

Christmas Number

1900

The Varsity

LAST
"VARSITY"
OF THE
CENTURY

CONTENTS

Carlyle's Portrait (poem) By J. W. Bengough	151	University Spirit—By Professor McCurdy	164
My University Career—By Robert Barr	152	The Devil's Head—By John Innes	167
A United Empire Loyalist and His Son—By Principal Grant	154	Young Tapeley—By C. G. Rogers	169
The Philosophical Preparation of Christianity—By Professor Hume	156	EDITORIAL	170
Advice to Coming Graduates—By G. R. Parkin, LL.D.	158	Mulier Mulieri Magis Convent—By Miss F. M. Wicher	171
Across the Divide—By Mrs. Ema Scott Raff	159	College Girl	173
Evensong in the Woods (poem)—By F. G. Scott	159	The Greek Play, from Behind the Scenes—By G. F. McFarland, '02	174
Canada (poem)—By Beckles Willson	159	The School of Ancient Christmas (poem)—By H. T. Coleman, '01	175
The Finding of Ralph Connor—By the Editor of Westminster	161	The Return of Odysseus	175
In the Days of Moral Suasion—By Jas. A. Tucker, '95	163	S. P. S.	176
		Wednesday's Mass Meeting	178
		Sports	179
		Rotunda	181

TRUNKS THAT WON'T SMASH. . . .

You'll want a trunk between now and Christmas, and you will want one that will wear like the old cow-hide covered, brass nailed Trunk that is among many a family's heirlooms.

"East-made" Trunks can't be smashed by careless baggage handlers, for they are riveted and reinforced at every point.

50 Square Canvas Covered Trunks, with strong steel clamps, corners, hinges, etc. Special corner rollers, regular \$5.00 kind for \$4.00.

EAST & CO.

CORNER YONGE AND AGNES STS.

G. HAWLEY WALKER MERCHANT TAILOR. . .

126-128 Yonge Street

KODAKS and SUPPLIES

J. G. RAMSEY & CO.,

Catalogue

89 BAY ST., TORONTO

Monetary Times Printing Co.

PRINTERS

Cor. Church and Court Streets,
TORONTO.

A GOOD NAME ON A GOOD THING

Nasmith's Chocolates 50c., 60c. and
75c. per lb.
NASMITH ON EVERY PIECE

THE NASMITH CO., LIMITED
470 SPADINA AVE.

JOHN KIRK TAILOR

506 YONGE ST.

HAS ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
UP-TO-DATE GOODS

A TRIAL SOLICITED

THE GLOBE

IS THE

ACKNOWLEDGED AUTHORITY

ON CANADIAN EVENTS

COMMERCIAL, SOCIAL AND SPORTING

Morning Edition
\$4.00 per annum.
Delivered in any
part of the city
\$5.00 per annum

FOR SALE
at all news stands
or address
THE GLOBE,
Toronto.

VANNEVAR & CO.

Carry the most complete line of **University Text
Books** to be found in Toronto.

New and Second-hand.

Discount to Students.

Give them
a call. 438 Yonge Street OPP.
Carlton St

M. ADAMSON Photographer

COR. GRENVILLE AND YONGE

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

"THE WAVERLEY" 484 SPADINA AVE, TORONTO J. J. POWELL, Prop.

A 21 MEAL STUDENT'S TICKET FOR \$2.50
ALL WELCOME

The BROWN BROS. Limited STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS, &c.

Wirt Fountain Pens—"GET THE BEST."

51-53 WELLINGTON ST. W., TORONTO

The Canadian Teachers' Agency

25 King St. W. Toronto. Bank of Commerce Building
Our patrons will note that this Agency was formerly
called "The Pisk." This office is now under exactly the
same management as heretofore, and as a medium be-
tween Teachers and School Boards in Canada, it will
still be found valuable.

W. O. McTAGGART, B.A.,
Tor. Univ., Prop & Mgr.
Phone 75.

LEGAL

ARMOUR & MICKLE

Barristers and Solicitors

Lawlor Building, Cor. Yonge and King Sts.

E. Douglas Armour, Q.C. Henry W. Mickle

BARWICK, AYLESWORTH & WRIGHT

Barristers, Etc.

North of Scotland Chambers, 18 and 20 King St. West
Walter Barwick, Q.C. A. B. Aylesworth, Q.C.
Henry J. Wright John H. Moss
Charles A. Moss J. A. Thompson

ARNOLDI & JOHNSTON

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

London and Canadian Chambers, 103 Bay St.

Frank Arnoldi, Q.C. Strachan Johnston

BRISTOL, CAWTHRA & BARKER

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

London and Canadian Chambers, 103 Bay Street
Telephone 963

Edmund Bristol W. H. Cawthra R. K. Barker
Edward Bayly

CLUTE, MACDONALD, MACINTOSH & CO.

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

Offices—McKinnon Building, Toronto

R. C. Clute, Q.C. J. A. Macintosh
G. S. Macdonald J. G. Haye H. R. Clute
Cable Address, "Macks," Toronto

LEGAL

DELAMERE, REESOR, ENGLISH & ROSS

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

Offices—17 Toronto Street, Consumer's Gas Company's
Buildings.

T. D. Delamere, Q.C. H. A. Reesor
E. T aylour English C. C. Ross

KERR, DAVIDSON, PATERSON & GRANT

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

Offices—23 Adelaide St. East, Cor. Victoria
Telephone No. 608

J. K. Kerr, Q.C. John A. Paterson
W. Davidson R. A. Grant

MACLAREN, MACDONALD, SHEPLEY & MIDDLETON MACLAREN, MACDONALD, SHEPLEY & DONALD

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.

Union Loan Building, 28-30 Toronto St., Toronto
Cable Address, "Maclaren."

J. J. MacLaren, Q.C. J. H. Macdonald, Q.C.
G. F. Shepley, Q.C. W. E. Middleton R. C. Donald

MCCARTHY, OSLER, HOSKIN & CREELMAN

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

Freehold Buildings, Victoria Street, Toronto

B. B. Osler, Q.C. John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D.
Adam R. Creelman, Q.C. F. W. Harcourt
W. B. Raymond W. M. Douglas H. S. Osler
Leighton G. McCarthy D. L. McCarthy
C. S. McInnes F. B. Osler
Cable Address, "Creelman," Toronto

LIDLAW, KAPPEL & BICKNELL

Barristers and Solicitors

Offices—Imperial Bank Buildings, 34 Wellington St. E.
Telephone No. 19

William Laidlaw, Q.C. George Kappele
James Bicknell James W. Bain Charles Kappele
Cable Address, "Laidlaw," Toronto

DENTAL

DR. H. G. HOARE

Dentist

Telephone 557 261 College St., Toronto
Special discount to students. Office Hours—9 to 6.
Appointments made for the evening.

J. A. MILLS, D.D.S.

Dental Surgeon

Graduate Medalist in Practical Dentistry of R.C.D.S.

Office—Stewart's Block, South-west Corner of
Spadina Ave. and College St., Toronto

Telephone 2300 Special Discount to Students

J. BRANSTON WILLMOTT, L.D.S., D.D.S.

W. EARL WILLMOTT, L.D.S., D.D.S.

Dentists

Office and Residence—96 College St., Toronto
Telephone 4490

DR. CHAS. W. LENNOX

Dentist

Rooms C and D, Confederation Life Building

Telephone 1846

DR. W. CECIL TROTTER, B.A. (Tor.)

Dentist

Bloor Street, opposite Spadina Ave.

Telephone 3368.



DREAMS OF YOUTH.

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thoughts and Events.

VOL. XX.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1900.

No. II & 12.

Carlyle's Portrait.

(Inscribed to the Students of Toronto University.)

What sawest thou, Carlyle, in that deep gaze
Of melancholy-mystic, shadowed eyes
Beneath thought-wrinkled brow? A dumb amaze,
A brooding wonderment and rapt surprise,
That seemed to pierce the veil of forms and lies,
Was in thy look. The loud-voiced world's acclaim
Passed as a thing thou didst not know nor prize,
Nor wert thou conscious of its loud-voiced blame;
There didst thou sit, deaf to all sounds of scorn or fame.

Deaf as thy Picture, which still gazes on,
Silent, unmoved, with far-enchanted look
Into the region whither thou art gone
From them that followed thee or that forsook,
For prophet held thee, or for madman took;
Thou and thy shadow answer not; but clear
Speaks yet thy spirit from the vocal book.
Saluting quaintly my attentive ear
In human tone, with homely Scottish accent dear.

"What see I?" (thus the picture makes reply,
Finding an utterance through the printed page)
"Nay, Brother, rather ask what *is* this 'I'
Whence came it? Whither goeth it? Engage
To answer me these problems old as age;
Or tell me hast thou never in the strife
Of so-named living, felt a noble rage
To win some knowledge of the thing called Life,
With fantasies and semblances so darkly rife?"

"What faculty but wonder may beseem
A conscious creature in this universe,
Here floating, a light sparkle on the stream
Of being? Man were surely mad or worse,
And would his nature impiously asperse,
Who did not marvel, worship and adore,
Or gave his soul to stomach or to purse—
Here, with eternity behind, before—
An atom on a nameless sea without a shore.

"But Use and Want and Custom, with their spell
Bewitch man's native reason; here he stands
In nature's vast sublime cathedral
'Mid mysteries miraculous on all hands,
With eyes that see not; landscapes are but lands;
Sun, moon and stars; sky, tempest, cloud and sea,
Which child-man worshipped—there he 'understands';
For has not 'Science' named them Mystery?
Nay, with a *name* dismiss them all—so wise is he!

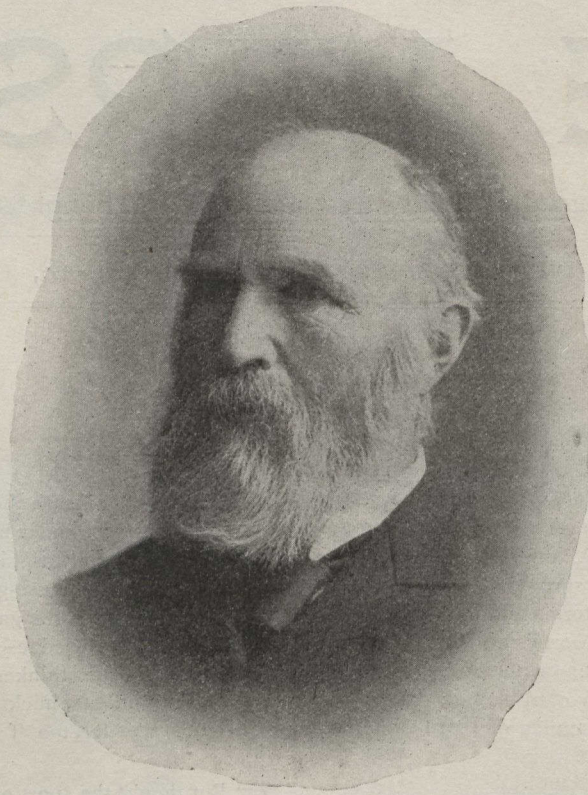
"Such see not 'neath the outward clothes of things;
Who has no wonder has no soul that feels,
And no right spirit to his seeing brings;
Yet this wide nature-garment that conceals
God from us, is the garment which reveals
Him to our knowledge—man its noblest part;
And thou, that thinkest chiefly on thy meals,
Or on thy ballots, hucksterings or art,
Might'st wonder, too, if thou couldst know thy own deep heart.

"But thou'rt the sport of mere appearance here,
And dost not pierce below into the true;
Chimera governing thy eye and ear,
And formula bedizening thy view—
Thy guiding law, 'to do as others do';
The real, sincere, thou wilt by no means try—
'Tis useless pain; hearsay is simpler, too;
Thy choice is tinsel; gold thou passest by—
Life a vain farce; enjoy thy day—to-morrow die!

"To thee, perhaps, there is *no* bottom fact?
Appearance and reality the same?
The world a stage and life a play-house act;
Man but a straddling biped, haply tame,
And wearing clothes—a living tailor's frame—
Cloth suit, and under-suit of flesh and bone—
And under *that*—hast thou not any name
For *that*? For what mere garments clothe?
'Twere a sad shame!

"Yet thou dost worship or perchance dost mock
One who on earth a real pathway trod,
With peasant fare and rough-knit peasant smock,
Who taught thee man must be no idle clod,
But e'en as earnest Hero armed and shod,
Would'st thou not justly worship such a One,
Crying, 'yea! thou art godlike—thou art God!'
Who wept and labored, man's all perfect son,
And rested not until on earth His work was done."

J. W. Brough

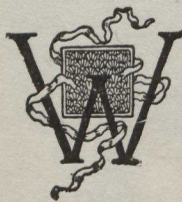


JAMES LOUDON, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.



My University Career.

BY ROBERT BARR.



WHAT a wonderful thing is a letter. It searches a man out like a detective. Here is one just opened from the Editor of VARSITY. It has been dropped into a post-box in Canada, and it comes to me in the pockets of a Highland gillie across the peat moss to the shores of Loch Gorm, near the western limits of Islay.

I have been whipping the lake for trout with four flies on the end of a string, and I have killed eight this far, but the sun comes out too strongly, so I ask the gillie to pull for the shore, and tramp three miles for the belated mail, that a Scottish paper two days old may tell me what is going on in the remote world. I lazily stretch out on the warm heather until he returns. Thus the Canadian letter comes to me, and all for two cents.

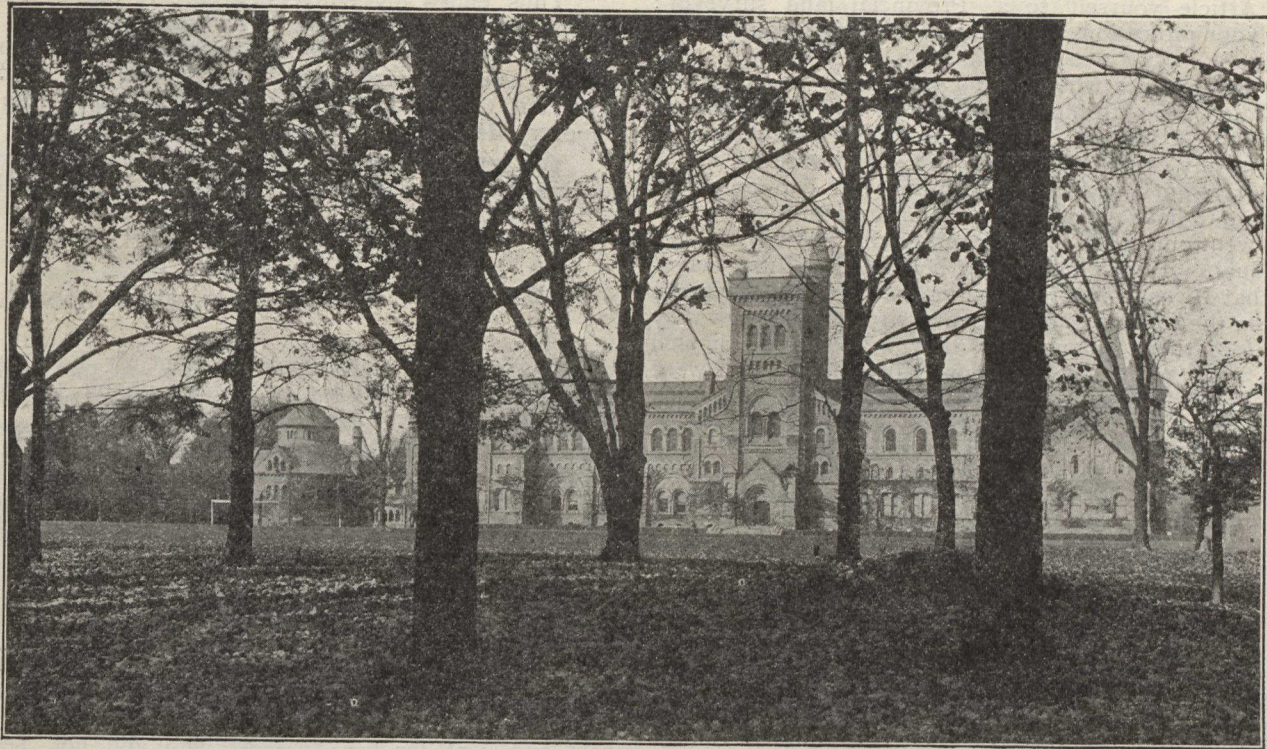
The nearest post-office is Bruichladdich, nine miles away, and the mail arrives at the farm house where I am staying once a day from Bruichladdich. This name, as you university people will be well aware, is Gaelic for the hill or "brae" on the shore. It seems to stagger my English correspondents, for they write it in various forms, one penning it "Ballachladdich" which also happens to be presentable Gaelic, "Ballach" meaning "boy," so that combination would signify "the boy on the shore," and it reminded me of a song I heard sung in Toronto last time I was there, whose refrain ran, "We left the baby on the shore."

The Canadian letter referred to asks me to write a short story for this publication. If there is one thing more than another that I don't want to do at the present moment, it is to write a short story. I am in the Highlands of Scotland, finishing a long book, with the completion of which the constant interruptions of London interfered. Besides, I have just refused a similar request from a similar periodical connected with the most notable university in Great Britain, but Toronto has a status all its own in my affections, as I gathered some smattering of knowledge within its precincts in my younger days, and though I will not write a story I shall give a reminiscence.

The University buildings of Toronto always seemed to me among the most beautiful of their kind. I thought this when I first saw them, knowing nothing of architecture, and in later days, after visiting many of the more notable edifices in the world, I have found no occasion to change my opinion. It was ever a delight to me to wander through those lofty and impressive halls, or to gaze at that noble front and well-proportioned tower from the park.

It is probably nowhere recorded that I was ever a student within its walls, yet such was the case. For one whole day I picked up various crumbs of information at that granary of knowledge.

It came about in this way. A railway was being run through our farm in western Ontario. I scraped acquaintance with the engineers who were surveying the line, and I learned with incredulous amazement the remuneration



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

they were receiving for playing with an interesting theodolite. I resolved to become a civil engineer, so wrote to the University of Toronto regarding particulars of the course. I received a printed slip giving a list of subjects, and certain data about a two years' term. I saved money; then packed up and went to Toronto.

I shall never forget the exultation of spirit with which I passed that picturesquely carved Norman arch which forms the entrance to the college buildings. At last the object of my ambition had been attained—I was a University student. I don't know the standing of the official whose room was near the door, but anyhow it was his busy day, and I could get no hints from him touching the procedure expected of me. Students thronged the halls, and every one but myself seemed to know exactly what to do. It was the opening of the session; I was acquainted with no one there, and felt somewhat out of it. Nevertheless, I was determined to worship at the shrine, so followed the crowd and found myself in a lecture-room with a semi-circle, benches beginning on the ground floor, as it were, with a platform and a table, then rising, tier on tier, like a Roman amphitheatre. A learned man came through a back door to the table, and proceeded to wrestle with some dark points of Mediæval History. I was evidently in the wrong shop, for you can't run a railway line with facts gathered from the doings of boisterous individuals in sheet-iron clothing, swinging mace and broadsword, rather than manipulating a spirit level and a chain. However, the talk was interesting, and I listened intently. Later I got nearly out of my depth in a class of higher mathematics, and then went completely over my head in a quagmire of Greek.

Towards evening the University authorities became uneasily aware in some occult way that a stray disturbing element, unaccounted for, had been let loose among them. An underling, with a wagging of the upheld forefinger, motioned me down from my perch on the upper row, where, in every sense of the phrase, I had taken a back

seat. I followed him anxiously through empty hall and corridor, and was at last ushered into a learned looking private room, in which the sole occupant besides myself was a venerable man, who stood with his back to the fire, legs wide apart, taking snuff. He was a person of dignified bearing, with a fine head of white hair, and a clear-cut, highly intellectual face.

"What is your name, sir?" he asked.

I told him.

"Are you a student of this University?"

I said I was trying to be, but hadn't been long at it, and might not be doing it very well.

"Have you matriculated, sir?"

This was an unknown word to me. I said I hadn't done so consciously, but if I had I was willing to apologize and not do it again.

The old man looked severely at me over his glasses. The quivering thumb fed one nostril, then the other, with snuff.

"This is no place for you, sir. Why are you here?"

"I came to learn civil engineering."

"We don't teach it."

I suggested that there must be some mistake, and exhibited the printed slip I had received from the University.

