  
Let the moon in heaven shine,  
Peace be o'er this world of Thine.

M. E. POWELL, '01.



## Reminiscences of Camp and Field.

WHEN at Wynberg hospital, some eight miles by rail from Capetown, there lay in the cot next to mine as true an Irishman as ever breathed. Pat—Pat Donegan—by us called “Patsy Mick,” was tall and burly, red-headed, and endowed with a heavy brogue. He had been smashed by a bullet in the vicinity of the shin-bone, during one of the numerous battles around Ladysmith; had been sent down to Wynberg for treatment, and had been made the happiest man in camp by having his diet board marked “E.”—for England. Pat could neither read nor write, and his pent-up feelings, finding no other vent, stirred him in the wee small hours of the night, till he rose in his pyjamas and blossomed forth into an orator. He stood at the foot of his bed, on the bare boards, gesticulating wildly, and working his ugly mug in such a comical way that we could not lose patience with him. He was worth a dozen tonics. One thing stands out prominently amongst the thousand rambling statements he made.

“Fait, bhoys,” and he perspired as he said it, “the divil himself wud’nt come to this counthry. Nixt toime they git Pat away from home, shure Oi’ll go to jail furrst. Whoi, an’ Oi ain’t no big man at all, Oi don’t pretend to be; but it’s only roight that thim as made these foights shud have to foight ’em. Let Joey Chamberlin git his mout all shtuck up fer want iv a dhrink, an’ his leg smashed, an’ a galloper (the adjutant) come along an’ say, “D——n it, man, lave that wather alone,” an’ thin see if he wants to foight. It ain’t roight, bhoys, so it ain’t!”

And neither it was. Pat was scarcely right himself when he thought that “Ould Hornie” wouldn’t go to Africa; to my eyes the country seemed full of him. The sand, the water, the heat and the very people bore a stamp that resembled somewhat the too prevalent “made in Germany”; but the last word was altered.

Quite in contrast to Pat’s expressions were those of one of the Welsh Fusiliers. Over the Modder River, just where the heavy guns of the naval brigade had been placed while shelling Magersfontein, the wounded from the first battle of Paardeberg had to be carried on stretchers, to be laid down in the baking sun until transport could be provided. As I helped poor “Taffy” to a more comfortable position, and carried him the red water of the Modder in my service cap, he grew quite friendly. He told me of the marching, the fighting and the terrible end; of the row of bullet-holes, stretching from right to

left, that almost pierced his stomach in two, and then, as I was leaving him to lend a hand to some others, he faintly whispered, "When do you think I can get back at them?" Poor lad! I fear that it was not long after that ere he went to join the ranks of the heroic dead, who have laid down their lives in Africa, that an unselfish principle of liberty might be upheld.



VICTOR W. ODLUM, '03.

*Our Soldier Student in South Africa.*

Thus, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the British soldier proves himself a hero at heart. Tommy is despised, is cut, is loathed; he has brought this upon himself, knows that he has, and has settled down quite resignedly to earn all the loathing that he is to receive—and perhaps a little more. He is, morally, a coward; he is ignorant, lazy, and full of vice. But, nevertheless, when the time of test comes,

that spark, away down at the bottom of the heart, seldom fails to be aroused ; it glows and blossoms forth into true, simple heroism.

The testing time is not the hour when bullets are flying, or when shells are screaming and bursting overhead. We have often read that the novice, no matter how brave, trembles and blanches when first stepping on to the battlefield. If such ever were the case, it has ceased to be so now. My own experience, coupled with what I have learned from that of others, enables me to say that the first sensations are almost identical with those felt by a youthful athlete when he walks unto the campus for his initial game in senior company—a little nervous, a little apprehensive, and a great deal excited.

At Israel's Poort we were climbing a wire fence under fire, when a friend of mine, some distance away, rose from the position where he had been lying, and looked around ; almost instantly he fell. It was not until some hours afterward that we learned that Joe Defoe was dead, shot through the throat ; then the reaction came, and we missed Joe.

So it always is. After the battle, when the wounded are brought in, when friends are reported missing, when the " Fall in ! " sounds and the soldier finds himself in a new place, shifted to fill a gap—then he feels sad and lonely, and then are performed the innumerable little golden deeds which, in spite of his faults, make us love Tommy Atkins in war time.

An instance may be given—an instance in which the two actors were very good friends of mine. Big, honest John Smith, of Thamesford, the finest non. com. in the regiment, was shot through the thigh at Paardeberg. John, by the way, was Corporal of the right half of number three section, " B " Company, in which half section Harry Lane, of Woodstock, and I were privates. Lane heard of Smith's wound, provided himself with a canteen of strong tea, and took his stand in a position where the wounded would have to pass as they were brought in from the field. For hours he waited, until, finally, his patience was rewarded, and he had the pleasure of quenching John's thirst, and of making a staunch friend for life.

We all suffered a loss when, at Zand River, a bullet found its way through the left shoulder of George Leonard, passing close to his heart. When I saw the marks of agony on his face (he was not then dead) I felt sick and sad at the whole thing. Well do I remember one wet, cold night in Bloemfontein, shortly after our entrance into that city. Lane, Leonard and I were sleeping under a shelter, built of two blankets and two rifles ; the rain was pouring down, and the water

was running through our beds in streams ; it was about four o'clock in the morning when a hand pulled back the blanket at my end, and shoved in a big, dried apricot pie—entirely unsweetened—but pie. I wakened the other two, and together we feasted as we had not done before for a long, long time. It was to Archie McColl, of the Toronto police force, that we owed that banquet.

Much has been written and spoken of the treatment of our sick and wounded in the field hospitals of Africa ; to me, it was always a cause of wonder that the arrangements could be so complete, and so well carried out as they were, wherever I had an opportunity of viewing them. Considering the difficulties to be overcome—difficulties of time, of distance, and of rapid movement—the field hospitals were much better managed and equipped than one should reasonably expect while on an active campaign. True, the orderlies were, as a rule, inveterate thieves ; but this is a circumstance for which those in authority cannot be blamed, and one which can only be remedied by a great deal of additional red tape—a remedy far worse than the evil itself.

Passing from Africa, with its rapidly shifting scenes, we were glad to put foot on board the *Umbria* for Southampton. On the voyage, an interesting little incident occurred. At St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, we stopped for coal, and lighters came alongside. A little three-foot black lad, standing on one of the lighters, looked up appealingly at the passengers far above him, held up some nicknacks on strings, and piped out shrilly “ Hi you, there ; buy shells ? ” How he hoped to deliver his wares was a mystery never solved.

VICTOR W. ODLUM, '03.

## Cosmopolitan Citizenship vs. Patriotism.

*Motto: Homo sum!*

I AM fully aware that at the present time, when national feeling is running high in this country, it is rather unpopular to say or write anything against “ patriotism ” ; however, it will be evident from these lines that exception is taken only to a certain kind of patriotism, or rather to its excrescences.

If we define “ patriotism ” in a rough-and-ready way, we might say that it is love for one's country ; and, as far as that is concerned, no objections can be raised ; but, if we love father, mother, brother and sister, does it imply that we hate other people ? However, the element

of hatred or, at least, of slight contempt for other nations, is generally involved in patriotism. We pride ourselves on being English, German or French, because each of us thinks that his nation is superior to any other. The Germans claim a superiority in the realm of philosophy and science, forgetting that there was a Newton and Darwin. The French have always considered themselves the torch-bearers of civilization, par excellence; yet they have never gained such large tracts of arable land from forest and wilderness as the English and Americans. England thought herself unequalled in the domain of industry and commerce; but during the last two decades a mighty rival has arisen to her in Germany. I do not think it is judicious for any nation now-a-days to claim a superiority over another in any department, for two main reasons:

1. Because we may not be able to form a correct estimate of the resources of foreign countries.
2. Because in these times of rapid progress the weak points in the material or mental development of a nation may be strengthened, so to speak, "over night."

Up to this time almost all the European nations have looked upon China as scarcely within the pale of civilization. "The heathen Chinese" has been the object of pity and ridicule on this continent, from the time he first made his appearance; and kind-hearted men and women, full of missionary zeal, started for China to teach and convert "the poor benighted pagans." But there, as well as in the East Indies, many missionaries made the experience that the people were not at all impressed with a sense of their inferiority in religion or culture; that both the Hindoos and the Chinese might justly claim to enjoy a far older civilization than we Europeans—their religious and philosophical systems, as well as their literature, being as old as any of the written records of the human race. It is true, the Christian missionaries made a great many converts in spite of these difficulties; but I think it is generally assumed that their field of labor has been largely amongst the lower classes. They found it easier to sow the seeds of the Gospel where the minds were free from preconceived notions.

Then, again, there have been times when certain defects of a nation were obvious to all the world; so that kind neighbors tried to take advantage of the weak people. This was the case with Germany in 1870. The nation was not united then; and, although Prussia had shown her strength in defeating Austria only four years previously, the French made light of Germany's military forces, boasting that the whole campaign would be nothing but a march to Berlin.

But here it was plainly shown how the resources of a nation sometimes develop "over night." All Germany, from the Alps to the Baltic and North Sea responded to the challenge of Napoleon III.; and the campaign culminated, not in a march to Berlin, but in the siege and capture of Paris.

Let us not despise the military system of China. In the veins of her people flows the same blood as in the veins of the progressive Japanese; and, before the foreign forces have left the soil of the Celestial Empire, there may be such a marvellous manifestation of national energy in every domain, as the world witnessed in Japan a few decades ago.

"Patriotism" shows itself further in commemorating victories gained over other nations.

Suppose a man quarrels with his neighbor and wins the lawsuit; what would the people in the community think if he always put out a flag on the anniversary of the day when the lawyers decided in his favor? Would it tend to make the neighbor more friendly disposed towards him? Yet that is exactly what civilized nations do even now-a-days. Germany has been always celebrating the anniversary of the battle of "Sedan," by making it a public holiday, with banquets, glowing after-dinner speeches, etc., etc. It is, in fact, quite a general custom to celebrate signal victories in Europe, and, until a few years ago, a salute was annually fired, even in Montreal, from Trafalgar Tower on the anniversary of Nelson's triumph.

A more innocent amusement is to wear badges with our national colors when we go to foreign countries, but it also seems an excrescence of patriotism.

If anyone goes to visit his neighbor he is generally on his good behavior; he will not flaunt his individuality too much in his host's face; he will not expatiate upon the merits of his family or the beauty of his home; but he will enter with readiness on the ideas of his entertainer, bestow praise on his children, admire his library, his pictures, his garden; in short, the well-bred man will be always ready to appreciate the excellent points in his neighbor's surroundings, but he will pass over his friend's shortcomings in silence.

But people don't generally act in this way, when they visit a neighboring country. Nothing there is as good as at home. The social institutions, the manner of living, the character of the people, nothing can stand a comparison with similar things in their own country; and, if their visit is prolonged, and they happen to meet with some people of their own nationality, there will be "patriotic" meetings and they

will congratulate each other upon the superior qualities of their own race, which really amounts to the same as saying in the family circle, in all seriousness :

“Did you ever see boys like our boys? Why, Jack and George are the most perfect gentlemen, the finest scholars, the most renowned athletes that ever lived in this world.”

An “ocean greyhound” coming from New York is just entering the port of Hamburg. Everybody, of course, is on deck, and, all of a sudden, a party of young Americans produce little flags with their national colors, and the stars and stripes are frantically waved, when the steamer lands at the wharf. This meant, of course, translated into words: “We are Americans; don’t you make the blunder to take us for Europeans! We are the only free people in the world, and all the nations in Europe would do well to adopt our system of government and social institutions.”

