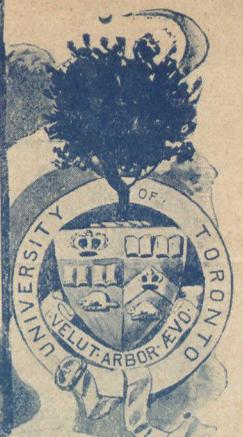
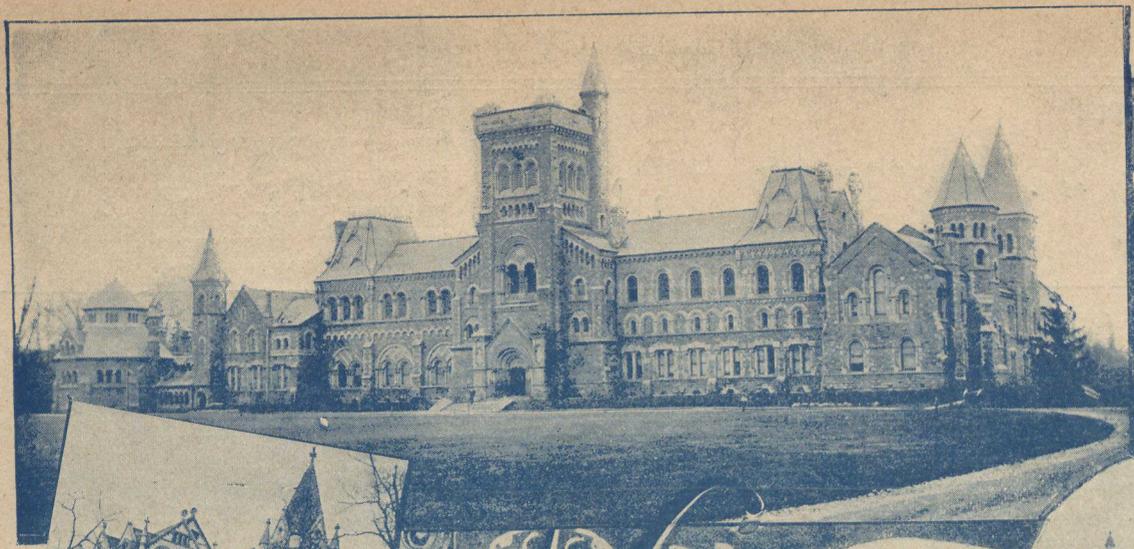


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THE VARSITY

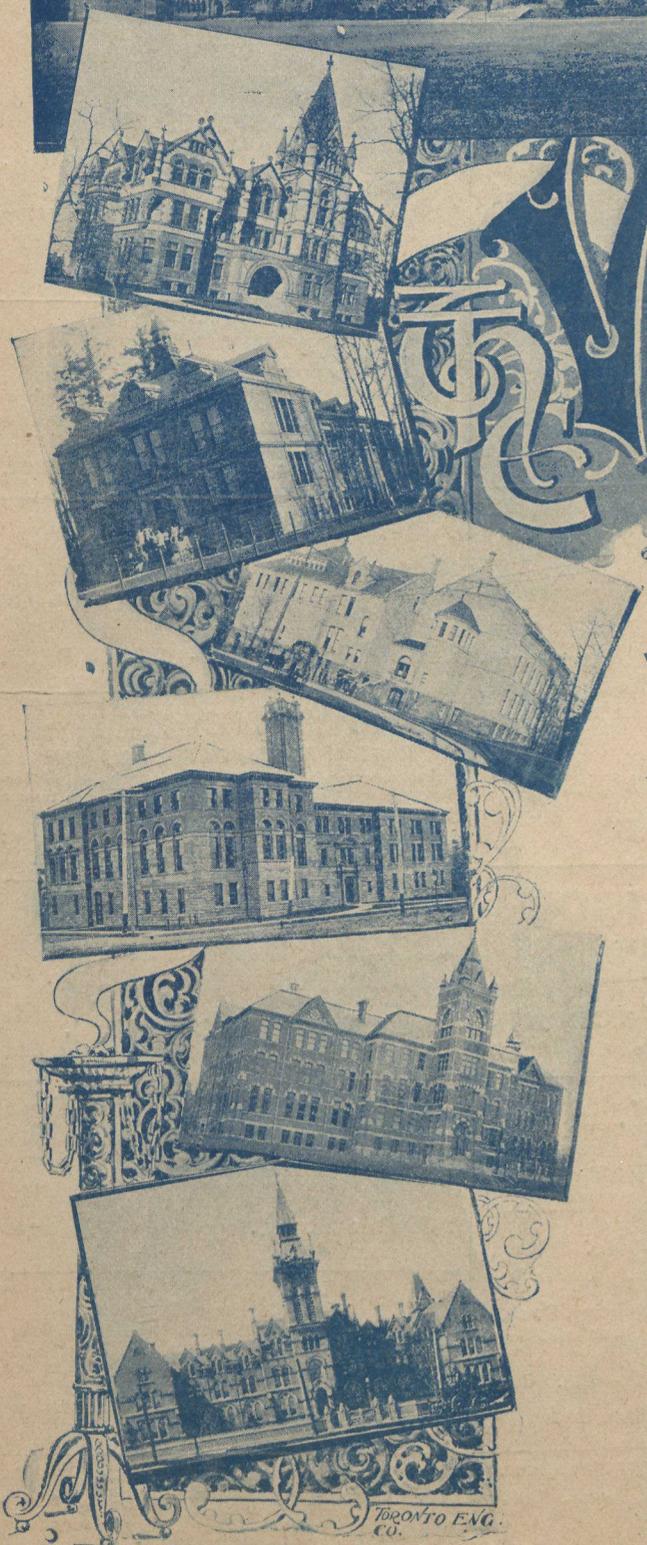
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University of Toronto.

TORONTO, MARCH 3RD, 1897.