"The mistake is palpable enough. You evidently do not know the distinction between the University of Toronto and the University College. The University is an examining body; the College is a teaching body. In civil engineering the University will examine you, but the College will not teach you."

"Then the two bodies occupy a position towards each other, which, as my friend Euclid would remark, is absurd."

"That may be; it will probably be remedied in time. Such is the situation at the present moment. There is no place for you here. Good evening."

"But what am I to do?"

"Article yourself to a Provincial land surveyor; study your profession, and we will examine you. Good evening."

I have no idea who the old gentleman was, but my brief interview with him has remained one of the disappointments of my life. I think he had a scholar's contempt for my chosen profession, but I feel sure he and I would have got along with each other, if I had only had the sense to have gone in for art and literature.

I went out under the Norman Arch a most crestfallen individual. I could not return home and tell my neighbors that I was so ignorant as not to know the difference between the College and the University, for although they considered them synonymous, they would have ridiculed me as much as if they had known all about it, so I went to the Normal School and became a teacher instead of a surveyor.

Thus ended my University career, but everything comes to him who waits. The same American mail which brought to me the letter from the Editor of *Varsity* carried also an epistle which announced that the State University of Michigan had conferred upon me the honorary degree of M.A.

You learned people in Toronto will therefore perhaps forgive the pardonable pride with which I sign myself

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT BARR, M.A.,

University of Michigan.

[Owing to an unfortunate accident Mr. Barr's signature was lost, so that we have been unable to have it reproduced.—EDITOR.]



A United Empire Loyalist and his Son.



PEAKING at the open-air Convocation on October 2nd last, President Loudon claimed for the University of Toronto that though "it was true that in the republic of letters and the world of science no national boundaries were recognized, nevertheless they were intensely British." This is true of the three other Canadian Universities, Dalhousie, McGill and Queens, recognized by the Commissioners of the London Exhibition of 1851 as entitled to the £150 sterling scholarships, which they have established to assist students with capacity for research in departments of science related to industry. All three were established by Scotchmen, and Scotland is not an unimportant part of Great Britain. The term British, it is not so well known, covers Ireland also, for the largest island has the name of Greater Britain on the old maps to distinguish it from the smaller or lesser Britain. It is just as well to remember that while the word England designates only part of one island, the terms Britain and British include the whole of the United Kingdom and all the people of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

One Province of Canada may be said to be "intensely French" in its sympathies, though none the less loyal to the Britannic Crown and Empire, but that on that account all the others are "intensely British" in their sympathies no one now doubts. The fact is due to the migration of the United Empire Loyalists from the United States, at the close of the Revolutionary War, more than to any other single cause. These heroes came in thousands, not only to Upper Canada—as Sir Richard Cartwright apparently assumed in his speech at Toronto on October 16th last—but to Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and in every province they preserved the British tradition. Had Sir Richard dwelt a little on this fact, his reference to their work could have been made even more eloquent than it was, when "as a native of Ontario" he showed his audience "what the Empire owes to the Province of Ontario."

"Great Britain," he said, "is the great colonizing power of modern times. She has 100 colonies, acquired in every conceivable way and shape, some acquired by inheritance, some by conquest, some by exchange, by purchase, by discovery, by men who left her shores, and noble

men they were, for the the purpose of bettering their condition. But, of all the colonies she possesses, but one, and that is the Province of Ontario, was founded and held and kept for her by men who did not seek to better their condition, but who gave up everything that men hold dear, and went into the wilderness and abandoned their fertile farms for the sake of their allegiance to the British flag. And now, perhaps, I may be justified in saying that after 125 years have rolled away, the fruit of the labors of the United Empire Loyalists is shown to-day in the fact that Canada is standing foremost in the effort now being made to consolidate the British Empire as a whole.

To the memory of one of those loyalists, who chose Halifax, Nova Scotia, as his place of exile, John Howe, and to the memory of his son, Joseph Howe, I offer this article as a tribute. Such tributes we owe to the dead. Their sacrifices are an inspiration to us who inherit the land they made sacred. Joseph Howe was never more eloquent than when he reminded Nova Scotians of what they owed to the first settlers in the Province. In a poem which he wrote for the opening of the first Provincial Industrial Exhibition of Nova Scotia, October, 1854, he demands

"Room for the dead!
 Amidst the tumult and the din
 Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave—
 Place claim I for the Dead—'twere mortal sin
 When banners o'er our country's treasures wave,
 Unmark'd to leave the wealth safe garner'd in the grave."

While admiring all the treasures of the exhibition, all the wealth that the living have gathered from field, forest and mine, from garden and workshop, he urgently claims

"The grateful tear"
 "For those, and for their works, who are not here."

That word arouses his protest, and brings out the two finest stanzas of the poem.

"Not here? Oh! yes, our hearts their presence feel,
 Viewless, not voiceless; from the deepest shells
 On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
 And names, which, in the days gone by, were spells,

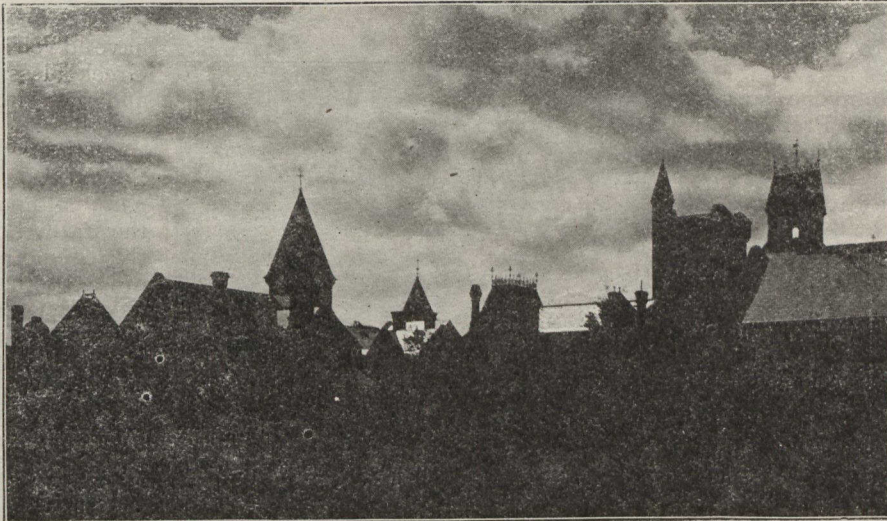
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
The spirit here our country's fame to spread ;
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
Banner and wreath will own our reverence for the dead.

"The Roman gathered in a stately urn
The Dust he honor'd—while the sacred fire,
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honor the Dead ; and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hours ;
Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,
And, o'er the old men's graves, go strew your choicest flowers."

"Joe Howe," as his countrymen affectionately continued to call him after he became the Honorable Joseph, or Premier, or Governor, never forgot what he owed the fathers, because his own father was such a grand old man. In a speech delivered at Southampton, England, in 1851, he gave the following account of his origin. "During the old times of persecution, four brothers, bearing my name, left the Southern Counties of England and settled in four of

he was driven out at the evacuation, and retired to Newport, where his betrothed followed him. They were married there, and afterwards settled at Halifax. He left all his household goods and gods behind him, carrying away nothing but his principles and the pretty girl."

Like all of New England stock, Joe Howe delighted to trace his ancestry as far back as he possibly could. In an address delivered at a festival gathering of all of the name who could be gathered together in 1871, he told them that the Howes had lived in England for centuries ; that the Howe banner "hangs high in Henry VII.'s chapel ; that the battle of the first of June will be remembered so long as the naval annals of England last ; and that "in the old French wars for the possession of this continent, one Howe fell at Ticonderoga, and another was killed on the Nova Scotia frontier." Then he told them of the great Puritan, John Howe, who was chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. "He must have been an eloquent preacher, for he won his place by a sermon which the Protector happened to hear. That he was a fine scholar and learned theologian, is proved by the body of divinity written in classic English, which he has left behind him"



VARSIITY BY MOONLIGHT.

the old New England States. Their descendants number thousands, and are scattered from Maine to California. My father was the only descendant of that stock who, at the Revolution, adhered to the side of England. His bones rest in the Halifax churchyard. I am his only surviving son, and whatever the future may have in store, I want when I stand beside his grave to feel that I have done my best to preserve the connection he valued, that the British flag may wave above the soil in which he sleeps."

Speaking at a city celebration in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 5th of July, 1857, when called on by the Mayor to respond to the toast of "The Queen of Great Britain," he told them why his father had left the old Bay State.

"My father was a Boston boy. He, like Franklin, and like the Governor of your State (who has just done himself honor by referring to the fact) learnt the printing business in this city. He had just completed his apprenticeship and was engaged to a very pretty girl when the revolution broke out. He saw the battle of Bunker Hill from one of the old houses here ; he nursed the wounded when it was over. Adhering to the British side,

That he was a noble man is proved, also, by a single anecdote which is preserved to us. On one occasion he was soliciting aid or patronage for some person whom he thought deserving, when Cromwell turned sharply round, and, by a single question, let a flood of light in upon the disinterestedness and amiability of his character, which will illuminate it in all time to come. "John," said the Protector, "You are always asking something for some poor fellow ; why do you never ask anything for yourself ?" "My father's name was John, and I have often tried to trace him back to that good Christian, whose character, in many points, his own so much resembled."

In Halifax, in England, in Boston, in Framingham, and in the Legislature, the brilliant son paid loving tribute to his father's memory. Here is an extract from a speech, on an educational measure, in the House of Assembly :

"I know the value of education by the want of it. The portals of King's were closed against me, as a dissenter, when a boy, and when I hear the felicitous eloquence of my learned friend, the Attorney-General, I might, prompted by feelings as natural as his own, be disposed to hostility to the institution which he so ably

defends. I have no such feeling. From the old man between whose knees I was trained,—who was in fact my only professor,—I learned to respect all creeds and all professions; to prize knowledge for its own sake; to estimate the resources of religious zeal, even when ill-directed; and to prefer peace on honorable terms to fruitless and aggressive war."

Writing a poetic letter to his sister Jane from Musquodoboit, after "the big election" of 1847, he bursts out with his usual tribute to

"One whose gracious presence seems
To bless the earth and charm the air
And shed effulgence everywhere.
Oh! how we loved him, love him now,
Our noble father."

Blessed are the sons who can so think and speak of their fathers, and blessed is the land that has the rich treasures of their virtues recorded in its graves!

We know little now of John Howe save what we can gather from these incidental references to him by his son. But it is pleasant to think that the statesman, who of all Canadians was most richly dowered by nature, came from so goodly a stock, and to believe that, among the thousands of United Empire Loyalists, there were not a few of the same grand and massive type as the father of Joseph Howe, poet, orator and statesman.

John Howe

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.



The Philosophical Preparation of Christianity.



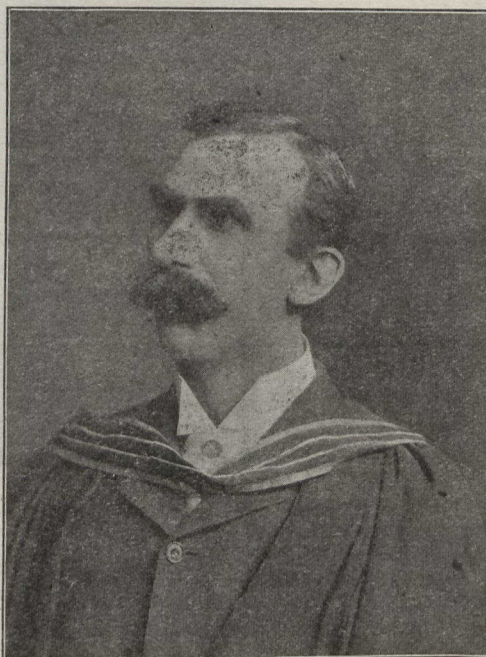
WHEN anyone speaks of a "Preparation for Christianity," it suggests certain antecedents that have been mentioned by the historians.

First we think of the history of the Jewish people; their vicissitudes, their discipline under providential guidance, the various prophets who arose among them with burning messages. Then our thought naturally turns to the history of the Roman Empire, with its concentration of political power, its regulation of conquered barbarians, its system of law, its commerce and its roads "all leading to Rome," all of which became the suitable conditions for the work of the early Christian missionaries. Lastly we think of the history of the Greeks, and especially do we linger upon the fact that the Greek language became a suitable medium for the first promulgation of the Christian message by the written word.

In addition to these, however, there is a very important preparation for Christianity that has been very curiously overlooked and neglected—the one that took place in the minds of men as they eagerly questioned and earnestly enquired. It is not very difficult to see why this has not been regarded as preparing for Christ's message.

At first sight such speculations seem to be merely attempts to substitute philosophy for religion. Then, too, in the minds of many there is a fundamental antagonism between faith and reason. It is consequently absurd to imagine that any preparation for faith could be found in the field of reason.

As a matter of fact philosophy, both positively and negatively, contributed to prepare for the reception of Christ's teaching. Certain writers, such as T. H. Green,



J. G. HUME, M.A., PH.D.

have dwelt upon the value of the Greek classifications of the Virtues and their influence upon Christian moralists.

Others have noted that the Stoical view, "*Nihil humani alienum puto*," although it had no place for the Fatherhood of God, made easier the comprehension of the teaching of the brotherhood of man. Others have declared that the fourth Gospel was colored by Greek conceptions. Others that St. Paul was not ignorant of Greek philosophy.

These positive contributions, however, seem rather to be towards the formulation of Christ's teaching by His disciples and their successors.

It is from the negative side that we can most clearly trace a direct preparation for Christianity.

In life and belief it is not altogether unimportant to attempt to solve a problem and to find out that certain answers are unsatisfactory from a practical or theoretical standpoint.

Philosophy is simply a name for the more earnest and systematic efforts to reflect upon the meaning of life, and every rational being reflects.

Did this questioning prepare for Christianity? Briefly look at some of the answers given by the Greeks to the enquiry: "What is it that makes life worth living?"

The Epicurean answered: "Seek pleasure, avoid pain, and you will make life worth living." But the Epicurean soon discovered that to set one's heart on pleasure is to increase desire and expectation which if unsuccessful leads to the deepest pain of failure and disappointment. The Epicurean then began to say, "limit your desires, do not work or wish for anything and you will escape disappointment." Thus the Epicurean's answer indicated that the best thing to do was to do nothing, and this is evidently a confession of failure.

The Stoic's answer was: "Avoid passion and impulse and live in accordance with nature or with the laws of reason." But the Stoic viewed nature and reason as identical, and both of them as fatalistically necessary. He then gradually realized that human effort was in vain, and this is a confession of failure.

At this point Neo-Platonism arose and suggested a new solution. The plausibility of Neo-Platonism is largely due to the fact that it substitutes a religious solution for the moral theories of Stoic and Epicurean.

If it is impossible for us to save ourselves, is it not conceivable that we may yet be saved by the great power on which we all depend? Although the failure of Neo-Platonism was not at first discovered, and even yet many yield to its enticing allurements, in reality it failed as utterly as the moral theories which it replaced. For the power to which it looked for deliverance was conceived by Neo-Platonism as impersonal force. And in truly Buddhistic fashion, as this force was alone real, all its manifestations were regarded as unreal. There was thus

the standpoint of quantitative imperfection, and had not seen the more awful meaning of sinfulness. It was true that man cannot save himself. It was true that man had become separated from the Divine by a great gulf. It was true that it was no simple matter to bridge this gulf. It was true that unless man's nature was transformed this gulf must remain. Nevertheless, at bottom the pantheistic neoplatonist had quite misstated and misconceived the problem. In fact while on the one hand he had not seen the depth to which man had fallen, nor how far apart he had gone from the Divine, on the other hand he had so conceived the nature of God and of man as to render them forever irreconcilable. They had therefore stated the problem in such a way as to render it incapable of solution—a "nonsense problem."

Christ offered a new solution of this problem, and the first thing necessary was a repudiation of the misconception that precluded any rational answer.

A new statement and exposition and revelation of the nature of man and of God was required and was furnished.



an impassable chasm between human and what they conceived as divine. The only way of escape from the evil of existence was by the annihilation of finite existence, and some mysterious absorption into the finite.

The Neoplatonic attempt is a failure, and it fails in the matter of greatest importance. If man's religious problem is utterly incapable of solution, the moral seems to lose its significance, and if moral truth is unattainable all truth seems to lose its worth, for what is the use of laboriously discriminating this from that, if this is no better than that, and if no use can be made of either this or that to attain to something higher, nobler, better? In one word, we have reached a period of deepest doubt and despair, the darkest hour before the dawn. For an answer was near at hand to the weary watchers for the light.

One peculiarity of the answer was the admission that the despair was inevitable and necessary from the standpoint of those who had wrestled with the great problem of life. Indeed the evil condition of man was even worse than they had realized or declared, for they had kept to

Christ called attention to sin and its implications. Sinfulness though it is so much more evil than inadequacy has in its implications a ray of hope, for it is only a person who can sin and only a person who can be restored from sin. The Pantheist had overlooked sin because he overlooked the person. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" is a question worthy of every man's earnest consideration, but it is of special and peculiar pertinence when addressed to the Pantheist.

Although now so far apart, yet in their deepest nature the relation of man to God was originally one of concord. The discord and separation was a superinduced and unnatural distortion and perversion of the original true relation. Christ came proclaiming himself Son of man and Son of God, God-man in one indissoluble union. He proclaimed and at the same time manifested and revealed "God and sinners reconciled." He proclaimed God's fatherhood and man's sonship and therefore universal brotherhood, a brotherhood with which he directly linked Himself. Not only was it possible, but it was also most

reasonable that there should be reconciliation. That as the Father was reconciled and desired reconciliation, remaining estranged was most unreasonable. Christ was the Truth as well as the Way and the Life. Christ proclaimed and manifested and provided the At-one-ment and furnished the force needed to transform man's nature by a "new birth." Christ was thus the Copernicus and the Newton of the religious and moral universe. He opened up to view the true relation of man to God, refuted the earth-centred Ptolemaic conception and inculcated the Copernican Sun-of-righteousness centred universe. He also disclosed the Newtonian "law of attraction" that held together the universe, the love of God that descends to the lowest, holds it and provides the means to draw the most degraded unto Himself.




Advice to Coming Graduates.

I HAVE been asked to say something which I think likely to help Canadian students to make the most of themselves after leaving the University.

In trying to comply very briefly with this request, I shall confine myself to such advice as seems suitable for men of some ability and ambition, who can fairly hope to achieve considerable results.

My first suggestion is that they should prolong the period of training as far as possible. The most common error in Canada is haste to reach the point in life where money is made. Poverty is often made the excuse for this; but in my teaching experience I have found the haste to earn money quite as prevalent among the well-to-do classes as among the poor. The mistake is great for a man who aims at doing the world's highest work. It is a penny wise—pound foolish policy.

When I was secretary of the Oxford Union Society, there were on our Committee three young men who were spending some extra years at the University after taking the ordinary degree. In Canada young men so placed would probably have thought their time wasted. As a matter of fact, the careers of these men have more than justified the additional expenditure of time. One of them, Mr. H. H. Asquith, has already been Home Secretary, and is doubtless on his way to the premiership of England or the Woolsack. Another, Sir Alfred Milner, rules South Africa, and is one of the most trusted of England's public men. The third is Thomas Raleigh, who fills the place once held by Macaulay and other distinguished men, as legal member of the Viceroy's Council in India. Probably none of these men earned a hundred pounds before they were twenty-five, and yet at an exceptionally early age they were commanding incomes of from five to ten thousand pounds a year in positions of great dignity and influence.

It should be said in this connection that a man who resolutely keeps his tastes simple, and is willing to endure

a good deal for the sake of future excellence, can accomplish much in the way of getting training with very little money.

My second bit of advice is to make travel a considerable element in his post-graduate training. That "home-staying youths have ever homely wits," is as generally true to-day as when the line was written. A new and crude country like Canada, while inspiring in many ways, still tends to make the thought, manner and general outlook of its youth provincial and limited. An aspiring student needs to get in touch with older civilizations, more cultured societies, the highest standards of life. To see even other young countries and to observe their methods of development is extremely helpful, since it teaches us to compare, investigate and adapt. This advice to travel is not meant merely for the rich. Before I was thirty I had managed, outside of Canadian travelling, to have an extended tour in the Western States; to study rather closely the most important parts of Great Britain, and to visit France, Italy and Switzerland, entirely with the help of money earned in a student's pursuits, or as a teacher. Later a trip around the world was added. No other expenditure has ever seemed to me to have yielded such rich returns as what I have spent on travel.