But some might raise the question: “How can we show our love for our country if not by outward signs?” My answer is: Let us show it by our actions in our daily life, by courtesy, kindness, justice, generosity towards everyone, regardless of race or creed. What greater credit can we do to our native country than showing nobility of character in foreign lands?

Love of his country is natural to the normal man; it need not be inculcated in him by artificial means. He takes pride in the resources of his native land, he delights in its scenery; but he will realize that the mountains in which he has built his home extend to other countries as well; that the sea, the thundering roar of which he loves, beats on the cliffs of many a foreign coast. And, as he gains more experience of life, through the performance of his daily duties, his reading and occasional travels to foreign countries, he comes to the conclusion that human nature is the same everywhere; that it cannot be classified and labelled according to nationality, creed or sex; and that it is more to be a man in the highest sense of the word than to be British, German or American. Thus the cosmopolitan is born in him. He loves his own country best, but he is not puffed up with national pride, nor does he fondly hope that his race will once rule the universe. He believes in the bond of brotherhood and good fellowship among the nations; but he would not have his civilization forced upon unwilling people. You cannot gain the hearts of a race at the point of the sword. The cosmopolitan, if a European or American, will not speak slightly of the old civilization of the great Chinese Empire; he will appreciate the philosophical depth and high morality of the

Buddhist religion ; he will not call the Boer "a brother of the ox," nor burn effigies of Kruger, but he will give the Transvaal burgher credit for pluck as well as splendid qualities of the heart, in accordance with the testimony of "Tom Atkins" when he wrote home : "The Boers fight like devils ; but when you fall into their hands they act like blessed Christians."

We cannot close this sketch of cosmopolitan citizenship more appropriately than by quoting some of Victor Hugo's words. None who have read his marvellous description of the "Battle of Waterloo" in *Les Misérables* will doubt of his love for his native country, yet he is not animated by the uncompromising spirit of a domineering race whose watchword was "*Civis Romanus sum!*" but he shows himself a true citizen of the world when he closes a public speech with the following sentence : "*Je ne suis ni Français, ni Européen ; je suis humain !*"

H. S. ALBARUS.

## Organic Evolution.

(The comparative lack of opportunity of the majority of our students to investigate this subject in detail, is our excuse for publishing such a simple series of articles as this will be. Organic evolution is a subject of very great interest to all, and of vital importance to scientists, and so everyone should have a comprehensive idea of it.)

### I. A GENERAL OUTLOOK.

THE theory of organic evolution, *i.e.*, the evolution of organisms, now acknowledged by every biologist, was formulated by Charles Darwin, and first presented to the world in his "Origin of Species," published in 1859. Needless to say, his theory at first met with a great deal of opposition, as do all new theories, but now, however, every biologist, geologist as well as zoologist and botanist, accepts Darwin's theory of organic evolution, and hundreds of scientists have devoted their whole lifetime to hard work collecting evidence to further substantiate the theory.

Darwin's theory is one of descent with modification through variation and natural selection. The idea of organic evolution being caused by natural selection, is peculiarly Darwin's own, and this it is which gives to Darwinism its distinguishing character.

Natural selection rests on two fundamental principles, which apply to all organized beings, plants as well as animals. The first of these is the power of rapid multiplication of plants and animals in a geomet-



rical ratio ; and the second, that the offspring always vary slightly from the parents, though generally closely resembling them. Now, everyone knows that the total number of plants and the total number of animals that can live on our earth is limited, and so the number cannot indefinitely increase from year to year. Consequently, as many organisms die every year, on an average, as are born, and the causes of their deaths are very numerous. The amount of their food is limited, and so there ensues on this account a terrible conflict, most severe among individuals of the same species, but also raging among individuals of distinct species, or even of separate genera and orders. Many thus are destroyed by starvation or even in the actual conflict for food. The organisms also have to struggle against the forces of nature, heat and cold, flood and fire. The "struggle for existence" is often terribly severe, perhaps only one in one thousand, or an even smaller proportion, being allowed to live. Now, we ask, Why do some organisms conquer in the battle rather than others? We can't say that the British have conquered their enemy in the Transvaal Republic merely by accident, nor can we state that the conquerors in this other war are victorious by chance. The British were victorious in South Africa because they were better prepared to fight than the Boers. So in the continuous warfare among all organic beings, those best equipped for the battle conquer ; in other words, the fittest survive.

But now another question comes up. Are not the individuals of every species exactly alike, and how, then, can some be more fitted to live than others? For example, is not every individual robin exactly like every other robin, and is not one just as well prepared for the struggle for existence as every other? By no means. Some robins are stronger, some swifter in flight, some hardier in constitution, some more cunning, some have a keener sight to discover prey or escape enemies. These robins in the great battle will assuredly conquer others which have not these characters. It is this survival of the fittest which Darwin called natural selection.

There is still another important principle to consider, regarding which the thoughtful reader may have had difficulty ere now. If the fittest of each generation survive, and if the offspring of each generation is no better fitted, on the average, for the struggle for life than the parent generation, then by natural selection nothing will have been accomplished, and each generation will be in no respect in advance of the preceding one. But it is a fact that the horticulturist carefully chooses the seeds of the best fruit with which to produce

new trees, and the breeder takes care only to breed from the finest animals. By this process of "artificial selection" our fruit is gradually improved, and the average quality of our stock raised. It is, in fact, in this manner in which all our delicious fruits and our beautiful flowers have been produced from the wild species, as well as all our splendid breeds of domestic animals.

"It is therefore proved, that if any particular kind of variation is preserved and bred from, the variation itself goes on increasing in amount to an enormous extent; and the bearing of this on the question of the origin of species is most important. For if in each generation of a given animal or plant the fittest survive to continue to breed, then whatever may be the special peculiarity that causes 'fitness' in the particular case, that peculiarity will go on increasing and strengthening so long as it is useful to the species. But the moment it has reached its maximum of usefulness, and some other quality or modification would help in the struggle, then the individuals which vary in the new direction will survive, and thus a species may be gradually modified, first in one direction, then in another, till it differs from the original parent form as much as the greyhound differs from any wild dog, or the cauliflower from any wild plant. But animals and plants which thus differ in a state of nature, are always classed as different species, and thus we see how, by the continuous survival of the fittest, or the preservation of favored races in the struggle for life, new species may be originated." This is the theory of natural selection. Instead of Man selecting certain species, as he does, in breeding domestic animals, nature selects those best fitted to live. Thus it is that by the action of Natural selection through countless ages, all organic beings have been evolved from a single living cell.

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### College Journalism.

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WHEN our thoughts went no further than June and freedom from examinations, a promise to contribute something to the first number of ACTA was easily made; but now, face to face with the fulfilment, the undertaking appears more difficult. "ACTA's high standing in the past" has been insisted upon, until a fear of falling below it has held the students in awe of the attempt.

To perform its true function, ought not a college magazine to aid directly the students and life of the institution? Since we have an

abundance of good magazine literature furnished by the Union Literary Society, ACTA is working to no purpose in publishing such articles as by great effort her editors can obtain gratuitously from well-known writers, unless they write upon college topics, and even then such a course fosters a literary standard at the expense of our independence.

Last year one of the advisory members of the Board urged us to make ACTA representative of Canadian literature; but is not that entrenching on the sphere of other publications, while giving very poor encouragement to struggling authors, since we can give little financial support? With more reason we might be expected to foster the talent now left undeveloped among us, that when students leave the college halls they may have served their apprenticeship in writing. If even once in a decade the development of a successful writer rewarded ACTA's efforts, more would have been accomplished for Canadian literature than can ever be obtained with our present ideals, even though they have given us such creditable issues as our recent Christmas numbers.

"We are here to prepare for our life work" is a familiar phrase around Victoria, yet one and all agree to neglect one of the greatest opportunities their college life affords—training in expression (and that in the face of the ever increasing power and influence of the newspaper and magazine). We want to be of influence upon the political life of our country and in the world of thought, and yet we allow college matters, which are absorbing our interest, to pass unnoticed in the organ which should give expression to our thoughts upon the events of our college world. We long for more college spirit and fail in the surest way of cultivating it, except through the "Locals," which though treating only of college gossip is easily the most popular department—the one first and most eagerly read, just because it is most representative of college life. We complain that our graduates lack interest; yet, with the way provided, neglect to keep them informed of the things which are of vital interest. ACTA is losing its hold even upon the undergraduates, because they do not find the things which interest them discussed in its columns, and is in danger of becoming a mere waste-paper basket for Canadian authors, only to be filled by them after much persuasion on the part of the editors. If Victoria men and women would discuss in ACTA the things which present themselves for deliberation, both Victoria and her students would feel the benefit, and the life of the editors made easier.

MABEL L. CHOWN, '00.

## College Reminiscences.

“A FEW lines of College reminiscences for ACTA?” Ah, yes ; reminiscences indeed! for naught else remains to the quondam student, who has been forced by the onward march of the old man with the hour-glass and its rapidly falling sands, to step down and out, and give place to those who are so fortunate as to have a part, if not all, of their college life still before them. For the class of 1900, who, four short happy years ago, stood peering into the future with hopes—and, yes ; some fears—and who now have left the college halls, nothing remains of the realities of the years that have sped away, nothing but the memory of their varied experiences, and the fruitless longing that old Father Time might be moved by the unuttered prayer, to stay his ceaseless flight, and “turn backward,” bringing again the days of yore. Nothing remains but memory, did we say? And what of the facts that have been stored carefully in the mind’s pigeon-holes during four years of college work? What of the increased ability and desire to acquire vastly larger stores of knowledge, the enlarged circle of friends, and capacities for enjoyment, the broadened sympathies, the widened outlook, and the deeper, truer sense of the possibilities hovering about a human life? Ah, surely these abide! and were they, too, gone, how indifferent would be the pleasure to be derived from allowing the mind to wander back over familiar scenes and circumstances? How empty and vain the recalling of what has been, did nothing more abiding than the vision of happy days remain to the one who has left college scenes behind, and has stepped over the threshold into new experiences and environment? But, since more does remain, how sweet to let memory wander at will, dwelling

“ . . . On moments of delight that were  
Too beautiful to last,”

to allow it to roam through well-known haunts, enabling the dreamer to live over again the happy experiences of college life! For only *happy* memories remain—visions of anxious days and nights, when the tension seemed almost too great to be borne, and gaunt spectres foretelling coming disasters seemed lurking in every corner, have long since dimmed and faded. The jarring discords have been softened and mellowed into “sweet sounds” and “harmonies,” which gain increasing tenderness and beauty as the days go by.