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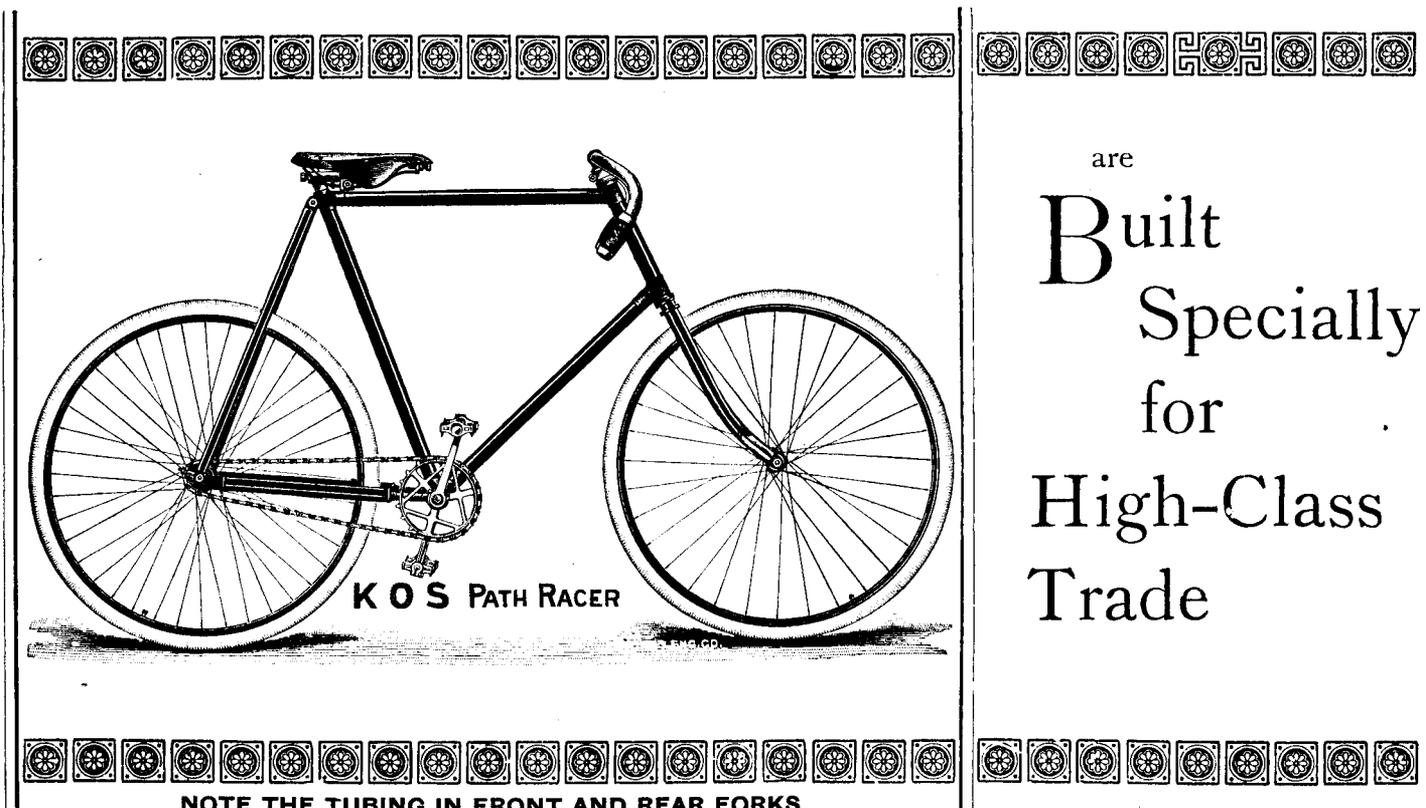
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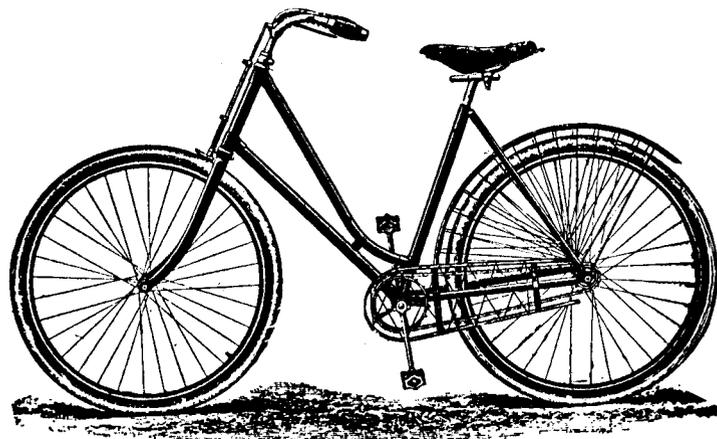
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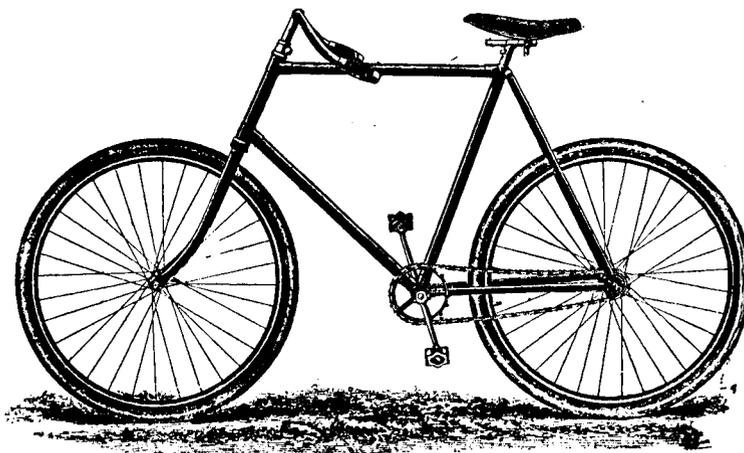
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THE VARSITY.

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1897.

No. 18

SONNET TO GREECE IN TIME OF WAR.

Hellas, all hail! We greet the new-born life
That thrills through all thy veins, gladsome behold
The patriotic passion which of old
Fought straight to freedom's goal through stress and strife.
Land of Leonidas! The sacred fire
That burnt so bright in hoar Thermopylæ
Leaps high again and leads thee o'er the sea
To blast barbarians with vengeful ire.
Strike home, Hellenes! Britain, hang thy head,
Shudder in shame while English shot and shell
Boom on behalf of cursed infidel,
And dare to smite one son of Hellen dead!
Sweet Liberty! Haste thou thy healthful feet,
And strengthen Greeks to burst the bonds of Crete.

—W. H. ALEXANDER, '99.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I am a mail-carrier, just a plain, ordinary postman, and you, when you meet me on my route day after day, think what a humdrum, commonplace life mine is. And so it is, maybe—tramping around in all sorts of weather, rain and snow, and stormy, blustering winds beating down upon me as I travel along to bring you news—sometimes good news, sometimes bad, but still news, and so you are glad to see me. On stormy mornings you look out of the window and wonder when the postman will come; in fine weather you linger near the door and wait to welcome your mail. And did you ever, I wonder, think how you would miss me, even though I am only the postman, if some fine day I should forget to go on my rounds?

There are compensations for everything, and even in the routine of a postman's life there is much that is interesting. Many a pretty story I tell myself about the letters I am carrying, and the people to whom they are going; for I soon get to know the handwriting on the regular letters, and sometimes I can identify the people who are going to get them. So I build up romances and castles in Spain, and sometimes I have come nearer the truth than I ever thought to do. Of one such time I will tell you.

There is on my route one house which always interested me. It is such a quaint, old-fashioned home-like looking place, and from the glimpses I have caught I know it is pretty and dainty inside. They call it "Merton Cottage," and many a time I have thought I should like to know what manner of people lived there. About two years ago I noticed letters went there regularly every week—they were good big letters too, postmarked "British Columbia," and addressed in an easy, flowing, masculine hand to Miss Nora Carlyle. I remembered when I saw these letters, that not so very long before I had sometimes had notes from the city addressed in the same

writing to Miss Nora Carlyle, and I wondered. I am only a postman so I examined the seal, but all it bore was the monogram "A. N." Then I set myself to discover Miss Carlyle.

It was one morning as I waited at the door of this house, that a polite, young girl with the merriest laughing blue eyes, opened the door; I recognized her at once as a girl I generally met further up on my route. She smiled a bright good morning as I handed her the letters with the one for Miss Nora Carlyle on top. Before I turned away I saw a glad smile part her lips and a blush creep over her face, and I told myself I had found whom I sought. So it was for several weeks; and sometimes when I had that letter and I met her on her way in the morning, I would stop and give it to her, just for the sake of the sweet smile and hearty thanks she gave me, and we grew quite friendly, for I am only the postman, you know.