Here again a studied simplicity in the habits of life enables a little money to carry one far, and, given a keenly interested and receptive mind, conciliatory manners, and a kind heart, limitation of means is no barrier to obtaining the best things which travel can give. Among these best things I particularly reckon friendly acquaintance with men of ability, learning and position. Acquaintance of this kind furnishes the key to everything else that is good in a country.

A young man without wealth who wishes to give himself the long course of training and the advantages of travel to which I have referred must of course forego many things, and accustom himself to habits of self-denial. He must learn to do without luxuries. He should probably not think of marriage before he is thirty or thirty-five. Many promising careers have been dwarfed from being over-weighted at too early an age. But a man who sacrifices other things in order to devote himself to the acquisition of trained power and varied experience will gain infinitely by the added fullness and richness of later life.

Lastly, I think that the man who keeps before his mind a high ideal of worthy service to his fellow men is the one who is likely to give the fullest play to his powers and win the most real success. An ideal of this kind gives inspiration to every effort and furnishes the necessary spring to life. It sustains the spirit in moments of discouragement; it gives dignity to poor surroundings; it keeps a man up to his best level. It seems to furnish mind and soul with that healthy surrounding atmosphere in which both grow to fullest maturity and strength. He who makes help to others the key-note of life will find in the end that he has done most to help himself.

This seems to me particularly true of the student. He is struggling upward towards the regions of thought where truth is firmly grasped; where the mental vision is clear, and the mental horizon wide. His greatest glory and his greatest success will lie in helping others to reach the heights that he himself has won.





EVENSONG IN THE WOODS.

Hush, let us say "Our Father" in this wood,
 And through bare boughs look up into the sky,
 Where fleecy clouds on autumn winds go by.
 Here, by this fallen trunk which long since stood
 And praised the Lord and giver of all good,
 We'll sing "Magnificat." With curious eye
 A squirrel watches from a branch on high,
 As if he, too, would join us if he could.
 Now in our "Nunc Dimittis," soft and low,
 Strange woodland voices mingle, one by one,—
 Dead songs of vanished birds, the sad increase
 Of crumpled leaves on paths where rough winds go,
 The deepening shades, the low October sun,—
 "Lord, let thy servants now depart in peace."

F. G. S. M.

QUEBEC, 1900.

CANADA.

Our Heritage, it was not bought with gold,
 But blood and valor paid for what is here;
 Thus our loved country deem we doubly dear,
 Its newness not so much unlike the Old
 We built our strength upon.

They, too, were strong and stern, our sires;
 Not upraised they in lands of mellow light;
 Their sight and sinews used to storm and blight,
 Nor knew they tropic gifts or had desires
 But what were hardly won.

They conquered o'er the bush, the stony fell,
 They victories wrested from reluctant earth,
 To-day this land, bright trophy of their worth,
 Is ours. To-morrow and our sons shall tell
 What *we* have done.

If *we* this wondrous birthright sold for gain,
 If *we* so lightly held our native soil,
 We did not with our words and deeds and toil,
 Exalt and beautify this our domain,
 And so did pass it on.

Boetie Wilson

Across the Divide.



HERE shall be no more pain
 —I stood and read the words
 over and over. They were
 clumsily painted in rude black
 letters on a rough cottonwood
 slab underneath the words

"Danny Davis"
 "Most 16"
 "Crossed the Divide"
 "Christmas Eve"
 "1893"
 "He gave his life"
 "fer his brother"
 "There shall be no more pain."

Then I looked at the under-
 sized grave, lying alone, away out here in this Colorado
 gulch, in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, and
 again I read—"Gave his life fer his brother." It
 was a fitting sepulchre for such as he—a Westminster
 of God's creation. Such an one as only the Architect
 of the Universe could design and build; for rising up
 around me and this little secluded cemetery with its
 one grave, were great giant walls of granite and
 porphyry—crimson and yellow—purple and red, towering
 hundreds and hundreds of feet above me, till their apices
 blended with, and were lost in the deep turquoise blue of
 the Colorado sky. At my feet, this lonely, but, as I looked
 again, tenderly kept little mound, with its fresh bunches
 of blue gentian and columbine, evidence of loving care
 from some of those sturdy miners, now at work on the
 placer mines across the gulch.

All morning—as I sat and sketched—the words
 "There shall be no more pain" kept time to the stroke
 of my brush till the import of that entire beautiful verse
 floated in upon me with great healing and comforting
 force.

As real as the fragrance of the Mariposa lily at my
 feet, was the incense arising from an unselfishness that
 would give life for a brother. To each miner came this
 perfume and through it they caught a breath of the Divine.
 For I afterwards saw those rough fellows, who pro-
 fessed and looked "don't care" to each other; but at
 the sound of Dan's name came a gentleness of manner
 and tenderness of tone, and more than that, at sight of
 that unhewn bit of cottonwood they forgot the guns at
 their belt and their hands sought instead their sombrero.

On going back to the camp, I asked for the story of
 the isolated grave, and the surveyor, Mr. McIvor, said:

"Wait till old Cap comes in. He's foreman of the
 gang who run the hydraulic and doesn't get in as soon as
 the other boys. He'll be here in about five minutes and
 after he's had his dinner, he'll tell you Dan's story. Old
 Cap loved Dan and would rather talk of him than eat. It's
 worth hearing, Miss Catherine."

Old Cap began by hastily brushing away a tear, with
 the back of his seamed old hand, crippled with rheuma-
 tism, hard and rough from exposure, saying:

"Yes, Miss, it's me what kin tell you about our little
 chap Dan. He gave his life fer Jim all right. That's Jim
 with the bucket in his hand. He's never been the same
 feller since the day he came back to find Dan had gone on
 over the range. The two chaps came out here from away
 back in Canada, spring of ninety-one. They worked away
 all that summer and the next panning the dirt, washin' out
 the gold in that slow old fashioned way. We didn't know
 anything about the hydraulic or sluices till ninety-three

All the fellers had was a couple of pans, and the colors they found in the bottom was small and not many to a pan. But these Canucks kep' at it from sunrise to sunset washin' the dirt. The little feller was the life of the camp! He had a regular girl's heart. When any of us was sick or threatened with pneumonia he'd bathe our heads and rub us with coal oil and turpentine till his little fists would be blistered and looked like they was raw. So we got to calling him our 'camp girl.' You see, Miss, he was the nearest to bein' a woman that we had in camp and made us think of our mothers or our sweethearts left back east.

"In the fall of ninety-three they put their three years' gatherings into a little baking-powder can, tightly wrapped in the old red handkerchief their mother, since dead, had tied their little bundle of clothes in, when they left that far away Canadian home, and last of all in a gunny sack. All was ready. Which one was to go—see the old folks at home, pay off the mortgage on the farm, and get back with the winter's provisions before the canyon filled with snow? Danny said, 'We'll toss up, Jim—Heads, you go, tails, I stay.' It came down tails and Dan had a big time explainin' to Jim why it was still the thing for him to go! Dan stuck to it that he had to stay and take care of the gold ranch. I watched it all with a big lump in my throat, fer I knowed Dan was homesick and he was tired too.

"I'll never fergit the day Jim left. Danny bustled around gettin' everything ready, tightening the pack saddles, petting the jacks and burros, and, last of all, giving Jim a little bunch of gentians and columbine, with the words, 'Jim, you know where to lay 'em, on the grave, near the center, by her heart.' Then he stood watchin' the pack train down Taylor Park, long after my old eyes couldn't see a speck of anything movin'. As Dan turned to go to the little cabin what they called their home, I seed two tears a-trailin' down his face, and the door was shut.

"In the morning us fellers saw from our cabin door Danny a-peggin' away on their claim, with Jack and Jill, his two pets, perched on his shoulders; but those magpies was a-puttin' their heads first on one side and then t'other, wondering why Danny wasn't a-whistlin' or a-singin' as he allers done. I knowed why! Every morning as the sun peeked over old Taylor range he found Dan washin' away at the dirt, and every night as he went down over the Uncompanghre Dan would grab up the tin, count over the tiny colors in the bottom, and yell over to me, 'More yellow stuff fer Jim, Cap. It's all fer Jim! Uncomplainin' he eat his bacon and beans, and none of us fellers knowed his flour was done until that day when his door stayed shut. He was took sick, burning up with fever, and when I went over he said, 'Cap, will you bunk with me to-night? I'm so sick, and my head's so hot and feels so itchy and queer, and the nights are so long since Jim went away.' I helped undress the little feller, and was a-goin to rub him like he did me, when I see'd spots that made my old heart stop beatin', and I says to myself that one word—'scurvy'—and I knowed our little camp-girl had given his life fer Jim. He was goin' away from us—back to Him! For what can a feller do with that dirt when the only grub you have to eat is bacon and flapjacks, and mighty few of them?

"Out loud I said, 'Dan, ain't you got no flour?' 'No, Cap, I haven't tasted flour or a flapjack for months. You see, I'm the cook, and I knowed the flour was gettin low, and I knowed I could do on bacon and beans, but Jim couldn't, so I just made enough flapjacks fer him. He never knowed, Cap, I didn't make more fer myself. It wasn't Jim's fault. I promised to take care of Jim, and I was bound he'd go home in proper order to that girl of his'n. I kin stand it or else—well, I'll crawl 'cross the divide to mother.'

"Flour was scarce in every cabin, but we shared up with Dan. He got some better, and when the fever was low every night he would crawl down the canyon along the gorge to the park, and there he would sit by the hour perched upon that rock yonder with his head laid on his little hot arms lookin' for Jim, and when the moon was full he thought every movin' shadder in that long park must surely be Jim and the pack train a-comin'. Our hearts kept achin' fer Dan. Flour was low—Danny was sick—scurvy is catchin, and we waited fer Jim, while Dan's cheeks grew thinner and his eye brighter and that look in his face you see on the face of a sick baby.

"You see this was in the fall of ninety-three, and one day a feller goin' through to Wyoming with a pack train left us some flour, and word of the time they was having at Congress over silver. He said there was quite a silver panic on in the mountain towns. The miners were makin' a raid on the banks over in Aspen. 'A lack of confidence,' he said. I said 'confidence nothin'—lack of silver!' So the rest of our fellows pulled up stakes and set off to see how the chances were for their hard-earned little piles in the First National and Wheeler Banks, leavin' me and Dan to hold down the claims of the camp, fer there was lots of claim jumpers round in ninety-three.

"Two days after they left this old Colorado sky turned grey as death and I sez to myself, 'Old man, we're in for a reglar nor'easter.' The great clouds kep' a-pilin' up on top of each other till it looked like the smoke from the bottomless pit let loose—and I tell you Miss, right here, you only want to read about it, not to see it. They came scud-ding along nearer and nearer, and at four o'clock the canyon and the tiny cabins with Dan and me were wrapped in blackest night, while the wind and the coyotes howled and down whizzed the snow. We was awful homesick that night and felt as if that storm had swallered us up, canyon, cabins and all! After four days it held up, the sun came out and the sky was bluer than ever, but I knowed we was shut in. The canyon was chuck full of that plaguey white stuff; we were locked in fer the winter by twenty feet of snow! Every miner in Colorado remembers that storm and that winter. I didn't tell Dan, allers cheerin' him up by tellin' him Jim was in Aspen, and the sun would soon melt that when he got goin' a spell.

"It was a dreary winter, Miss, what with the snow outside, and the scurvy in, and havin' to watch that little soul suffer. I won't tell you 'bout that. But there was Someone a-helpin' him to grin and bear it, fer he never complained. The night before Christmas I was a-thinkin' of a home I used to have and of her who made it home, and of the bells, the Christmas bells, till I could almost hear 'em, but it was the wind in the pines, and as I listened Dan said, 'Cap, I'm a-goin' away. Good-by, dear old Cap, I'm goin' cross the Divide. There'll be no more pain, Cap. Help yourself to some of the dust in the old sugar-bowl. Give the rest to Jim, and, Cap, don't say anything to him about the scurvy— Now, take me in your arms, lay my head near your heart, I want to hear it beat. It's a warm old heart, Cap.' Then his face lighted up and I said, 'What is it, Dan?' 'Oh, I see the cabins 'cross the Divide, and Him what died fer us, Cap, He's standin'—'

"Then Danny's candleburnt low, flickered and went out. But Dan's not in the dark, Miss, he's with the other One who gave His life fer Dan — — — and Dan said fer me!"

Ema Scott Raff.



The Finding of Ralph Connor

BY J. A. MACDONALD

Editor of "Westminster."



MAN whose first literary venture has won recognition in all parts of the English-speaking world, and is sent out by a leading New York publishing house marked "Sixty-fifth thousand" within two years, has to pay the penalty. Had he lived a hundred years ago the price would not have been so great, but neither would the circulation. Who Ralph Connor is, what he does, where he came from, how he works, and the like, are questions asked by the curious, and answered by those who know. Editors and publishers, English and American, claim everything within sight to satisfy the hungry maw of the reading public.

But it is with the name, not with the man behind it, we have to do. The finding of the man is another story, and has been told more than once. But the finding of the name, and how the man came to be Ralph Connor, has never been told. He may not know all that story himself. It may be worth the telling. It came about in this wise:

One day in October, of 1896, I was sitting at my desk wondering about the copy for the November issue of *The Westminster*. That was during the perilous first year. Only five monthly numbers had appeared, and the enterprise was still an experiment. The door behind me swung wide open and a clear cheery voice, with a low, musical note in it, rang out in a familiar salutation. I knew the voice and was glad to welcome the man. He had been my class-mate at college, my seat-mate in the lecture rooms, and we had sometimes done what was called "study" together—a night or two before examination. I knew him well, and to know a man of his kind is to like him. He is a rare good kind.

But he was not in a good mood that day. He had been at a meeting of the Home Mission Committee, where he and the veteran Superintendent from the Northwest, his leader and saint, had been pleading for more men and more money to meet the needs of the plains and foot-hills and valleys and mountain camps in the great Canadian West. Plainly he was not pleased with the results, and in terms not found in standard literature in the East, he railed against the narrow views and slow hearts and general unfitness of Easterners. It was not hard to listen, for this youthful accuser of the men of the East had seen things with his own eyes and heard sad stories with his own ears, and had withal a heart to feel. He had been in the West for several years. I had seen him up among the Selkirks. The burden of the men in those hard places was heavy on him. He could not understand the unwillingness of men on the Committee to take and hold the strategic points. "But you can hardly blame them," I ventured, when he had made out his case and

paused to think about it. "They do not know. They never saw the West. When you talk of plains and mountains, and all that wild life, it is nothing to them, for it is not real."

"Well, if they don't know they ought to, and it is your duty to give them the facts."

"Facts count for little," I answered, defending myself. "You and the Superintendent and the rest have been giving us facts and figures until the average Easterner has lost count and track. There is not one thing real about the West to those who have not been there, except its bigness, not one bright spot of interest, not one vivid impression. They know nothing about life in your mining towns, and it is your duty to make them know and see and feel."

"I'll give you an article on it," he said, eager to do anything to mend matters.

"Articles are no good if they have only facts and statistics and exhortations. Give me a sketch, a story, a thing of life, rather than a report. Make it true to the life as you know it, rather than to mere facts. Put in the local color. That would touch the imagination and give a basis for your appeal for help."

The dialogue ran on something in that fashion and ended in a promise that he would write out a story he told me one evening as we paddled on the Bow near Banff, five years before. The story was to be complete in one chapter, and as the Christmas number of *The Westminster* was being talked about, it was to tell of Christmas eve among the lumbermen up in the Selkirk mountains. He left for Winnipeg that day, and I turned again to the day's routine.

It did not need any great penetration or rare editorial genius to see that something worth while in a literary way could be made out of such materials as a pioneer missionary with eyes in his head and a heart in his body, gathers into his personal experience in the West. And this particular missionary had both eyes and heart. He saw things, and he knew their deeper meaning, and could interpret it for those who only saw the husk of things. When he was an undergraduate in the early eighties he spent one summer on a mission field in Manitoba. On his return he wrote out "Some Leaves from a Missionary's Diary." They were published in the *Knox College Monthly*, of which at that time we were co-editors. In those half-dozen paragraphs were fore-signs of the best he has done in "Black Rock." The closing sentences were about the funeral of "Little Willie." Here is a bit:

"Across the stream we go in sad procession, and over the prairie, in whose wide sheltering bosom little Willie sleeps among the flowers; and in our hearts there is no bitterness and little grief, for his little life so bright is only brighter now in the city where no shadows fall—'they have no need of the sun.' We shall not soon forget that touching scene: the little grave, oh so little and so lonely, on the

great wide prairie, but around it are the flowers, the purple pistolets and the stately lilies and the roses, and over all stream the rays of the dying sun, going to kiss the far-away hills and to whisper to them of the bright to-morrow. We catch the thought and love it and hold it fast."

That first Christmas number made its appearance, but there was nothing in it about life in the lumber camps. As happened many times since, with the manuscripts of other writers, the copy did not reach the office until after the paper had gone to press. When it came it bore the marks of a new hand, but, like Elihu, it was full of matter. It was crammed with possibilities. But it was not good copy, not the best he could make out of his materials. It was sent back to Winnipeg with a suggestion. The result was a recasting, which yielded three sketches instead of one, each throbbing with life and pathos and appeal. When the manuscript came again to me it was in the form in which the first chapter now appears in "Black Rock."

But about Ralph Connor. We had decided upon a name for the story, but not for the man who wrote it. The manuscript reached me just in time for the issue for January, 1897. It would not do to give the author's name, for the text of the tale might be regarded by some as out of keeping with the conventions of the clerical profession. What name shall it be? was the question sent to Winnipeg. At the last moment a telegram came: "Sign sketch Connor." Connor? That would not do. That would betray the fact of a mask. He must have a proper name. But why Connor? Perhaps the operator made a mistake. Should it be Connor? More likely. But he must be given a Christian name, even though he consorts with heathen of various types. What shall we christen this new-born Canadian litterateur? "Frank?" "Chris?" "Fred?" No, none of these would suit. Here it is: "Ralph." "Ralph Connor!" And it was so. Without his knowledge or consent he was introduced to the world with that new-coined name to make or mar. When he got his copy of The Westminster in Winnipeg that week he turned to page 14, and saw the cross-page heading "Tales from the Selkirks, By Ralph Connor."

What he said when he saw himself as the world was yet to know him has not been told. No one was by to hear. Something western, no doubt befitting his new role. "I meant 'Connor,'" he wrote a day or two afterwards. "Ralph Connor isn't bad—rather Irish for me, but I guess I can stand it. I'll try to live up to it." And so it was "Ralph Connor" was found.

He did live up to it. The second sketch, "The Black Rock Christmas," turned the new name to good account. The story of that wild half-drunken row in Slavin's saloon, in which Mr. Craig, Slavin, Sandy, Keefe, Blaney, Graeme, Little Baptiste and others of the party were involved, has this:

"I pushed my way in. 'What's up?' I cried.

"'Mr. Connor,' said Sandy, solemnly, 'it is a gentleman you are, though your name is against you.'

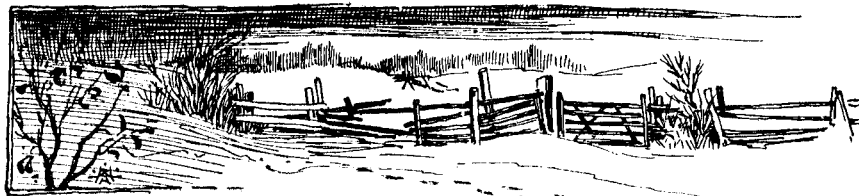
Again and again he made his unbecoming name do duty in his story, and this elasticity of mind, this power to turn everything to account is an element in Ralph Connor's work.

Of the sketches which followed month by month until the fall of '97, this may be said, that they were not made, they were born. The story was scarcely planned at all, it grew. When one month's was published the question was, What next? So it was the characters stepped out unexpectedly into distinct relief and the tale took many unexpected turns. Some Higher Critics have said they can see the marks of its monthly growth in Black Rock—after they have been told how it grew.

The sketches were gathered together, and some of them recast, for publication in book form. Mr. H. M. Hodder, of Hodder & Stoughton, took the risk of launching the book on the British market. But in New York the manuscript was in danger of going a-begging. More than one of the great publishing houses, that are now hungry for Ralph Connor's copy, turned it down. The publisher in whom we had the highest hope reported that to make assurance doubly sure, he had three first-class "readers" pass judgment on the story; their verdict was that it had too much religion in it—religion and temperance. It is interesting to recall that verdict now that the American publishers are handling the "Sixty-fifth Thousand" of "Black Rock" and the "Thirtieth Thousand" of its successor, "The Sky Pilot."