The search-lights with which memory illumines the way along which

we have come, shine through the mist, hovering round the events of the past, and mark the days longest to be remembered—not necessarily because of some wonderful excursion into the realms of knowledge, nor because of some magnificent discovery made; not necessarily because of some brilliant deed accomplished, nor some unusual triumph won; but just as probably because of some little simple scene, important to no one but the individual to whom it now appears after the lapse of time, with a vividness never to be effaced. Ah, yes, the "Centuries" have come and gone! They would gladly live over again many of the experiences whose visions float airily through the mind; they would gladly pass over the way again, if only that the steps might be firmer and surer than during the journey just ended. But it cannot be; "we pass this way but once," and as we tear ourselves from dreams of the happy little chain of years spent in our beloved Alma Mater, and extend a hearty "bon voyage" to her present students, we do so with the opening words of the little poem, dear to the childish heart long days before college scenes unfolded themselves, and changed slightly for our purpose:

"Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
Is one of our dear old Victoria,  
*That seemeth the best of all.*"

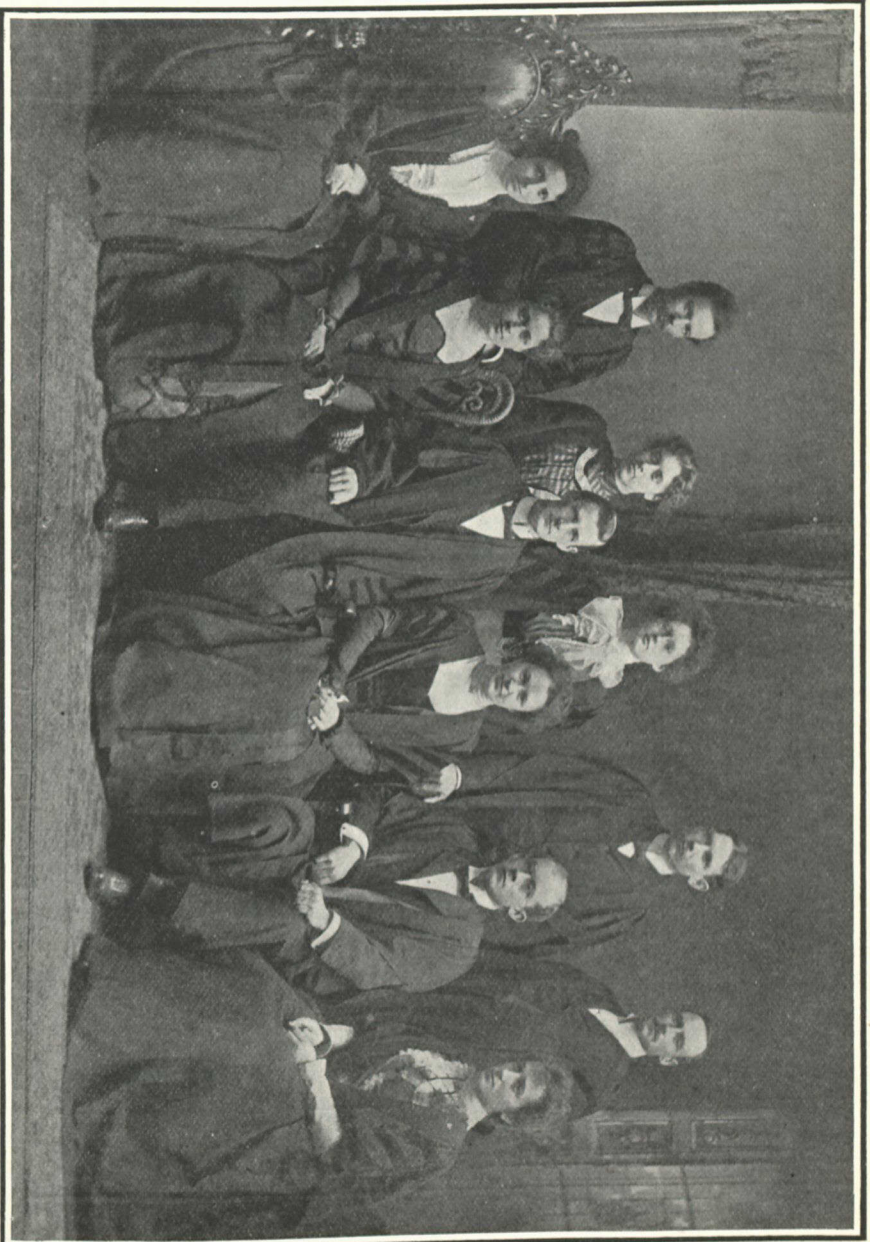
M. L. B., '00.

## Missionary and Religious.

### "The Truth Shall Make You Free."

I AM asked to write briefly on some theme in relation to the College which has touched my life. My task should prove an easy one, for in a very deep and real sense the college has touched my life—my deep inner heart-life, as distinguished (if it can be) from my mental and social life. To me Victoria has been indeed an *Alma Mater* and it is of her benign and fostering care that I desire to speak.

I came to Victoria at the critical period of life. I was beginning to think for myself, and I had already discovered that many things were not as I had considered them to be. I entered her halls with a strong faith and with an intensity of religious life, but that faith and that life were related to many conceptions, which I had formed I



Y.M.C.A. AND Y.W.C.A. EXECUTIVES, '99-'00.

- |                                                  |                                                    |                                                |                                         |                                               |
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know not how, and which, as I came to realize that there was a whole world of other conceptions, I began to doubt. Looking back I can feel that I had a sound foundation ; it was, perhaps, only the demolishing of a superstructure, but at the time it shook the foundations too, and I was determined that with that superstructure demolished, no others should be reared until both the foundations and the materials had been thoroughly tested. Hence it was that about the time I entered Victoria's halls there began a period of doubt with regard to almost everything, and as I look back and see how near I have come at times to the precipice of unbelief, I cannot be too glad for the decision that brought me under her influence. Truly, she touched my life when it needed the touch of a master hand.

I love my *Alma Mater*, first of all, because she did not *stifle* my doubts. Had she led me to recoil on hearsay, dogmatic authority, or a blind belief, she had torn from me all that to-day I hold dear. I found her true to the motto under which I had entered her portals : "The Truth shall make you free." Lost in the mazes of doubt and dogma, and that which called itself truth, I found her ready to listen even to the half-mocking, half-cynical, yet all-soulful question : "What is truth?" It is for this that I love my *Alma Mater* ; it was for this I believe, that when I stood for the first time last summer by the old buildings in Cobourg, I bared my head in reverence, with a feeling that the place whereon I was standing was holy ground—she had not stifled my doubts or cramped my life. I honored her past for what she had given to my own.

I love my *Alma Mater* because she did not *ignore* my doubts or treat them with indifference. She taught me rather that it was a serious, a momentous thing to doubt, that if a man would doubt, he must doubt with all his heart and life, and with an intensity of honesty—staking himself, his past, his present, his future, on the issue—that to doubt for the sake of doubting, or standing aloof from other men was the very essence of insincerity. She neither stifled nor ignored, but she taught me how true I must be myself would I know the truth. Had she taught me to be less intense or less honest, she might better have stifled my doubts, for there is only one thing worse than dishonest belief, and that is dishonest doubt.

But my *Alma Mater* did more. She did not *leave me* in doubt. She reached forth her hand and helped me. She helped me in the atmosphere with which she surrounded me. At a time when I knew not all its bearings and relations, I was made to feel the beauty and grandeur of the Christ-life—it appealed to my heart, and in time it

reached my intellect. True, my intellectual difficulties were solved mainly through my emotional life, what matter?—they were none the less solved, and they are none the less solved to my intellect.

But it wasn't merely an atmosphere—there are deeper things, personal contact and personal help, of which I could speak. I have often marvelled that men in the midst of work and with their own problems, could have found so much time to sympathize with and help one of many students. I believe the remembrance of this personal sympathy and help and the strength it gave me, means more to me than all lectures.

It is this that endears Victoria to my heart, that she touched my life—not a part or parts of that life, but its deep inner springs.

It is this deep personal interest in the personal life of her students that is the crowning glory of Victoria, and one who has been helped to regain the child-like simplicity of faith in God and in His Christ, which, whatever problems are still unsolved, is very strong and very satisfying, desires to bear this tribute to his *Alma Mater*. In a very real sense she has fulfilled the promise by which she called him to enter her portals.

W. E. GILROY, '97.

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### Some Suggestions.

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WERE you at prayers in the College Chapel, Monday, Oct. 1st? No. Then you missed a most helpful talk from our Chancellor in which he pointed out the dangers physical, intellectual, and spiritual, incident to college life. His words have set us thinking of the spiritual dangers and the way in which we may overcome the difficulty.

The danger arises from the fact that in coming here we have necessarily broken the habits of years. We have been accustomed to meet in class, Sabbath School, and at the preaching services, at stated times and with almost clock-like precision. We have come from homes where the family altar has been maintained. And now we are placed in far different surroundings. We have been transplanted with the very real danger that in the process we have begun to dry up spiritually. How some of us long for the hallowed influences of home life. But here we are merely roomers, or at the most boarders, where we are domiciled, and in these new surroundings we find a marked tendency to forget the religious duties, the performance of which has been so blessed to our souls.

Having pointed out the danger we are in a fair way of providing a



remedy ; for to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Let us then offer a few suggestions which are the fruit of experience.

First attend to private devotions. Let us be diligent students of the Word, reading a portion daily in the privacy of our room. Meditate upon it and pray over it that it may indeed be the Bread of Life to the soul.

Then since old associations are broken up let us make new ones. We are in the city of churches any one of which will welcome us to its services.

But while the churches are open to welcome us, many of us find that it is even more helpful to meet with our fellow-students, and because of this greater helpfulness we would earnestly ask you to join us in our Y.M.C.A.; our Missionary Study Class ; and the Sunday afternoon Bible-class.

Then, too, some of us have been blessed in our rooms. Where three or four are rooming in one house a convenient time may be set for meeting together in one room for devotions. Last year three of us met for prayer every evening at nine o'clock. It kept home memories fresh and bound us very closely together indeed. At present distance divides us, but we believe that each looks back to the hour of prayer with memories of rich blessing.

Take time to be holy,  
Speak oft with thy Lord.

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#### WOMEN MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.

Unmistakably they are the best safeguards and vanguards of the holy enterprise. They bear charmed lives, and are free to move about without resistance or injury. The value of one woman's work, say the missionaries, equals that of twenty men ! In the midst of the fiercest tribes they have penetrated, and are treated with the utmost esteem. Of double motives they are never suspected. Among the Bayansi Miss Silvey has labored with entire freedom ; yet they are of notorious formidable qualities, inveterate cannibals, who buy up slave children, and slaughter them for the markets. With corresponding liberty Miss de Hailes and Mrs. McKittrick have taken up solitary posts, surrounded by thousands of the Balolo people. A story has been told by Miss Helen F. Clark of a small party, including two ladies, sailing up an unexplored tributary of the Congo, and attempting to land and camp at nightfall. The natives gathered at the spot and refused them temporary asylum. Every profession of peace by the missionaries was in

## ACTA VICTORIANA.

vain, and eventually they were obliged to lie off during the night on a sandbar. Next morning the natives arrived in their canoes, minutely examined the missionary boat, and failing to discover any weapons, such as the officials of Congo Free State carried, permitted them to come ashore, and welcomed them as friends. It was afterwards admitted that the presence of the ladies alone preserved the lives of the voyagers from slaughter.

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 Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. held its first meeting of the new term on Monday the 8th inst., and the officers are pleased to be able to report a deep interest in the association on the part of the women students. Energetic work has already been done by the membership committee, with the results that almost all of the new students have united with the association as active members. All are looking forward to a year of earnest Christian work. The regular hour of meeting during the Fall term will be Monday at 5 p.m.

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 Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. held its first meeting on Wednesday the 3rd inst., at 5 p.m. The meeting was one of spiritual power and a time of heart-searching among the boys. Addresses by Farewell, Sissons, Mortimore, and Armstrong, made each feel that it is necessary to become deeply interested in these things at the commencement of the college year, and more especially at the commencement of the university course.

The year of revival is now upon us; let every fellow know himself. We should cherish good thoughts, then by thinking only those, we do not come in contact with so much evil. If we look for good in everything we can always see it. Do you not think so?

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 THEOLOGICAL UNION PROGRAMME.

The Theological Union are to be congratulated upon the choice programme which is here presented. The familiar names which appear would of themselves be sufficient guarantee of a large attendance and profitable sessions. Add to these the presence of Prof. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, and nothing is wanting to guarantee this session the best yet held. We may expect to see scores of familiar faces of graduates who have communed long hours with Dr.

Bowne through the printed page. Let every student also avail himself of the privilege of attending this conference.

Monday, November 19th, p.m.—Progress of Old Testament Study in Nineteenth Century, Prof. McLaughlin; evening, annual lecture before the Theological Union, "Inspiration," Rev. Eber Crummy, M.A., B.Sc.

Tuesday, November 20th, a.m.—Spiritual Conference. Afternoon and evening—Class-Leaders' Association.