But as the spring came on, the letters ceased, and several times my "little girl," as I called her—just to myself—would stop and ask had I a letter for her. Some times I had, but never the right one, and though she smiled as she went on, I could see her heart was heavy, and in my mind was the thought that "A. N.," whoever he might be, was a fool and worse. The weeks passed on and still no letter came, and the blue eyes of "my little girl" grew less merry. She still smiled as she wished me "good morning," but the smile was forced, and deep down in my heart I wished all manner of evil to "A. N." As if she understood, she never stopped me now to ask for a letter—nor did I ever stop to give her one when I had it, for I never had the right one and she would only be disappointed.

During the summer I did not see "my little girl," and somehow my work seemed very dull and tedious, but in the fall she was back again. I did not meet her now in the mornings, and I missed her merry smile, but several times I saw her on the street and thought she was brighter. Now there was a sad look lurking in her eyes.

One morning, as winter came on again, I got my mail to go out on my round, and to my surprise I found therein a city letter addressed to "my little girl" in the same writing, and sealed with the same seal. My first feeling was one of delight; then a jealous thought went through me as I put that letter in at the door—but I am only the postman and it did not matter. That afternoon I met her on the street; the sad look was gone from her eyes, they seemed dancing with happiness, and her smile was bright and sunny as of old, and I, as I passed on my way, built castles in Spain.

The next day I saw them. I say "them"—I don't know that it was "them" and perhaps I never shall—but anyway the next day I saw "my little girl" and a young man coming up the street. She smiled at me—such a bright, happy smile; the man looked happy too, as indeed he well might. I heard her speak to him and call him "Alex." and I said to myself that at last "A. N." had recovered his senses. Again, I was a little jealous, but I am only the postman, and I passed on.

Just the other evening I saw this notice in the paper:
"Norton-Carlyle.—At Merton Cottage, by the Rev. A. B. Stuart, Alex. Norton, of British Columbia, to Nora Carlyle, of this city."

I dropped my paper and sat in silence, and only then I knew I had been building two castles, one was real, the other was and would ever be in Spain.

But the next day I carried the mail as usual—I am only a postman.

CARR.

A PROPOSAL.

Jerry always was a bungler. His mother used to say she never saw any infant who got things so generally mixed up. He would get his boots on the wrong feet nine times out of ten, and the chances for Jerry being ready to go anywhere at any particular time were so infinitesimally small that he was never counted on. He nearly always was late for school, for he always thought it was Saturday; he never by any chance was prepared for church, but he would wander dismally down stairs about 9 a.m. with his books under his arm, under the fixed impression that it was Monday. If sent down town for biscuits, he brought back bread; if for bread, biscuits.

As he grew older he acquired the peculiar knack of getting so wrapped up in any subject that happened to be in his mind that he was perfectly oblivious of the persons and things by which he was surrounded. Once at a dinner party he became very much interested in a discussion of the relative effectiveness of militia and regulars, and when his hostess asked him to take Mrs. A. in to dinner he politely offered his arm to Major R., with whom he was talking, and walked in with the blushing veteran hanging on his arm and enjoying the sport immensely. That was just like Jerry—always wrong and always in hot water.

When he was twenty-one he lost his heart completely—not an unusual occurrence, you know—and to the eye of the superficial observer Jerry's wooing prospered mightily. The course of true love, however, in those secluded portions of the stream that superficial observers know not ran none too smoothly. Poor Jerry was forever putting his foot in it. He sauntered over one Sunday afternoon, dressed in a tennis outfit and swinging a racquet quite unconcernedly, and enquired for Miss March. Her mamma came down, and presently a gaily clad youth might have been seen hurrying along back streets to change his clothes and scold his good-natured landlady for failing to inform him it was Sunday.

Another time he nearly broke poor Bessie's heart by inadvertently calling her "Lilly." It took months to recover all the ground he lost by that unlucky slip, and it was after Christmas before he was thoroughly himself again.

At last one night he went with her to a dance at Osgoode Hall. It was Jerry all over to forget all about asking her for any dances, but she reminded him, and, as she knew everybody and so did he, their programmes were filled up in short order. Bessie looked "perfectly adorable" in a confection—doesn't that make you think of hot buns and chocolates?—of black lace and cherry silk, and Jerry got it into his head that he was going to propose. That settled it—of course he did it, and this was the fashion of the doing:

Just after supper he had a dance with Bessie Travers, a great friend of the idol of his heart, and this Bessie was a mischief and a flirt. She knew Jerry was preoccupied, and flustered, so she got him away in a cozy corner, and started to draw him on, as only a girl with witching eyes can. He only knew that he was off far from the crowd with a girl and that he was going to propose—so he did it.

"Bessie, I love you; will you?" he whispered taking her gloved hand in his own.

"No you don't" said she, and laughed.

"Does it all—does everything mean nothing?" pleaded Jerry, only conscious that she resisted.

"Oh no! Everything generally means a great deal," teased Bessie.

"Then!" said he, and stretched his arms coaxingly toward her.

"No! now and always," logically replied the object of these pleadings.

"Am I to think you only a flirt?—that all your glances and your confidence were only playing and but a summer's fun?" groaned the victim.

"Ask Harry Beecher," heartlessly replied the maiden.

"Is that all?"

"Yes—that is—" they had left the corner and were nearing her rendezvous "What's our next number?"

"Eighteen," he said, looking abstractedly at his programme.

"Well, if I call you Jerry when you come, I've changed my mind— Good-bye," and she laughed again and kissed her hand to him as he turned and made for the refreshment room, where he stayed and drank sherry for the next ten numbers, only coming out to torment the bugler by asking, "Is this eighteen?"

Bessie Travers made her way to the other Bessie, and astounded her by the announcement that Jerry had proposed.

"Oh! no, no, no!" moaned Bessie number one.

"Yes, dear, and I said no; but if you want him, call him Jerry when he comes for you at eighteen," said Bessie number two, "for he thought—you know how funny" (all-embracing word) "he is—he was proposing to you, and now he is away in some dark corner crying to himself, I suppose—I would be."

More explanations followed, and Bessie number one was so moved by the vision of Jerry in some dark passage, full of the ghosts that haunt old Osgoode, weeping over her defection, that she wanted Bessie number two to go with her and find him, but Bessie number two only laughed and said it would do him good, and so the faithful Bessie waited with what patience she could for number eighteen.

At last it came, and with it Jerry, feeling better (wine is a great reliever of pain), and she met him with only "Oh, Jerry!"

He kissed her right there—just like Jerry—and now he is Jerry number one, and Jerry number two is only three months old, but is just like Jerry number one, Bessie number one says. At any rate, he always, if left to his own devices, gets his bottle in his eye, and straightway howls. Poor Jerry!

NOMAN.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The open meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society, held last Tuesday evening, was one of the most successful of its kind this year, Room 16 being crowded by an attentive and enthusiastic audience.

Prof Baker, after a few introductory remarks, called on Mr. Rush for his paper on "Women in Mathematics." Mr. Rush seemed perfectly at home in his subject, his charming descriptions of these various ladies being especially pleasing to the Residence contingent.

Miss A. Lick's solo was enthusiastically received, after which Mr. Chant showed how "light turns around corners." The lecture was illustrated by several experiments and by photographs of shadows, showing bright spots in the centre.

After Mr. Merritt's solo, Messrs. Race and Plaskett gave an exhibition of cartoons, which was greatly enjoyed. At the end of the meeting the laboratories were opened and the use of the instruments shown by the third and fourth year physical students.

