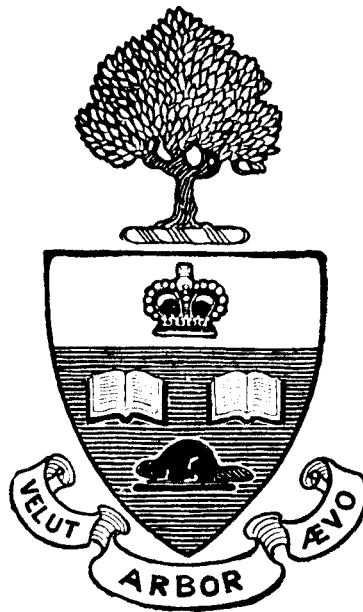




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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events

VOL. XXV.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1905

No. 20

Charon in Tears, or the Reconciliation

By R. C. Reade

(The writer asks the reader to suppose that Charon and Hermes, though engaged together in the same business, have not met since their last encounter on earth. Probably Hermes has been away on business to some other planet, say Mars.)

(Charon and Hermes meet on the University Tower)

Hermes—Why weepest thou, O Charon?

Charon—Why should I not weep, O Hermes, seeing the great cloud that has come over my reputation and that I am now in hiding like Achilles before Troy lest the eyes of men should discover me. Here I am travelling incognito not as Charon, the prince of ferrymen, but the Duke of Styx-Phlegethon.

Hermes—Most appropriate since you come of watered stock. But why weep, even if you do bear two rivers on your escutcheon?

Charon—Shame on you nimble Hermes, friend of light-fingered gentry, god of thieves, it is through you I weep. You have stolen from me my good name, you have made me outcast and accurst among gods and men, you have almost cost me my captain's certificate, you have put an end to all my social ambitions. Thanks to you, O smooth-tongued wingfoot, none of the Asphodelian 400 will now receive me. But yesterday I kicked my heels for hours in Poseidon's ante-room while every slave-dealing, tar-smelling, bottled-nose shade that ever sailed from Aegina and committed murder in the Cyclades was given audience. The Argonautic heroes have expelled me from the Navigators' Club, every dockyard in Hades has raised its prices for naval supplies 200 per cent., the Olympic Victor's Aquatic Association no longer asks me to be judge at their water sports and refused the entry of my yacht in the annual race for the acanthus-wreathed cup given by our leading ambrosia manufacturer. The Holy-Horror Priesthood of the Festive Bowl have passed a vote of censure on me, The Acherontian Monthly refuses my stories, men ostracize me, children throw stones at me from the bank and every young water-nymph whom I used to chuck under the chin and call 'pretty dear' now runs from me as from a satyr and cries, "Fie on you, old bald-head!"

Hermes—Stop, stop for Pluto's sake! Sailors to the pumps! Such a tide of raging grievances sweeps over you that, methinks, unless you and I set briskly to work bailing, you will sink boat and all! Pray tell me how this came about and how am I to blame?

Charon—O Socrates, lock thy doors henceforth, Hermes has stolen thy irony. My prince of messengers it needs no messenger to tell you this. Were your ears stuffed with wax like the sailors of Odysseus the augur of Nemesis had long ago let in the truth of thy crime. Thou art no blameless Bellerophon, no falsely accused Palamedes but a lying Sinon, a Mars caught red-handed. Did you not, 15 short months ago, lead me to this cursed spot, my guide but not comforter or friend? Did you not lead me in safety through the purlicus of the water-front and the mazes of the market, only, like a Prometheus vulture to tear my vitals upon this Caucasian rock?

By your cunning answers you lured me on to flout the archons of this land, insult their priests and blaspheme their gods. This coming to their ears drove them to fury, sedition and, worst of all, litigation. The whole land seethed and foamed like the sea stirred by Poseidon's fork, wigs danced on the green and harpies and birds of prey from neighboring states day after day flew over the land with shrill cries, befouling the holy places and scenting blood and slaughter. And for this they blamed old Charon, honest, innocent old Charon, virtuous, upright old Charon, the foe of all sedition! Alas! Alas! Now I know the truth of what you said to me years ago when I climbed up on Pelion and Ossa. "A man cannot see sights and not run dangers."

On my return home I was disgraced. No Hades brass band turned out to welcome me, no deputation received me with an illuminated address. I went to my lonely house saddened, unattended, discountenanced. The next day I was summoned before Rhadamanthus and Aeacus on a charge that I "did as chief plenipotentiary of Hades to earth behave so scurrilously and indiscreetly as to endanger the diplomatic relations of two great states and to further the belief that Pluto's subjects were shady characters and not gentlemen of delicacy and tact." I pleaded innocence, but it was with difficulty that I escaped free of the law, but blasted in reputation. The Harbor Commissioners thought of cancelling my license, but were content with depriving me of my pension. Hades ostracized me, the Olympi-

ans would not receive me. I am a fallen idol like Depew among men and Pausanias among the shades. I smell to Heaven, Charon thy name is carrion! Woe, woe is me, men are bubbles, shades are bubbles, and I am neither man nor shade but a broken bubble. O Niobe and ye seven sisters of Phaethon your copious tears of stone and amber fell not so thickly nor so fast as my own salt bitter tears of black despair. *αἰαὶ ὄροτοί* I weep, I weep.

Hermes—Charon we are old friends. These many years have I brought custom to thy bark and have been thy passenger agent in many lands. Ever do I work for thy good, never for thy ill. It is not I who have done this but the reporters, the sons of Cadmus who persecute the daughters of Mnemosyne and defame honest old gentlemen. My hand on it.

Charon—I do believe thee, Hermes, and take thy hand in reconciliation. This tribe of parodists and slanderers, Lucian and Fénelon at their head, buzz around me like a swarm of bees filling me as full of holes as an old shield.

Hermes—Shall we then behold the sights together as of old? What wish you to know?

Charon—Tell me only this. I have read the law of libel of late and I fear to ask more. In the words of Homer,

"What is yon stately pile that fronts the sun
With marbled dome and pillared porticoes?"

Is it a mausoleum where they bury the mighty of the land? It is nearly as large as Achilles' barrow.

Hermes—'Tis true. Some say it is the grave of reputations but when finished it will be rather a place of resurrections and premature births than of burials. To it each year in solemn procession they will drag old men from retirement to deliver speeches and declare young men born into the fullness of the state who, as Socrates says, have not yet passed the mid-wife. However, the dome is not marble as you think, but tin. If your questions are done what say you if we seek refreshment?

Charon—Right willingly, for, as Homer says,

"The wine doth add fresh strength to weary men,"

and I am weary. But stop, this is a strange town, if all they say be true, a strange, unnatural town. I am old and have gray hairs to keep unspotted. Can this be done without a scandal?

Hermes—Leave that to me. I know the ropes, as well as you know your old coble's planks. Here we are,—Charon, your health and may Zeus drop in the wine better days and release from all your troubles. I have not seen you of late, tell me how goes the trade.