Wednesday, November 21st, a.m.—Spiritual Conference. Afternoon—Prof. Borden P. Bowne. Evening—Address to Historical Association, Dr. Dewart.

Thursday, November 22nd, a.m.—Spiritual Conference. Afternoon and evening, Prof. Bowne.

Friday, November 23rd, a.m.—Spiritual Conference. Afternoon—Progress of New Testament Study in Nineteenth Century, Dr. Wallace. Evening—Twentieth Century and Missions, Dr. Sutherland.

"WHATSOEVER a man soweth that shall he also reap." That word of Hosea is true for all time. Men sow winds thinking they will reap winds, but they reap whirlwinds instead. Remember that old saying of Josh Billings: "Boys, if you want a big crop and a sure yield, sow wild oats."—*Robert E. Speer.*

Who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit or judgment equal or superior,  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains;  
Deep versed in books but shallow in himself.—*Milton.*

ONE lesson and only one history may be said to repeat with distinctness: that this world is built somehow on moral foundations; that, in the long-run, it is well with the good; in the long-run it is ill with the wicked.—*James Anthony Froude, "The Science of History."*

TERMS : \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

All matter intended for insertion in the columns of the paper, together with all exchanges, should be addressed to J. L. STEWART, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

All business matter should be referred to W. H. WOOD, Business Manager, ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

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## Editorial.

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**HOME-COMING!** ASSUREDLY that is the word—reunion, convocation, re-opening, such technical terms do not express the fluttering pulse which greets Vic.'s pinnacles, the quickening steps as we enter her many gateways, the expectant smile as we swing wide her heavy doors, the boisterous greeting, the hearty hand-clasps, the fusillade of inquiries, the all over-feeling of home-coming. So be it. Your *Alma Mater*, in the personnel of faculty, fellow-students and Robert, all welcome you, her wandering children, home. Let us see to it that the marked felicity, fraternity and fairness which characterized our many interests during the past year be continued throughout this. College interests must ever stand high in our care, but there is that which is more pre-eminent; it is that for which even colleges exist—that is character.

**THE DEAR DEPARTED.** THROUGH the spirit medium of words we greet you again. Thanks to the materialization of imagination we daily see you upon the alley board, the tennis courts, the walks, hear you come swinging into the library or stampeding down the stairways. Indeed, we can even feel the grasp of vanished hands in the grip which the influences you have left behind still have upon us. We are happy to have some of you greet us in the present number and will look to you for many messages throughout the year. We realize that in the greater university of life into which you have matriculated, examinations are not alone yearly but daily—that some are plucked; the many but get a pass, and few get honors; that the public are close markers and rarely grant aegrotats permanently. But for you we entertain no fears—you who have long since realized that it is ours not to complain but to conquer, to take this old world as it is and bring it up to what it ought to be. May the spirit of Victoria abide with you ever.



"ACTA" BOARD, '98-'00.

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ROBERT has collected the usual groups of castaways. **THE FOUNDLINGS.** Weary-looking creatures they are—some with wonder-waiting blue eyes, innocent, guileless; some whose ma's gave them a fond hug and parted the little thing's hair in the middle before forsaking it; some loud-voiced, sturdy little chaps who toddle about alone, kicking at everything that comes in their way, especially the football; others not yet out of long dresses, which the kind-hearted Women's Lit. have consented to nurse for a time. This is in theory. In actuality Victoria has this year adopted into her family between two and three score of representative graduates from the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of Ontario. Toronto this year, as last, sends us our greatest number and among them many choice men. Among the class also are men from Winnipeg in the west, from Nova Scotia in the east, and even from Newfoundland. Five of the new classes are scholarship men, representing the departments of classics, moderns, science and general proficiency. With such numbers and prestige we bespeak for the class of 1904 a bright future. May we not urge upon the new-comers loyalty to all university and college interests? We deem it a good principle to follow that a man identify himself with one or two college movements in particular and then as time will permit earnestly support all others. The successful student is neither he who studies continuously nor yet who squanders time, but he who best systematizes its use.

WE do not purpose attempting to out-Sheldon Sheldon in running ACTA as Jesus would do; but we have yet failed to discover in philosophy more comprehensive principles for guidance than those enunciated by the Prophet of Nazareth: "I am come that ye might have life and might have it more abundantly." Life, and life more abundantly—physically, mentally, morally, manfully—certainly that is the goal of the whole world-machinery. "The words which I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." Words become spirit and spirit life? That proposition also stands careful analysis. Then what? This, can we obtain a better journalistic principle than this latter for the coming year to rule our different departments?

OUR pages are open to record, suggest, and encourage **IN ATHLETICS.** everything that from the standpoint of sport will conduce to higher physical perfection. It is trite knowledge that even a brilliant brain without a strong body is at best but a great motive power, minus machinery. If then you have a life-giving idea for this

department our Athletic Editor will very willingly assist you to voice it through ACTA.

**LOCALS.**

ASSUREDLY there is a mission in mirth. Recently a physiologist has stated that at each spasm of anger deposits of poison are made in the cell structure of the body, thus tending to destroy tissue and life. Whether or not each hearty laugh is followed by deposits of sugar we are not informed. We are certain, however, that mirth is an antidote for homesickness, tangled thoughts, grandiloquence, brassiness and many similar infections of college life. If you hear something really witty, write it out and let our Local Eds. have it. They are strictly confidence men. Only be sure the prescription will give a deposit of sugar, not poison.

**PERSONALS.**

WE are frequently reminded by our graduates that the department to which they turn first upon ACTA's arrival is that of personals. There are certain of our alumni whose brilliant standing during and since college days has rightly kept them continually before our vision; but there are also the many equally cherished in the affections of their fellow-students of whom we rarely hear. To further facilitate this function of ACTA as a rendezvous for our graduates we start with this number a sub-department which we have ventured to label, "Greetings from the Grads." The idea we think explains itself; since you are interested to hear from others, some one will read your greeting gladly. The space is yours; use it for the fusion and diffusion of our social life.

**LITERARY,  
SCIENTIFIC,  
RELIGIOUS.**

UNDER one or other of these categories the life's work of the majority of us finds its place. We cannot, therefore, but feel that Victoria's own sons and daughters must at least occasionally have something worth saying upon these or kindred themes. If so then speak out the thought that is thine, lest another uttering it you lose your message. We would welcome the day when ACTA should not alone be read by every graduate, undergraduate and instructor of Victoria but should from time to time voice the very best that is in each and all. Every man should have some message for his age, some mission for which he is constantly forging his energies. Few of us but feel we have gotten hold of a thought at times, or better, some thought gotten hold of us. If so with you, then phonograph that thought in black and white, and as circumstances permit we will help you turn the crank with these departments. Words transmitting spirit, spirit life, in its true sense in each department; yes, we feel confident that is what we want.

# Personals and Exchanges.

## Personals.

*[In order that these columns may be made as attractive as possible, we would urge upon the graduates and students the importance of forwarding, from time to time, any appropriate and interesting items that may come to hand.]*

### GREETINGS FROM THE GRADS.

COLLEGE life is a season of splendid opportunity, opportunity not merely for obtaining a higher education, valuable as this is in itself, but especially for the development of a well rounded character. Each student has duties of an imperative nature with respect to his or her studies, but added to these, and equally essential to true culture, are there not certain moral obligations arising out of the inter-relation of student with student? It is disastrous to the real purpose of a university training to ignore either side; for in union they form the one sure pathway to progress in the highest learning. The student who has an influence to exercise in the world, and has not each a place to fill and a work to do, should begin during his or her college days. To this end, while Latin, Physics and Psychology must never be neglected, the character building should be carried on also, amid the other associations of college life. It should be founded or have its old foundations strengthened in the healthful, spiritual atmosphere of the Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A., and the Missionary Society. Then an enthusiastic interest in the Literary Society, in the sports on the athletic field, and in the work of other college organizations, will aid each one toward the realization of the highest and noblest aspirations of life.

During the few years spent at college no one can afford to miss the helpfulness to be derived from the cultivation of a personal acquaintance with the professors. Their advice, which I am sure will be given in a kindly spirit, will often be found invaluable. Perhaps the best hope to which I can give expression, is that my fellow-students may, during the critical, formative period of college life, obtain a broader outlook, cherish larger sympathies, and come to realize that "life is priceless and that it is good to be a man."

W. K. ALLEN, '00.

PERHAPS no better motto could be given the undergrad., green or otherwise, than that somewhat vulgar one, "Get your money's worth." In translating this Americanism we get something like this: "Make



all you can out of everything collegiate." Every phase of that extremely "well-phased" thing, a college life, should be made to contribute something to the undergrad. This is trite advice, we know; but we, "back-numbers" now as regards college life, to our extreme regret, feel that such advice was not as profitable to us as we might have made it. Above all, go in heart and soul for all manly and womanly sports. This is the starting point for the best success in everything. The best heads of the university have found, and do find, open-air exercise the best stimulant. This keeps the head clear, and wards off those too interesting things we all know more or less well, the blues. Our best wishes for a most delightful and profitable year.

P. C. DOBSON, '00.

Am delving away here trying to find all the good I can in people and trying to get them in contact with the Source of all that is good.

Sincerely, and success to you,

Guilds, London Conference.

F. E. MALOTT, '99.

"Aw, but wouldna' this toon mak' ye think o' hame?" "Aye, mon, a' we lack is the heather." A bit o' bonnie Scotland fetchit across the water and planted in Oxford County, in Embro. Here Ian Maclaren's characters walk in the flesh and talk Gaelic, keep the "Sawbeth" and vote Grit. If in your "itinerations" you come within a thousand miles of me, call at the parsonage. I'm lonely.

Yours, with love to Robert,

TOLL, '99.

1900.

THE class of 1900 has passed into college history. But though absent as a class they are with us in memory, and indeed some of them still linger about the halls of their *Alma Mater*. The following items will be of interest:

A. J. FRALEIGH is being initiated into the mysteries of medicine. We are pleased to have Bert still with us in the Queen City, and hope to see him frequently amongst us.

F. L. FAREWELL, W. J. M. Cragg, and A. P. Misener are back for Ph.D. work. Farewell says it is hard to say good-bye. Mr. Misener has been appointed Associate Professor in Hebrew. This selection is a most popular one, as the gentleman stands high in the estimation of the students.

DOUGLAS J. THOM has entered upon the study of law. May he elevate the character of the profession.

J. G. DAVIDSON is now Professor of Mathematics in the University of New Westminster.

THE century class had many "good men," judging from the number who have entered the ministry. Of these

W. A. POTTER is at Chapleau, where he is shaping things nicely.

J. W. FOX is also in the north country at Walford Mission.

G. W. W. RIVERS is flooding the district about Ravenswood with his eloquence.

W. K. ALLEN holds forth in a community which, from its name, Erin, we conclude is Irish.

J. H. OSTERHOUT is "fishing" at Jeannette's Creek.

D. H. TRIMBLE is further strengthening himself in the faith by taking B.D. work.

A. E. M. THOMSON has seen the necessity of brushing up his theology, and is taking the same course.

W. B. SMITH is stationed at Font Hill.

H. E. KELLINGTON occupies a London (Ont.) pulpit.

A. N. ST. JOHN, "of blessed memory," is proselyting at Thornloe, Toronto Conference. By his departure the Tories are left without a head. We hope "St. John" will see the error of his ways.

J. W. MITCHELL is another member of the class who has won distinction, and full of honors has passed to his reward at 'Varsity, being the holder of one of the Alexander Mackenzie Fellowships in Political Science. Mr. Mitchell's college career was a notable one. He carried two honor courses, Philosophy and Political Science, and last year added a third, Honor English, while to win a scholarship has been to him an annual occurrence. We predict for Mr. Mitchell a brilliant future.