COR. SEC.

INSTRUCTIVE POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

ELEGY OF POOR LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie ate in gloom ;
 His tears dropped in his tea ;
 With quivering hand he took a bun ;
 " 'Tis very sad," sobbed he.
 " I think they're very light," replied
 His frigid landlady.

" Ah ! 'tis not of the buns I speak,"
 He said, and wept anew ;
 " But I would with my teachers sup,
 And eat my breakfast, too."
 She sniffed : " You'd better go elsewhere
 If *my* board don't suit you !"

Resignedly he wiped his eyes :
 " You do not understand ;
 They ought to ask me out to dine—
 'Tis all I do demand ;
 For how else do they think I'll meet
 The great men of the land ?

" Nought do they but advise and teach ;
 Of culture I despair ;
 Ruth Ashmore's ' *Side Talks* ' nought avail ;
 'Tis very hard to bear !"
 He sobbed : " Whole days I do aspire,
 And yet they do not care.

" Now, never mind them ; there's a dear "
 (Touched was that landlady),
 " For manners try the little girls
 And see how kind they'll be."
 But Willie anxiously replied :
 " I fear they'd flirt with me.

" I've never liked them at our school ;
 They ought to go away ;
 A humbler place would them become,
 Especially in May,
 But yet I'll sacrifice myself,
 And do whate'er you say."

So next morn from the janitor
 Some " crested note " he bought ;
 He hastened to the library
 And gloomily he thought :
 " Well, if I must, I must ! I first
 Will call on Betsy Naught."

" Toronto, February 10.
 Dear,"—then stopped suddenlie—
 " If they should o'er my shoulder look !
 The name they'd surely see !
 I'll leave it blank till I am done !"
 How crafty was Willie !

Politely did he write that note,
 And condescendinglie,
 But as he closed, a distant bell
 Thrice tolled—'twas all of three !
 Swiftly 'twas folded and addressed ;
 He sealed it hurriedlie.

That lecture little Willie reached.
 That note did reach Betsy ;
 She opened it—she gasped for breath—
 Her brother sought Willie ;

And now there is no joy for him
 In *Bohn* or in *Kellie*.
 (If I should write aught more of him,
 His epitaph 'twould be.)

But to the moral, little ones :
 'Tis plain the facultee
 Should be reproved ; and this " Co-Ed."
 At once abolished be.
 " And what's the good of anything ?
 Why, nothing." Woe is me !
 Above all, those who read these lines
 Should take them seriouslie.

FESTE. 31
 M^o Janlane 95

THE LACK OF A UNIVERSITY SPIRIT AND A
REMEDY.

(CONCLUDED.)

I endeavored to show in last week's VARSITY that there is a lack of University spirit, and that the class societies, which foster a spirit of class distinction, are to a great extent responsible for it.

What, then, is the remedy for this ? In the first place, *the abolition of the class societies* ; and in the second, *the institution of some representative body for the whole of University College*, that will practically be a " Students' Council " and govern all the affairs of the undergraduates. I have pointed out above that we lack such an institution, and also that we need one, and I am sure that every student must feel that such is the case. If the class societies could fill this want, then we would have all we desire ; but they can't. It is absurd to think that four societies, having equal powers, and representing four distinct divisions of a University, could possibly administer to the wants of the students as a whole, unless there existed some bond of union between these societies. You might as well say that it would be possible to rule a country with four distinct governments, having no bond of union ; such would be impossible, because for good government it is essential that there be a centralization of power. I say we do not have this in the class societies—then why not abolish them ? On consideration, I think you will all agree, we *would* have this centralization in a " Students' Council " elected by the students—then why not adopt it ? It is true class societies are old institutions, and you third and fourth year men, especially, might feel somewhat " canny " about meddling with them ; but then ask yourselves the questions—*first*, Do they meet the wants of the students ? and *second*, Do they tend to cultivate a University spirit in opposition to a class spirit ? You emphatically answer no. Then why not abolish them ?

In order to have something definite, permit me to outline briefly a possible formation of such a council.

I would suggest that the men of each year should meet at the time of the present class elections, and select a certain number to represent their year on the " Students' Council." If it were considered desirable, let some be elected to use their energies in special directions, besides being general representatives of their year ; for example, let each year elect their athletic directors, but let these also represent their year on the Athletic Directorate of the University of Toronto.

With regard to the part our lady-undergraduates would have in such a council, let me say a few words. Since the lady-undergraduates have not a great deal in common with the men, that is generally speaking, it would be unadvisable that they should be members of such a body at *all* times. For example, when arrangements were being made for the Dinner and our night at the " Grand," the presence of the lady representatives would not be necessary. One way to meet this difficulty would be for

the lady-undergraduates to hold separate elections and select their own representatives, with the understanding that these should only become members of the council wherever the interests of the lady-undergraduates, as well as those of the men, were involved.

The council would thus be composed of representative men and women from *each* year, who would unite in forming a representative body for the whole of University College; and having full control of the students' interests. Now, surely there can be no doubt but that the students' interests would be more satisfactorily administered than under the existing circumstances; for as I have stated before, we absolutely have no representative student body.

When stating that the students have no representative body, I should have considered the Literary Society, which, by the way, is the most representative body we have. The students of University College do not look upon the Literary Society as a governing body, in any sense of the word; and they are quite justified, for the officers of the Literary Society, are elected by not more than one hundred and fifty undergraduates. You argue that it is the fault of the rest that they do not vote; but the fact is the students of this University take but little interest in the Literary Society, and, as is more and more becoming the case, are losing confidence in it, from the fact that it does not do its duty as a "Literary" Society; in fact the *literary* is becoming to too great a degree subservient to the *social*. Hence, since the Literary Society is not representative, we students have still no representative body.

If you will permit me, let me consider such a body, as proposed above, in power. How would it act on the undergraduates? It seems to me that one of its chief effects would be to consolidate the four years of the University and tend greatly to eliminate the prevailing class spirit. Again, when the freshmen would arrive at Varsity, and find the seniors welcoming them with open arms and allowing them some say in University matters at once, by thus permitting them to send representatives to the governing body of the students, there would be no chance for the class spirit to assert itself, the freshmen would never think of such a thing, and it would die a natural death. We would also not be tortured by a freshman's class yell, but the first thing the seniors would teach the freshmen would be *Varsity, Varsity, V-a-r-s-i-t-y*, etc., and we would at once enlist two or three hundred stalwart enthusiasts for things Varsity. I think the reader will agree with me that that would happen to no small degree and must undoubtedly foster a University spirit.

When we would assemble as Varsity students, whether it were at Convocation or at the "Grand" on Hallowe'en, an enthusiasm for the University would assert itself, were the class distinction thus abolished, which would tend to make up that prevailing indifferent spirit, and give rise to a pure enthusiastic University spirit. We seniors could there set the freshmen a good example, both by our unity in the expression of our love for our University and respect for our professors. They say that the best time to teach children is when they are young, and, if the present generation of freshmen will pardon me, I say the best time to teach freshmen in the ways they should go, is when they first enter the doors of good old Varsity; and it devolves upon the seniors to do this.