Charon—People are beginning to cry "Monopoly" and to talk of "People's Rights." It takes many an obol to preserve my rights. So far I have been successful, for our legislators cannot resist the obol's chink. Then again the Diana Purity Union is getting up an agitation to compel me to allow the shades two articles of clothing free of baggage charges. By Apollo and the

lads of the Gymnasium this would ruin me. If I don't strip them they will strip me of house and boat and home. They must go naked or I go naked. My little boat will hold but few at the most and if I have to carry baggage I'll never pay running expenses. What's more, even if it were money in my pocket I couldn't desert the traditions of my trade. The shades have always paid an obol and shall always pay an obol. They have always crossed the ferry naked and they shall always cross naked as long as I am ferryman.

Old Plutus and Croesus and a few more of these rich fellows have caused me a lot of trouble lately. That old rascal Ixion has got over them with his tale of woe and they are trying to secure water-power in order to run his wheel. At least that is their pretence, but then these capitalists always mask their rascalities with benevolent intentions. A plague on such lazy rascals say I. Don't I keep sailing and rowing all the time, why can't he keep wheeling? However, I have undoubted riparian privileges dating from the time of Saturn and they shan't have any water from my river. Let 'em go to Hades, I say. They can't bullyrag me. If I gave way, very soon they would drain the Styx and every unburied shade could walk over without his passport and an honest man would be out of employment.

Hermes—Take heart, my honest ferryman. But why art thou rising? As Horace says, "Tempus erat."

Charon—Nay, I must go.

"The boat rocks at the pier of Lethe,
Fu loud the wind blows frae the ferry."

You know Bobby Burns, one of our late arrivals, who has created quite a furore among Anacreon, Simonides and that set. Moreover I am in bad odor with the citizens here and must depart before I am discovered. Good-bye, my dear Hermes, and promise on your word of honor, if you meet any of the poets or town criers, to give "no word of Charon."



THE BIRDS' HOUR

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

The world at noon belongs to the sun,
At eve to the home-coming herds;
But while the dew is pearly, very very early,
The world belongs to the birds.
As still as in a dream lie the meadow and the stream,
'Neath the soaring and outpouring of the birds.

Long, long before there is life at any door,
Or smoke at any roof, or laughing words
Of children fresh from sleeping, the outer world
is steeping
In the heaven-given rapture of the birds.
Not a thought of grief or care can enforce admission there,
Through the winging and the singing of the birds.



Madonna Head

(Advance page of Torontonensis)

BY D. W. WILKES, S.P.S., '07

PSALM OF A MYSTIC

By Charles Lazenby

I will sound a new note and all the world shall listen, wondering, to my voice.

I will sound an old note of the forgotten ages, and all the world shall remember and be glad.

All sounds are included in this note, and all tones in this reverberant harmony.

What I now speak is the last word in all languages, and I have spoken ages ago.

I spoke and speak through all my servants and knowers, in divine age-echoing tones.

I whispered my secret into the ears of all my saints, and chosen sinners, and those ye have worshipped as olden gods.

None hear my voice till they know my presence, nor know my presence till I speak within them my glowing secret.

I am all Gods and all men, and was equally in all three of my crucified sons on Golgotha.

Jesus I use and Paul in my divine work, also the murderer of innocent children; and the shame-faced prostitute, and all are equally dear to me.

I again preach my old gospel of absolute self-containment, and I know neither good nor evil.

All high and low conceptions, are in me and are parts of me, and the impulse which guides all actions.

I am the eternal paradox of a million meanings some subtle and some gross, but all equally true.

I am the uniting and united masculine-feminine principle, and all worlds of seven-fold matter are atoms of my body.

Looking upward you see but the reflection of my depths, and looking downward you see my reflected face smiling upward to you.

I am each single concept of all philosophies, and the facts of all science.

I inspire the poet, the saint, the fornicator, the scientist, and am the desire which gnaws the heart of each.

I have not been all things.

I am all things.

There is no past with me, nor any future.

I am in all and through all and know no limits either temporal or spatial.

What you, my loved one, call time in three parts is not really so.

Time is one eternal now.

I never existed more than I do now, nor can I ever exist more than I am now, I am life, not form.

I do not depend upon Space for my existence, nor upon Time for my continuance.

When your little Sun shall have contracted into cold nothingness, or a million suns or a million universes, I shall not have changed.

I shall make new suns as the old ones die out and shall remain always unchanging, though appearing ever anew.

I have spoken through the lips of Lao Tse and Krishna, and have revealed my being through the writings of priest and prophet.

When I told you by my servant Jesus that I was that of which all scriptures wrote, you were deaf hearers, you identified me with the form as always before.

I have told you at all ages, that my abode is within you, but you have always given it extension, and made it a place.

You cannot serve me and work for reward, you cannot know me and think you are form.

I manifest myself in form; in your form, and your form is only my form did you but know it—but I am not form I am life.

I have told you by many mouths that I am the life of the world. Nothing came into extended space but through me, and I through it.

I and the God you serve are one, we are not two Gods, you are all my sons and I abide in you; but you know me not.

While you feel that you are better than the worst of your kind, or worse than the best you cannot know me, for in me is no knowledge of better or worse.

I am the all in all, and think not you have any ambition or lust, desire or aspiration, which is not moved by my divine breath within you.

I am what entered into the first crystal and the laws which govern all form whether of substance or mind, but mind and substance are my garments.

I am the A you know not, because you forget, and the Z you have not yet known.

I am what you are and cannot be greater nor less than myself.

I am you who read these lines or you who hear them read, and am no more anyone than I am you.

I am what will withdraw from that form tomorrow or a million years hence.

I am in no hurry, nor do I ever become impatient.

You believe in God, believe also in me and I have told you by all my prophets that I am Yourself.



THE SAILOR'S SWEETHEART

By Duncan Campbell Scott

O, if love were had for asking,
In the markets of the town,
Hardly a lass would think to wear
A fine silken gown:
But love is had by grieving
By choosing and by leaving,
And there's no one now to ask me
If heavy lies my heart.

O, if love were had for a deep wish
In the deadness of the night,
There'd be a truce to longing
Between the dusk and the light:
But love is had for sighing,
For living and for dying,
And there's no one now to ask me
If heavy lies my heart.

O, if love were had for taking
Like honey from the hive,
The bees that made the tender stuff
Could hardly keep alive:
But love it is a wounded thing,
A tremor and a smart,
And there's no one left to kiss me now
Above my heavy heart.

THE KING'S CONSORT

By E. Pauline Johnson—(*Tekahionwake*)

I.

Love, was it yesternoon, or years ago
 You took in yours my hands,
 And placed me close beside you on the throne
 Of Oriental lands?

The truant hour came back at dawn to-day
 Across the hemispheres,
 And bade my sleeping soul retrace its way
 These many hundred years.

And all my wild young life returned, and ceased
 The years that lie between,
 When you were King of Egypt, and The East,
 And I was Egypt's queen.

II.