C. W. FLINT is at Pocohontas, Iowa.

MISS HALL and Miss Bollert are attending the Normal College, as are also Messrs. Spence, Dickenson, Dobson, Anderson and Fergusson. Fergie will be missed by more than "one."

R. J. SPROTT has been summering on the continent, visiting the Paris Exhibition, and other places of interest, and generally broadening the scope of his knowledge. He likewise journeys to Hamilton.

MISS GRAHAM is being initiated into the mysteries of house-keeping, as is also Miss Chown, but the latter is said to be pursuing studies in mathematics and physics as a side line.

'99.

S. J. COURTICE, '99, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics and Physics at Albert College.

R. E. EMBERSON and wife sailed on August 20th for Japan. We are pleased to report their safe arrival.

N. R. WILSON paid us a visit last week. He is now Lecturer in Mathematics at Wesley College, Winnipeg.

W. G. SMITH is still with us. He is completing his B.D. course, and is also taking post-graduate work in Psychology and Philosophy. Such a programme is characteristic of Mr. Smith's many-sided nature.

W. T. ALLISON returns to Yale to prosecute his studies in Theology. TOMMIE WALKER and Artie Winters are Second Year Meds. at Toronto Medical.

'98.

G. S. FAIRCLOTH, '98, is stationed at Michipicoten, Toronto-Conference.

H. W. GUNDY, '98, is History Master at Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute in this city.

J. H. FAULL, '98, is back for Natural Science.

V. J. GILPIN, B.A., B.D., '98, of Dyer's Bay, Hamilton Conference, and Miss Effie Reid, of Pine Grove, were married on July 5th.

F. A. CARMAN, '98, has, in company with his father, Rev. Dr. Carman, been visiting the British Conferences and touring the Old Land. Several interesting articles from his pen relating to his experiences have appeared recently in the *Guardian*.

'97.

W. E. GILROY, '97, has entered the ministry of the Congregational Church, and is pastor of a church in this city.

J. W. BAIRD, '97, is pursuing psychological studies at the University of Wisconsin.

R. E. SPENCE, '97, has this summer been making a three months' tour of Great Britain and the Continent, visiting among other places London, Paris, Geneva and Rome.

At Southampton, May 19th, J. W. Davidson, B.A., B.D., '97, and Miss Pomeroy, daughter of Rev. J. C. Pomeroy, were married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Pomeroy. The happy couple now reside at Hudson, Montreal Conference.

THE B.D.'s are very numerous this year. They include among others the following: H. E. Wellwood, '98, E. M. Burwash, M.A., W. D. Ruddell, '97, G. T. Metzler, M.A., Ph.D., C. T. Currelley, '98, C. G. Corneille, '97, W. E. Gilroy, '97, W. T. Halpenny (a graduate of Wesley College), E. F. Armstrong, '98, S. Tucker, '98, A. H. Hore, '97.

AMONG the Conferences this summer, Victoria graduates have come prominently to the front. In two of these they have been elected as president.

ANDREW STEWART, D.D., President of the Manitoba and N.-W. Conference, Professor of Systematic Theology, Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in Wesley College, Winnipeg, was born in Peel County, Ontario. After passing through the public and high schools, Dr. Stewart entered Victoria, and graduated in '79. In the same year he was ordained and accepted a charge at Crystal City, Manitoba. At the organization of the Western Conference he was elected a district chairman, and was first chosen President of the Conference in 1887, and in 1889 became pastor of the Fort Rouge Church, Winnipeg. He has been very energetic on behalf of Wesley College, and the prosperity of that institution, both financially and otherwise, is in no small way attributable to his labors. His efforts have not been confined alone to academical and theological training; he was for some time a public school inspector and was prominently connected with the Union School movement. In 1889 Dr. Stewart was called to the chair which he now occupies in Wesley College, which institution shortly afterwards conferred upon him the degree of D.D.

THE President of the Toronto Conference, S. D. Chown, D.D., was born in Kingston, 1853, educated at Kingston Collegiate Institute and Victoria University, and ordained in 1879. For the first fifteen years he served in the Montreal Conference, but in 1894 was transferred to Toronto, becoming pastor of the Carlton Street Church, going from thence to Wesley, from which latter charge he has recently been transferred to the Broadway Tabernacle. Dr. Chown has been held in high esteem by his ministerial brethren, who have honored him with many important offices. He was secretary of the Montreal Conference, 1893-4, and three years Chairman of the Toronto West District; was Secretary of the Toronto Theological Conference at its inception, and for some time after. Last year he was chosen president of the Canadian Society.

Dr. Chown has always been prominently identified with Home Mission work and with movements of social and economic reform. He is an ardent prohibitionist and has given much time to the cause of temperance. In 1889 Victoria conferred upon him the degree of D.D.

ON July 17th, in the College Chapel, Dr. A. M. Scott, '96, Professor at Fredericton University, N.B., was married to Miss E. B. Howson, '97, daughter of Mrs. Howson, Brunswick Ave., Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Chancellor, assisted by Rev. Thos. Cobb.

THE members of the Specialists Class of 1900 are now scattered far and wide over the land. Into so many highways and byways have they gone from the prominent city pulpit to the obscure mission appointment, that it is difficult to trace them all. However, we have succeeded in locating quite a number. The following "pleasant events" have come under our notice :

On August 15th, Rev. C. L. McIrvine, of Grand Valley, Hamilton Conference, was married to Miss M. G. Wilson, daughter of Rev. A. C. Wilson, and late teacher in Albert College. In the spring Mr. McIrvine expressed doubts as to the likelihood of his returning to college.

At Grafton, on August 29th, Rev. S. F. Dixon, of Seagrave, Bay of Quinte Conference, was united in marriage with Miss Lillian F. Staples, youngest daughter of J. H. Staples, of Grafton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Reynar, assisted by several other clergymen. While passing through the ordeal Mr. Dixon received such support and assistance as could be furnished by Mr. Douglas Thom. The bridegroom remembered the members of the "Bob" Committee by sending each an invitation to the wedding.

Rev. T. H. P. Anderson, of Bancroft, Bay of Quinte Conference, and Miss Lottie H. Cook, daughter of Rev. W. H. Cook, Haliburton, were on August 8th joined in the bonds of wedlock. Rev. Mr. Cook was the officiating clergyman.

Rev. C. H. Sheppard, Maynooth, Bay of Quinte Conference, and Miss Marcy C. Richardson were united in matrimony at East Oakwood on June 19th. The marriage was solemnized by Rev. L. Phelps. Rev. W. W. Wagg supported the groom. As this gentleman performed a similar service on the following day, it is evident that he is making a specialty of this work. When his turn comes he should be able to stand alone.

On September 19th, Rev. A. E. Jones, of Port Lambton, and Miss Carrie Louise Shaw, of Chatham, were married by the Rev. Dr. Hannon. Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Camlachie, assisted the groom.

Truly, as an observant contemporary has said, "The Specialists are here to-day, gone to-morrow, and married the next day." However, a few single fellows remain. Of these, P. M. Peacock is at Gordon Lake, A. W. Dever, at Walton, B. H. Spence at Eastland, H. E. Curts at Norland, and A. F. McKenzie and T. Buely return to college.

J. H. BEER, after having been absent a year, has returned to college. His presence should have a stimulating effect upon the Juniors. The college needs ardent spirits. It would be a dry institution without them.

It is with much regret that we have to announce the loss to '01 of A. T. Wilkinson and A. S. Colwell. We had hoped to again welcome these gentlemen to college, but they each having married a wife, "therefore cannot come." Particulars of Mr. Wilkinson's event are not yet to hand, but we append the other.

REV. A. S. COLWELL and Miss Bella Wallace were on June 20th joined together as man and wife. The knot was tied by Rev. George Lounds, of Niagara. Rev. W. W. Wagg acted as groomsman. Miss Wallace was an "occasional" in English last year.

'03 has lost several prominent members, but a number of its celebrities remain. Still '03 had such an array of talent that it could afford to lose some and yet be strong. Among others—

E. S. BISHOP has taken to the "tall timbers" in the Parry Sound District; the good brother there preaches. The "Bishop" should make a good parson.

F. W. K. HARRIS is another deserter. The Freshmen wanted an experienced man to guide their affairs, so Mr. Harris decided to cast in his lot with them. Fred. is the G.O.M. of the year.

"KNIGHT" has not yet overtaken us, but its coming is prophesied, as a freshman, after the "Bob."

VICTOR ODLUM, '03, Victoria's representative in the war, has returned to College and rejoined his old class. Victor comes of a fighting ancestry, and has valiantly maintained the family reputation. He was well named "Victor," and we hope he will emerge from his collegiate campaign as safely as he has come through the war.

A. P. BURWASH is another absentee. He is at present out west learning the rudiments of agriculture. "Proc" was a bright youth and gave promise of becoming a second Chancellor—in Rugby.

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THE many friends of E. W. Edwards, '99, will regret to learn that he has been obliged to give up work for a time owing to illness. E. W. is stationed at Rutherford, in the London Conference.

A. P. ADDISON, '96, is stationed this year at Collingwood. We expect to hear shortly of the debut of the Collingwood rugby team.

ARTHUR C. EDDY, '94, has become a city pastor, being now located in St. Catharines.

MISS E. S. BAKER, who has been conducting experiments in color combinations in the psychological department of the University during the past year, '99-'00, is completing an article on "The Æsthetic Value of Color Combinations." The article will appear in the University of Toronto Studies.

## In Memoriam.

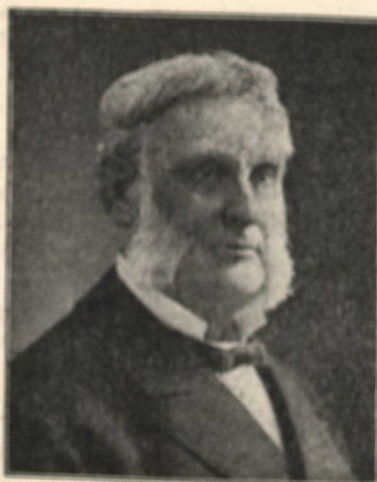
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### The Late Rev. Alexander Burns.

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BURNS.—Died, at his late residence, Toronto, on Tuesday, May 22nd, 1900, Rev. ALEXANDER BURNS, M.A., S.T.D., LL.D., formerly Principal of The Ladies' College, Hamilton, in the 66th year of his age.

THIS simple announcement, from the newspapers of the time, records the passing away of one of Victoria's most favorably known sons. He was for over twenty-five years a member of



her Senate, was intimately associated with all of her older graduates, and always took a profound interest in her educational work. It is with a depressing sense of personal loss that I comply with your request for a page for ACTA—a loss which I know to be shared by all the Alumni of our College who knew the man. When I first met him in 1858, he was a student-tutor in Victoria. He welcomed me as a "Preparatory" boy to his primary class in Greek, which met at 9 o'clock at night,

and from that time to the day on which he "put out to sea," we were brothers beloved. He was one of the most nervously-active, enthusiastic and indefatigable workers whom I ever met—one of those cordially irrepressible fellows who never rest satisfied till they know all about it, and who are ever eager to share the results of their investigations with those having fewer opportunities for research. The older friends and readers of ACTA, who knew the man and his ways for a generation back, will not fail to appreciate this estimate of his character and worth.