Let me suggest, briefly, another and most important sphere of usefulness of such a representative student-body. We would in it have a satisfactory means of communication with the faculty, which would doubtless tend to create a greater intercourse between the professors and the students. Let us look back for a moment. All of us will remember, either by hearsay or experience, that unseemly "row" that took place some years ago, which the public and the friends of the University have not yet forgotten. Now had such a representative body of students existed then, there would probably never have been that

clash between the professors and students, for the faculty would have met with such a body in an "arbitration tribunal," as it were, and matters would have been settled amicably. Now there always exists a possibility, however remote, of the students having to meet the authorities to express their opinion with regard to matters with which the student-body cannot agree; at present we have no means, but if we had some such "Students' Council" we would in it have a perfectly satisfactory medium.

Again, such a body would have a comprehensive means of feeling the minds of the students on any question that might arise. For example, should the question of the revival of that old and laudable custom of wearing caps and gowns ever be brought forward, we would be able to reach the minds of the students and find out the prevailing opinion. At present such is practically impossible.

Here is another case that might occur at any time. Suppose that some distinguished person should honor our University by visiting it. We would have in such a body a means of calling out every student to do honor to our guest, and join with the rest in evincing our love for our Alma Mater.

Before concluding, let me say that in thus consolidating University College, the nucleus of the University of Toronto, we would have gone a good way towards the accomplishment of the formation of a body representative of the whole of the University of Toronto, which would govern its athletic, its social and its literary functions. But, in the meantime, let us all unite in laying the corner stone of this project by using all our energies to the consolidation of University College.

I hope I have made clear what I intended. In the first place, that there is a lack of University spirit; in the second, that the prevailing class distinction, fostered by the class societies, is to a great extent responsible for it; thirdly, that we undergraduates have no *representative* student-body, and lastly, that these three *great* evils would, to no small degree, be eliminated by some such organization as suggested above.

In going into details, as I have, with regard to the formation and functions of such a "council," I would have you to consider that these suggestions are not the *necessary* complements of the *underlying principles*, but were only given that we might have before us something definite. And it is these *principles* that I would keep before you, and upon which I appeal to every student of University College, namely, in the first place, *the abolition of the class societies*, in order to assist in eliminating the existing class spirit; and in the second place, *the establishing of some such "council" as suggested*, for the purpose of fostering a University spirit, and in order to take over the functions of the class societies, as well as serving the important office of being the representative undergraduate body.

Concluding, I sincerely hope that this letter will not be fruitless. Will you who read it discuss the question brought up here with your fellow-students; give it a reasonable consideration, and express your approval or disapproval, or offer suggestions through the columns of VARSITY?
G. W. Ross.

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Classical Association was held on Tuesday afternoon, in Room 3, with Mr. McFayden, B A, in the chair. Miss Wright's essay on "Horace as a Lyric Poet" was an ideal treatment of the finished productions of the lighter and gayer moods of the "gentleman" poet. Mr. Edgar, '97, in his paper on "Social Life in Greece and Rome," limited himself to the two golden eras in Athens and Rome, and the comparison he instituted between the social life of the two was especially interesting.

The next meeting of the society will be held on March

9th, and Dr. Johnson, lecturer in Latin, has kindly promised to read a paper. Nominations will be received at this meeting for next year's officers.

THE BANJO CLUB'S CONCERT.

The concert given on Friday by the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club of the University, in conjunction with the College of Music Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Club, was one of the most successful performances in the history of musical effort in the University. It attracted a large and decidedly fashionable audience who were by no means disappointed by the entertainment provided for them. The programme was a trifle long, and it might have been better had the banjo and mandolin number which was omitted in the printing been also omitted in the performance. The club was in excellent shape, and made a very good impression, as did also the Ladies' Club from the College of Music, which, however, owed its most distinct success to the singing of Miss May Dickenson in "La Paloma." Mr. Paul Hahn's 'cello solo made a hit, as did also his rendering of the "Simple Aveu," in which he had the accompaniment of the Ladies' Club. Miss World was unfortunately suffering from a cold, and gave only one number, which received a deserved encore. Miss Edith Miller was, if possible, in better voice than ever, and her giving of Thomas' "Winds in the Trees," was simply superb. Mr. McKay sang the "Bandolero" very well indeed—everyone knows by this time how Mr. McKay sings the "Bandolero." Miss Shipe's accompaniments to a very varied collection of numbers and encores showed exquisite taste. One of the most enjoyable things on the programme was Miss Jessie Alexander's clever reading of "The Hazing of Valliant," which for some reason, however (possibly the small number of freshmen in the audience), failed to create an impression, although her other numbers brought down the house. The audience, by the way, was not noticeably academic. It is the duty of the student body—but who cares what is the duty of the student body anyhow?

THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held in the Students' Union on Saturday evening, Feb. 27th. There were a large number present when the President called the meeting to order. The Secretary read the minutes, which were afterwards adopted. Miss Nichols, '97, moved a vote of thanks to the graduates who had so kindly contributed to the funds of the Society. This motion was seconded by Miss Hills, '97, and was carried unanimously. Miss Tennant, '97, moved that a Nomination Committee, to name officers for next year's Editorial Board of *Sesame*, consist of the following young ladies: Misses Glashan, Scott, Northway, MacDougall, Lawson and Hughes. The result of their work is to be voted upon at the regular election meeting.

Miss Allen, '98, was to favor us with a piano solo, but was not present. Her place was ably filled by Miss Rosenstadt, who is always ready and agreeable.

Miss C. Benson, '99, gave a very interesting report of the literary events of the past month.

Owing to the lateness of the hour Miss Street, B.A., made her exit with her political report, much to the regret of every one.

Miss Rumball, '98, sang Tosti's "Good Bye" very sweetly; we are sorry that another opportunity will not be given us to hear her this term.

Miss Dickenson than favored us with a guitar solo, and the Society testified to the appreciation by an enthusiastic encore.

Then the final inter-year debate took place between

the seniors and the freshettes. The speeches were limited to five minutes, again owing to the late hour.

The subject: Resolved, *that the death of Cordelia, in King Lear, is an artistic defect.* The subject was ably handled by Miss Tennant and Miss Forbes on the affirmative, and Miss Grant and Miss Fleming for the negative. Decision was given in favour of the Century class, who seemed to have the weight of argument, to say nothing of the flow of rhetoric. Thus closed the last regular meeting under the regime of '97.

Nominations will take place on Friday for next year's officers, and the elections the following Saturday. Here endeth the records of A. W. PATTERSON, Cor. Sec.

PHYLLIS.

She was dimpled, rosy, sweet,
And her dress was very neat,
And I loved to watch her feet
When she danced.

She had lovely dark brown eyes,
Always full of meek surprise;
How those pretty orbs told lies
When she glanced!

And her voice so soft and low
And her utterance so slow,
Yet her words would sometimes go
—If it chanced.

And to love her as I should,
Oh, I know I surely would,
If my fancy only could
Be entranced.

M.

GLEE CLUB.

The annual meeting of this organization for the purpose of revision of the constitution and nomination of officers for the ensuing year, was held on Friday last. Mr. W. R. P. Parker, B.A., a past-president and honorary member of the club, was in the chair. The election of auditors was first requested, and Messrs. Merrick and Armour were chosen. After the constitution had been read through once it was taken up clause by clause. Mr. Black offered several amendments, all of which were carried. The number of officers was reduced from thirteen to seven, and the offices of secretary and treasurer were combined, leaving the complete list as follows: Besides an honorary president, a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, business manager, librarian, and two pianists. The duties of the business manager were modified to include all the work of correspondence, formerly belonging to the secretary, leaving the secretary-treasurer the work of recording secretary along with that of the treasurer. Mr. Wallace Scott then moved that the fee of the club be increased from \$1 to \$3, if paid after November 1, or \$2 if before that date. For new members, three weeks after date of admission was given for the payment of the \$2.