That is the story of Ralph Connor. But there is more to follow. He has only made a beginning. When he comes to his own this that he has done will be far surpassed. He may never excel some of these touches, for they are well-nigh perfect, but the excellence will be uniform. I feel confident the story announced for 1901 will take a higher place than either "Black Rock" or "The Sky Pilot." To give him a chance the merciless American and British publishers who have been gathering like vultures, have been made to stand off. Ralph Connor is the despair of editors and publishers who do not know him. He cannot write to order. Shallow critics call him another Ian Maclaren. He has almost nothing in common with Ian Maclaren—nothing of his productiveness, not much of his sentimentalism. Ralph Connor never trifles with his characters, or makes them perform. He loves them every one with a personal, passionate, wistful love. He has not yet caught the "emotional" trick of some of the British idyllists. If he ever does that, or if he ever yields to the temptation of publishers' cheques, to which too many have yielded, he is lost. But he will not do it. He is too true an author, and too good a man to prostitute his heaven-born genius to earth-born purposes. His best is yet to be.

It is scarcely necessary at this late date to say that Ralph Connor votes as Charles W. Gordon.



In the Days of "Moral Suasion."

(Dedicated to the Political Undergraduate.)

THE present undergraduates of the University of Toronto have doubtless heard many a fabulous tale of "the brave days of old," when votes were paid for in Literary Society elections, when cabs ran all night to bring in tardy or indifferent electors, and when the opposing brute force committees locked arms in deadly conflict before the door of the polling booth and shook the very earth with the thunder of night-long battle. Somewhat over-colored, perhaps, are the traditions that have come down to modern times, of those heroic days. Nevertheless, as excavations in the dust and debris of newspaper offices might reveal, there were wondrous doings about Old Varsity in the dim, neglected past. In that time, even as now, fierce struggles took place—over nothing, and solely because disputation is natural to mankind;

sniff the fray from afar. For a week or more manifestoes and counter manifestoes, accusations and rejoinders, covered the old black bulletin-boards in the central vestibule. The gentlemen of the treasury benches made a brave show of fight and a battle royal was expected. But strangely enough their "nerve" failed them at the last moment, and when nomination night came round the Students' Union party was astonished and overjoyed to find itself once more in undisputed possession of every Literary Society office. Every one? No, the Alma Maters threw down the gage with respect to two nominations—that for first vice-president and that for curator.

The contest was fought out to a finish for the possession of this pair of comparatively unimportant positions. The Students' Union, having nominated for the posts two



THE LAST BRUTE FORCE COMMITTEE, '96, FROM A FLASHLIGHT.

great issues were decided—issues as momentous as that of the Big-endian vs. Little-endian dispute in Lilliput; parties and leaders rose, flourished and passed away; so did campaign funds; and here we are, still trying to decide each year who are the virtuous men to whom the helm of the battle-scarred and storm-stained old Literary Society ship can safely be entrusted.

The first election at Varsity the writer can speak of from personal knowledge was that of '93. There had been a fierce fight the preceding year between parties self-christened the Alma Mater and the Students' Union. In that struggle the Alma Maters, who were the political heirs of the old Inside or Residence party, had handsomely trounced their opponents. Of the issues involved in the contest I have too hazy a knowledge to speak. At all events the Alma Maters monopolized the offices and spent the cash during '92-'93. But when the first vernal airs commenced to be wafted across the campus in the winter of '93 they were laden with the insinuating lust of battle, and the vanquished of a year before began impatiently to

good men and true, could not desert them when their fitness was challenged. The Alma Maters, actuated more perhaps, by personal spleen than their leaders would have cared to admit, were determined to defeat at all hazards these particular nominees of their rivals. Simon J. McLean, now professor of economics in the State University of Colorado, was the candidate of the Students' Union for the first vice-presidency; his running-mate for the curatorship was W. E. McPherson—"Ernie" McPherson, as he was affectionately called. Against these the Alma Maters pitted Levey and Stuart.

The election was one of the "hottest," because one of the most personal, in the history of the Literary Society. The polling place was in Richmond Hall. Cabs were used in bringing in voters; bribery took the form of paying the fees of students who would not have voted had they been required to pay themselves; and a royal struggle was waged about the door of the polling booths for five long hours by opposing "moral suasion" committees, as they were euphemistically called, headed respectively by K. D.

("Curly") McMillan, who is now the Rev. K. D. McMillan and a student of Oriental languages in Germany, and "Jack" McArthur, who is teaching school in a Western State.

One feature of the brute force contest in this election will never be forgotten. In a corner of the hall near the door leading into the polling booth, a couple of uncovered steam-pipes ran from floor to ceiling. At the commencement of the fight, these pipes were full of aqueous vapor, and as the participants became divested of shirts, rugby-jackets or sweaters in the frantic wrestling and pully-haul, the bare-back of more than one stalwart came into sudden contact with the innocent-looking but infernal pipes. In this way several men were speedily placed *hors de combat*. But after scraps of old trousers, guernseys and other garments had been wrapped around the offending disseminators of warmth, and a messenger had been despatched to tell the caretaker to shut off steam or be murdered, the fight went merrily on.

The hero of the struggle was one Myers, a big good-natured German from Berlin. Myers was an amateur strong man, who came to the University as a second-year freshman in the class of '95. At the annual games that year he had given an exhibition of his marvellous muscular development, and great was the rejoicing of the Students' Union fellows when they captured his sympathies and led him bodily into their camp. But alas! long before the election was in sight, Myers was stricken down with typhoid, and hied him back to his home in Waterloo County. However, he was made of extraordinary stuff, and such was his enthusiasm for the cause he had espoused, that he came back to Toronto for the election, and though still convalescent, threw himself into the "moral suasion" ranks of his party and fought like a demon to keep the way clear for the voters of his side. Twice Myers had his back burned against the hot steam-pipe; but each such experience only added apparently to his strength and fervor. It was the sight of a lifetime to see him holding his own in the seething mass of pink perspiring flesh, with half a dozen pigmies dragging at his arms, shoulders and neck at one and the same instant.

Barrels of apples and other refreshments ministered to the needs of the hungry gladiators and their cheering partisans. The struggle was kept up till one o'clock, after which there was free access to the poll. It was about half-past four in the morning, when Mr. Alfred DeLury, the returning officer, and his assistant made public the results. The "Simeonites," as they were called, were routed horse, foot, and artillery, and the "Levites" had a complete triumph.

The McLean or Students' Union party had made the paying of fees by candidates, or out of party funds, an issue in this campaign, and upon this question next year's election was largely decided. An appeal was made to the moral sense of the student body, which readily condemned the practice as corrupt. The leaders of the Alma Mater refused to see the matter in that light, but at the election of the spring of '94, they wisely declined to join issue with the other party on the question; and so the contest went by default, the McLean party electing all its candidates by acclamation. Without an election, however, the Literary Society was left with comparatively empty coffers, and it was generally recognized that there would have to be a readjustment of party lines and an old time contest to bring in the fees in the following spring.

The fall of '94 saw an amendment placed in the constitution making the paying of fees by candidates or out of campaign funds a corrupt offence, punishable with deprivation of office. This cleared the way for the desired readjustment of old political lines, and in the spring of '95 two new "machines," the University and the Students' Parties went into the fray. The election that year will

long be remembered by those who went through it. There were two straight party tickets, covering every office from president down. An immense graduate vote was polled. Such organization had never been attempted in any preceding contest. Elaborate provisions were made for getting out the vote. Refreshments were supplied out of the funds of each party on a larger scale than ever before. There was a terrific struggle between the rival brute force committees for possession of the door. Wilson Barrett and company, who were at the Grand that week, came from the theatre to Richmond Hall after the play, to see "the most astonishing custom obtaining in any university," as the distinguished actor described it. The University party were successful throughout their ticket, the smallest majority received by any of their candidates being over twenty.

Having abolished corrupt fee-paying, the next move of an element amongst the students was to begin a crusade against the conveyance of voters to the polls in hired vehicles. This question was fought out later on. The University party was again successful in '96, when the last brute force contest took place. The elections thereafter were held in the Students' Union building, where the authorities, naturally, would not tolerate disorderly proceedings.

With the disappearance of the picturesque and unique features of the campaigns of eight or ten years ago, much of the excitement that made those contests a delightful and indelible memory to all who partook in them has vanished. But the system of wholesale fee-paying was immoral and undoubtedly had a corrupting influence on those who ought to have gone forth into the world as exemplars of political honor and cleanliness. The running of hacks was a silly, unnecessary and expensive piece of tomfoolery, whose abolition did no harm. But the brute force contest was an innocent and at all times good natured affair, which added zest and excitement to the elections; did not deprive anyone of his vote, as it never was kept up till the poll closed; and, beyond all, formed one of the few unique and distinctive institutions of the student body of Toronto University.

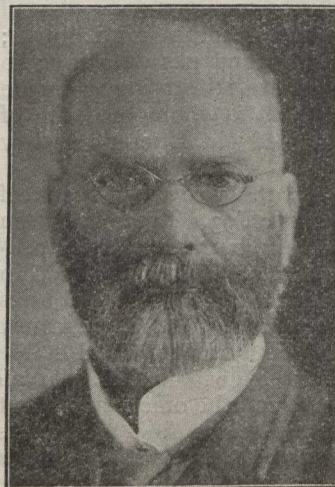
Jas. A. Tucker.



University Spirit

IT is a hopeful sign that there is much talk just now of the need of a strong University spirit. When such a topic is discussed beyond the bounds of one or two small circles, and becomes a matter of general interest and conference, it may be taken for granted that the thing sought for is already at hand. That it is among us, and is alive and active, there is no doubt whatever. It needs only to be fostered, regulated, and, above all, utilized for University ends.

In gladly accepting the Editor's invitation to say a few words on this subject, I have thought that the most practical way of looking at it would be to regard the University spirit as the outcome of our general education



J. F. M'CURDY, PH.D., LL.D.

and social conditions. Every spirit that we know anything of has its own body, of which it is at once the inspiration and the expression, and our body is the body academic.

A curious body we must seem to be to a superficial observer, made up apparently of several distinct bodies, into which our creator and reputed benefactor has breathed the breath of life by legislative fiat. And, in fact, many of our conditions are unfavorable to that close co-operation and sympathy which mark the functions of any thriving corporate life. Yet in spite of distinctions and divisions there is a growing sense of oneness among us, unmistakable and refreshing. Witness the unforced and eager movements that have led to the founding of University publications and the Alumni Association, and the establishing of the Dining Hall. That such movements may prosper and abound is the prayer of every good Torontonian. If every one who bears that enviable designation would add good deeds to good wishes we should soon realize our high ideal.

We may well first lay emphasis upon the principle that University spirit implies and depends upon college spirit. In proportion as each school realizes its own individual aims will it give strength and impulsion to the purpose and life of the University. In the case of a body such as ours it is impossible that one portion of the system should thrive and develop itself without affecting the whole organism. Our attachment is something more than that of mechanical interdependence. It is a coherence of common interests and a grand common ideal. We are here together to work out a splendid experiment in thought and science, and this endeavor is moral as well as intellectual. Truth is our great common aim and our progressive achievement. But truth is as manifold as is the universe itself, which is the subject of our study; and the motive of our toil is essentially moral. It is not merely to bring ourselves some steps forward into the light, but to help to conquer ignorance and dispel prejudice, and uplift our country and our race. The stirring words of the battle-hymn of the world's great religious movement are rung daily in our ears:

"We are not divided;
All one body we."

And our work here at Varsity is in a very deep and true sense religious. It may well invoke to its right performance the zeal and brotherly trust and confidence that animate a great religious order.

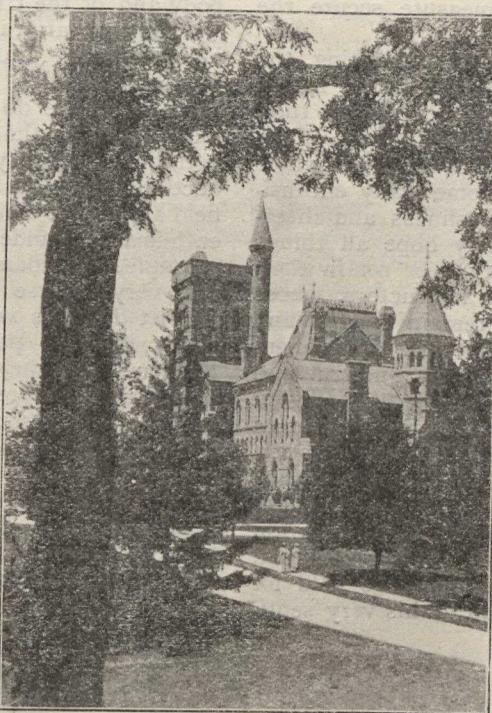
Transferring to our place and time the illustration made classical by the organizer of Christianity, we are here in one body having many members. And so Arts cannot say to Science, "I have no need of thee," nor can Science say to Languages, "I have no need of you," nor can Knox say to Victoria or Wycliffe or St. Michael's, "I have no need of you."

True, all this is a matter of sentiment. But in any institution where moral forces play a part, sentiment is the strongest of impelling forces—a stronger driving power than anything measurable or ponderable or artificial, stronger even than State patronage or money. It has the

power that is vested in whatever is ideal and potential. Any one of a number of influences or incidents may keep alive such University sentiment. To show how simply and subtly it works, I may take an instance quite outside of our larger plans and our printed programs, and within the sphere of our everyday academic life. A student of '02 in Medicine, just after winning for the second time the general athletic championship of the University, was obliged quite suddenly to "quit." He was "no quitter" either on the athletic field or in his studies; but warned by the symptoms of an insidious disease he submitted to the professional counsel that he had better try for his cure a milder winter climate. Just as he was about to leave upon this exile from his native country and his college he was waited upon by a small deputation from the instructors and students of the School of Medicine, and presented with a parting gift so happily conceived and executed that the whole of his life will be gladdened by the memento. The affair is probably not widely known, but wherever it

has been told within the limits of Varsity our hearts have been moved, and we have felt ourselves drawn more closely to T-O-R-O-N-T-O.

The two things that most contribute to a strong university spirit are progress and solidarity. Both factors are equally essential and the one helps the other. Indeed, the one is impossible without the other, for they depend in large measure upon one common inspiration. Our great business as a university is education, and educational progress is promoted more by enthusiasm for education than by all other motives or influences combined. It is a mistake to suppose that our only or indeed our principal need is financial aid from the Government. For the purposes for which money is needed, of course money is indispensable. But money does not give that co-operation in educational endeavor, that harmonious evolution of educational plan and method, which have necessarily conditioned the development and the success of every great modern university. The widening out of our curriculum so as to embrace subjects elsewhere regarded as indispensable; a more thorough-going differentiation



VARSIETY FROM EAST ENTRANCE.

of true university work and methods from those of the secondary schools; the formation of a complete scheme of post-graduate studies; the devising of plans for securing permanently for the university a reasonable share of the talent which is displayed by every graduating class, and which is so often utilized by foreign institutions, younger, but perhaps more enterprising than our own—such are some of the matters that demand earnest thought on the part of the friends of our University. There must necessarily be differences of opinion as to this or that measure both in principle and detail, but discussion will bring out the best or nearly the best that can be attained; and competent opinion will soon find its way to the front. A few articles like those of Drs. Sheraton and Macallum in the Alumni number of VARSITY would help greatly to clear the air. In this field the new *Monthly* may perhaps find its most useful avocation. That promising journal as the organ of the Alumni, and the interested Alumni themselves, will be doing their highest service to the uni-

versity when, filled with enthusiasm for educational progress, they are intensely occupied with ideas and plans for its promotion. When this awakening takes place there will be no trouble about getting money, nor will there be any serious difficulty in disposing wisely of even the largest endowment that might unexpectedly fall to our lot.

The University in the widest sense is composed of the Alumni, the Senate, the Faculty, and the Undergraduate body. Of the first element I have already made bold to say a word in connection with this question of creating a University sentiment. Of the Senate it is difficult for me to say anything, as I have never quite understood it, though I have always held it in great veneration, except during the three years when I was myself a member of it. One cannot but cherish a suspicion that it scarcely realizes its opportunities for promoting our educational interests and ideals. But perhaps its own constitution needs first to be remodeled. Of the Faculty but little can be said here, since it exists and is maintained solely for the purposes just set forth; and if it does its work reasonably well it must in its measure secure the ends in view.

The students form certainly the most interesting, the most promising, and the most important factor in the University. They have in their hands not merely their own future, but in large measure also the future of the University itself. They are the only element of the whole institution over which any one can become really enthusiastic; they are so bedewed with the freshness and cheerfulness of youth. Like "Charity," they hope all things and believe all things. That they may ever retain their ingenuous ardor is the prayer of their instructors, whose aim it is to make it easier for them to restrain trustful and hopeful. With them the question is not that of awakening a University spirit, but of having it right and true and steady. They too will need not to forget that an intelligent educational purpose is the surest basis of permanent attachment to their Alma Mater. But just now, and perhaps always, an imperious question for them is how they shall combine with the main business of their student life that solidarity which I have indicated as the chief moral factor in the welfare of the University. At this moment, just on the eve of an important meeting to be held for the purpose of giving practical direction to this very senti-

ment, one need only say a word or two on the general aspects of the question. To put the case summarily there would seem to be two main conditions of a right University spirit among undergraduates: co-operation and rivalry, both of them keen and generous.

As to co-operation, I, of course, do not mean merely that which should be maintained between individual students. I am rather thinking of the spirit that should animate the several student societies. The more these organizations realize that they can and may serve the University as well as promote their own distinct aims and purposes the more will they find themselves uniting their forces for this great end. They do not need to act normally in formal co-operation, though this has been done and well done in the case of the several departmental societies with their open meetings and lecture courses. I refer rather to the desirability of each society, literary, athletic, or religious, recognizing more fully the existence and work of the others, in view of the one commanding and absorbing interest, namely, the welfare of the whole student body and of the University itself.

As to rivalry, it goes without saying that it is equally indispensable. Indeed, it is a most powerful agent in promoting mutual respect and a fine corporate spirit. Here again we do not think so much of a rivalry of individuals, for that is at best but a lower form of competition. The very terms, rivalry and competition, are at once suggestive of athletics. But it is not in the athletic field alone that emulation promotes a vigorous and healthy enthusiasm in undergraduate life. Oratorical contests, for example, are found everywhere to be stimulating, and the very reverse of unwholesome in university circles. But let them, as well as every other form of competition, be as little as possible a rivalry of individuals alone. Rather should they be the emulation of student organizations through representative individuals. For this and for many other reasons it is eminently desirable that all the college societies should come under the direction of a common union. Such a movement might be justified by splendid results in the strengthening of University bonds and the deepening of University sentiment. But I have no space to say more on this or kindred themes, nor yet on the pressing question how athletics may be made a more stimulating and helpful adjunct to college life.

James Frederick McCurdy



CHRIST IS RISEN.

Chime, chime, sweet bell,
For Christ is risen,
Soar, soar, clear voice,
Christ dwells in heaven.

For Christ is risen
Oh! can it be
That all God's world
Knows this, but me?

Can God this light
Forbear to give,
Since Christ has died
That men may live?

Though I see not
I will believe,
And God will yet
My soul receive.

Sing on, O world,
For Christ is risen;
Pray thou, my soul,
Christ hears in heaven. XOUTHE.

WAITING, WAITING.

The snow is falling, falling,
A strange hush fills the air;
My heart is list'ning, list'ning
For a message now grown rare.

The snow is whisp'ring, whisp'ring
A sweet note in my ear;
But my heart is aching, aching
For the lack of music there.

The snow is calling, calling
A message from heaven's door;
But my heart is waiting, waiting
For a voice it knew of yore.

ELEANOR BROWN, '03.

The Devil's Head.

A TALE OF A MAD BLACKFOOT.



LITTLE-RED-FOX squatted on the sunlit earth. His talon-like hands clutched the bunch grass from the parched soil; muttering savagely, he tossed it aloft. On his head was a fillet of trailing creepers, from the shadows beneath the matted, gray locks, hanging low over his brow, two bloodshot eyes, with glittering pupils, glared wildly. His bony features looked ghoulish under a coat of dirty yellow paint; there was froth on the gibbering lips. About his neck hung a string of charms. Shirt he had none. His bony legs were half hidden under tattered leggings; worn moccasins encased his feet.