ALEXANDER BURNS was born at Castle-Wellan, County Down, Ireland, in the year 1834. He came to Canada and settled in Toronto when he was about fourteen years old; and after his school-days and trade-learning, pushed his way to Victoria, where he became a general favorite with professors and students alike, finishing his course in 1861, when he graduated as the Prince of Wales Gold Medallist of the year. After some teaching work at Victoria, he entered the Methodist ministry, and served his probation, being ordained in 1864. His reputation had reached Iowa Wesleyan University, however, and in the year following his ordination he accepted the appointment of Professor of Mathematics in that institution. Here he remained for three years, at the end of which time he was elected President, but declined the office. He, however, accepted the Presidency of Simpson Centenary College, Indianola, in 1868, and remained in that responsible position for ten years. Then he obeyed the call of the Board of Hamilton Wesleyan Ladies' College, and took the Principalship of that institution, conducting it with success till the year 1897. He came to Toronto two years ago, and busied himself with literary and educational pursuits of a personal character. It was while engaged with these that he was stricken with the malady which ended his useful life at the time above stated. I feel sure that the managers of ACTA, on this its first publication since his death, will regretfully admit the assurance of the sympathy of his thousands of Victoria College friends with the stricken widow and family whom he has left behind.

The life of Dr. Alexander Burns was by no means confined to educational work. Though he was so well informed on most subjects of literary research as to be described as a "walking encyclopædia," yet it was as a man, with a manly heart and a kindly hand, that he was most intimately known to us all. Nothing which affected the welfare of his fellow-men seemed a matter of indifference to him. He was a natural and intense lover of human liberty. Call him a home-ruler, or a free-trader, or a Christian socialist, or what one might—and we have often heard him called all of these—it was all because of his fervent and abiding love of the cause of individual freedom. This made him a public man, even while fully engaged in his professional work. He had sublime ideals of both right and liberty; and while he was a Protestant of the Protestants, and had a denomination of his own which he loved, his Christian liberality abounded to all, so that there was none who was not ready to speak a kindly word to his memory, or to place a flower upon his honored grave. He was a man



with a character, bold and strong in the advocacy of his opinions, and yet liberal and generous in his treatment of others. As a preacher he was both scholarly and impressive—more, perhaps, a valuable instructor than a finished orator—and always left the conviction not only that he understood his subject, but that he wished others to share his information. Though he manifestly never strove to be well known, yet a man with such a head and such a heart as he had could not well avoid it. Hence, though we always felt that he belonged especially to us, and his fellow-alumni always honored him with their confidence, yet the public also continually claimed him, demanded his literary services, and gave him abiding tokens of their esteem. And well he deserved it; for transcendent ability as a scholar and a literary man kept well abreast of a liberal mind and a brotherly heart. The preaching of a first-class sermon on Sunday, and next day the taking of a poor, friendless, witless, local tramp up the creek in the old college town, in our good old college days, and washing him till he was comfortably clean—to both of which I can bear witness—give a fair insight as to the style of a man our Burns was then, and of what he was through all the subsequent years of his busy and kindly life.

But you asked me for only a page. If I have exceeded it, I am sure your readers will forgive me, for no more worthy subject of thought, in the estimation of the hosts of Victoria, could occupy your well-conducted pages than one which even faintly suggests a kindly memory of our dead comrade, who has thus too early finished his noble work, and entered upon his abiding reward.

H. HOUGH.

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### Mrs. Bell.

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SINCE our last session, one of the sweetest personalities of our college life has gone from us, when Mrs. Bell, the beloved wife of Dr. A. J. Bell, was called into the higher life of the Great Beyond on Tuesday, September 18th. Exceptionally gifted, both intellectually and socially, her loss is deeply felt by many friends in the city. Among the students, to whom she had endeared herself by many an act of kindness, and by her constant interest in their work and pleasures, she will be greatly missed. The student body takes this opportunity of expressing to Dr. Bell their heartfelt sympathy for him in his sad bereavement.

## Locals.

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### PROLOGUE.

**W**HAN that October opens every college,  
 And quickens in the mind the thirst for knowledge,  
 And causeth every specialist to weepe,  
 And write many notes, and talke in his sleepe,  
 Because he from his lady love must parte,  
 Which priketh him most sorely in the hearte ;  
 When mammass deare send their daughters eeke  
 To college, nice yonge men to seeke,—  
 Then priketh hem Freshman in his corages,  
 Then longen they to goon on pilgrimages,  
 The freshettes at their boarding place to seeke,  
 Once or twice, or even more, a weeke.

But specially from every shire's ende  
 Of Canada's Dominion they wende,  
 The halls of old Victoria for to fille  
 And fit themselves our nation to thrille.

WHAT a rich inheritance is ours! The pen of the Local Editorship has once more passed into untried hands, which may not wield it with the elegance and precision that those before them have done. Nevertheless, we bespeak for it the same consideration and good will as was manifested towards it while in the hands of our predecessors. We accept the legacy with a feeling of pleasure that is at times almost akin to pain, when we realize, in spite of the pleasant events and honors it will be ours to record, what a fate awaits us should we unwittingly disclose the secrets of some unwary student. However, we purpose following the advice of the immortal Shakespeare, who says, "Let your own discretion be your tutor," and hope by this means safely to find our way through the intricate mazes of college social life. Dame Rumor has it that some think "locals" are too trifling and hardly dignified enough to appear in the learned pages of a college magazine. Imagine the ACTA without the locals! The Freshettes would be under the painful necessity of denying their patronage to the Business Manager. Did you never notice with what open eagerness the average Freshette greets the appearance of ACTA? How she pounces upon it in the privacy of the ladies' study, where she has no scruples about

opening it where the pages gently slope to *finis*? Nervously she scans the contents of the locals, fearful lest some carefully-guarded fact may have come under the notice of an editor and the common blunders of a Freshette be revealed. How would the exuberant spirits of the Freshman be restrained, were it not for this potent weapon? Though the "Bob" never fails to accomplish its purpose, it must necessarily devolve upon ACTA to carry on the good work. Locals appeal to the Sophomore on a somewhat similar basis; but he has by this time learned the art of concealing his intentions from observant eyes. Nevertheless we often see him make a brave pretence at investigating the contents of the first pages, previous to stealthily passing on to devour that which he fears might cause a Senior to cast an indulgent smile upon him, should he be caught in the act. Nor are these pages any less interesting to the modest Junior and the august Senior. Of course they profess to enjoy them merely as a means of bringing them into touch with all the ins and outs of the social life of the college. But notwithstanding the superior erudition and knowledge of the ranks from which they come, the Local Editors may always be found writing with a sharp pencil.

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#### GRADUATES.

POOR old Century gone? Yes; in spite of the fact that a few of them still linger about like shades of the departed, the class is gone. Two of them may be seen at any time doing business in the old stand for the firm of Cragg, Farewell & Co. Misener is to assist in initiating Freshmen in the mysteries of Hebrew. Last year's Local Editor may now be seen kicking his heels against the desk of a down-town law office. He has been heard consoling himself thus, "Well, I'm sure of an invitation to the Woman's Literary reception, anyway."

THEN sing aloud for *Alma Mater*,  
 And keep the scarlet in the van,  
 But for Century's fame and her glorious name,  
 Send some "Locals" to ACTA when you can.

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#### SENIORS.

THAT air of braggadocia which characterized them as Freshmen and Sophomores all gone! Or do we still see traces of it in the confidence with which the Business Manager assumes the burdens of his office, or in the President of the Athletic Union, when he tells us he is going to "push athletics for all they are worth"? If so, then college life does count for something.

COLWELL and Wilkinson have fallen from the ranks, slain by Cupid's shafts.

PRES. Y.M.C.A.—“I don't believe any Freshman will make the same mistakes as I did; but if he does, don't.

YEAR by year our love for Vic. grows deeper,  
 Year by year our friendships truer grow,  
 And as fast the years glide past,  
 Each seems dearer than the last,  
 Till we dread to think that ever we must go.

EVERY swell young lady's mamma in Eastern Ontario now keeps the following card impressively prominent before her callers:

*Herr Wilhelm Hamilstadt Waldich,*  
*Ambassador Extraordinary,*  
*Ontario Ladies' College.*

Freely rendered, it is said to signify, “I'm Willie W——, come to take your little girls to O.L.C.”

At the recent Woman's Missionary Convention held in Ingersoll, we are pleased to note that among other noted women *Miss Alf. J. Johnston* took a prominent part. Don't tell anybody that this lady was so overcome by sleep on her way home that she failed to change cars at Hamilton and was carried on to St. Catharines. Freshmen, please accept this as a reason for there being no meeting of the Literary Society last Saturday evening.

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#### JUNIORS.

No Bob to get up! No responsibility; proud of past success, confident of the future!

MILLER joins the ranks, admitted *ad eundem statum*, from McGill.

MISS SMITH, DeMille and Beer, well-known faces of former years, fall into the ranks again.

POOR Haith! He's married!!

FOWLER—“My books got ‘cursory’ glances during the summer months.”

GREEN—"Abbott blushed when I told him the Senate of Toronto University had conspired against me in the examinations. Don't that prove it?"

BINGHAM—"If you catch me looking at a girl this year, kick me."

NEVILLE—"Those girls in Frankford!!!"

DR. BADGLEY (gravely, after hearing a few bars of Van Wyck's first attempt at the chapel organ)—"Let us pray."

MISS ALLEN—"Oh, say; isn't it funny! we've six Freshettes, and all but one of them are somebody's sisters—I mean somebody who has been here before."

THE Juniors met on Tuesday, October 9th, for the purpose of electing the officers, to whose guidance they are to intrust themselves for this term. The business was despatched with that celerity which characterizes this class, the nominators having apparently arranged that "acclamation" should take the place of the usual method of elections. The officers are as follows: Honorary President, Dr. Edgar; President, C. E. Auger; 1st Vice-President, Miss A. M. Smith; 2nd Vice-President, O. P. Helgason-Baldwin; Secretary Treasurer, H. Neville; Musical Director, W. R. Archer; Athletic Director, J. H. Fowler; Captain of Association Foot-ball, J. A. Rumble; Captain of Alley, F. H. Dobson; Captain of Hockey, L. R. Eckardt; Orator, J. N. Clarry; Critic, Miss K. Smith; Judge, E. J. Carson; Poetess, Miss A. W. Allen; Councillors, D. R. Moore and A. G. Stacey; Historians, Miss E. A. McLean and J. W. Hedley.

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#### SOPHOMORES.

WHAT mean all these significant sly looks, these whispered conversations, this "chuckling in the sleeve"? Hush! There's to be a B—! Who's on the committee? We mustn't tell. The whole class is agreed that the Freshman class is the "greenest thing that ever grew," so look out for the Bob.

THE class has lost many members, but is compensated by several additions. How Mr. Bowles' eyes must sparkle at the growing flock. Five new Sophettes. Then there are Ford, Sibley, Rees and many others, we are told.

THE Hustle this year was a novel affair. After haranguing the Freshmen for an hour about their duties as College students, the Sophs. planted a flag on the east bank of the gully. The Freshmen in fear and trembling gathered around it to defend it, if possible,

against the onslaught of their terrible foes. In spite of the fact that many of our Freshmen preferred to say that somebody said that they were not wanted, several daring spirits ventured over. Victoria's Sophs. were everywhere in evidence. The whole scrap was a marked improvement on the old-time Hustle on the stairway.

Joy of the Freshmen, light of the straying,  
 Hope of Victoria's future fame,  
 Here speak the sages,—advisedly saying—  
 Remember your bobbing and bob them the same.

THE Y.W.C.A. will be glad to be informed of a prospective increase in attendance this year. Several of the members of '03, when under the influence of a Freshette's fear of examinations, solemnly registered a vow, that if they were successful, they would, as Sophomores, regularly attend the Y.W.C.A. We were pleased to note no failures in these cases and hope the result will be equally satisfactory to the roll of the Y.W.C.A.

SOPHETTES (in chorus)—“Please don't put us in Locals this year, we were in-ACTA'd last year.”

MISS BRISTOL (compassionately to Mrs. (Prof.) Lang)—“But can't I assist you in choosing a course? I was a Freshette myself once and I know how it goes.”