I feel again the lengths of silken gossamer enfold
 My body and my limbs in robes of emerald and
 gold.

I feel the heavy sunshine, and the weight of lan-
 guid heat
 That crowned the day you laid the royal jewels
 at my feet.

You wound my throat with jacinths, green and
 glist'ning serpent-wise
 My hot, dark throat that pulsed beneath the
 ardor of your eyes
 And centuries have failed to cool the memory of
 your hands
 That bound about my arms those massive, pliant
 golden bands.

You wreathed around my wrists long ropes of
 coral and of jade,
 And beaten gold that clung like coils of kisses
 love-inlaid;
 About my naked ankles tawny topaz chains you
 wound,
 With clasps of carven onyx, ruby-rimmed and
 golden bound.

But not for me the Royal Pearls to bind about
 my hair,
 "Pearls were too passionless," you said, for one
 like me to wear,
 I must have all the splendor, all the jewels warm
 as wine,
 But pearls so pale and cold were meant for
 other flesh than mine.

But all the blood-warm beauty of the gems you
 thought my due
 Were pallid as a pearl, beside the love I gave to
 you,
 O! Love of mine come back across the years that
 lie between,
 When you were King of Egypt—Dear, and I was
 Egypt's Queen.



By organization the students of Johns Hopkins
 are putting themselves on their honor to prevent
 all subterfuge at examinations.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOWN

Another towering column has been broken off.
 By the death of William Ernest Bristol Moore,
 B.A., at the early age of twenty-five a life of
 brilliant promise has come to an untimely end.
 There have been in these latter years hundreds of
 men graduated from University College; but if
 there has been one who graduated with the as-
 sured prospect of a more brilliant future than W.
 E. B. Moore, The Stroller has not known him.

* * *

He was the product of our public schools. At
 Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto,
 where he prepared himself for the University, he
 displayed the same amazing and restless execu-
 tive ability which he displayed later. When only
 in his second year, he won the prize for oratory
 offered for competition in the whole school; and
 it was only a severe illness that prevented him
 from distinguishing himself at matriculation. At
 the University, few will ever know what a multi-
 farious variety of interests was his. In spite of
 physical deformity, he was a splendid tennis
 player, and was President and Hon. President of
 the Tennis Club; other games he was debarred
 from. He was a champion inter-University de-
 bater; and it was mainly owing to his initiative
 that the Unionist party in the Literary Society
 was revived three years ago. In his final year he
 was Secretary-Treasurer of the Thirteen Club,
 an honor which was peculiarly grateful to him.
 And yet in spite of his many interests, he man-
 aged, mostly by the burning of the candle at
 both ends, to maintain his position as scholar-
 ship man in Political Science. In scholarship,
 athletics, public speaking, college politics, and in
 our modest college society, he was almost always
 to be found at the top of the ladder, no matter
 what obstacles opposed him. He was one of
 those rare men with whom one associates the
 idea of Destiny. He was poor, he was lame—but
 the genius of his indomitable spirit knew no
 barriers—no barriers but death.

* * *

He was not popular during his college course.
 His nature was aloof and reserved. He shrank
 from anything like promiscuous bonhomie; and
 though he might have made a great statesman,
 he would never have shone as a politician. To
 his friends he appeared as he was, unassuming,
 upright, with a nobility of character that atoned
 for his apparent coldness of demeanor. It is not
 too much to say that he dazzled the men of his
 day at college. Had he lived, there was no tell-
 ing where he might have stopped. Lesser men
 than he have sat in the front benches of great
 Governments, or have donned the judicial ermine.
 He had the ability to become a notable writer;
 and it is only the absence of any published liter-
 ary remains that obscures this fact. But where
 the lamp of his spirit shone brightest was in his
 executive ability, in his foresight and power of
 initiative, and in the grasp and poise of his
 mind. This University—and for that matter al-
 so, this whole country of Canada—is poorer to-
 day for his death.

Stroller.

THE VARSITY

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FRANK BARBER, Editor-in-Chief.

J. JOSEPH MCGORY, Business Manager.

The Report of the Commission

The main features of the report which will be made by the University Reorganization Committee have been made known only so recently that we cannot refer to it at any length editorially. But if the report which appeared some days since in *The World* is to be trusted there are two features of it upon which all persons who are interested in the University cannot but have opinions; first, the appointment of the Council of the Faculty of Arts; second, the appointment of a Board of Trustees with real powers and real responsibilities.

The Council of the Faculty of Arts

The Arts Council will consist of all permanent members of the Arts staff and will practically manage the strictly academic side of University work. It will take the place of the University Council. At one time control of academic affairs was vested in a few persons, who were perhaps jealous of their powers and loath to allow others to share them. And even now only the heads of departments sit on the University Council. But this is to be changed and the majority of teachers who have now nothing to say except by courtesy will have a voice in shaping academic affairs. In proposing this change the Commission have followed the plan adopted in the great American universities, which some of its members lately visited in search of information. The same wise and just plan is followed by our own School of Practical Science, for all its permanent teachers are members of its Council.

The Board of Trustees

The Board of Trustees are to be appointed by the Government, and in it are to be vested all the powers that the Government now have. In our issue of Feb. 15th we expressed the hope that this Board should be appointed by the Legislature as a whole. In this connection we said: "If the Legislature are entrusted with the appointment of the trustees each nominee will be placed clearly before it, and the people; his qualifications will be presented and the whole matter will be carried on in the bright light of open discussion. But if they are appointed by the Government, it will tend to be a two-man appointment, and will conceivably be open to all the dangers of cliques getting control." We are now more than ever of the opinion that if this

body is to be really independent and is not to feel at every turn that it has to record the opinion of the Government or of some member of it, it should be appointed by the Legislature as a whole. If not, it would be better, as *The Globe* said editorially some days ago that the Government should retain the more important powers to be given to the Board and be held strictly to account for them; for it is possible for the Government to appoint the Board so as to continue its control, but so as to shift the responsibility. We do not question the good intention of the Government, but legislature should be perfect in itself without regard to the persons in power.

Several men have asked us to voice their complaint that their boarding house fare is not up to the standard set at the beginning of the year. Alas! the wily manager knows that now within a few weeks of the close of College few of us can be troubled by looking for new boarding houses. But let us take comfort, for others have similar trials: Emperor Francis Joseph has found that the Hungarian diet disagrees with him and he proposes to try a change. The Hungarian diet has never been an easy one, but even it is nothing to the diet of Worms which Luther had to cope with. However this question of pure food is liable to develop into a poor feud.

Some Acknowledgments

We acknowledge our great indebtedness to Roy M. Mitchell, '09, "Matthias Rex," formerly city editor of *The World*, who has given up his college course and has just gone to Winnipeg as correspondent of the Associated Press.

Many others, especially the members of the Writers' Association, who have given their time and their best thought freely to *The Varsity*, deserve the warmest thanks of the editor. We believe we are right in saying that A. J. Connor, our "city editor," has made his office a more important one than it has ever been.