Little-Red-Fox had always had aspirations. As a boy he had stalked among his fellows silent and grave; he did not join in the hunt or games. He wandered alone and none knew of his coming or going.

Little-Red-Fox had aspired to be great among his people. He longed for the time when he should be able to make patent medicine; to bring the rain, fight the thunder bird, heal the sick, and do all manner of wonderful things that should make him not only revered and honored in his own tribe, but also the terror of the white man. In the meantime, he did not find it beneath his dignity to accept government rations; neither did it strike him as being below the lofty ideal that he had erected in his mind, to receive tobacco and tea from individual members of the hated race that he hoped some day to annihilate.

This leading idea had received a great impetus on that day in the long past years on which he had been made a brave.

He had arrived at the age to undergo the torture, and the days of the great Sun Dance were fixed. Well he remembered the starvation, the mystic prayers and the darkness. How at last his body had been painted, a fillet of leaves and grasses placed upon his brow, and he had been led to the place where the medicine lodge was erected. There it stood, built of poles and boughs, like a big green amphitheatre, open to the sky. In the centre was placed the medicine pole, decorated at the top with branches and many colored cloths. The members of his village sat and squatted around about the leafy walls.

Little-Red-Fox was the last to undergo the ordeal. He lay on the ground, the medicine men lifted the flesh on each breast, thrust their sharp knives through, forced two wooden skewers in the cuts, then binding them to the ends of the rawhide ropes that dangled from the top of the medicine pole, lifted him to his feet. As they did so the sun was darkened, a cold breath of air made the leaves of the lodge walls whiten and shiver. From afar came a low, muttering sound, like the distant shoutings of an unseen host. They looked above, and lo! the cloud that darkened the sun was like the head of a fox. The medicine men muttered mystic words, and the people drew their blankets around them and whispered low one to the other.

Little-Red-Fox's spirit waxed great within him; he remembered no more the agony, but with a wild shout clinched his hands and sprang backward upon the

lines. He strained and jumped, striving to break the bands of flesh that held him to the pole. A faintness came on. The medicine men saw his knees shiver, and made a sign; the tom-toms beat wildly, the singers chanted in weird cadence a war song. Little-Red-Fox's spirit rose above the agony once more, and he dashed across the circle, and whirling about, strained against the bonds that seemed tearing out his very life. At that moment there was a brilliant flash and a roar that deafened. The tom-toms ceased, the people rose to their feet; a grey darkness stole over all. Not a murmur was heard as the young Indian sprang again and again to the end of the lines striving to tear himself free. He looked ghastly in that weird gloom, with white body and the dark-red blood streaming over the black stripes. His fists were clinched convulsively, his painted face was drawn with anguish. An awe overpowered the throng, the tom-tom was silent; there was great medicine at work.

Suddenly, from the blackness overhead, there leapt a flame of brilliant whiteness, that blinded with its glare, and seemed to fill the lodge. Quicker than thought, it reached from out the clouds straight for the top of the medicine pole. There was a crackling report, sharp and cutting, that seemed to rend the universe and stunned the senses. The multitude covered on the earth as it deepened into an awful rolling roar, too great for the mind of living creature to understand. As they huddled together, the gloom lightened quickly and a sunbeam, wan and pale, stole upon the scene. The cloudy curtain raised slowly, and daylight was restored. There in the centre of the lodge stood the remains of the medicine pole; it had been rent in twain. The many-colored top lay flat on the ground. Across it was stretched the form of Little-Red-Fox, still and stark. The medicine men lifted him and carried him away. As they moved into the open, a red fox fled before them.

The sun shone brightly again, and the electric storm passed away and away, muttering and rumbling into the distant south; still Little-Red-Fox lay as if dead. Towards evening he opened his eyes, but there was no reason in them. He lay till the sun sank behind the hills and the western sky was a blaze of light. There at the end of the valley savage and dark against the glow, stood in bold relief the Devil's Head.

Surely Nature never fashioned that fantastic pile, with its great scarred dome, too steep for the winter snows to find a resting-place, too barren for the hardiest shrub to make a home. Molded and shaped into a great cone of solid rock, on whose sheer and savage sides the fury of a countless eternity of tempests had left their marks. A mountain to be avoided, according to the traditions of the people, for bad medicine was there and devils lurked about the lonely pile.

Little-Red-Fox's eyes fell on it, and he started into life mumbling and gibbering incoherently. The medicine men listened with stolid, expressionless faces. Evening gave place to dusk, and dusk to blackness, still the wide eyes glared through the dark as though he saw and talked with something invisible to all but himself. The people drew their blankets over their faces,

as they passed him by; there was bad medicine there. At last he fell into a slumber during which he would start and moan.

Morning dawned, and Little-Red-Fox awoke, apparently himself, but he had a strange tale to tell. Here is the gist of it:

The agony was great, but Little-Red-Fox's heart was greater, and ever as he plunged against the lines that cut his flesh, the spirits of warriors, long dead, would whisper and yell in his ears; till the air, that was black, was full of them, whirling and shrieking in the storm roar. Still he plunged to be free. Then came a great light that blinded; he felt the flesh rend asunder and knew he was a warrior.

After the light came blood-red, after the red, blackness.

Up through the still dark his spirit rose, borne by hands that left no sense of touch, while unseen dread things moved and muttered about him. Then one spoke in a voice that was not sound, but will, "Look."

There, below, far, far below in the pale light, was the medicine lodge with the people cowering on the ground. He saw the pole shattered and flat on the earth; on it lay what once was he. He tried to shriek but no voice came; low, cruel, laughter filled the black void about him. His soul shrank in terror.

There was a rushing. The land flew away towards the east faster than the added speed of ten thousand ponies. Faster and faster, till the whirling winds and the moaning, howling, invisible things that lived in the storm clutched his soul with a cold terror that was worse than many deaths. Then came a flash of light, and behold, the great Devil's Head was nigh, standing vast and black, amid the lightening glare and the storm that surged and warred about it. He essayed to draw back, for he knew it was evil, but the dread power held him, till he cowered alone on the summit of the awful pile. The lightning streamed and flickered and the thunder voices uttered spells. In the caverns lurked the things that moved and sat about him, but had no form nor voice. Often he looked at them, but ever as he strained his sight there was but rock and the dim echo of cruel laughter.

Again the voice willed, "Look." He saw a child before him, that made a sign, and lo! the earth was bright and lay at his feet. The buffalo blackened the thousand hills, the white men were gone, only the Indians lived in plenty, and their lodges clustered as the trees of the forest. Then the voice of the child said: "Learn the sign, Little-Red-Fox." He looked to learn the sign but ere the mystic words were uttered, the light blinded, the thunder roared, and a great blackness swallowed him up utterly, so that he saw it not.

When his soul awoke, he lay back in the body on the ground; before him, in the light of the evening, the Devil's Head reared, darkly distant, into the sky.

In a day or so he was all right again, but as time went on it was noticed that he spoke little, and sat apart by himself. At intervals he would raise his hand to his head, as though trying to remember, and mutter words that contained sounds unknown in the tongue of his tribe, so that the people would pass him in silence, not knowing whether his medicine was good or bad.

The old men made light of his pretensions, and said his tongue was double; but all the same, when

they met Little-Red-Fox staring with unseeing eyes, they would wrap their blankets closely about them, awed by a something they could not understand.

His antipathy to the white men grew with the years, and showed itself in many ways. He became insolent to the agent and his assistants; would demand extra rations and rave incoherently if refused. His tirades generally began with a sweeping denunciation of the pale-faces for driving the buffalo away and taking the lands of the Indians. Then he would announce that some day he would weave a spell that would sweep them from the earth and bring back the buffalo. Next he would tell of the spirits that dwelt on the great Devil's Head, and what they had told him. Here he always became quite incoherent, gesticulating madly, and panting out strange sounds; till at length, worn out, he would pass his long, thin hand wearily over his forehead, turn away from the agency building, gain the highest point available, and sit till dark, gazing in the direction of the mountain.

Strangers were sometimes alarmed by his fierce eyes and incoherent talk, but the agency men would explain that "The poor devil wuz struck by lightenin' at a Sun Dance, 'en is off his chump a bit."

At length a season came during which storms were frequent and violent. Little-Red-Fox was greatly excited, for he was convinced the spirits were calling him to learn the sign that should revolutionize the land. His wild spells became more frequent, and his attitude to white men so remarkably antagonistic that the agent was pondering on the advisability of locking him up as a lunatic. His influence with his people gained power apace and was spreading, for the Indian has a childish awe of an unbalanced mind.

Still the storms muttered and warred afar, and still Little-Red-Fox's demeanor became more strange. At last he announced that the message had come. The agent was delighted and gave him rations for the journey. Many watched with awe the gaunt figure on the white pony disappear in the direction of the distant and evil mountain.

The sun was pouring a flood of furnace heat on the parched ground and the air was still and heavy. Red-Fox smiled grimly as he rode, for surely the spirits were waiting his advent to receive him amid the thunders and blinding light. On and on he pressed, over river and hill, the mystic pile was sheer above him. The sky darkened as he tethered his cayuse and started the ascent on foot. Up a winding trail he toiled, for he must reach the summit from the back; north, east and south none but an eagle could attain the top-most peak.

Suddenly his path was barred by a tent, a white man's tent. Red-Fox ground his teeth; were the white men to be ever in his path. He strode up to it, it was empty. He entered; as he did so, his foot struck something hard, rolled in the canvas skirt. He picked it up, it was a bottle of rum. Red-Fox knew what it was for; he took a drink and his soul waxed big within him. It was great medicine, so he stuck it in the folds of his blanket and departed.

As he toiled up the rocky way, distant moanings told of warring of the elements to come. Red-Fox took another drink.

Blacker and blacker it grew; the wind sighed and shrieked down the slopes as it rushed amongst the burnt and twisted pines, whose tortured limbs seemed

to writhe in the gloom and beckon the Indian on and up. In wild exultation, he yelled as he pressed forward. The rum was taking effect. Little-Red-Fox feared neither man nor devil.

He took another long drink. He would wrest the spell from the evil one himself. Yet another.

The lightnings sprang from the clouds and flickered and gleamed on the scarred rocks overhead, while the thunder, like the shoutings of great hosts, called him upward.

Another drink.

In every nook was a devil, the trees twisted and writhed like snakes; voices yelled in his ears nameless things that froze his blood. He reached forward, the earth seemed to whirl, there was no solid ground anywhere. The great dome overhead and the heavy clouds from which the lightnings darted bent forward with a roar unspeakable and crushed him into oblivion.

Little-Red-Fox awoke. He was numb with the cold. Far below in the valley the river sparkled in the morning light. His head was splitting; he reeled when he stood up. His mission had been a failure; he had fought a great fight with the spirits, his medicine was not strong enough, he must try again. Dejectedly he returned, bottle and all, to the agency and told of his fearful battle with the devils. Many believed the awful tale that gained in horror as the days passed on. Little by little his old delusions came back; he was always worse before a thunder storm. But if you should mention the gruesome story to any of the white men at the agency, you would be told that "What a crazy Injun' can't see when he's got a bellyful of rum ain't worth seen'."

John Innes.



YOUNG TAPELEY

A CIVIL SERVICE BALLAD
(Illustrations drawn by J. W. Bengough.)

O, listen while I tell the tale of Mr. Tapeley!
He was a nice young swell, so slender—*wise* and shapely.
In cloth and cut his guise was paralleled by no man,
And in the choice of ties he showed a hand quite Roman.

I do not really know the Romans ever wore 'em,
I'm very certain, though, that *one* chap did before 'em.
Bad Absalom, 'tis writ, beneath an oak to pass thought;
Got neck-tied-up by it, which made a knotty ascot.



He had a nice fat sit, though slenderly he filled it,
Instead of warming it, his cheek untimely chilled it.
He toiled an office in of departmental working,
And monthly drew his tin for his diurnal clerking.



Young Tapeley got in there by proximate exertion;
Young Tapeley's efforts were phlegmatically tertian;
Old Tapeley's fluency and ink-well bagged the bounty
Of Y. R. Pull, M.P. for Mecca Valley County.



Unto a favored few his manners were punctilious,
Unto the common crew his air was supercilious.
If calling, you might wait or hie away to Hades,
While Tapeley chose to prate per telephone to ladies.

There to that office came one day a woolly stranger;

He did not know his name, but Tapeley murmured,
"Granger!"
His garb was gray, and bagged; his beard was long and limber;
No nob—although he tagged a knobby piece of timber.



In gruff, unfettered tones he asked for Mr. Tapeley;
Which made young Tapeley's bones maxillary go gapely.
The clerks slipped off to where they haw-hawed to a hiccup,
And left young Tapeley there his wandered wit to pick up.

The "stranger" wanted such a lot of information!
And questioned very much, to Tapeley's consternation.
Our imports, duties, trade—of such their talk abounded;
While Tapeley's answers made confusion worse confounded.



The knowledge he essayed to give was past perplexing;
His tongue likewise betrayed a rudeness largely vexing;
Until at last the gent, so seemingly agrarian,
Exasperated went to see the secretary 'un.

Dear Reader, (I invest my tale with this assumption)

The "stranger," you have guessed, with all a reader's gumption;
Yet do not be surprised, I too was wrong, between us,
It was not, as surmised, that Mecca Vale Mecaenas.

O, no! he was a wig of academic lustre!
A sage in science big as any school could muster.
His titular degree was syllabic and splendid:
An abecedary of sapience suspended.

A man of letters he beyond the scope of stanza;
To tell a tithe would be extreme extravaganza.
G.B., P.S., A.D.—my metre, lo!h, must lop 'em—
D.V., and E.O.E., and BARONET to top 'em!

So that's the reason why he (young Tapeley) was retired;
Moreover, *sine die*, though Pull his protest "wired."
Experience his head inherits, *dura mater*.
Meanwhile he lives, 'tis said, perforce upon his pater.



Cl. Rogers

The Varsity

Published weekly by the students of the University of Toronto. Annual subscription, One Dollar, payable strictly in advance. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager. Address all communications for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, University College.

E. M. WILCOX, '01, *Editor-in-Chief.*

J. E. ROBERTSON, *Business Manager.*

J. A. MARTIN, *Assistant Business Manager.*

Editorial Board—Miss F. M. Wicher, '01; E. J. Kylie, '01; R. A. Cassidy, '01; F. H. Wood, '01; Miss C. L. Mott, '02; R. J. Younge, '02; A. E. Hamilton, '02; G. F. McFarland, '02; Miss F. E. Brown, '03; D. B. Gillies, '03; H. M. Darling, '03; Lorne A. Eedy, '04; S.P.S., R. H. Barrett, W. A. Gourlay, Walter Campbell and P. Gillespie

Business Board—Miss F. Cole, '01; A. F. Aylesworth, '01; Miss M. Archer, '02; J. A. Martin, '02; R. Delury, '03; J. J. Creelman, '04; S.P.S., W. E. Douglas, B.A., and George Bertram.

TORONTO, December 18th, 1900.

VALEDICTORY.

With this issue the present Editor-in-Chief lays down the editorial pen, which will be taken up next term by our more worthy successor, Mr. Cassidy. In retiring at the expiration of our term of office, we are reminded of the fact that it has fallen to our lot to edit the last issue of VARSITY for the nineteenth century. Whether this be any distinction or not, we do believe it to be a distinction to edit the first VARSITY of the twentieth century, and we congratulate Mr. Cassidy most heartily on having that distinction conferred upon him unanimously by the editorial board. Mr. Cassidy, we believe, is competent in every way to direct the course of VARSITY at the beginning of what is likely to prove a new era in the history of the University.

Now that we are vacating the editorial chair we feel it to be a great pleasure as well as a duty to make public recognition of the services rendered to this paper by all the other members of the editorial board. Every member, without exception, has not only done his duty, but has done it nobly, and if the VARSITY has met with any degree of favor from the students during the term now ending, it is due not so much to the Editor-in-Chief as to the united efforts of all the other members of the editorial board.

Finally, we may say that we can wish Mr. Cassidy no more kindly and sympathetic, no more responsive audience than that for which we have had the privilege and pleasure of writing.

A REVIEW OF THE TERM.

The term now ending has been one of much activity in all departments of the College world at Varsity. Much has happened and much has been done which cannot but produce far-reaching effects on the future history of the University. In fact, as one of the members of the faculty who has long been connected with this institution said to us the other day, more matters of vital importance to the University have come up this term than in any previous term. At this juncture, then, it may be well to review, in briefest outline only, some of the events and movements of the past term, in order that we may see in what direction we are tending.

The most important changes and development are to be found on the academic side. First it may be noticed that this year there is a greater number of students engaged in research work than ever before. This is important, because it shows that Toronto is keeping up to the age by striving towards an ideal which has of late years become one of the chief ideals of all the great American and European universities, that of a fully equipped institution for research work. We may expect soon to find opportunities for research work offered in all the departments when once the great bugbear to all our development, lack of money, is removed.

Another important movement which deserves attention is that which has come from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to establish a School of Commerce or Technical School in affiliation with the University of Toronto. The need of providing some more practical education than has hitherto been given to fit men for business life is being widely recognized in the United States, and provision has already been made for it in some of the American Universities. In this age of material development it is all important that Canadians too should be offered the same opportunities in their national university.

But these are matters of minor importance compared to the large comprehensive movement now in progress, which overshadows in importance all other movements of the year. This movement will without doubt in the near future culminate in nothing less than a complete reorganization of the University, by which Toronto will be placed on an equal footing with the highest Universities on the American continent. We do not know what the details of the scheme are, we do not know, in fact, that all the details have yet been decided upon, but we do know that a scheme of reorganization is being considered by the highest University authorities, and the heads of the Provincial Government, and that action will probably be taken upon it in the very near future. The object of this scheme is known to be closer academic union of all the various parts of the University, and the building up of one broad liberal comprehensive University for the Province, which will be free to all classes of people, and will be the center of the highest intellectual life of the nation. In the carrying out of this scheme mention has been made of the formation of Law and Applied Science faculties, instead of the present separate schools for those departments. Then again Trinity University and Trinity Medical School have signified their willingness to cast in their lot with this University. Negotiations are also being carried on to establish closer relations between the University of Toronto and its various affiliated theological colleges.

These are only a few indications of a movement now going on to draw up the broad comprehensive scheme we have referred to—a scheme which will be satisfactory to all parties concerned, and which may be presented to the Legislature and become a law of the land.

But this whole scheme of reorganization, like a splendid engine, would be totally ineffectual to accomplish any good if the power were not supplied to put it into operation. And power in this case is money. The government,

therefore, in reorganizing the University must also supply it with the necessary amount of funds to carry that reorganization into effect. But herein lies the rub. The pocket is a very tender spot with the people of Ontario, and the government is exceedingly cautious about touching it without being able to offer them a very clear *quid pro quo*. And although the government admits that higher education is a good enough investment for any people to enter into, they declare that the people of Ontario do not realize that fact, nor are University people very energetic in pointing it out to them. However, if we are to take the speech of the Minister of Education at the Varsity dinner to mean anything, the Government does intend in the near future taking some action towards granting the University financial aid. at the same time, that aid would be surer and larger if the people themselves were anxious to grant it, and steps are now being taken to educate the public in that opinion. The Alumni Association is being organized for that purpose. In this connection it might be opportune to point out that undergraduates might do a great deal to further this cause, by organizing local Alumni Associations in their own counties during the Xmas holidays, as well as by discussing the matter fully among themselves and acting when the proper time comes.

While the development shown in the other sides of college life at Varsity during the term is not, of course, so important as that we have noticed in the academic, still it also is marked and deserves special attention here.

In sports and athletics there has been a general increase of interest on the part of the students, shown by the attendance and enthusiasm at the Rugby and annual games. The gymnasium also is taxed to its uttermost to accommodate all its members, and more regular and serious instruction is going on than ever before. The institution of a University diploma also is a step in the right direction of making athletics a regular academic course at the University.

On the social and public sides of our College life there has been a development along the lines of closer union and fellowship of all the students of the University. The Dining Hall has contributed largely to this end, and so also has the large number of student demonstrations that have been held. The Colleges have been brought closer together by the formation of a central organization committee, and now a movement has been started to establish an Undergraduate Union, which will still further promote that object. The Literary Society meetings have mainly been taken up with the discussion of matters pertaining to the welfare of the University, which is an evidence of the growing patriotic feeling in our midst for our Alma Mater. Another important movement which should be noticed here is that of wearing gowns. This should be encouraged as much as possible. The various social functions have all been well attended and proved most enjoyable events. Of these perhaps the most important has been the Greek Play, and we cannot let the present opportunity pass without congratulating Miss Barrows and those who took part, on the success of their efforts and the enjoyable entertainment with which they provided their audiences.