THE Sophomores lost no time in preparing for the arduous duties that are brought upon them by the incoming class of Freshmen. On Monday, October 8th, they met and elected the following officers: President, Mr. Bowles; 1st Vice-President, Miss Will; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Jolliffe; Secretary, Mr. Walker; Orator, Mr. Cates; Historian, Miss Jolliffe; Poetess, Miss Scott; Judge, Mr. Odium; Prophetess, Miss Eby; Councillors, Miss Smith and Mr. Pickup; Musical Director, Mr. Sibley; Foot-ball Captain, Mr. Irwin. There is a rumor that they have also elected a “Bob” Committee, which we must allow the future to affirm or contradict.

ON Monday, October 8th, with the usual chaperonage of a few Sophomores, the Freshman class of '04 met together for the first time and elected as their officers: Honorary President, Dr. Bell; President, Frank Hamilton; 1st Vice-President, Miss M. Jeffrey; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Holmes; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Ward; Recording Secretary, Mr. Marshall; Orator, Mr. Coates; Judge, Mr. F. Harris; Historian, Miss Burwash; Poetess, Miss Watts; Prophetess, Miss Potter; Musical Director, Mr. Davison; Councillors, Miss Potts and Mr. Finley; Foot-ball Captain, Mr. Ruddell; Representative to Athletic Union, Mr. Pearson.

## FRESHMEN.

WELL, what is this class like? Judging from the sounds which proceeded from M. Masson's lecture room, when they held their first class-meeting "the quality of Freshmen is not strained." We commence with this number to give short sketches of the careers of the members of this class. For more minute information than will be therein contained, apply to the Bob Committee.

FRESHETTE (anxiously to Junior)—"Do they do it?"

JUNIOR—"Do what?"

Freshette—"Slope a lecture to play tennis."

Query—"Do they?"

WELCOME to Victoria, Freshmen who languish,  
The scorn of the Sophomore forced to endure,  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish?  
"Vic" has no sorrow that locals cannot cure.

"BOB" PEARSON grew in Grey County, and his stature speaks well for the fertility of his father's farm. Bob intends taking a course in Philosophy, and then, wait till you hear him preach! If he brings those fists of his down on the desk with as much emphasis as he punts the football from between the goal stakes, there is no doubt about his future. Bob is a good acquisition to the College.

WHO is the President of the class of '04? Why Bert Hamilton's little brother. Frank's star has been a lucky one. Last year he was president of the Literary Society in Harbord, and now at the age of eighteen, he finds himself at the summit of human glory—President of all the Freshmen and Freshettes. After making extensive inquiries we find that Frank's two specialties are ladies and association football. Rumor has it that he is almost as good as Bert in the latter accomplishment; if so, he'll do.

CHARLIE PARKER doesn't want people to know that his other name is Bemister, so that is why we suppress it. His hobby is scientific experiments, and those who know him best say he is expert at "blowing soap-bubbles." He is very fond of high-fluting language, but he will grow out of that. He is rather hard to get at just now, as he intends to wait till after the Bob to "spread" himself. He holds a Blake scholarship in Science.

THE parents of Albert Elson have always dreamed that he would be a minister. Already he has the reputation—self-acquired we presume, of being able to "preach like a trooper." Under those circumstances he is wise in choosing an Arts course to sober him up. The question

which, most of all, perplexes him just now, is how to do his "Home-work" and attend receptions.

BUT O, ye boys and girls! *favete linguis* whilst we sketch the career of the next subject which looms up on our canvas. His name will be given in instalments, and beginning with this issue, we hold our breath, close our eyes, and whisper "Harris." Harris was born in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and thus forms a connecting link between the new and old centuries. He took a preliminary year in College to get familiar with the sports of the College, and incidentally to acquire knowledge useful in helping to pilot his class safely through the mysterious future which hangs over them wrapped up in that awful name of the Bob. He plays every game, including marbles. That anxious look of ennui merely denotes his desire for the hockey season to start. Mr. H. is an adherent of Central Methodist Church.

DWIGHT WALKER looks as though he "never did a thing." The whole College is hereby warned that he is not so innocent as he looks. At Clinton H. S. he is said to have been the despair of all the teachers, and *Millyard's brother was his chum*. His father is now stationed at Louisville, and Dwight acquired the tired look he now wears, plodding through the Kentish mud to Chatham C.I. If he gets out to "Lit." and shows himself more sociable, he is bound to be a good addition. He holds a Scholarship.

How many Freshettes are there? Who are they, and where are they? These queries have constantly forced themselves upon us in these early days of another academic year. In order to relieve the anxiety and doubt of many who may not be permitted to enter the sanctum of the Ladies' Study, we wish to officially announce that the Freshettes have arrived, and in good numbers. The extreme modesty, however, which once more is the characteristic of this interesting class forbids them appearing in conspicuous places where they may be criticized and scrutinized by their would-be friends, the Sophomores. As a small token of recognition of their presence amongst us, we will endeavor to give a short biography of several, with the promise that others will appear in the next issue. We may note a healthy sign about the Freshettes of '04, in the fact that instead of putting their combined energies upon the Modern Course, they intend, between them all, to take a little bit of everything.

AMONG the rather startling youthful members of '04 is Miss Lilly Lloyd, who with two others have come to us from the Ontario Ladies' College. Miss Lloyd is a resident of the Queen City, and previous to



going to Whitby was in attendance at the Harbord Collegiate. Her evident good humor and sociability have already won her friends, and even now we owe her a debt of gratitude for bravely entering upon the Honor Classics, thus insuring, for another four years, that Victoria may have one representative of the fair sex, spending her energies upon the books of classic lore. "But say! she says, 'I really can't skate alone.'"

'04 is to be congratulated upon having among its members a small, fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden—Miss Jessie Potter, M.M.D. She is one of the "five little sisters" of the class, and comes from Paisley under the guardian care of her big brother. Miss Potter apparently possesses more independence and college wisdom than the average Freshette, a result, doubtless, of much previous instruction on the part of an elder sister and brother, who may both speak from past experience at Victoria. She pursued her preparatory studies at Hagersville High School, and after two years of "rusticating" comes to "Vic" to enter upon the general course, frankly declaring that she has forgotten everything she ever knew.

FORTUNE indeed smiled upon us when she sent us Miss Mary Jeffrey, also to be remembered among the countless myriads of M.M.D.'s that throng Victoria's halls. Miss Jeffrey is another of Harbord's illustrious daughters, and with her intellectual, tennis, skating, and last, but most particular, musical abilities, may be looked upon as quite an acquisition.

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A SERIES of lectures on Domestic Science, by lecturers from the Canadian Household Economic Association are being arranged for during the course of this winter. The Victoria Alumnae are acting on the committee with the special object of obtaining for Victoria girls such beneficial instruction as they might receive from attendance upon the lectures in question. We hope that the Victoria girls will not show a lack of appreciation of the efforts of our Alumnae, and will readily accept the advantages offered them. Toronto is to be favored with lectures from Miss Helen Campbell, Lecturer in Household Economics in Wisconsin University, and Kansas State Agricultural College; Mrs. E. H. Richards, Professor of Sanitary Chemistry, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Miss Nellie Kedzie, Principal Domestic Economy Department, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill., a very bright and enthusiastic lecturer; Prof. A. Shortt, Queen's University, Kingston, and Prof. Robertson, of Ottawa. The first lecture will be held in the Normal School Theatre, the last Saturday in October, that is October 27th. Let Victoria be well represented.

## CHARTER DAY.

USHERED in by the usual college songs, sallies of wit, rollicking laughter and sophomore chaperonage of squalling freshmen, came on the evening of October 12th, the usual large number of Victoria's friends to assist her in fittingly celebrating her sixty-fourth birthday. Then the hilarity was hushed by the solemn tramp, tramp of a long procession of the University Federation's most distinguished educators, as they wended their way to the platform. Seated around Chancellor Burwash were seen Vice-Chancellor Moss, of Toronto University, President Loudon, Provost Macklem; Mr. John Millar, Deputy Minister of Education; Rev. Dr. Potts, Dr. Reeve, Prof. Ballentyne, Prof. Mavor, Prof. Fletcher, Prof. Macallum, Dr. Hough, Rev. A. Sutherland, J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., Rev. Dr. Parker, Dr. Sweetnam, Prof. Reynar, Dr. Bell, Dr. Bain, Dr. Wallace, Prof. McLaughlin, Dr. J. Burwash, Prof. Horning, Prof. Robertson, Prof. Lang, Prof. Langford and Prof. Coleman. Letters of regret were read from the Minister of Education, Principal Sheraton, Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster; Dr. Dewart, Prof. Ramsey Wright, and others, who were unavoidably absent.

After invocation by Dr. Parker, the Victoria University medals, scholarships and prizes were presented as follows:

Prince of Wales gold medal (first in general proficiency, B.A. examination)—C. W. Flint, presented by Vice-Chancellor Moss.

Edward Wilson gold medal (first in classics)—P. C. Dobson, presented by Provost Macklem.

J. J. Maclaren gold medal (first in moderns)—W. J. Spence, presented by Dr. Maclaren.

E. J. Langford gold medal (first in political science)—J. W. Mitchell, presented by Mr. John Millar.

Governor-General's silver medal, A. P. Misener, presented by President Loudon.

S. H. Janes silver medal (second in political science)—F. L. Farewell, presented by Dr. Hough.

Bell scholarship (first in classics, third year)—C. B. Sissons, presented by Prof. Bell.

Chown scholarship (first in philosophy, third year)—J. L. Stewart, presented by Rev. E. A. Chown.

William Ames scholarship (first in moderns, first year)—Miss E. E. Dingwall, presented by Rev. A. Sutherland.

J. C. Robertson scholarship (first in classics, first year)—P. McD. Kerr, presented by Prof. Robertson.

Hodgins prize (first in pass English, third year)—Miss M. E. Powell, presented by Prof. Ballantyne.

Webster prize (first in pass English, second year)—D. R. Moore, presented by Dr. Coleman.