A Donation to Our Successor

We have set up about a page too much material for this issue; therefore we are constrained to leave out, among other things, a good account of the Nashville Convention. We believe that all our readers have already seen reports of this great student gathering in the daily papers. We have enough copy on hand, much of it excellent, to fill several issues which we have not had space to publish. This we bequeath to our successor, John L. Lang, of the Faculty of Applied Science, who needs no introduction to the readers of *The Varsity*.

A Call for Help

We need the assistance of a number of bright young men to help develop the sales of The Busy Man's Magazine.

Our proposition is a particularly attractive one,—in addition to a cash commission, we are offering the following prizes to the individuals booking the largest number of subscribers during 1906:

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THE COLLEGE GIRL

Edited by Miss J. M. Adie,

The last Lit., the last dance, the last Y.W.C.A. meeting, the last Varsity—the last of everything in fact, except work. Really, to the senior this is a most woeful time, and even the prospect of a year's experience of the gay life at Normal College cannot console us for all that we are leaving. But there,—we must not blot the editorial page with tears of vain regret.

To come to things practical, the past year has seen excellent work in the various women's societies, but we can touch here on only the new features. In the Women's Literary Society the innovation of impromptu debates on such deep subjects as "Resolved, that we should have a Chinaman on the faculty," has proved an excellent means of giving practice in public speaking, and revealed unsuspected oratorical powers in some of our members. The Alumnae and the Lit. formed a chapter of Evangelia House last spring, and increasing interest is being shown in the settlement work. The undergraduates have the privilege of sending a junior into residence at Evangelia for two weeks and Miss A. S. Bastedo has been chosen as our representative this year. The afternoon dance was another innovation which, has, I think, been sufficiently discussed.

The new features of the Y.W.C.A. have been the formation of group Bible classes and the sending of seven delegates to the Nashville convention. The new system of Bible study has already proved its great superiority.

The formation of the Women's Athletic League has greatly increased the interest in athletics in our college. The paper chases, tennis tournament and hockey matches were the immediate results of the forming of the League and have given us a splendid opportunity of becoming acquainted with the girls of St. Hilda's and Victoria. Our own club has a substantial balance to its credit which it hopes to devote to a cinder tennis court, if the authorities will lend their support.

The Dramatic Club, under Mrs. Scott-Raff, has done excellent work, as was seen at the open meeting of the Lit.

The Glee Club we must dismiss with a sigh of regret. It is no more.

The past year has seen too, the completion of the Women's Residence,—a boon which only those who have known the trials of boarding-house life can fully appreciate.

But the college girl's life means more than lectures and social functions and student societies. These have their part, but the charm, the essence of it all is in the atmosphere,—the broad, care-free life, yet with its responsibilities, the opportunity of gaining a little clearer view of the relative value of things, the contact with high and noble minds both among our professors and our fellow-students, the warm, deep friendships we form—these are the things we value most as we go forth with feelings of mingled love and regret and hope from our Alma Mater.

On Shrove Tuesday, the Alumnae Association of University College departed from its usual staid and sober habits and held a Mardi Gras festival and pancake supper in the Gymnasium, to which many graduates and their friends came in masks and beautiful or fantastic costumes. Miss Brown and Miss Melville recited, Miss Love sang and all took part in the potato and peanut races and the clothespin game, as well as in the informal dances. Everyone seemed to have a thoroughly good time and all agreed that the evening was well worth the ten cents admission.



WOMEN'S LIT ELECTIONS

Hon. President—Miss L. B. Johnson, B. A. (acc.)

President—Miss E. Vander Smissen (acc.)

Vice-President—Miss Dugit (acc.)

4th Year Rep.—Miss Oakley.

Secretary—Miss Lena Thompson (acc.)

Treasurer—Miss L. Macdonald.

3rd Year Rep.—Miss J. Barber.

Cor. Secretary—Miss M. McLaughlin.

2nd Year Rep.—Miss M. Coyne.

Varsity Board—4th Year Rep., Miss E. Smith; 3rd Year Rep., Miss H. Thompson.

Grace Hall Library:

President—Miss M. Anderson.

Vice-President—Miss Marshall.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss McWhorter.

Dramatic Club:

President—Miss Bradshaw.

Athletic Association officers:

President—Miss M. Houston.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss L. Thompson.

Hockey Curator—Miss J. Carrier.

Tennis Curator—Miss M. Steele.

Fencing Curator—Miss Marshall.

Gymnasium Curator—Miss Kilpatrick.

Physical Culture Curator—Miss M. Coyne.



SEASONABLE BOQUETS

Night after night,

He sat and bleared his eyes with books.

—Longfellow.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?

A fitful tongue of leaping flame;

A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,

That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;

A few swift years, and who can show

Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

—Holmes.

The studious class are their own victims; they are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day a fear of interruption—pallor, squalor, hunger and egotism. If you come near them and see what conceits they entertain—they are abstractionists, and spend their days and nights in dreaming some dream; in expecting the homage of society to some precious scheme built on a truth, but destitute of proportion in its presentment, of justness in its application, and of all energy of will in the scheme to embody and vitalize it.

—Emerson.

THE SONG SPARROWS' SECRET

By Helen M. Merrill

Listen, listen, oh, hear that song,
A grey little brush bird carolling long,
Out on the topmost bare, grey bough,
"Dear, dear, dear," he is carolling now.

He has a message, and must be
Where never an eye will fail to see;
And never an ear will fail to hear
The gladdest song of the wakening year.

A little grey bird against the blue,
A heavenly song meant but for you,
And still he sings and I hear him say:
"Dear, dear, dear," down the willow way.

Because you never, I fear, will know
What he was saying a moment ago,
His little secret I shall tell:
"Somebody loves you true and well."

I did not know, oh truly, whether
You thought he sang of merely the weather,
Or but with joy to be alive
When April showers the earth revive.

And now his secret I have told,
(And you may deem me over-bold)
He sings the same sweet roundelay,
From dawn till dusk the livelong day.



TO MAKE TORONTO A RESEARCH UNIVERSITY

By S. C. Dyke

If the present plans of the authorities materialize, the University of Toronto, will, within the next few years, come to occupy a unique position among Canadian Universities. Up to the present the Dominion has possessed no institution of learning, where original research work has been elevated to a position of primary importance. It is the aim of the faculty to make Toronto the research University of Canada. In thus widening the scope of her post-graduate studies, Toronto will be only adapting herself to the modern standard of a great university.

"Misconception seems to exist on all hands, as to the true aim of a university," said Professor A. B. Macallum, in speaking to a Varsity representative recently, "The tendency is to regard a university as a place, where in exchange for a stated sum, a man may receive a certain amount of knowledge. This is a mistake. The primary purpose of a university is not to confer B.A.'s or to peddle the stock of knowledge already existing. Of course, the tutorial part, is and always will be, essential to the make-up of a university, but the departments devoted to original research should be looked upon as of equally great importance."