The officers were then nominated and resulted in elections by acclamation in all but one case.

Honorary President, W. R. P. Parker, B.A.; President, G. H. Black; Vice-President, E. N. Armour; Secretary-Treasurer, H. R. Stovel; Pianists, E. D. Carder, E. H. Smith; Librarian (to be elected), R. B. Scarfe, — Dickenson, D. Urquhart, T. Archibald.

Next Friday the election for librarian will take place, and the secretary and the treasurer will read their annual reports.

The Varsity

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OUR COLLEGE PAPER.



PAPER like VARSITY had better have no existence than be a mere chronicle of college gossip. Until Toronto University follows the example of her sisters in the United States and publishes a daily paper, VARSITY must continue to be a chronicle of college events, but it should be far more. The tone of the University spirit will be judged by the tone of its accredited organ, particularly among the sister universities to which it is a weekly visitor. If it be immature in thought or frivolous in expression the faults will be attributed to its environment, and very properly so.

For this reason the best thought of the University should be at the service of the paper. This should be given freely, cheerfully, ungrudgingly. Little is ever expected from the student who does not feel a genuine pride in his Alma Mater, and this expectation is easily disappointed. The "plug" who comes to college to take away as much as he can, and leave as little as possible, may possibly make his mark in the world, but it will not be a mark bordered by many kindly memories.

But while the student should take a pride and interest in VARSITY, the paper owes a duty to the student and to the University. It should endeavor to be worthy of that pride. While the editors should strive to have its columns contain the best available matter, the business management should cordially co-operate with them. While it is imperative that the paper should be self-supporting, and that those who labor for it should not labor for nought, it should not be used as a medium for money-making. We wish to be distinctly understood here. We have no objection to seeing a good surplus at the end of the season, but the interests of the paper should not be made subservient to that object. It does not appeal to the outside world as a mercantile speculation but as a phase of the intellectual life of Toronto University, and nothing should be permitted to interfere with it.

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

THE WOMAN UNDERGRADUATE.

When such an authority as Professor Goldwin Smith declares himself opposed to co-education, the humble advocates of the system may well put off their shoes from off their feet, and proceed reverently and cautiously with the discussion. But in the web of the Professor's old-school liberalism there is many a tough strand of ultra-conservatism. Though, indeed, the system has now become so firmly established in this land that he who would abolish it would be looked upon as the radical, its champion as the liberal conservative.

But, surely, even Goldwin Smith would acknowledge that co-education is not without its good features. That the influence of woman is great, is admitted by everyone; that that influence has tended, with remarkable uniformity, towards culture, is the verdict of all experience. The University, therefore, that desires to impart culture may well avail itself of the refining influence of the woman student.

Let our educationalists, if they must, leave out of their scheme of studies all mention of Differential Equations; let them, if they will, say not a word of the Theory of Interest. But the University system that disregards the influence of woman is, to our minds, a system very ill-suited to Canada.

Oxford, steeped as she is in sentiment, her countless customs wedded to traditions that carry us back far within the age of chivalry, her very buildings redolent with the quaintness of mediæval culture—Oxford, with all these charms, may not need the further charm of woman's presence to breathe into her students the spirit of culture. And the Oxford student, coming as he does from a refined home and from wholesome associations, may not suffer if the gentle influences of his home-life are temporarily removed. But the rough Canadian lad, often ill-mannerly, sometimes boorish and seldom knowing anything of society, is greatly in need of just those influences which are offered to him by the system of co-education.

The defects of the system are very evident, though it is the women, not the men, who suffer. That there is a danger, however, of some men being too much swayed by the influence of the woman undergraduate is, no doubt, true. But that man—if man he may be called—who is so devoted to the society of the ladies that he cannot enjoy the society of his books and his fellows, that he cannot enter soulfully into the sports of his companions, is a person with whom we would fain have no further converse. But far worse is that student who is so dead to the finer, sweeter, better tendencies of human nature that he cannot, or will not, lay aside his boorishness and enjoy the society of the gentler sex. He is a creature as utterly odious to us as were Scotchmen to good Charles Lamb.

That there is a certain lack of University spirit among us has long been acknowledged. That this is due to the narrower class distinction it seems quite reasonable to suppose. But we are naturally suspicious of the efficacy of any ready-made remedy.

* * *

Our college paper is the one thing that we, as students of Toronto University, give to the outside world as a pro-

duction of our own. When we forget this we are apt to be a little too indifferent to the tone of the paper.

* *

The man who comes to college to bleed it of its scholarship money, who esteems a high place in the class lists above everything else, who does not enter into the social life of the students, who leaves his companions no better for his presence among them—such a man may grow wise, but —. His counterpart in the business world may grow rich, but is he honest? The honest man is expected to pay for what he gets.

* *

The duty of our University is not to produce educated Englishmen or Scotchmen or Germans. Let it strive to produce good Canadian men.

SCORE ONE FOR TORONTO.

Your woman hater is a hard man to convert. Even though he be a college man he will not argue the question squarely. He simply points to the woman undergraduate and shakes his head. And one can hardly be blamed if that significant shake of the head recalls the advice of Wiche to his son: "My son, shun, as you would the devil, learned ladies." But, naturally, the undergraduate would not be bold enough to express his views so strongly.

If appreciation for the finer arts can reside in a breast where gallantry has no place, these opponents of co-education will thank us for recalling to their minds that passage in "The Little Minister" in which the Dominie tells how Adam Dishart, the rough fisherman, checkmated him in the game for Margaret's hand and heart:

I remember a Yule night when both Adam and I were at her mother's cottage, and, as we were leaving, he had the audacity to kiss Margaret. She ran out of the room and Adam swaggered off, and when I had recovered from my horror I apologized for what he had done. I shall never forget how her mother looked me over and said, "Ah, Gavin, I see they dinna teach everything at Aberdeen."

Had he been able to comprehend that remark as he could comprehend the wise sayings of his professors, the young graduate would have learned from it the greatest lesson of his life: he would have learned that scholarship's proper place is far humbler than he had thought. And a woman would have been his teacher.

But Gavin understood his teacher not. He went back to Aberdeen to write a poem about her, and, while he was at it, Margaret became Mrs. Dishart.

Aberdeen's system is not the same as Toronto's. There is a certain branch of knowledge—and that a not unimportant branch, albeit it is but the knowledge of the work-a-day world—that Aberdeen fails to teach.

There are always "two sides" to a question. Sometimes there are more.

* *

Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was certainly one of the great educators of the day, and his views are worthy of our con-

to be photographed and we are quite willing to stand by the decision.—Frederick Lyonde, Photographer, 101 King St. W.

sideration. "The one intent and aim before him in the building up of the Institute," says the *Review of Reviews*, "was to make the course so vigorous that only the strongest could hope to complete it. It was an institution where men went to equip themselves for life work, not a hospital for the treatment of mental weaklings."

* *

To say that the student should shut himself up in a University town away from all the disturbing experiences of a busy city is certainly trite, but none the less untrue. "After all," said Mr. Arnold Toynbee, "a learned man is not much better off than a man who knows a great many common-place people."