W. J. Robertson prize (first in Canadian constitutional history, fourth year)—W. B. Smith, presented by Rev. Dr. Potts.

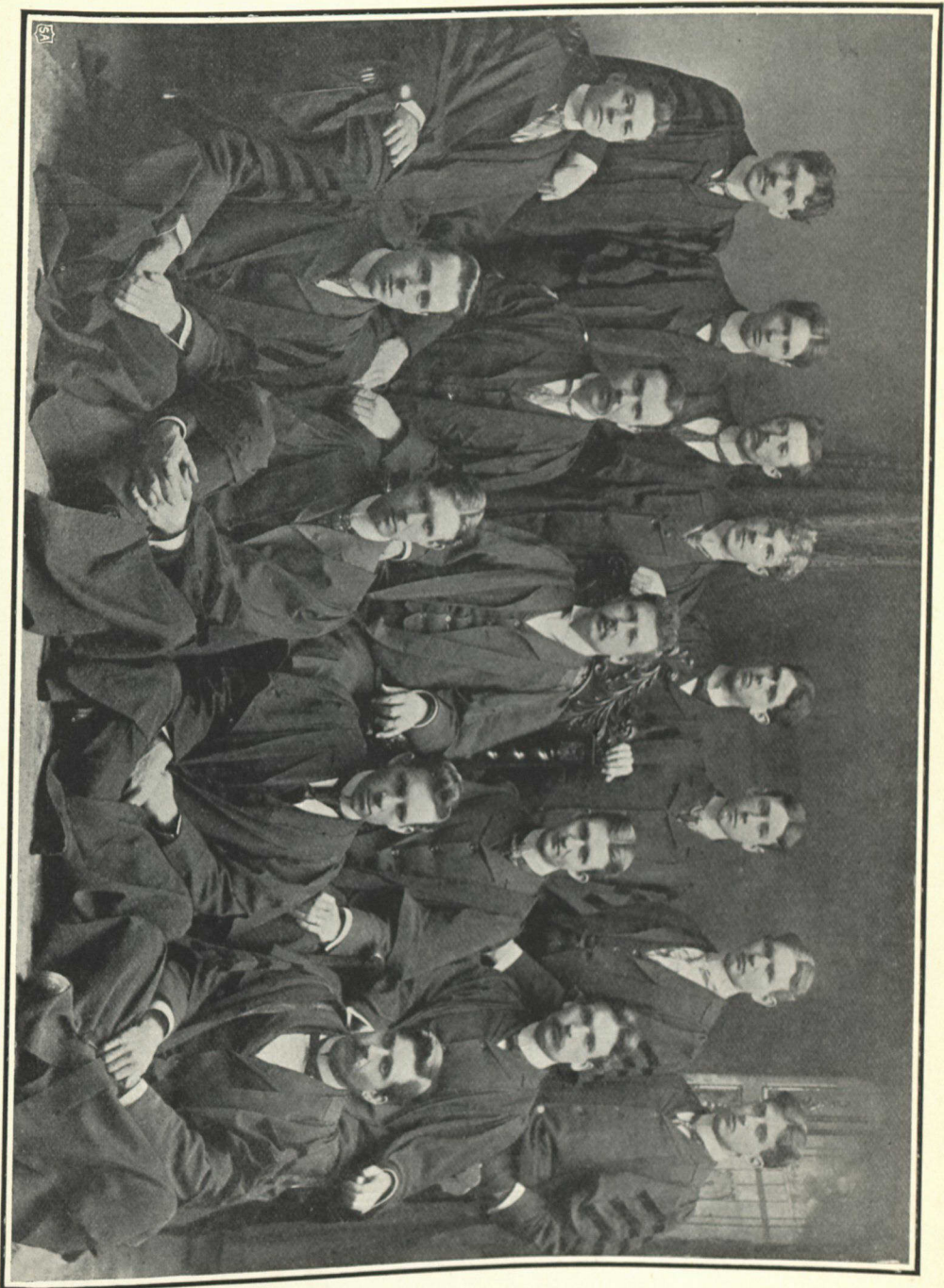
Robert Johnston prize (first in Hebrew, Class A, second year)—J. N. Fowler, presented by Prof. McLaughlin.

In addition to these, the following University of Toronto scholarships, fellowships and prizes have been won by Victoria students: The Alexander Mackenzie scholarship in Political Science (first), D. R. Moore; the Italian prize (first in Italian, first year), R. G. Dingman; the Alexander Mackenzie fellowship in Political Science (second), J. W. Mitchell.

“University Federation” was the theme of the addresses. Vice-Chancellor Moss, who spoke first, dwelt upon the harmonious relations at present existing, the need of further extension of departments, staff and institutions represented in the university federation. This done, they looked for assistance from the State, the first duty of which was to see that the provincial university was second to no other in the Dominion.

Few will ever forget the glow of our own Chancellor's words as he voiced Victoria's continued attitude toward federation. He must have felt that the schemes which he had advocated from the beginning were about to be realized. Victoria, he said, had come to Toronto at great expense, upon the understanding that there would be a great onward movement in educational work, and that in federation they would aid in this movement. There were those who thought it only a temporary change, that the college would soon become separate again or sink into a mere theological institution. It had cost too much for that. In Oxford, each college had its history and distinctive features, and what was proposed here was such a federation in which each would profit by the reflex influence of the other. We still wanted two or three colleges to come in to round out these ideals.

Provost Macklem, of Trinity University, spoke briefly, giving his hearty personal and official sanction to the scheme. He hoped to see Trinity a great college in a great university. He believed we were working towards a university which would be found to combine all the great features of similar institutions in the Old World and in the New.



ATHLETIC UNION EXECUTIVE, '99-'00.

G. E. Porter, '01. P. C. Dobson, '00. J. A. G. Lonsley. E. A. McCullough, '01. W. E. Gilroy, B.A. J. H. Chown, '03. F. H. Dobson, '02. C. B. Sissons, '01.  
 R. J. McVine, Sp. A. P. Addison, B.A. J. R. L. Starr, B.A., LL.B. G. A. Ferguson. J. G. Davison, '00.  
 W. H. Hamilton, '02. F. L. Farewell, '00. A. P. Burwash, '03. A. P. McKenzie, Sp.

Were these words the effusions of politicians we would not lay much stress upon them, but coming as they do from men who are the official representatives of three great universities, and who are accustomed to weigh well their utterances, we cannot but feel that this Charter Day of 1900 is a memorable one in the history of our universities, and that university federation on a wider scale than ever before will be the outcome. Vociferous applause throughout the addresses gave with no uncertain sound the attitude of Victoria's students toward such a movement.

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#### Y.M.C.A. AND Y.W.C.A. RECEPTION.

This year the new students were the special guests in earnest. They were introduced and re-introduced with a vengeance. The Chancellor gave them a characteristically warm welcome on behalf of the faculty. Miss C. M. Woodsworth welcomed them on behalf of the Y.W.C.A., and Messrs. Farrell, Johnston and Porter on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. Union, Lit., and Athletic Union. VanWyck soothed them in song, and Miss Jeffrey replied by an instrumental. Then they were led hither and thither, fed and edified by many kindly friends, and finally led home feeling that for these societies at least

“ Behind a frowning providence  
There hides a smiling face.”

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## Athletics.

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### Notes.

THE Tennis Tournament is now in full swing.

VICTORIA has placed two teams in the Inter-collegiate Football Series.

THE B.D.'s are confident of holding the cup in football, but the Freshmen claim to have some great *kickers*.

FARRELL has come out of his lair and is showing up in his old-time style on the full-back line.

WE commence these columns with the same old doctrine—The Campus is coming. Our orthodoxy is sound.

ARMSTRONG is back, but has retired from the game. They who have seen the one-time crack back in his fighting mood regret his decision.

AMY's lithe, limbery form is still seen upon the college grounds, and his melodious voice still floats through the library window. He has, however, decided not to register, and hence will be seriously missed in the various departments of athletics.

THE collector for the Athletic Union is after *you*. No one is on the free list. No "sponging" is allowed. "Fifty cents (50c.) when the hat goes round" applies to every fellow. "Pay, pay, pay," and do it now while cash is most flush.

THE Tennis Committee is greatly obliged to the University of Toronto Tennis Club for putting the two grass courts into condition. They are better now than they have ever been.

STACEY, '02, has been appointed captain of the second football team. His aggregation is one that will certainly "startle humanity" (at least around the colleges), and should undoubtedly land the intermediate championship this year.

REMEMBER the Handbook's advice—"Consult the bulletin-board daily"—and then *act* as though you had some college spirit. Private invitation cards are not customary, and will not be sent; but come, for your place is either on the tennis court at the scheduled hour, or on the football team, or on the "rooting line"—*and be there*.

NEVILLE is anxiously awaiting the 20th of October. On that date it is expected that the representatives of Whitby Ladies' College will come up for their annual tennis game with the ladies of Victoria. The Union should consider the advisability of placing wire netting around the courts to keep the Freshmen (Seniors, *et al*) at a distance.

EVERYONE plays alley these days. Freshies are seen at every hour wildly and vainly waving their arms in the hopes of somehow, somewhere striking the ball; and when it happens to come within touch of their tender palms, a happy smile (or if perchance it has come too hard, a look of pain) suffuses their ruddy countenances. Hero worship is rife over the lad who put in a respectable "nailer." Already a Freshman has been known to slope a lecture for "just another game."

AMONG the Grads. returning for B.D. work are some famous alley players. St. Mics is "out of it" with such material as follows for Vic to pick from—Armstrong, Corneille, Tucker, Burwash, Ruddell and Thompson.

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A MASS-MEETING of the students was held on October 4th, for the combined purposes of electing the remaining officers to the Association and Rugby Clubs, and of booming athletics generally. The following are the officers—Association: Hon. President, A. L. Langford, M.A.; President, C. B. Sissons, '01; Secretary-Treasurer, C. M. Cook, '01; Captain, W. H. Hamilton, '02; Business Manager, R. J. McIntyre, spec. Rugby Club: Hon. President, Pelham Edgar, Ph.D.; President, G. E. Porter, '01; Secretary-Treasurer, F. H. Dobson, '02; Captain, E. B. Spear, B.A.; Business Manager, J. H. Fowler, '02. In Captain Spear the Rugby men will have a man who is not only a brilliant athlete, but one who thoroughly understands the science of the game. With the splendid material available, he should bring his men into prominence in the Mulock Series.

THERE are over forty entries in the Tennis Handicap, which is a number slightly in advance of the Varsity. All told, the number in the tournament will be a little over one hundred—a number which compares very favorably with Varsity. Dr. Edgar is devoting a prize, and others are likely to do likewise. Two new events have been added and everything has been done by a hard-working committee to make this the most successful tournament in the history of the Union.

THE Union has adopted a new style of sweater, and henceforth the plain, brilliant scarlet will only be seen in our own back-yard. The colors incorporated into the new sweater are the white and blue of the University of Toronto. Let every fellow, Joseph-like, encase his manly bosom in this coat of many colors.

AT the Varsity games Spear easily held second place in the half-mile race, and Dobson came third in the hurdle race. Frank is now in it for the Varsity-McGill events.

LETTERS relating to athletics in Victoria are requested for these columns.

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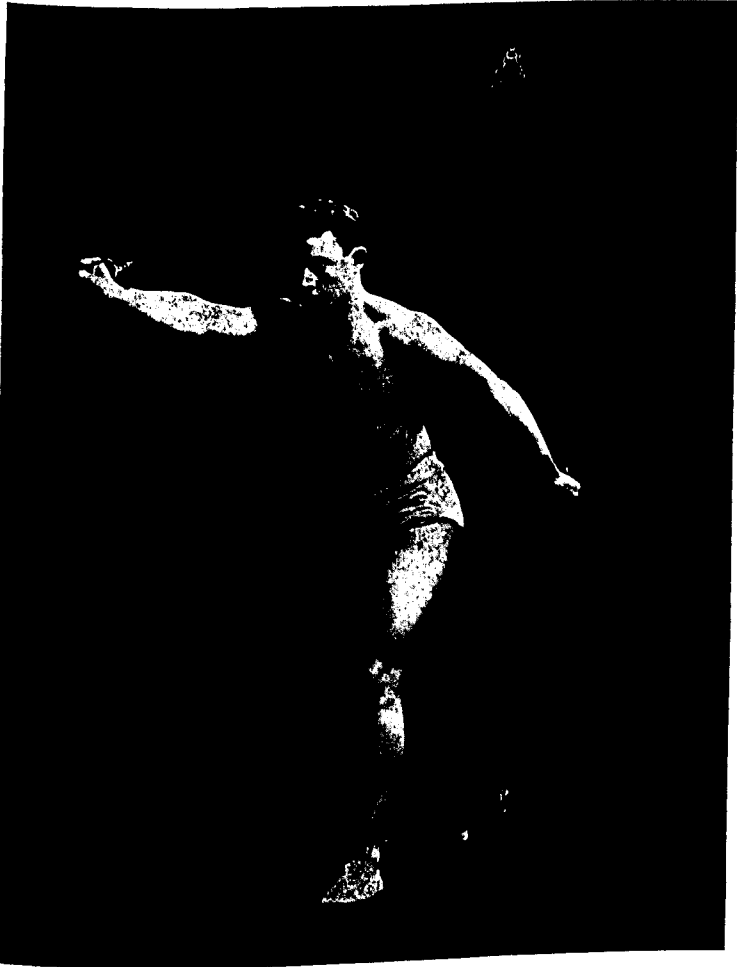
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