On the whole the term has been an active one and will long be remembered as an important one in the history of the University.

We regret very much not being able to publish Rev. Charles W. Gordon's (Ralph Connor) article in this num-

ber, owing to the late arrival of the MS. We had given up hopes of receiving it in time, and just as the paper had gone to press we received a telegram from Winnipeg stating that MS. was then being mailed. It will, however, with the author's permission, appear in the first issue of next term.



Mulier Mulieri Magis Convenit.

I.

Since earth was first peopled, I doubt not, woman's sphere has been an absorbing problem. In christian lands, and in civilized heathen lands, young man in the flower of his poetic fancy has romanced about woman with sentiments decidedly biassed, man in his prime has legislated for her in masterful style, and as man descends the vale of years we find him still engrossed in his theories of life, with woman a prominent figure in the foreground. The comparison picture, that of man as drawn by woman, is studied less often. For, generally speaking, woman is reticent in this direction, and, though to her mind's eye the idea of man seems clear enough, will hesitate to throw on canvas what could not fail to be an appalling revelation to the subject depicted. Verily, there is little satisfaction in striving to fathom the divine purpose that placed both men and women in the world; and wise are they that reach this conclusion by an easy leap without seeking to thread their way through a labyrinth of argument. To illustrate the futility of such a search the following sketch is offered for your perusal.

Some twenty years ago, in the City of Toronto, two girls of Puritan stock—Mary and Priscilla were their names—formed a chance friendship. Simple alike in their tastes, of lofty ideals, of poetic temperaments (with a tinge of sentimentality), thoughtful, yet fun-loving, and young withal, the two experienced in their attachment a surprising congeniality. They were not, however, "as like as two peas." That would have been ennui. Rather, their similarities bound them together, and their dissimilarities awakened mutual admiration.

Mary and Priscilla met as often as possible, to plan, to read, and to philosophize. Despite their puritanic origin, both delighted in a good novel, and by no means read Milton to the exclusion of Shakespeare. For mental training, Mary studied logic and Locke's Human Understanding, while Priscilla, to preserve her equilibrium, laboriously translated Greek and Latin for two hours a day, without a translation, and without a tutor. The two friends went very little into society. The tenets of their parents' faith forbade this. And so life was simple and peaceful to Mary and Priscilla, and gave them opportunity for intellectual culture. At the same time such seclusion rendered them rather romantic, and gave them somewhat erroneous notions about the sterner sex.

One evening in June of 1884 the two sat in the balcony of Priscilla's room and talked. They were facing the West, where the sky was streaked yet with the rosy light of sunset. Only that afternoon they had finished reading Tennyson's Princess, which was now the subject of their conversation.

"It is strange, Priscilla, that we never read that before, interested as we are in everything written about women. The Princess is manifestly the achievement of a man, but also of a master. His theory is worked out beautifully, and the theory itself, I think, is almost perfect. How is it we never read the poem before?"

"I know why I never cared to read the Princess,"

answered Priscilla, "that sentimental Mr. Flanders, who prides himself on his lightly-dancing feet, but doesn't know his head is just as light, is always holding forth about woman's sphere, and to uphold his arguments he quotes Tennyson. I recollect very well his imposing air (though it does not impose on me) as he recites,

"Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

"H'm! Noble words he'd be! I have never heard him allude to that other phase of the question,

'The woman's cause is man's,'"

"Now you can set him right," suggested Mary.

"Scarcely. I'm not so anxious as Mr. Flanders to publish my sentiments."

"Though you have just as much confidence in your own judgment, eh, pussy? But, to return to the Princess, what do you think of the poem?"

"Is it a scholarly criticism you expect, and that expressed in a sentence? I'm afraid I'm not prepared. I have an idea——"

"Really, Priscilla, you surprise me!"

"Yes, Mary, really. Suppose we refrain from discussing the poem till one week from to-day—this is Tuesday—and then let us each have prepared a regular critical essay comparing our ideas, that way will be much more edifying than just talking hap-hazard."

"Not a bad suggestion."

"I should say not. Think of the material we have to work with. That one 'small, sweet Idyll' would make an essay in itself. You know it—"

'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height.'"

"That is very pretty," said Mary, "though my favourite of the short poems was:

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.'

Perhaps it was the lines following the song that impressed the song itself on my mind. But here we are talking about the Princess after all."

Both smiled and lapsed into silence for awhile. Then Priscilla began:

"Did you read that last article of Mr. Arnold's in the Monthly?"

"Yes. It was very well written, too. But, really it has a mournful effect. Is Mr. Arnold a pessimist? I have met him only once or twice."

"O, no, he is not a pessimist. He is too noble and great for that. Of course I do not know him well myself, but I am sure he is vastly superior to the average young man."

"How is it you always speak so highly of him? You seem to quite adore him—in an abstract way of course."

"Honestly, Mary, I have no logical analysis ready for you. I admire his intellect, but for the rest of his virtues I have no proof beyond the infallibility of feminine instinct."

The conversation closed shortly and Mary set out for home.

II.

A year passed away, in the course of which Mary and Priscilla had attained their majority. And very proud they were of the fact. Little change had taken place in their habits. They still read together, took their long walks together, and evolved theories out of their self-consciousness.

One of these theories deserves notice. Careful study of "The Princess," and critical essays written on the poem, had set the girls' wits working in another direction. And so in the course of the year, a magnificent, artistic, and

almost faultless theory of the capabilities of man had been erected on the adamantine basis of feminine insight, the skeleton of which theory indicated clearly a moral degeneracy in man qua man, from his original high calling. Hence, where virtues ought to have embellished, unsightly blanks threatened to mar the beauty of the structure. For a little the girls were dismayed. But the ingenuity of woman came to the rescue. And so, though the virtues themselves could not go to adorn the building, statues of certain heroes, who had lived in accordance with virtue, and to whom the girls paid homage in their hearts, were set on pedestals high up in the recesses of the outer wall, after the pattern of Old World cathedrals. Strangely enough, most of these heroes were unknown in the annals of history, though several of them were acquaintances of the girls themselves—pre-eminently, Mr. Arnold.

And how did it happen that Mr. Arnold was to be thus immortalized? The girls were scarcely better acquainted with him than a year ago. They rarely met him at social gatherings, for he seldom attended any, and they just as seldom, yet Mary and Priscilla were firmly convinced of his estimable qualities. Truly, the feminine mind is all-comprehensive.

As for Mr. Arnold's authorship, his gloomy articles still came before the public at intervals, their dirge-like tones ever gaining funereal strength in geometrical progression. Alas, for Mary and Priscilla! Better for them to have had hearts of stone! As it was, their sympathy was inexhaustible. They wondered why Mr. Arnold's men friends could not be more brotherly and help to heal his poor bruised heart. It was but another proof, decided Mary and Priscilla, that man qua man lacks sympathy and fine feelings. Mr. Arnold, of course, and those other heroes on yon lofty pedestals were the exceptions.

It was another evening in June. Mary and Priscilla had betaken themselves from a strawberry festival to their respective homes. It had been a busy week, one of unwonted excitement and gaiety. Both girls were tired out and glad that the coming week was to bring no festivity at all. By a not very strange coincidence both chanced to pick up listlessly the last copy of the Monthly, in which appeared the chef-d'oeuvre of Mr. Arnold's dark, ominous writings. Mary longed for Priscilla, and Priscilla longed for Mary. However, they were obliged to await the morrow. Each sat and read, and read again, the mysteriously pathetic tale. It was late when they finally sought their beds, and later still when they fell asleep.

The next afternoon Priscilla went to see Mary. They talked about matters of indifference for some time, both, for some strange reason, avoiding mention of the Monthly. At last Mary said with sudden determination:

"Did you see that last article of Mr. Arnold's?"

"Didn't I! Wasn't it gruesome?"

"I should think it was."

A long pause occurred. This time Priscilla broke the silence.

"Mary! Oh Mary! I have something to tell you."

The tragic tones were foreboding. Mary looked startled.

"Whatever is it, Priscilla?"

"I do not know what you will think of me. It's about Mr. Arnold."

Mary's face was a study. But she said weakly, "Go on Priscilla."

Priscilla continued. "You know, Mary, I always had a great respect for Mr. Arnold, and was always greatly concerned about his dreadful stories. Last night when I was tired outright, I read that last Monthly, and oh, Mary!——"

"What, Priscilla?" gasped Mary, "do tell me."

"Oh, oh!" groaned Priscilla. "I thought it was an inspiration came to me. I'm afraid now it wasn't. But, oh dear! I sent him a little letter about his article, whatever will he think!"

On Mary's face guilt, shame, remorse, all struggled confusedly.

"Priscilla," she said in a horror-stricken stage whisper, "I sent him a letter too. And what is more, I wasn't going to tell even you. I felt so ashamed. Just one half hour after I perpetrated the horrid deed, that is after I mailed the note, I came to my senses. And oh!"

Priscilla, whose actions were always uncertain, had thrown herself on the floor, and was almost shrieking with laughter. At last Mary joined in the hilarity. Then they grew calm and began to condole with each other. And for several days merriment and remorse alternately held sway.

III.

About a week later, when Mary came to pay her friend a visit, Priscilla proposed a walk. Evidently something grave had occurred.

"What is it, Priscilla? I'm sure it's something about those baleful letters. Hurry up!"

"I got a note to-day—"

"Which accounts, I suppose, for your flattened-out appearance?"

"Exactly. Oh, Mary, *experientia docet*."

"Never mind your Latin. Hurry and tell me."

"Well, Mary, there's nothing to explain except that Mr. Arnold politely thanks me for taking an interest in his affairs, and says he is a most light-hearted and, in fact, happy-go lucky individual, and adds that he regrets having wasted so much of his paper and of my time in sending me a reply. Ugh! Isn't he noble?"

Indignation burned on Mary's face. "Priscilla, I would rather the blow had fallen on me than on you. Perhaps he hopes to reprove me yet more effectually by not deigning to notice my impertinence."

"Hm! You fared better than I. My zeal in the good cause was quenched before and my pride burnt pretty low. But now! O, Mary, Mary! Hereafter I shall adopt as my motto the maxim of the famous Greek philosopher,—with reference to men anyway."

Here Priscilla showed an inclination to frisk, and Mary was relieved to see humor in the ascendant.

"I was just wondering, Mary, how many more benighted females deluged our aspiring author with heart-rending expostulations. What if we are only two of many?"

"That's a happy thought. I have another not quite so consoling. Suppose Mr. Arnold, knowing that we are partisans in good and evil, concludes this to be a deliberately planned assault? What if he thinks we're a look-out committee from the church to rescue young men on the downward path?"

"At any rate, Mary, it is not required of any woman to be a fool more than once. *Experientia docet*. And we'll haul Mr. Arnold down from his pedestal."

"That's like your logic, Priscilla. Mr. Arnold is not reprehensible in the first instance. And now because we make a wrong move you're bound to punish our victim. Let's rather overturn our whole edifice. Its foundation has proved to be insecure and there's no knowing what moment the whole pile, heroes and all, may topple down on our heads."

"Too true! It wasn't after all a "*monumentam aere perennius*." And we've no basis for another theory—unless, perhaps, the inconsistency of man."

"That would not answer. I'm going to retire from such wild goose chases. And yet, who could have

imagined that the writer of those blood-curdling stories would turn out to be happy-go-lucky? I suppose if I had remembered Wilkins Micawber I might have surmised the truth. All we need wait for now is to hear that our friend Mr. Flanders is a heavy-weight."

Two sadder and wiser women walked home at sunset. It took them some days to recover from the shock. But they did recover. The shame-faced expression was soon gone, and plenty of out-of-doors exercise gave them healthy appetites and sweet dreams. But never more did they theorize about the possible motives underlying men's words and acts.

F. M. WICHER, '01.

COLLEGE GIRL.

Superintending Editor, Miss F. M. Wicher, '01.

PETERSEN'S gallery has been mentioned once before in this page, bear with me while it is spoken of yet again. To go there is to be satisfied for a little while, and that is such a rare thing in life that it is worth while.

One looks vainly for casts in Peterson's, they are rare, too rare. They are all busts—and who wants busts? If there is one thing provoking above another, it is to find taken up by busts valuable space that might be filled with tiny copies of the world's great statues.

But of pictures, Petersen's shows little lack. They are there in heart-satisfying plenty. Many of the pictures for which one hungers are there, and what is more, one may look at them, long—as well as longingly. To spend an hour in Petersen's alone with the pictures, for one forgets that other human beings too are about, is one of the greatest pleasures I can think of—so great a pleasure that it is a genuine rest. After leaving Petersen's one takes a long breath, and the consciousness comes that for an hour one has scarcely breathed.

There is however a drawback in visiting Petersen's, that is the inability to take away more than about one picture for every ten visits. But this sorrow is slight compared with the quiet joy that takes possession of one during the hour spent there. After all, do not the pictures belong to him who hath love for them, aye, who for the time being bows down before them, in heart worship, rather than to him who hath only money to buy, and no eye to behold?

For the past fifteen minutes I have been standing at my window, gazing across the calm sky, where a silver moon glides noiselessly, swiftly. How still it all is, how beautiful, yet withal, how sad! What is this sadness that rises strong within us at the sight of perfectness and beauty? Is it the sense that the perfect is forever removed from our attainment, or is it the more benumbing pain that comes from the consciousness of the unfulfilled possible within our breasts? Whatever the nameless sadness is, we stand before it, dumb, humbled.

Into how many things in life this inexplicable sadness enters! Is it that it is our native element, or has it come upon us because we are wanderers in a strange land, forgetful of the customs of the Fatherland? In new and old alike we find it. We weep because of the new, and cry out in wild rebellion because the old departs from us, and we are never filled. We go forth on a quest, seeking we know not what, and ever and anon we raise our voices in joy because we have found something, and we think it is that we sought; but ever following comes the low moan of disappointment, the shudder of despair; and again we grope in darkness, seeking we know not what.

There are days when the gloom seems to lift, and then we snatch with eager hands at the joy that is all too fleeting, and we are glad, with a gladness unto pain; but we never forget the dark canopy that hangs ready to envelop us again at any moment.

But there come to us other, more abiding days, when the fierceness goes from the joy and the numbness from the sorrow, and we find ourselves supported by a calm that is new to us. At first we know not what it is; we do not realize that the mantle of womanhood has fallen upon our shoulders. It may be that the evil days have forced this mantle upon us before our shoulders were quite broad enough, or strong enough to bear its burden. But let us not fear it, for assuredly, womanhood brings its own strength, and is its own reward.

Because this mantle of womanhood has fallen upon our shoulders, many things are expected of us. Nay! there is much that we would willingly yield. We stand with men equal sponsors for the world's well-being; not like are our duties unto those of men, were it so women were not a distinct need in the world; unlike our work, yet not less, not greater; but such as only we can do. If we fail mankind must go down to its latest generation, accursed because of that failure.

Let us rise then in the strength of our womanhood, and with might take up the burden that is ours. We must pull, not contrary to men, not more weakly, but with equal force, and in like direction. Out over the morn of the twentieth century let our motto ring, clear and true, Quit ye like women! as over the first century there rang out that other—Quit ye like men! Not substituting the new watchword for the old, but placing them side by side, let us march forward, strong to will and to do whatsoever it behooves us to do. And what can we not do, we, into whose nostrils God hath breathed the breath of life, we who are one with God?

F. E. B.

THE PIPER.

O, there sat on a hawthorn tree a bird,
And sang till the wind was still;
And over the river a note was heard,
That came from beyond the hill.

And over the hill-top came winding down
A piper of high degree,
Who merrily piped till he came to the town
And the robin that sang on the tree.

"O, better by far can I pipe," cried he,
"Pray listen to me awhile,"
And then by the blossoming hawthorn tree
He sat him down on the stile.

His pipe he raised to his lips, and lo!
A strain like a musical tide,
Beginning with cadence soft and slow,
Then echoing far and wide.

The robin ceased his song to list;
Among the branches tall
The murmuring of the wind was missed,
Silence lay over all.

Sweet Phyllis let down the meadow bar,
And came o'er the fragrant hay;
"O, I heard your song from afar, afar,
And could not keep away."

A wild rose bush by the stile there grew,
Its scent perfumed the air;
He plucked the fairest flower that blew
And twined it in her hair.

And even yet by the blossoming may
Perchance you may find them there:
He still piping his magic lay,
She with the rose in her hair.

EDWIN MAR, '02.

The Greek Play from Behind the Scenes

"ALL on for the first act!" The actors and "actorines" came scurrying in from every direction, and anxious queries such as "How does my gown fit?" and "Do you think I've too much rouge on my face?" began to float through the air. The curtain went up under the skilful direction of Mr. Rioch, and the audience discovered the "full chorus" doing a calisthenic exercise to the music of the "Glue" Club. The next scene was in the house of Odysseus. In one corner the suitors were busily engaged in "shooting craps," and drinking wine from empty goblets. The way they would swallow enormous gulps of pure wind with a "champagne" expression on their faces was truly an awe-inspiring sight. On the other side Telemachus and Athene were swapping jokes which nobody else understood. Then the suitors woke up the bard, and he was just getting nicely started on a thirty minute "stunt" when Penelope came in and told him to "ring off." Then Telemachus told the suitors they were all "lobsters," and the curtain went down just as they were thinking of lynching him.

The next scene represented Odysseus resisting the wiles of Circe and her maidens. The majority of the male portion of the audience thought he was very foolish, but that's neither here nor there. Then Nausicaä and her maidens, having finished the washing earlier than usual (by using Sapolio), had a game of ball. The washing could not have been very heavy that week, because all that could be seen drying were two shirts.

The next scene was in the palace of Alcinoüs. He and Mrs. Alcinous and the family were sitting on their thrones, when Odysseus rushed in and threw himself a suppliant at Mrs. Alcinous' feet. On the advice of the soothsayer they gave him the "glad hand," and as a special mark of their esteem let him sleep in the parlor. The next day they thought they'd "show him a thing or two" in the athletic line. First they had a foot race, and it was wildly exciting to see the runners dash across the stage, talk to the chorus girls for a minute, and then dash back across the stage again. Then came the discus-throwing. The athlete would make a mighty throw, and the discus would light with great precision on the manly breast of the property-man. The rest of the Greeks would wait a few seconds for the caddy to find it, and then cheer wildly. Wrestling, boxing and jumping contests followed. Then someone suggested that Odysseus should do an athletic "spiel," but he was tired and thought he'd "draw a blank." Euryalus then told him he was no good anyhow. This made Odysseus good and mad, so he picked up the discus and threw it clear across into the stage-door of the Toronto Opera House. Then he challenged anyone in the crowd to a boxing match, but Alcinoüs stepped in on behalf of the Morality Department and called it off. All this made them think that Odysseus must be a pretty good man, so when he was leaving they brought in the trunk little Johnny used to use when he was at boarding-school, and filled it up with all sorts of Christmas presents.

The last act showed Odysseus just getting home. He looked so much like Robinson Crusoe that Penelope would not believe that it was her husband. So she called in the youths and maidens to do a dance while Odysseus went out to get a hair-cut and a shave. When he came back she saw that it was indeed her long-lost husband, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

G. F. McFARLAND, '02.

The Return of Odysseus.

The muse that should attend upon all things, of whatsoever nature, appertaining to the classics, recognizing me to be no classicist, refuses me assistance: it is in vain I invoke her, she is deaf to my supplication. Thus, in this report of the Greek play he who runs will understand that the view point is deplorably from the outside.

The introduction to the Play is the "Delphic Hymn to Apollo." The priestesses of Apollo make a central figure beautiful indeed. The hymn itself is quaint, and shows well the style of ancient Greek music.

Following the "Hymn to Apollo" comes a wait rendered somewhat tedious to modern theatre-goers by the absence of orchestral music. At length, however, the curtain draws up again and the play proper begins. Act I shows the house of Odysseus with its swarm of suitors idly gaming. One picture in this is that of the tired bard sleeping in the midst of the carousing, heedless of his surroundings till rudely wakened by his rough companions, who demand a song, to this demand he responds with a ballad of tones so mournful that it brings the tearful Penelope to expostulate with him.