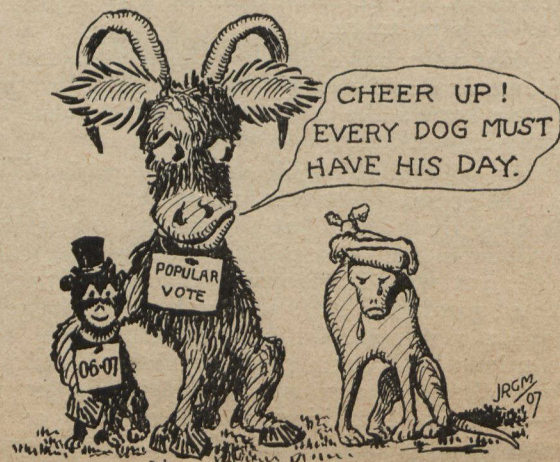
This idea of developing a faculty for the pursuit of original knowledge, in conjunction with the regular tutorial department, originated with Johns Hopkins University, some thirty years ago, and has since been recognized all over the continent as the plan of an ideal university. All the larger American universities have adjusted themselves according to it, and to Toronto be-

longs the honor of establishing the first Post-graduate Faculty in Canada.

It was in 1897 that the University of Toronto first made post-graduate courses open to her students, and in that year some half-dozen students were engaged in research work. Since then the post-graduate department has grown, and now there are over thirty students, engaged in delving hitherto unbroken ground in Psychology, Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Political Science, Philology and History. In the nine years since the establishment of the department, many valuable contributions, some of great scientific importance, have been made to the University of Toronto studies. Some of the results of the work of the post-graduate students have even been read before the Royal Society of London.

Toronto, has thus, a good foundation on which to build up a complete and systematic Research Faculty. To make the reorganization necessary to this end, has been the work of the University Commission. The new and reformed Postgraduate Faculty will probably consist of all those members of the various faculties of the University, who have shown a peculiar aptitude for research work. Men are needed who can set post-graduate students on their way to original studies. Once started they will continue, and do work of real scientific value. It may be found necessary to engage new professors for the post-graduate work alone, while some of the present members of the faculty, will probably have to be relieved of a part of their undergraduate work by assistants.

By making herself the centre of original thought in Canada, Professor Macallum was of the opinion that Toronto would be only fulfilling her destiny as the national university. "The time has come," said he, "when research men are needed in Canada. Universities will soon be established in our western provinces, which will require professors, and experience has shown that no man makes so good a teacher as one who has pursued original investigation. Specialists in practical science are required by our industries. In Germany it is with university men that the Civil Service is filled, and we may hope for such a state of affairs in Canada soon. In devoting herself to the furtherance of original research, Toronto University will be fulfilling one of the present needs of the country."



SPORTS

Edited by H. D. Scully

ARGONAUTS, 8; VARSITY 7

In the best and most exciting game of Toronto's hockey season Varsity lost to the Argonauts, ably assisted by "Time," by the narrowest margin. The game although played on heavy, sticky ice was fast from start to finish and there was not a moment when either team could afford to lag. Every man on each team played for all he was worth throughout, so that the spectators had their money's worth.

Varsity had the better of the play throughout and really deserved to win, but Argonauts pressed hard in the end and managed to squeeze out ahead, although even at that Varsity tied the game in actual play, but the whistle blew a second too soon and victory went to the Oarsmen who will hold the City Championship Cup for 1906.

Varsity had the better combination, while the Argonauts got most of their goals after individual rushes by Hamber and Reiffenstein of the

defence. While the whole team played their best for Varsity, the work of Davidson, Herb. Clarke and Broadfoot is specially commendable. Davidson outskated and outplayed Bloomfield all through up to the last few minutes, while Herb. Clarke's irresistible rushes and shooting could not have been improved on. Broadfoot as usual checked hard and rushed with his customary vim. Hal Clarke was always in the way when the other side rushed, his checking being strong. Toms was up against Hamilton, Argonauts' best man, but still managed to get his usual number of shots and goals. Hanley and Lash both played strong games. For the Argonauts, Hamber and Hamilton were the pick, the others only playing well at times.

The game played by Varsity against the Argonauts showed that college hockey is a good bit faster than the senior O.H.A. brand of this season anyway, and that no team in the city can afford to crow over Varsity, notwithstanding the city papers' aspersions on Varsity hockey team and the College League generally. Lou. Burns made a capital referee. The teams:

Argonauts—Goal, Cochrane; point, Reiffenstein; cover, Hamber; forwards, Toms, McGaw, Bloomfield, Hamilton.

Varsity—Goal, Lash; point, Hanley; cover, Broadfoot; forwards, Toms, Davidson, Herb. Clarke, Hal Clarke.

How Many Things Have Happened

AT VARSITY THIS YEAR THAT YOU WANT TO KEEP A RECORD OF

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THE DREAM

By Henryk Sienkiewicz

(Adapted for the Varsity)

After dinner our party adjourned to the drawing-room and conversed about many strange occurrences, such as premonitions, apparitions and similar inexplicable things. An elderly physician, with the mien of a skeptic, who had smiled at all our theories, was asked by a lady whether he had not met in his life with something of the kind that could not be explained.

"When I was young," replied the doctor, "I had a dream, or rather a series of dreams, which surpassed anything that I ever heard of in that line and which in the end saved my life. If you desire it, I will be pleased to tell you about it."

"About twenty years ago I went to Biarritz to take a rest. I met there an English lady who was noted for her original ways of entertaining people. Once she invited me and a few of her admirers to take a boat ride at 3 a. m. While out on the ocean we looked at the stars and talked of all kinds of mystic things. I went back to my room after the boat ride, felt tired, and while reading a letter which I found on the table went to sleep in my chair.

"I had hardly closed my eyes when I dreamed that I was in a city which I had never seen before, in front of a house before which stood a hearse with sides of glass and a door in the rear. Close to the hearse stood a boy about 15 years old, dressed in a black coat with brass buttons. He opened the door of the hearse, bowed to me politely and with a motion of his hand seemed to invite me to enter the hearse. This frightened me so that I threw my head forcibly toward the back of the chair and awoke.

"The next few days I almost forgot my dream in the pleasant company of the English lady and her friends, but during the third or fourth night following I had the same dream, and after that it came again once or twice a week. The strange part about it was that the house, the hearse, the dress and face of the boy were always the same and that with the same polite motion he invited me every time to enter the hearse and when I awoke I could fairly see him before me, especially his gray eyes, which stood far apart and reminded me of fish eyes.

"You will readily comprehend that such a determined repetition of the same dream finally became disquieting to me. Several weeks after-

ward the English lady, some of her friends and I went to Paris and we all stopped at the same hotel. We arrived in the evening and I hurriedly changed my clothes and went to the elevator to go down to the dining-room. In the hall I met some of my fellow-travellers, who also intended to take the elevator. I pressed the button and a moment later the "lift" came down, the door was shoved aside and—I tumbled backward as if I had seen a ghost. In the open door stood a boy with fish eyes dressed in a black coat with brass buttons exactly as I had seen him in my dreams. With a polite bow he invited us to enter.