* *

The present number of this paper is under the editorial management of Mr. Burriss Gahan, '98, well known to VARSITY readers under the pseudonym of *Brian Boru*.

* *

The worker in ivory does not use the same tools as he who chisels from the marble some artist's fancy. We cannot expect the methods of Oxford or Edinburgh or Harvard to be applicable to Toronto.

* *

The public parade of a meerschaum pipe with a small boy attachment does not make a man out of the boy. On the contrary it usually marks him as a "cad." Nor will any such superficial formality as the wearing of a gown transform a boor into an educated gentleman. But surely there is something of education, yes, and of learning, to be gained from association with the clever and refined women of our college.

* *

Englishmen could hardly expect an arbitration treaty from a nation whose whole system of primary education is simply an extension of the principle seen in the early one-syllable reading lessons telling how "your grand-pa-pa beat the Brit-ish."

* *

Though many of us are thirsting for the education that will give us culture, we must not forget that our position as students in a Provincial University demands that we form part of that great army of "truth-hunters," as Mr. Augustine Birrell contemptuously calls them.

VARSAITY, 6; QUEEN'S 6.

The Varsity hockey team travelled to Kingston last Wednesday to play their return match with Queen's. Little hope was there that Varsity would win, since Queen's had demolished Varsity by 6 to 1 the previous Friday. Most people indeed thought it was going to be a repetition of two years ago, when the Varsity team went to Kingston and were beaten 19 to 3. Bets were offered that Queen's would win by 10 goals, or that they would treble Varsity's score, and some wanted to bet Varsity would not score. I don't think any money was lost, because there was no Varsity money in sight. Varsity surprised everybody, but perhaps the most surprised people were the 800 spectators who filled the rink to see Queen's do Varsity by 10-0. They did not cheer much, except when Queen's evened the score one minute before time.

I have said Varsity surprised everybody, but I should

make one exception, and that is the members of the team; and even to them it was a surprise—not that they played well, but that their form had returned. Varsity played six League games this season, and only in two did they play their game—once at Stratford and once at Kingston. It may have been the width of the Mutual street rink, but certainly Varsity never played in Toronto the way they did away from home. The Varsity team is to be congratulated on doing a thing only one team—the Ottawas—ever did before, and that is keeping themselves from being defeated on Kingston ice. The Ottawa team is the only team that ever defeated Queen's in Kingston, and Varsity is the only other team that Queen's didn't beat.

Jack McMurrich, of T.A.C., was a good referee, and suited both teams better than Percy Brown did.

The teams lined out the same as on Friday night. From the first it was seen Varsity was in to win. Queen's pushed things at first, but soon the puck settled down in Queen's territory, and except for an occasional brilliant rush on the part of Queen's forwards, rarely passed half-way. Queen's scored first on a shot by Harty, which hit the goal post and bounded in. Then Varsity scored three straight games. Queen's were fagged, but played for all their might, and just before half-time added another goal.

The second half opened, and, by a mistake on Varsity's part of thinking the referee blew his whistle for stopping the puck in the air, Queen's evened the score. Varsity played like demons and soon had two more goals to their credit. Queen's were on the defensive all the time, when, with only eight minutes to play, and the score 5—3 in Varsity's favor, Brock's nose began to bleed. This took about fifteen minutes to stop, and this rest saved Queen's. Soon after starting again they added another. Then Shepard scored for Varsity, and Dalton added two for Queen's, and the match closed.

NOTES.

Queen's seemed to have great luck. The last two goals should never have gone through.

The Kingston papers praise Varsity's playing very much. Indeed, all who saw the match agree Varsity had the better of the play.

Biddy Barr and Jack Parry accompanied the team.

"Reddy" Lamont did not go along with the team.

Secretary Beaton, of the O.H.A.,—a Queen's man—says Varsity should have won. He also says that it is the first time he had seen Varsity play as they ought to.

We must congratulate Queen's on their record of

holding the championship for three years. Ottawa held it for three years also. Will it be Varsity's turn next?

Brock's nose saved Queen's.

Of the team which Queen's beat two years ago by 19—3, only two men played on Wednesday—Shepard and Scott.

Varsity's prospects for next year are very bright. Scott is the only one who graduates this year, and even he is not certain whether he will be around or not.

This was the first year Varsity reached the finals in the hockey league, and their record in them is not a disgrace.

Kingston rink is better proportioned than the Mutual street rink. The light is nothing to brag of, and the sides are a little low, but the ice on Wednesday was the best Varsity played on this year.

A DEWDROP.

She gave me a rose at parting,
A blood red rose and rare;
And she smiled and softly whispered:
"My heart is hidden there."

I fingered those petals gently,
And I breathed on each delicate scroll,
But nought could I find but a dewdrop
That passed as the death of a soul.

But perhaps in that drop of water,
That flashes as it lies,
Is the emblem of a passion
That flashes, melts and dies.

MERVYN.

As an educator, Francis A. Walker was especially impatient of that tendency in some educational centres, to set before the young the thought of a college degree as a mere ornament, or of connection with a great university for the sake of getting a "pull" in life.

* *

Among the articles in *Cassier's Magazine* for March is "The Age of Electricity," by Nikola Tesla, with the author's portrait, and some illustrations of early and modern electric motors, and of the Niagara Falls powerhouse. This is one of the most interesting articles that has appeared on the subject for some time, and coming as it does from the most eminent electrical engineer on the continent, it is well worth reading.

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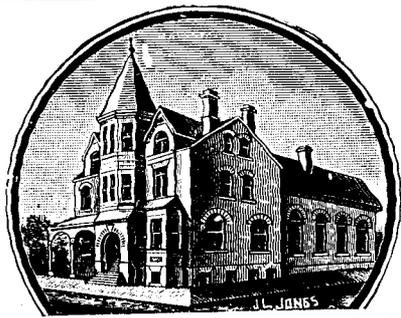
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Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Milligan will lecture next Thursday evening. In addressing the Association two weeks ago, Prof. Hume made a stirring statement of the history and present condition of the Canadian Colleges' Mission. He first explained the duties of the Board, making special reference to the work of Travelling Secretary, Mr. Rae; the Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. W. H. Smith; the Editor of the paper, Mr. Abbott, and the Advisory Board. Prof. Hume then mentioned some of the outstanding results of the work at home—in the Province generally, and more especially in the 54 schools and colleges which it has entered. Special mention was made of a number of former members of the Board, who are now in the foreign field. After giving a brief account of the Mission since Mr. Gale went out in '88 as the representative of the Varsity Y. M. C. A., Prof. Hume spoke of the present position of the Board. In '92 Varsity Y. M. C. A. and the Medical Association each agreed to raise \$250. Neither Association has succeeded yet in reaching that amount. Last year Varsity Y. M. C. A. gave \$180. This is a time of crisis for the Mission. A special effort is necessary to pay all debts at home and in Korea—missionary's salary, home fare, missionary buildings, to properly equip the dispensary, and to send Dr. Hardie back. Instead of being behind in our payments, we should be ahead. Further, the Board would not be justified in sending Dr. Hardie back without furnishing him with a more comfortable home. This means that \$2,500, for all these purposes, must be raised in the near future. If undergraduates would double up in their contributions for one year, the debt could be removed; and if graduates and friends would triple up, the dwelling could be erected. The meeting closed with prayer by Dr. Hardie.