Sitting apart from the suitors is Telemachus, easily recognizable by the despair expressed in his whole attitude. To him comes the goddess Athene disguised as Mentis. Athene and Telemachus converse apart, and from the sudden vigor and boldness with which Telemachus addresses the suitors, and the fearlessness of his attitude when threatened by them, it is easily inferred that Athene has been urging him to some great undertaking. In this first act perhaps the most pleasing figure is the goddess Athene. Telemachus seconds her well. As for Penelope, it would be presumption to sing her praises here.

Act II., a tableau, shows Odysseus in the palace of Circe, sitting with bowed head, paying no heed to the beautiful enchantress and her nymphs weaving their charms about him.

Act III. shows the princess Nausicaä and her maids playing a game of ball. This picture of the gracefully costumed girls tripping lightly about, tossing the balls, is exceedingly pretty. The movements of the princess, especially in the ball-tossing, are exceedingly graceful, and those of some of her maids almost equal her own. When the action of the game has tired the players, they fall upon the ground and Nausicaä sings for them a ballad, accompanying its music perfectly by motions of body and arms that show to the full her training.

In Act IV. the scene is pitched in the palace of Alcinoüs. On a dais is seated Arete, the queen, and the princes of the house. To one side the young men quaff wine, and round about the maidens ply their tasks. Suddenly Odysseus bursts in upon them, throws himself at the feet of Arete, and implores her aid. Echenëüs, one of the old councilors, arises and urges the King to receive the stranger kindly. Laodamas, the prince, at the end of the councilor's warning, rises and leads Odysseus to the chair lately occupied by himself. One by one the nobles take their departure, bowing low to the king and queen, and no less low to the stranger. After the departure of the nobles, the king and queen speak a few words in kindness to Odysseus and the act closes.

As the play goes on it warms up, till the culmination is reached perhaps in the games and skilful dancing of the young men in Act V. The games are interesting, but one is by no means carried away by them. The wrestling is good indeed; but the dance in this act is by far the finest feature of the whole play.

Act VI. sustains very well the interest aroused in Act V. Here the scene is again pitched in the house of Odysseus. The opening part of the act shows Penelope sleeping on her couch. The old nurse, Eurycleia, enters excitedly to tell her mistress that Odysseus has come home. Penelope cannot believe it; but when Odysseus himself makes his appearance and tells her some tale which only he could know, then Penelope, for all his twenty years' absence, recognizes him and runs toward him. The act closes in an embrace, that whether it be truly Grecian or not, is at any rate conceivable as modern.

Many play-goers who carried with them the remembrance of the "Antigone" as rendered seven years ago, were vastly disappointed in the dramatization of "The Return of Odysseus"; and though at first it seemed a downfall, yet upon due thought, the fall is recognized to be not so great as might justly be supposed. In the first place the "Antigone" was a true Greek drama, while the more recent production, in its adaptation to the stage, "falls, as it were, between two stools"—it is neither a Greek drama, nor an English play. In fact it is non-descript. Secondly, the actors for the "Antigone" underwent a very thorough and perfect training, while those for the "Odysseus" were in training but six weeks, and consequently could not hope to match the students of seven years ago. In fine, the Greek play, though good, was a bit of a disappointment, and, though a very genuine disappointment, was nevertheless good. SPECTATOR.



The School of Ancient Christmas.

In these days of noise and folly, when the arc light and the trolley
Have frightened all the fairies from their fields and quiet
nooks,
When our frantic rush and hurry, brings naught else but care and
worry
And the many needless problems that beset this age of books.
Who can estimate the blessing—great, indeed, beyond expressing,
Of a season of rejoicing, when by kindly thoughts beguiled,
We can lay aside our knowledge, and can go a while to college
At the school of Ancient Christmas where the teacher is a
child.

There are saints enough in reason, we can spare at any season;
But thou merry saint of Yule-tide we can never part with thee.
From our earliest recollection, thou hast had our deep affection,
And since thou art left, we mourn the less the fairy company.

There are memories we treasure, whose worth, attempts to measure
By sordid money estimate would absolutely fail;
The happy evening party, with its games and laughter hearty,
With the back log in the fire-place, the stocking on the nail;

The mystery in the attic; the morning joys ecstatic;
The wondrous gifts the good old saint had down the chimney
brought;
The Christmas dinner glorious; the Christmas sport uproarious;
The fading of this day of days as swift as passing thought.

There is wisdom in some folly, there is cure for melancholy
In the spirit of the season, when by kindly thoughts beguiled,
We forget our boasted knowledge, and we go a while to college,
At the school of Ancient Christmas, where the teacher is a
child.
H. T. COLEMAN, '01.

School of Science

BANQUET TO PRINCIPAL GALBRAITH.



PRINCIPAL GALBRAITH.

should consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to be present on the 21st. At least one hundred graduates are expected, many of them occupying positions of great responsibility in the engineering profession. Don't fail to assist by your presence, to enjoy yourself, and to help others to do likewise.

Though an institution with quite a modest beginning in 1878, the Ontario School of Practical Science on the completion of the twenty-second year of its existence has acquired a very extended influence and a very enviable position in the field of technical education. The school was established by resolution of the Provincial Legislature in 1877, and was the successor to the old School of Technology which had its home in the building now occupied by the Public Library, corner Church and Adelaide Streets, this city. The faculty then was as follows:—H. H. Croft, D.C.L., Professor of Chemistry; E. J. Chapman, Ph. D., LL.D., Professor of Mineralogy and Geology; James Loudon, M.A., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; R. Ramsay Wright, M.A. B.Sc., Professor of Biology; J. Galbraith, M.A., Professor of Engineering and W. H. Ellis, M.A., M.B., Assistant Professor of Chemistry. It will be seen that of the original staff, the Principal and Professor Ellis are the only two on the present faculty.

The departments of instruction were then three in number, viz.: General Engineering, Assaying and Geology, and Analytical and Applied Chemistry. Through subsequent differentiation, the courses of Electrical Engineering and Architecture have been added. The old building was increased to its present size in 1887 and the erection shortly afterwards of the Biological and Chemical buildings by University College, left the whole space to be devoted to the work of the Engineering students.

The first graduate received his diploma in 1881 and was the only one in his year. Since that time, 262 students have been graduated, last year's class totalling 35 members and of this large number 75% have remained in Canada.

Principal Galbraith has thus been identified with the School since its inception twenty-two years ago, and has guided its growth from small beginnings to its present proportions. Himself a graduate of the University of Toronto, a member of the Canadian Society of C. E. and of the

Institute of Civil Engineers, a gentleman of varied experience in all kinds of engineering work as well as having been closely connected with the work of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education and of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the Principal possesses in an eminent degree the professional and academic qualifications for the position he has so ably filled for over a score of years.

SCHOOL'S RECORD IN ATHLETICS.

That S. P. S. students are capable of holding their own in athletics has been clearly demonstrated by their record during the past three months.

In the Undergraduate tennis contest in October last, G. M. Bertram succeeded in landing the championship. But George's skill is not confined to one line, and later in the term he brought another honor home to the school by winning the Sifton gold trophy in the single-stick tournament.

In the University annual games the School scored the greatest number of points of all the affiliated colleges. The following secured these honors: Half-mile race—Rose, 1; 100-yd. dash—Worthington, 1; 220-yds. race—Gurney, 2; Teasdale, 3; mile run—Cumming, 2, Rose, 3; high jump—Worthington, 1, Elwell, 2; 440-yds. run—Gurney, 2, Teasdale, 3; hurdle race—Worthington, 2. The team race was also won by the S. P. S.

In the Mulock Rugby series, the School has had a very successful season. Not a single point has been scored against them, while they have to their credit 49 in the three games played.

The concluding game was played on Monday, the 10th inst., between S. P. S. and '03 "Bulldogs," and resulted in the defeat of the latter.

The game was keenly contested on frozen ground, and the best team won. The match was hard and close at all stages, but toward the end the School showed the result of superior training and kept the ball almost continually at their opponents' goal-line, but did not secure a try. The teams were well matched, the School being slightly the stronger. The only score was a touch in goal, secured by Reg. McArthur from a free kick.

Outside of the regular University team players, the School has some excellent men. Gibson's tackling, running and catching were all that could be desired. Lang and Madden played a strong game, and Foreman was easily the best quarter-back.

However, giving every player his due, great credit belongs to Captain Geo. Hunt, who handled the team in fine style, and backed it up by his own superior playing. Our energetic manager, Elwell, contributed largely to the success of the team by getting the men out to practice.

There was no accident in the winning. The School played a steady, consistent game on the field, and their energy and organization were the winning factors.

The following are the men who have played in one at least of the three games: Hunt (captain), McLennan, Lang, Bertram, Thorne, Gibson, Madden, Foreman, Douglas, Dickson, Empey, Harvey, McArthur, Brereton, Campbell, Robertson, Campbell, Burwash, Powers and Allison.

The first year contains good material to fill the blanks that will be made by the leaving grads. With such men as Bryce, McKittrick, Fleck, Rutherford, Depew, Harcourt, Bilton and Burnham, no fears regarding next year's laurels need be entertained.

PUNTS FROM THE LAST GAME.

Principal Galbraith witnessed the game.

The boys feel grateful to Mr. Burnside for his energetic assistance.

No one was happier than C.H.C.W.

The S.P.S. "meat pie" proved uncomfortably hot for the "Bulldogs."

"Biddy" was as irresistible as usual.

"God bless '03." Artist unknown.

Thorne played a whale of a game.

Did you see Madden's beautiful run?

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday afternoon in the Assembly Hall. An exposition of "Photometry" by Professors Ellis and Rosebrugh, illustrated by appliances and methods, was the chief feature of the afternoon's program. The lecturers explained the principles underlying their investigations during the past summer on the efficiency of various kinds of electric and gas lamps under different conditions. The results of these experiments will prove a valuable addition to the sum of scientific information on the subject in question.

It is a fact worthy of note that the attendance at the several meetings of this society during the term just closing has been large and the interest unabating.

NOTES

Not long since a few freshmen decided that they would lock themselves in the draughting room, and by skipping lectures and working hard they would make up for their idleness on the day before. This plan would have worked admirably had it not been for the intrusion of a gentleman who evidently has keys for all the doors in the School. Please don't think it was "Prof." Graham.

It was not known that the Boers adorned themselves with face paints, but it must surely be so, as a returned hero insists upon having his face painted every week.

The members of the first year should have their spiritual welfare carefully looked after with a Parson(s) in their midst.

A. H. Harkness, Fellow in Civil Engineering, is fast recovering from his recent illness. On Wednesday last, accompanied by his wife, he left for Iroquois, Ont., where he will spend the Christmas holidays at the home of his parents.

W. E. H. Carter, ex-president of the Engineering Society, arrived on Monday in time to see the Bulldogs turned down. Billie has been in the far west. He is assistant manager of the Yellowstone Mine, Salmon, B.C.

Reg. McArthur also came in on Monday and shared in the glory of winning the Mulock Cup. He will take a special course in mining instead of the B.A.Sc. work.

A. G. Christie is around again. He spent a week at his home in Manchester, Ont., with quinsy.

The School men who will go with the Harmonic Club in its tour this week are—W. A. Gourlay, J. A. Decew, A. R. Campbell, F. R. Beatty, E. H. Oliver, J. M. Wilson.

The following students of the S.P.S. took part in the Greek Play "Return of Odysseus" at the Grand last week: E. W. Oliver, J. F. S. Madden, F. C. Jackson.

We regret to state that Gordon Fleck, who played on Varsity 1 this season, has been again ordered by his physicians to his home in Ottawa. We hope that he will be able to resume work at the commencement of the new year.

You appear to be having a good time, Mr. McC. Profs. Thirty-one! thirty-two! thirty-three! J.G.

Look at the Ad. of Mr. Tiny, Bench Repairer, in the Engineering Pamphlet this year.

Mr. Sinclair is in a position to recommend the above.

It is understood that since the arrival of a certain colossal freshman, Messrs. Sauer and McMaster will take an extended trip to Germany to investigate the best methods of obtaining elongation with a sufficient factor of safety. Should that not be $2 + 2$ instead of 2×2 , Mr. A.?

"What we have we hold." As Bench Show art affords a very limited field in pictorial tragedy, we would suggest that McGuire's next study be either "Facial Decoration," or "Modern Tapping."

Professor in First Year Dynamics—"We never did any work before we were born." Representative Freshman—"Nor since if we could help it. Knaves are we by profession, workers only by compulsion, and idlers by choice."

Anent the throwing of paper darts, we desire to inform one trembling freshie that if such vagaries are not speedily discontinued, like him who sought in vain for Lazarus of old, he may one day wait for water drops to cool his parched tongue.

Cruel of you, McKittrick, to represent the naughty threes in such an undignified position last Thursday. We are bound to admire pluck whether in the Bulldog or the Porker, and in this instance we believe the rider carries the palm. *Nil desperandum.* Erin-go-Bragh.

School of Science students were well represented at the mass meeting last Wednesday.



YULE-TIDE.

When beef and plum and apple meet
To swell the season's toothsome pie,
When winter pears are lush and sweet
And trees are bare and winds are high;
The kitchen stove right merrilie
Cooks cranberry sauce, and thus sings he.

Suzzoo

Suzzoo, suzzoo, O sound of fear
Unpleasing to a turkey's ear.

When pumpkin sleeps in flakey paste,
When sauces flow and jellies gleam,
When lemon tarts beguile the taste
And apple dumplings float in cream;
The kitchen stove right merrilie
Cooks cranberry sauce, and thus sings he

Suzzoo.

Suzzoo, Suzzoo, O sound of fear
Unpleasing to a turkey's ear. A .B. C., '02.

Wednesday's Mass Meeting

THE mass meeting of the students of all the faculty federated and affiliated colleges of the University of Toronto, called to take action in regard to the formation of the Undergraduate Union, was held in the Gymnasium, at 3 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, and was unique in the history of student gatherings. Fully a thousand students, representing all the faculties, federated and affiliated institutions of the University of Toronto, together with a large number of faculty and down-town friends were present, and by a unanimous vote empowered the committee in charge to proceed with the formation of the club. The meeting was a serious one, and besides the advantages, the difficulties in the way of the undertaking were fully set forth.

Dr. Reeve, Dean of the Medical Faculty and president of the Alumni Association, presided, and in a few words called attention to the long-felt want from which had sprung the movement towards the formation of a University Club which would bring together the men of the various faculties of the University. He then called on the chairman of the committee having the movement in hand, Mr. E. M. Wilcox.

Mr. Wilcox described the various steps taken so far towards the formation of the club. The scheme had first been endorsed by the Literary Society, the promise of the third house in the old Residence had been secured from the University Council, a conference had been held with representatives from the other colleges and the recommendation passed to make the Club a University of Toronto affair under the joint control of all the Colleges. The report of the committee had been adopted by the Literary Society and a grant promised, while the committee was authorized to proceed with the organization. As a result this mass meeting was called to-day and they would be asked to decide for or against the Union. The object of the movement was to bring all the colleges into closer relationship (cheers). The movement was towards the realization of one large, liberal, comprehensive University, complete in all its parts. He referred to the residence system in the old country, divided into Dining Hall, Club and Dormitories. We already have the Dining Hall, we might have the Dormitories in some future time, but now was the time to take hold of the club or union question and push it through to a successful issue. The University Council had offered the third house in the residence with rent, taxes, heat and light free. The estimated cost of fitting up the house was \$3,000, while \$500 per year would pay the running expenses when once started. If the meeting decided to go on with the club the committee believed the money could be raised.

President Loudon thought the scheme set forth by Mr. Wilcox a business-like one. It was not too pretentious, and one that could be accomplished. In spite of the number of student societies there was a strong feeling for a genuine students' union. He advised them to look well into the scheme before acting, and to begin in a modest way.

Mr. J. W. Flavelle, after throwing out a warning to the students not to put any organization in the field that would interfere with real hard every-day work, said that he believed the time ripe for a closer union of all the colleges. They owed it to the Government and to the country to be so united that all rights due from the country would have to be accorded. He thought the organi-

zation should be a place where the men met not as from this or that College, but as men with one mind to make the common University a success.

The Victoria Glee Club then sang "The Blue and the White," and on being encored, sang "Ned."

Prof. Goldwin Smith was happy to show his interest in and express his sympathy with the movement. He had been sorry to see the residence go. He emphasized the paramount importance of the academic in University life, but thought the man who simply got that did not get the best out of his course. He referred to the benefits of residence at Oxford and Eton, and thought if the pecuniary difficulties could be overcome the club or union would add greatly to the advantages of the University.

Prof. Cody, of Wycliffe, speaking on behalf of the Theological Colleges, endorsed the scheme. There was now no organization where men of all courses could meet. He thought it would be a good thing for the Theologs to rub up against the Arts men, and perhaps for the Arts men to come into closer relation with the Theologs.

Mr. H. T. Coleman, of University College, then moved the following resolution, which was seconded by the Hon. S. H. Blake:

Resolved that "This meeting endorses the formation of an Undergraduate Union, membership in which shall be open to all male undergraduates, graduates, and members of the faculty, of all the faculties, affiliated and federated colleges of the University of Toronto, at the fee of one dollar per annum, or ten dollars for life; and that the committee now acting, with power to add to its numbers, be empowered to take the necessary steps in the formation of such a union."

Hon. S. H. Blake on rising was received with cheers, and responded by addressing his hearers as "fellow students." He said that now was the time for action. He was glad that words of warning had been spoken, so that in voting for the club they were binding themselves to aid, sustain and make it a living power. He felt it would be a great benefit to have a central point around which all could rally. It would be a power house from which would emanate an "esprit de corps" which would be felt from one end of the Dominion to the other. It would be a power which would compel any government to accord the University what was just and right. He referred to the value of college friendships, and said that although a good part of education was got in the lecture rooms a vast amount came from the intercourse of student with student. He asked them to consider the matter well, and that in voting for the resolution they would resolve to make the union a great organization from which would emanate much that was good to the country.

Prof. Lang spoke of the inception and growth of the Union at his own University of Glasgow. He commended the scheme and expressed pleasure that the faculty were to be included. He advised them to begin modestly, and expressed the hope that the undertaking would come to a successful issue.

Mr. T. A. Russell, B.A. '99, had felt the need of such an organization as the club in his undergraduate days. Owing to the fact that the University had developed along special lines, it was almost impossible to keep in touch with all the courses. He referred to the difficulty in establishing and conducting the gymnasium, and contended that no one was justified in voting for the club unless he intended to support it.

The motion was then put and carried unanimously by a standing vote, after which the meeting adjourned.

SPORTS.

Editor, Frank McFarland, '02.

FOOTBALL.

The Mulock games are over for another year, and the Cup remains with the School of Science. However, they won it only after the fiercest kind of a struggle, and '03 can justly claim that there is little to choose between their team and the champions. At the same time the School deserve the greatest credit for their victory, especially since they had two teams entered.

Monday's game was one of the hardest and most closely contested that has ever taken place on the Varsity field, and the score, 1-0, pretty nearly indicates the relative strength of the two teams. In the first half '03 had decidedly the best of the play. Soon after the kick-off they rushed the ball into the School territory, and some good pushing and bucking, aided by a free kick, worked it almost to the School's goal line. It looked as if '03 would score, but they lost possession of the ball and were gradually pushed back to half-way. Some kicking by the halves followed, and Biggs made a run of twenty yards right through the School team. The latter, however, stole the ball and pushed it back to half way again, where it remained until the whistle blew for half time.

After play was resumed '03 still forced the play, but the School soon shoved the ball down close to the '03 line. The latter team put up a magnificent defence game, and after about a dozen scrimmages the School were not much nearer the line than before they started. A free kick awarded to '03 seemed to be their salvation, but the kick was botched by Biggs, and the ball went into touch ten yards out. The School secured the ball on the throw-in, rushed it up to the line, and on a free kick scored a touch-in-goal. There were only a few seconds left to play, and although '03 made desperate efforts to score the game ended 1-0 in favor of the S.P.S. team. The teams were:—

S.P.S.—Back, Lang; halves, Madden, Thorne, Gibson; quarter, Foreman; scrimmage, Harvey, Douglas, Empey; wings, McArthur, Bertram, Campbell, Hunt, McLennan, Campbell, Dickson.

'03—Back, McIntyre; halves, Fudger, P. Biggs, MacKinnon; quarter, Chown; scrimmage, R. Biggs, Mullin, Allen; wings, Rutter, Gabey, Morrison, Hoyles, Wallace, MacDougall, Hargreave.