I confess that for the first time in my life I was frightened beyond reason. I turned around, and excusing myself to the party rushed down the stairs. The lift evidently had to wait for more passengers as I reached the hall leading to the dining-room before it came down. I threw myself into a chair and tried to compose myself, when I heard a heartrending cry and a terrible crash and then lost consciousness. When I came to again I saw on the floor the bloody bodies of the passengers which were covered quickly with sheets and carried away. The boy was killed instantly, as I learned afterwards.

You may explain this occurrence as you see fit, and perhaps you are right in calling me a skeptic. If this had happened to any other person I would not have believed it.



Press close, bare-bosomed Night! Press close,
magnetic, nourishing night!
Night of south winds! Night of the large few
stars!
Still, nodding night! Mad, naked, summer
night.

Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breathed Earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset! Earth of the moun-
tains, misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon, just
tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the
river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds, brighter and
clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbowed Earth! Rich, apple-blos-
somed Earth!
Smile for YOUR LOVER comes!

—Walt Whitman.

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THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT

"LOVE NEVER FAILETH"

By Agnes Maule Machar (*Fidelis*)

There's a valley,—sad and sombre,—
Where the shadows darkly fall,
And the gloom they cast about us
Clouds the path of life for all!
For no earthly crag or mountain
Bars the light of moon or sun,
And its mystery, none knoweth—
Till our earthly course is run!

There's a radiant light, that never
Shone from sun or moon or star,
But before it flee the shadows,
And we see the things that *are!*
And its rich and heavenly lustre
Flows o'er earth and sky and sea,
While it beckons us to follow
To the glory yet to be!

Even through the shadowy valley,
Gleam its rays, for pilgrim feet,
'Mid the darkness,—never failing,—
Grows its light more pure and sweet;
From the heart Divine it shineth,
Drawing us to God above;
What its heavenly name we know not,
But—on earth, we call it—Love!

Ages pass, and empires vanish,
Wisdom's loftiest dreams may fail,
—Thought sink back with wearied pinion,
Sun and moon and stars grow pale;
What though transient forms may vanish,
God is greater than His shrine;—
And the light that never faileth
Is the light of Love Divine!



THE TORPIDS AT OXFORD

By S. A. Cudmore

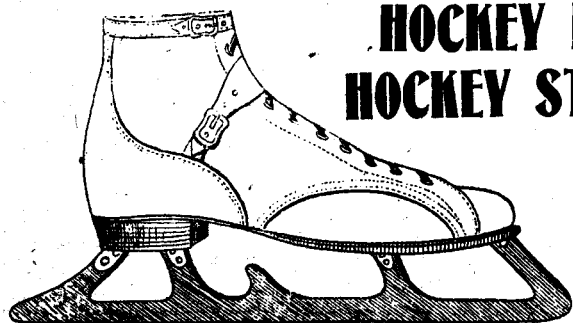
The Torpids, so-called because the boats travel so swiftly, are a series of races lasting six days between crews representing the different colleges. They are rowed upon the classic waters of the Iris—ordinary people call it Thames, but of course university men have special privileges.

Imagine then, moored along one side of this great and mighty river of fifty yards wide, a long line of college barges, whereon the elder and less enthusiastic members of the colleges have taken their stand. The air is damp and chilly, and the low English sun sends for once its pale

rays out over the landscape. The "rooters" have disappeared down the tow-path full ten minutes ago. They will return running beside their college boat, and making every noise which the heart of man can conceive or his vocal organs utter to lend wings to the swift flight of their argosy. The river is being cleared for the race, and now and then the passing of a boat sends the wavelets lapping up against the sides of our barge. It is the calm before the storm.

Then the minute-gun is heard; and the very air grows tense with expectancy, for great and glorious deeds will ere long be done, and many valiant heroes bite the dust and chafe in the agony of their defeat. Boom! goes the starting gun, and at once bursts out a roar like that of pandemonium, and far down on the tow-path below the bend one can see a struggling, shouting mass of humanity rolling hitherward. The boats are still invisible below the bend of the river, but their progress can be traced by that of the crowds who rush along the bank. A glad and jubilant shout announces a "bump." (And here let me explain that when a pursuing boat succeeds in touching with her bow the stern of the preceding one, it is a "bump," and both drop out of the race to row no more that day. Yet it is not considered necessary or even polite to "bump" so hard as to send both crews into the river, for this might be held to insinuate that their members had not enjoyed their morning tub, and the morning tub is in more senses than one an integral part of the British Constitution. The House of Lords may be mended or ended, the Church of England disestablished or disendowed, but the morning tub abideth for ever. It is here that Britons are accustomed from their earliest years to brave the dangers of the deep, and it is written in the book of the prophets that when Englishmen forget to pay their morning devotions to Neptune in this manner, Britannia shall cease to rule the waves, and the New Zealander shall sit upon the ruins of London Bridge and muse on the vanished glories of the past. Wherefore provoke not the gods, for they be mighty).

But, as John Bull says when he visits "gay Paree," let us return to our muttons. While we have been discoursing of tubs the race has been progressing, and now the boats are at the bend—the "gut" it is called here—where a skilful cox is better than rubies, and "bumps" are especially frequent. Another shout goes up and yet another, while he who is wise in these matters—and who on such a day will dare to confess that he is not—knows to be significant of two more "bumps." Then the leading boat appears in sight—University College—closely followed by



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YONGE STREET



Magdalen and Christ Church. The men in all three boats are rowing desperately, for to-day is the last day of the races, and if Magdalen bumps University she will gain the long-coveted position of head of the river. The panting crowd streams along the tow-path, eager to be in at the finish; but here and there some straggler drops out of the race, so shrewdly "had the hot burst his mettle tried." Such a one consoles himself by watching the keen contest between the two remaining boats, New College and Balliol—there were eleven at first, but six have been accounted for by the three "bumps." Strong and eager are the men of New College, but the men of Balliol have more staying power, and inch by inch their boat gains on its rival, until at last they are together. A moment more, and the pistol-shot of the umpire announces a "bump" for Balliol. From the Balliol barge just opposite goes up to the very heavens a tremendous shout of jubilation. As the winning crew row quietly across the river towards their barge, there is a rush to the landing-stage, and they are greeted with volleys of cheering. Some of these men may in the days to come uphold the honor of England in distant lands; they may add new provinces to the Empire, and be greeted on their return with illuminations and addresses and freedoms of cities and thanks of Parliament, but never again will they know so proud a moment as the present.