It is to be hoped that Prof. Hume's splendid appeal will have a strong and immediate effect. It would be greatly to our discredit now to be obliged to drop our work in Korea. The Board wants the prayers of the students and the friends of the Mission at this time of crisis. More; it wants 100 willing Varsity men to whom the additional sacrifice of five cents a week would not mean any great discomfort. This will reinforce the coffers of the Mission to the extent of \$250.

Last Thursday afternoon Mr. John A. Paterson, M.A., addressed the Association in his own original and vigorous style. The key-note of his remarks was to be found in George Eliot's words, "Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds"—the gospel of action. We shall yet be asked what we have done for the world we live in. The Christian life is not a single pitched battle; it is a campaign. Only after a struggle are we fit to stand on the sunlit hills of victory. *Via crucis, via lucis.* Cæsar

shamed his mutineer soldiers into obedience by addressing them not as *milites* but as *quirites*. We want the spirit of *milites*—men of the Caleb stamp, who will ask for nothing short of a formidable Hebron for a possession. The question of this year, the question of the age is: What is practical? and what can *we* do that is good and useful? One of the many things is to take a strong stand in preserving the sanctity of the Sabbath. The age is tolerant—in some respects too tolerant. There is too much of the circle with its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere. If the old heritage of the Christian Sabbath is to be upheld, we shall have to look to it. The door is ajar; it is easy to shove it farther open; let us stand inside and push it shut. The *milites* must take a decided stand.

God hath anointed thee with His inodorless oil
To wrestle, not to reign.

S.P.S. NOTES.

Mr. M. A. Bucke, who graduated from this school in 1890, passed through Toronto, *en route* for British Columbia, last week. He has had five years' experience in Slovan district, mining, and last fall his duties took him through all the mining camps. His advice to young men who contemplate going out in the spring is to settle in the Slovan district, as it affords the best openings for men who want to grow up with the country.

The Executive Committee of the S.P.S. Sporting League, have decided not to challenge the winner of the fight in Carson City on March 17th, as stated in last week's VARSITY. We understand it was impossible to get gloves to Fitz-Simmons. Many will be disappointed.

The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday, February 24th. We were pleased to have with us J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., who gave an interesting description of the engineering features in connection with the development, by hydraulic means, of the great placer deposit, owned by the "Bridge River and Lilleott Mining Co." (British Columbia). The company's property is favorably situated for development, and is quite rich in free gold. The description was of considerable interest to all the members, and elicited some good discussion. Following this was a valuable paper by J. B. Goodwin, B.A.Sc., entitled "The Sewerage Problem of Niagara Falls, Ont." Mr. Goodwin was assistant engineer on this work. The system possesses some unique features, which made the paper of special interest. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Messrs. Tyrrell and Goodwin by the Society. The president announced the arrival of two books which had been presented through him to the Society by E. B. Merrill, B.A.Sc., an old graduate of the school, who is at present in England.



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CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Someone has been unkind enough to start a rumor that the business manager of the late lamented *Quarterly* grew weary of his job

The Athletic Association purpose holding their annual assault-at-arms in the Gymnasium, on March 11th. Full particulars will be given next week.

Curious as the coincidence may seem, there is no connection between the chopped up appearance of the editorial page this issue and the fact that to-day is Hash Wednesday. For the one, this week's editor alone is to blame; the responsibility for the other must be shouldered by old Anno Domini and the boarding-house keepers.

On Saturday evening Professor Ramsay Wright, Hon. President of the Glee Club, entertained the members of the Committee at a most enjoyable dinner. Those present were: Messrs.

MacKay, A. B. Watt, W. A. Scott, J. L. R. Parsons, McDougall, Ruthven, G. W. Black, Martin, W. B. Scott, W. D. Love, and J. R. Meredith.

Everything points to this being a most successful season for our baseball club. Everyone who can play the game is requested to come out for practice as early as possible. The management gives the assurance that the best twenty men will be chosen for the tour, independently of their pull, and that no favor will be shown to any "has-beens" or overly ambitious "would-bes."

At the meeting of the Glee Club to be held next Friday, in addition to the business of choosing a curator for the coming year, the meeting will be addressed by a number of prominent graduates, on the subject of a "New College Song Book," to replace the old one, which is now gradually becoming out of date. Among those expected

are Mr. J. L. Jones, Dr. D. J. Gibb Wishart, Mr. W. R. P. Parker, and others. The question of the amalgamation of the Club with the Banjo Club will also come up for discussion, and members of the latter organization are invited to be present and take part in it. Considering the importance of such matters, there will undoubtedly be a large crowd in attendance.

Owing to the Lit meeting on Monday night instead of Friday night, it was not possible to get a report of it in this number of VARSITY. The chief business transacted was the appointment of the committee to nominate the members of the Editorial and Business Boards of next year's VARSITY. Messrs. Greenwood, Sandwell, Burwash and Wallbridge, together with the present business manager and the editors of the fall and spring term, will pass judgment on the literary and executive ability of the various candidates.

Shorthand Class

One of the members of the Class lately concluded is taking copious notes of lectures, beautifully written, and one of the lady pupils of the same Class writes to a pupil in the present one that she has attained a speed of 120 words a minute.

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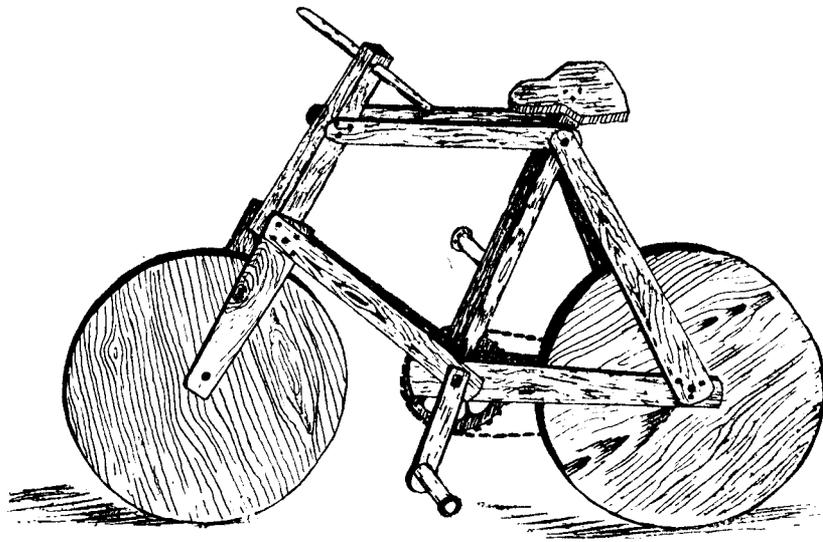
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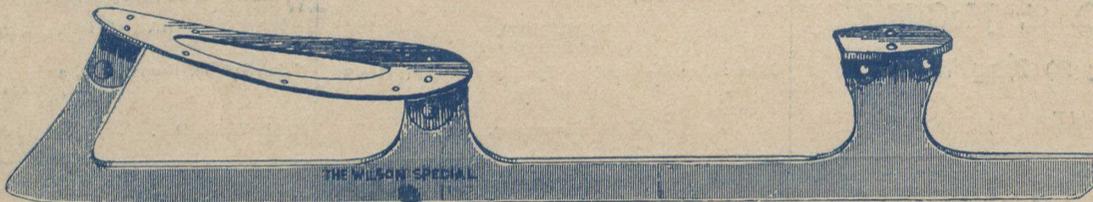
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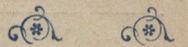
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