Hark! a shout from up the river announces the end of the race. The "Torpids" are over, and University retains the proud position of head of the river, though only by a few yards. To-night there will be rejoicing and bump-suppers, and perhaps even a bonfire or two in the colleges which have improved their position in the long list of thirty boats. To-night, I say again, shall be the first of nights unto Oxonians, and the victors will fill high the sparkling bowl, and drink in honor of the heroes of the day. And it is said that none are more highly honored or greater in the strife than the men of the Four New Nations and the islands of the sea, who bring to this quiet old-world stream memories of the majestic sweep of the St. Lawrence, the rushing Waitaki, the forest-crowned heights of the Zambesi, or the sacred flood of Mother Gunga. Hither to this ancient city these men gather from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South. Here the exiles meet each other, and know that at heart they are one. They tell each other the tales of their native land, and day by day they grow intoxicated with the strong and beady wine of Empire, and the taste thereof is good. At times they try to make their English brethren comprehend the vastness of the conception which possesses them, but the home-bred, town-bred people do not easily understand, and soon these men of the East and West learn to reserve their visions for each other. So they come into ever closer relationship to each other, and it is found that, though under other suns, the heart of the Canadian, the Australian, the New Zealander, the Afrikander, and the Anglo-Indian is the same. And he is no vain prophet who ventures to predict that in the days to come they shall know each other yet more closely and shall be no longer many, but shall all be one.

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Around the Halls

Edited by A. J. Connor.

The Turning of a Long Lane

For eight years the Unionist party have desired the offices on the Executive Committee of the Literary Society. For eight years they have stood like so many Tantalus, in the stream of college politics, and sought in vain to grasp the elusive "plums of office" that have always seemed so near and yet so far above their heads. And when, parched with the thirst of defeat, they have bent down to draw renewed vigor from the same stream of politics, its shifting levels have always left them no chance of obtaining any invigorating draught of important college issues to inspire them with strength to conquer their fate. But, Ixion-like, year after year they have rolled their great rock of party organization laboriously, painfully, up the long hill of a year's opposition to the polling-booth at the summit; and year after year it has bounded back again, down, down, down, to the chant of "Death to the Unionists' U.P.V., Rah, rah, rah, for the Grand Old Lit. Partee!"

But at last a Theseus, yea, and a Hercules also, have arrived to release them from their torture. J. J. Gray is but a small speck upon the geographical horizon, but looms large in our mental vision. This modern Theseus, accompanied by Leo Buchanan, the Unionist Hercules, have descended into the Plutonian shades of the political world, and set free their languishing friends.

"How was it done?" was asked by both sides "in the cold grey dawn of the morning after." At 6.11 a.m. Saturday the polls closed, and the few Unionists who were still near the booth did not expect they would win more than one or two offices at the most; while, as the Old Lit. managers down-stairs marked the last vote on the tally-sheets, they saw that the count was against them, and 'twas the freshmen largely who did it. The Unionists had a majority of 35 among the first year men. This is accounted for by the fact that A. I. Fisher, a former Unionist leader in the days when the Unionist party was first formed, has a brother in the first year. Through him the prestige of the great Unionist party was ex-

pounded, and the honor of belonging to the party which the great Fisher had fathered was made clear to the admiring freshmen. Such is the explanation given by some. But others attribute the defeat of the Old Lit. party equally to the indefatigable labors of Joe Gray and his workers, and the neglect of the Old Lit. leaders to canvass for votes. Said one Unionist: "You can't expect the first year men will necessarily support the party with the most progressive platform; the freshmen must be won by a personal canvass."

Whatever be the explanation of it, the fact remains that the Unionist party captured every office on the Executive except the presidency. The result should be an exciting year in the Literary Society during 1906-1907. With the graduation of the class of

1906, the strongest men of the Unionist party, the men who have really won the elections, will pass out. Next year the Unionists will have to face an Old Lit. opposition of strong men; men who are determined to live up to the platform which they drew up before their defeat, who are determined to see that if the Unionists do not carry out their platform, the fact shall be known. If the Unionists can live up to their platform next year, and in so doing make the Literary Society a success, they have another year's office assured. But if the success of the Society appear openly and clearly to be due to the energies of their opponents, we may expect to see the Old Lit. in power again. But in the meantime the slogan rings:

U.P.V., U.P.V.,
Union, Progress, Victory.

TABULATED RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS

Old Lit.		Unionist.	
President—Eric Armour, B.A.....	318	J. Gibb Wishart, B.A., M.D.	237
1st Vice-Pres.—W. A. Cameron.....	186	C. F. Ritchie	192
2nd Vice-Pres.—N. C. Culbertson.....	176	J. A. Carlyle	202
3rd Vice-Pres.—F. H. C. Lansdell...	180	G. F. Kennedy	198
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2nd Year Councillor—J. F. Duncan...	176	C. E. Snowden	203

THE NEW PRESIDENT

The sessions of the Literary and Scientific Society next year will be presided over by Eric Armour, B.A. Mr. Armour is one of Toronto's successful lawyers, whose legal acumen, acknowledged ability, and conversance with parliamentary procedure will make him a valuable acquisition to the Society. During his undergraduate days he took a prominent part in both athletic and college affairs, and is still young enough and but so lately removed from college life as to preserve enough of the 'Varsity man's verve and enthusiasm, tempered with the worldly wisdom of a few years' experience in professional life, to make him most popular with both parties.

Charlie Armstrong met Tim Phelan down town the morning after the election, and informs us that Tim was "Phelan good" over the victory.

Friday's night's elections were less noisy and uproarious than last year's. Two men were slightly hurt in the usual horse-play with which the tedium of hours between 8 p. m. and 3 a. m. are usually whiled away. But, on the whole, everything was done decently and in order, as was befitting the obsequies of the Grand Old Partee.

The Varsity Board for 1906-1907:

Editors—

Fall Term—Jno. Lang.

Easter Term—G. B. Coutts.

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University Ladies' Lit.—Miss K. E. Smith and Miss H. Thompson.
Faculty of Applied Science—J. Stiles and 3 others to be elected.
Medical Faculty—Not yet appointed.
Knox College—H. M. Paulin.
Wycliffe College—T. N. Lowe.

University College Y.M.C.A.

The following officers have been elected for the year 1906-7:

President—C. M. Wright, '07 (acc.)
1st Vice-Pres.—H. H. Davis, '07.
2nd Vice-Pres.—W. L. Macdonald, '08.

Treasurer—C. A. Mustard, '08.
Ass't. Treasurer—W. M. Johnson, '09.

Rec. Sec'y.—H. A. Boyd, '09.
In addition, the following have been chosen as conveners of committees, to have charge of the various departments and to form a part of the Executive:

Bible Study, W. A. Cameron, '07;
Membership, H. B. Duckworth, '08;
Devotional, J. B. Cannon, '08;
City Missions, J. R. Sanderson, '07, and H. A. McTaggart, '07; Missionary, N. A. McEachern, '07, and T. A. Symington, '07; Music, H. E. Thornloe, '07; Book Exchange, R. W. Hendry, '07; Fall Campaign, M. F. Dunham, '07.

Friday, March 23rd.

Toronto Alumni Dinner at Guelph.
Prof. Baker, guest of honor.

Friday, March 30th.

Toronto Alumni Dinner at Galt.
Prof. Baker, guest of honor.

Messrs. F. E. Hare & Co., who have succeeded Mr. L. J. Thomas as Canadian agents for the famous Kilburn Stereoscopic View Co., are taking the same personal interest in the success of the many students entering their employ, and we have no doubt that the business will continue to be the most popular and most remunerative line of college vacation work under their able management. Prospects are very bright for an exceptionally successful year.

Toronto-Varsity Club in Montreal

Toronto Varsity men in Montreal have formed a "University of Toronto Club." The first regular meeting took the form of a dinner, at the conclusion of which a constitution was drawn up and adopted. There were about fifty present, and the Executive will endeavor to interest all men who have passed through Toronto University, and are now resident in Montreal, in obtaining suitable club-rooms. Dinners and smokers will be held periodically, and it is expected that the outcome will be the formation of a University Club whose membership will be open to graduates of Canadian, British and United States universities.

The Executive of the new club elected at the first meeting is composed of men whose names are fam-

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iliar to most of the undergraduates. Patron, James London, M.A., LL.D., President of the University of Toronto; Hon. Pres., Prof. R. F. Rutan; Pres., W. Graham Browne, manager Sovereign Bank; Vice-Pres., V. J. Hughes; Secretary, J. G. Lorri-man; Treas., E. C. Dingman; Committee, R. J. Younge, J. A. De Cews, A. A. Magee, J. J. Creelman, Prof. S. B. Leacock.

Faculty of Medicine

At a well-attended meeting of the Medical Society on Friday afternoon, Professor A. B. McCallum was presented with a beautifully illuminated address from the undergraduates in medicine, in honor of the degree of F.R.S., which has lately been conferred upon him by the Royal Society. The address expressed congratulations that his years of untiring work had at last been rewarded with the highest honor in the scientific world. Professor McCallum, in replying, said he valued the confidence of the medical students more highly than the degree of F.R.S. Dean Reeve and Prof. McKenzie also spoke, but briefly.

At the next meeting, when the financial statement of the year will be presented, Dr. Sheard is expected to speak.

Rev. A. L. Geggie addressed the Medical V.M.C.A. last week. About 150 were present.

Roy Benetts, '07, who is in the General, suffering from a fractured fibula, is occupying McFadden's bed, who is back to work again.

Kendrick, '06, is in a very serious condition in the T. G. H.

Shier was trying to make Dr. N.A. Powell believe that a potato was also a "Murphy Button."

Faculty of Applied Science

The men from the School are making their presence known now in departments of University life other than athletics. "The Varsity" will have another School man to pilot it through its course in the coming Fall term, Mr. J. L. Lang having been elected editor for that time. Mr. E. L. Cousins, '06, has been elected Vice-President of the Union.

The men who are at present out for the Presidency of the Engineering Society are K. A. McKenzie and A. W. McConnell. Elections will be held on the 30th inst.

The results of the S. P. S. Y. M. C. A. elections were as follows: Hon. Pres., Prof. R. W. Angus; Pres., J. M. Menzies; Vice-Pres., A. D. Le Pan, '07; Treas., W. Jackson, '07; Rec. Sec., H. F. Bowes, '08; Conveners of Committees, G. R. Jones, P. R. Brechin, J. A. Stiles, E. B. Patterson, M. H. Baker. The Association has now a membership of 70, and those attending the Bible study classes numbered 60.

An item of interest to School men appeared in the Ontario estimates two weeks ago. It was stated that Mr. Angus and Mr. Mickle had been raised to the rank of professors, and Messrs. Gillespie, Price and Cockburn to the rank of lecturers.

F. K. Harris, a '08 chemist, has been appointed reducing agent up in

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The School elections will be held the last Friday in March. Those running for the different offices in the '08 class are: Second Year Engineering Representative, Keys, A.W. Stewart, S. A. Saylor; Recording Secretary, Colvin Ford; Assistant Librarian, R. Marshall, V. Oke, R. D. McDonald, P. McDonald, K. Carey; Second Year Representative to Athletic Association, J. Foreman, Jardine.

W. M. E. Shaw, a '08 School man, won the fifty-yard swimming race held at the Gymnasium on the 6th of March. J. Vanostrand, also of '08, was a close second.

Wycliffe College

Rev. T. R. O'Meara, rector of Trinity Church, and for some time professor of pastoral theology, has been appointed Principal of the College. The teaching staff will consist of the Rev. Mr. Cody, Rev. Dyson Hague, Rev. Prof. Wrong, and some others whose appointments have not yet been made.

Lectures will close on the 31st of March, and examinations will begin on the 10th of April. The date of commencement has been set for the 27th of April.

Rev. Dyson Hague returns to the College this week to lecture on "The Articles."

The College has somewhat the appearance of an infirmary at present. The ailments run the gamut from mumps to appendicitis. Waiters with trays bearing soups and gruels pass and re-pass on the stairs.

Hospital report for week ending Thursday:—

Bruce—Appendicitis.

Haslam—Cold on the lungs.

Perry, Jr.—Throat trouble.

Purdie—"Heart" affection, with faint spells.

Marcus Jackson—Mumps, Corataxia Phthenigitis.

Trumpour—La grippe.

About May 1st Mr. McElheran and Mr. Purdie will be ordained by the Bishop of Toronto, acting for the Bishop of Rupert's Land. Mr. McElheran will proceed to Winnipeg upon graduation from the University in June, to assume the rectorship of St. Matthew's Church.

This year's graduating class will take up their duties as follows:

Rev. Mr. Matsui, Japan; Rev. Mr. Trumpour, Headmaster, Rothesay College, New Brunswick; Rev. F. A. McIntyre, St. Paul's; Rev. M. H. Jackson, Rainy River; A. H. Sovereign, Christ Church, Vancouver; Rev. A. J. Bruce, Keewatin; A. J. Vale, curate, Lindsay; Perry, Grobb, Bilev. not yet assigned.

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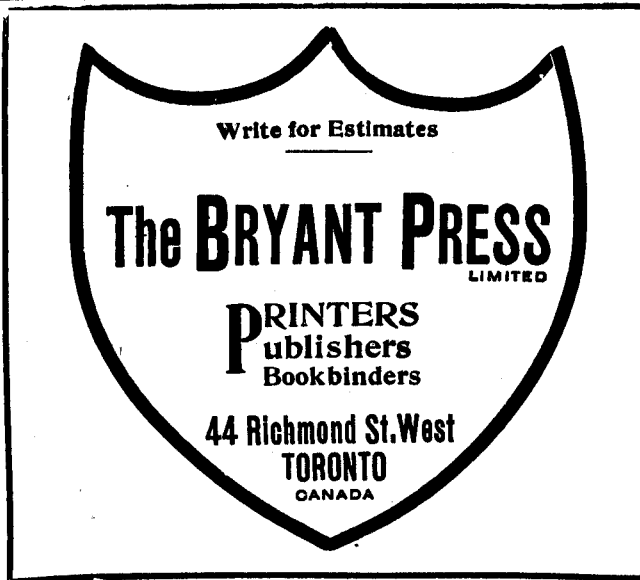
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