Referee.....V. E. Henderson.
 Umpire.....J. A. McCollum,

Now that football is ended for the year, a summary of the season's doings might not be out of place. We do not want to be considered poor losers, but, as we have had occasion to remark in these columns before, the first team seemed to have more than their share of hard luck all through the season. The first game of the season in Montreal against McGill was lost by the hardest kind of hard luck, because, as everyone who saw the game admits, Varsity completely outplayed McGill during nine-tenths of the game. We prefer not to say anything about the game against Queen's in Kingston, but in the drawn game here against the same team the absence of one or two little hard luck incidents might have altered the result very materially. It was not until the home game against McGill that the Varsity team played in their proper form, and see what happened then. We do not wish to lessen in the slightest the credit due to the champions. The Queen's team played an extraordinarily strong game throughout the

season, and well deserve the honor which they won. We merely wish to point out the fact that Varsity I. were a stronger team than their record shows.

With regard to Varsity II. there is little to say. They lost only one game, but unfortunately the championship went with that particular game. It was certainly a patched up team that faced Queen's II. in Kingston, but it is doubtful whether the regular team could have been successful against the overwhelming weight of their opponents. The following is a summary of the games and points won and lost by the three Varsity teams during the season, together with a statement of the numbers from the different faculties on the teams. The latter takes into account all the men who played on the teams at any time during the season:

VARSITY I.					
Games.			Points.		
Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Won.	Lost.	
2	2	1	35	47	
VARSITY II.					
Games.			Points.		
Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.	
3	1		74	9	
VARSITY III.					
Games.			Points.		
Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.	
0	3		15	24	

Number of men in the different faculties:—

VARSITY I	
Arts.....	11
Science	4
Medicine	2
Graduates	2
	—
	19

THE ASSOCIATION TEAM.

After wandering in unknown paths for the past two seasons, the Faculty Cup, the trophy of the Intercollegiate Association Football League, has again returned to the Varsity team. After the departure of the Thompsons, Jacksons and Dixons, of this last decade, things looked very blue for the Association team around Varsity. But steady work, spiced with some luck, has brought success.

To begin this season the team found itself without its captain, R. A. Smillie, who has not returned this year. E. F. Burton, the president of the club, was elected captain, and lines were cast for players. The team was placed in the series with McMaster, Knox, Dentals and Osgoode Hall. But the latter team never really materialized, so that a number of old Varsity players have been out of the game. Varsity first met McMaster, the game resulting in a tie, although Varsity had some excellent chances to score. On account of the failure of the Osgoode team and a bye, Varsity did not play again for a week or so, and when they next appeared the story was very different. In their second game they defeated Sandy McLeod's Highlanders from Knox by the score 4-0.

The goals were scored by Broder (2), McQueen (1), Burton (1). Meanwhile McMaster had tied the Dentals and the Dentals had defeated Knox, so the series lay between Dentals and Varsity. The game was played in a torrent of rain on Monday, Nov. 19, Varsity winning by 1-0, Burton scoring. The Toronto Medical School were winners of the other section, and finals were played on Nov. 24 with Varsity. The Medicals booked themselves to win, but their lack of practice handicapped them, and Varsity won a hard-fought game by 1-0, Martin doing the needful from a corner kick. This gave Varsity the championship of the League.

On Nov. 10 the team accompanied the two Rugby teams to Kingston and tied Queens' Association team in the annual game, and on Saturday, Dec. 8th they played the Scots of Toronto for the championship of the city, but lost in an unlucky game.

The following men have played on the team this season: Soule, McPherson (G. A.), McHugh, Roebuck, Gowland, Martin, McKinnon, Cranston, McPherson (J. L.), Gilchrist, Broder, Burton, DeLury, Fisher, McQueen and Dickson. Soule has played a good game all season, the only goal scored by his opponents being in the Scots game. Our backs, McPherson and McHugh, played a heady, consistent game, and saved the goal in fine style. The star half-back was McKinnon, who was the corner stone of the defence; he was ably supported by Marter and J. L. McPherson, who are steady, hard players. Cranston has been what baseballists call "the utility man," having played half-back twice, goal twice, and forward once. The forward line, which is probably the lightest in the league, as they average little over 130 lbs. per man, is one of the swiftest. They have played well all through, and especially brilliant has been the work of Broder and McQueen. Our men on picked teams were: McKinnon, Broder, Soule and McQueen. The cup has been won by hard work, and it is the wish of the graduating year that it may long remain here.

E. F. B.

HOCKEY.

It speaks volumes for the energy of the management of the Hockey Club, and is an extremely hopeful sign for the success of the club in the coming season, that we are able at this early stage to gather news about the game. It can truthfully be said that hockey prospects at Varsity were never brighter. The officers of the club are:—

Hon. President.....	Mr. Jennings.
President.....	"Billy" Hanley, '01.
Vice-Pres.....	F. H. Broder, '02.
Sec.-Treas.....	"Alf" Caulfield, '03.
Manager.....	"Billy" Ross

The club has entered a senior and an intermediate team in the O. H. A. In the senior series Varsity is in the same district with Stratford, Wellington, and Peterborough, and the schedule of games will be made out in a few days. Arrangements have been made with the management of the Mutual Street Rink whereby the teams will practise there from five to six on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, beginning next Monday if the weather permits. Practises on the Varsity rink will also be arranged for. With regard to the personnel of the first team, Hanley in goal, Wright at cover-point, and Snell and Broder on the forward line are almost certain. For the rest of the first team and for the second team the following are among the aspirants: Gibson, Caulfield, G. Biggs, Boyd, Evans, Lang, MacDougall, Wilson, Gilbert, Livingstone, O'Flynn, Gilfillan, Trees, Symington, Magee, Little, Foy, Thorne, Nevitt, Montague, Armstrong, and Dickson. It is possible that the team may take a trip to Pittsburg during the Christmas holidays.

NOTES.

Livingstone has been appointed manager of the seconds.

Hanley in goal will greatly strengthen the team.

"Billy" Ross, the manager of the Firsts, has resigned his position as manager of the lacrosse team.

It is rumored that a "find" has been unearthed at the Dental College in the shape of an ex-member of an Ottawa championship team.

VARSIITY II.

Arts	11
Science	11
Medicine	2

24

Owing to the kindness of Mr. E. P. Brown, captain of Varsity I, and Mr. G. F. Weatherhead captain of Queen's I, and Mr. Mason, manager of McGill I., we are enabled to publish the selections of these gentlemen for an all-college team picked from this year's McGill, Queen's, and Varsity teams. Mr. Weatherhead's selection is as follows:

Back

Caldwell (McG.)

Half-Backs

Walkem (Q); Baldwin (V); Johnson (McG.)

Quarter

Briggs (V)

Scrimmage

Douglas (V); Carr-Harris (Q); Curran (McG.)

Wings

Inside	{ Hunt (V)
	{ Graham (McG)

Middle	{ Shillington (McG)
	{ Meredith (V)

Flying	Etherington (Q)
--------	-----------------

Outside	{ Williams (Q)
	{ Young (Q)

Mr. Brown chose the following team:—

Back

McNee (McG)

Halves

Caldwell (McG); Baldwin (V); Weatherhead (Q)

Quarter.

Biggs (V).

Scrimmage.

Paul (Q), Carr-Harris (Q), Sheriff (Q).

Wings.

Inside	{ Etherington (Q).
	{ Shillington (McG).

Middle	{ Gibson (V).
	{ Young (Q).

Flying	—Meredith (V).
--------	----------------

Outside	{ McCollum (V).
	{ Hill (Q).

This is the team chosen by Mr. Mason:

Full Back.

McNee (McG.).

Halves	{ Brown (V).
	{ Weatherhead (Q).
	{ Caldwell (McG).

Quarter

Kenny (McG).

Scrimmage	{ Curran (McG).
	{ Carr-Harris (Q).
	{ O'Brien (McG).

Wings

Inside	{ Devitt (Q).
	{ Hill (Q).

Middle { Molson (McG).
 { Meredith (V).
Flying—Shillington (McG).
Outside { Williams (Q).
 { McCollum (V).

CHESS.

The first match in the City League was played on Tuesday, December 4, at the City Athletic Club, and resulted as follows:—

VARSITY.		CITY ATHLETIC CLUB.	
Shenstone, S. F.....	o	Saunders	1
Hunter, R. J.....	1	Freeland	o
Shenstone, N. S.....	1	Boulton	o
Beck, H. T.....	1	Muntz	o
Prof. Mavor	o	Cross	1
Wood, S	o	Eddis.....	1
White	1	Amsden.....	o
Clappison	o	McIntyre	1
	4		4

ROTUNDA.

Superintending Editor, F. H. Wood, '01.

We regret to hear that Mr. A. G. McPhedran, '01, is confined to his room through illness. We hope to see "Mac" around again soon.

THE VARSITY congratulates Dr. Needler on the recent addition to his family circle.

J. L. McPherson, '01, reports a very pleasant time at Trinity concert held in Association Hall last week.

W. P. Hedley, '01, wishes it to be distinctly understood that he was not one of "we three" on St. Joseph St. We apologize to his brother, of '01, for not giving him the credit due to him.

There is a rumor about that G. A. Hackney intends taking a prominent part in a wedding ceremony during the Christmas holidays; whether as "best man" or as groom is not distinctly known, but to judge from "George's" happy smile we would suggest the latter.

Mr. E. J. Kylie's company expects to take an extended tour after Christmas as per programme in "College Tooth Picks."

While reading one of the Freshman's essays last week, the Professor in English remarked of the writer that "he was a tender branch of the human family." We may be able to publish the essay next week.

First Junior: "What's the name of that girl over there?" Second Ditto: "Don't know, really, you might—" First Ditto: "Oh, never mind, I'll ask Mackenzie."

It is a matter of remark that some of our Seniors do not bear themselves outwardly as befits men of their station and dignity. Possibly this is due to the loss of Mr. Spensah, the late bedel, as a model. Some of the Juniors suggest that Mr. Chadsey, or some other qualified person fill the breach.

At the mass meeting on Wednesday when Prof. Goldwin Smith appeared, one of the freshmen asked: "Is he the man who used to be the weather prophet?"

J. A. Soule left for home early last Thursday to vote against the prohibition candidate in the Welland by-election.

Mr. Creelman '04, has obtained considerable dramatic practice of late. He appeared in the cast of "When we were Twenty-one," and also held an important position in "The Return of Odysseus."

There has been a new Greek Letter Society formed from a certain clique who frequent one particular table in the Dining Hall. It is called the "Eta Pie" fraternity.

On Tuesday morning (1 a.m.) as one of our freshmen was going home past the corner of Bloor and Avenue Road, he was surprised to see a number of our well-known graduates treating each other to an H₂O at the fountain there, and giving the Varsity yell between drinks.

Messrs. Fisher and Wilcox will represent Varsity in the debate with McGill. Poor old McGill! "Alex." say that from now till then he will refrain from reading scripture, as the Montreal people might not be so accustomed to it as are the Toronto people.

It has been suggested that in place of having an election next spring every man hand in to the treasurer of the Undergraduate Club the sum he would have subscribed to the election fund. (Reptile Fund). This would put the club in a state of mighty affluence.

The Dutch Company promises to be more popular than ever in the future. The girls who patronize Tim. Eaton say that the song as rendered by Messrs. A. & D. ('03) one afternoon last week on Yonge St. could not be surpassed.

The House Committee of the Literary Society have chosen some fifteen songs as suitable for general use at the regular meetings, and nicely-gotten-up booklets in Varsity colors are on hand now. Mr. Potvin, convener of this committee, deserves much credit for this artistic piece of work.

A certain young freshette after the '03 reception was heard to say, "O happy Day that fixed my choice!"

Mr. M—1—er: "Mr. Brophey, this Latin prase is indeed excellent. At times it rises even to genius. But, Mr. Brophey, did you ever see a Latin grammar?"

Considerable profanity is said to have been occasioned in a down-town-composing room over the cast of the Greek play. The printers were not the only worried people, however, to judge from the crowd about the bulletin board.

We can always tell when it is one o'clock by the rush of School men past our Varsity window to the Dining Hall. We see many exciting sprints, and many neck-to-neck finishes in the race for—the staff of life.

She strolled before a Yonge St. store
 Then suddenly did stop;
 Some corn lay in an open bag,
 And on it was a printed tag:
 "This corn is warranted to pop."

She gave a look and then passed by,
 And heaved a heavy, long-drawn sigh:
 "I should not now be so forlorn
 If my young man were like that corn."

"O, tell me, where is fancy bred?"
 She asked, and getting bolder
 She placed her little darling head
 And chignon on my shoulder.

And I, with no more poetry in
 My soul than in a Shaker's,
 Replied with idiotic grin,
 "You'll find it at the baker's."

A NOTE FROM THE GYMNASIUM.

(Written, not by Longfellow, but by one of the fellows being made over
into Longerfellow.)

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is all gymnasium work,
That the girl's depraved, who wishes
Hanging by the neck to shirk.

Life is dual ! Life is complex !
And the body's not the whole.
"Thou'rt diseased ! thy spine is crooked,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Yet not joy, nor even sorrow,
Seems our destined end or way ;
But to stretch, that each to-morrow,
Find us longer than to-day.

Class is short, the hour is fleeting,
And our feet in reindeer shoes
Still in Swedish step are beating
On the floor their wild tattoos.

Climb the ladder-wall like squirrels,
Take knee-bending as a treat,
Cross the bar, unlike the poet,
Swinging gracefully your feet.

Trust no chain unless well fastened,
Let your body hang like lead ;
Swing, swing, from your own steel crossbar,
Aches within, and hooks o'erhead.

Spines of straight men all remind us
We must make our spines as straight,
And departing, leave behind us
Photos of our improved state.

Photos that perhaps some other
Half-fledged acrobat may see ;
Who will take her best position
Henceforth with new energy.

Let us then be up and hanging
With a neck for any rope,
Don your head-piece and your bloomers,
Learn to hang till told to drop.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NOTES.

In Yale and other American Universities the several years organize into two camps for purposes of debate. Each camp has its own captain.

Yale has an extensive system of dormitories, consisting of separate buildings endowed by rich men.

Contests between scrub football teams are a feature of sports at Yale and Harvard.

The position of debater on an inter-collegiate debate in American universities is as much sought after as that of a place on the first Rugby team. Great numbers of orators, freshmen as well as others, apply ; and to determine the best a long series of trials is held with semi-finals and finals.

At Harvard lately, R. C. Bruce, a student, received a prize of \$100 for the best work in the three trials which have been held for the Yale-Harvard debate.

The Glasgow University Magazine in commenting upon the recent address of the rector of the University, Lord Rosebery, compares it with a previous one delivered by Mr. Chamberlain, and says :

"When Mr. Chamberlain spoke upon practically the same subject, the audience was roused to wild enthusiasm and excitement. The result of Lord Rosebery's address was the very reverse, the audience was grave and quiet and subdued. There is no doubt which speaker was the master. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was to his hearers a pleasant dissipation and to himself a little miracle all his own. Lord Rosebery's was to his hearers a serious exercise that flattered not their vanity, and to himself a solemn duty. Mr. Chamberlain's speech is forgotten, but who will say what the effect of Lord Rosebery's will be?"

We quote from the *Boston Transcript* : The young women students of the University of Chicago have protested against the colloquial style of Professor Thatcher, who lectures on English History. When telling about a King of England who was shot while hunting, Professor Thatcher's version was : "Somewhat of a knight had a scrap with his attendant, got a drop on the king and put him out of the ring." Professor Thatcher admits the use of slang in teaching, but defends the practice by saying he uses only up-to-date expressions.

O, that this too, too solid flesh could melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
O, that the Fates would make me thin just once,
Like blades of grass, or like a billiard cue.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

Mr. Andrew Carnegie proposes to erect and furnish buildings for a polytechnic school at Pittsburg, with an endowment of \$1,000,000. The city is to furnish the site.





Query.

•••

“Why should not a man buy his clothes the same as he buys his hats, his shoes or his gloves?”

“There are many shapes of heads, many different kinds of feet and differently fashioned hands.

“The form is classified into nine different shapes of men, in many sizes.

“‘Semi-ready’ is made in all of them.”

Sold at the “trying-on stage,” where characteristics of wearers’ individual taste in finish may be incorporated.

\$20, \$18, \$15 and \$12 per suit or overcoat.

Money back for any reason.

By mail—write for catalog.



22 KING STREET WEST - TORONTO.

MONTREAL

LONDON

OTTAWA

WINNIPEG

SPORTING GOODS

FOILS
BOXING GLOVES
PUNCHING BAGS

Skates and Hockey Supplies

Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED

Cor. KING and VICTORIA STREETS - TORONTO.

Don't Wait

until your vision is so deteriorated that even proper glasses cannot entirely restore your eyes to their former acuteness, when, if taken in time, glasses would give the same easy restful vision enjoyed in younger days—learn your eye wants by consulting our refracting opticians.

Ambrose Kent & Sons,

(LIMITED)

MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS

156 Yonge Street - Toronto.

SPECIAL

ATTENTION

is given to the needs of young men in the up-to-date contracts issued by the

Canada Life Assurance Company.

They meet every real requirement in life insurance, and in addition afford methods of profitable investment for those of moderate means which cannot elsewhere or in any other way be equalled.

Choose the best,

CANADA'S LEADING COMPANY.

H. C. COX,

MANAGER E.O.,

TORONTO

W. B. SHORT, } CITY AGENTS.
J. B. MAGURN, }

SMOKE

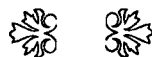
Goldstein's Mixture

Cool, Fragrant, Delicious.

W. GOLDSTEIN & CO., 82 Yonge Street.

Don't Fail

TO EXAMINE



THE PIANOLA

the first time you are down town.

IT PLAYS ANY PIANO.

ANYONE CAN PLAY IT.

Choice Pianos for Rent.

THE Mason & Risch Piano Co., LIMITED

32 KING STREET WEST - TORONTO.

THE NAME OF
GERHARD HEINTZMAN

ON A PIANO

Is not simply that of a factory proprietor but is also that of one of the greatest experts on tone production and acoustics in America, who personally superintends the construction of every piano which leaves his factory. It is this fact which has rendered the Gerhard Heintzman Piano

The Most Popular Piano in This Country

A full line of these superb instruments can always be seen at our warerooms, 188 Yonge Street, Toronto. Catalogues and price lists mailed free on application.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
188 Yonge St., TORONTO



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible, to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.



Toronto College of Music

LIMITED
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.

A Thorough Musical Education Assured at this School. Students in attendance from all parts of Canada.

GEO. GOODERHAM, President
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Dir.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION:—H. N. Shaw, B.A., Principal. Calendar and Syllabus upon application.

BAGGAGE

For Quick Delivery and Removal of your **BAGGAGE**, and satisfaction when you want a **CAB, COUPE** or **VICTORIA**, Telephone

The Canadian Transfer Co.

Telephones 969 and 683.

Head Office, UNION STATION.
City Office, 62 YONGE ST.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO DINING HALL

RATES:

Dinner, - - - 20 cents. Six Dinners, - - - \$1.10
Luncheon or Breakfast, 15 cents. Six Luncheons or Breakfasts, .80
Twenty-one Meal Tickets, \$2.50.

HOURS FOR MEALS: { Breakfast, 8.00 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.
Luncheon, 12.00 noon to 2.00 p.m.
Dinner, 5.30 p.m. to 7.00 p.m.

For further information apply during meal hours at the Secretary's Office, Dean's House

TAILORING—A. H. Lougheed & Co. Special discount to Students. 205 Yonge St.

PIANOS.

The APOLLO PIANO PLAYER.
The ORCHESTRAL ATTACHMENT.

BELL

BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME.

ORGANS.

The ORPHEON ORGAN PLAYER.
The PIPE-LIKE SERAPHONE.

THE BELL ORGAN AND PIANO CO., Limited, GUELPH, ONTARIO.

(Send for Catalogue No. 70)

TORONTO.

MONTREAL.

HAMILTON.

LONDON, ENG.

SYDNEY, N.S.W.

NOTABLE NOVELS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

MOOSWA and Others of the Boundaries

By W. A. Fraser. The Canadian Animal Book.

ELEANOR

By Mrs. Humphry Ward. The great literary event of the year.

LORDS OF THE NORTH

By A. C. Lant. Early Days in the Great North West.

ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES

By Maurice Thompson. The Peer of American Historical Novels.

THE MASTER CHRISTIAN

By Marie Corelli. The great writer's masterpiece.

A BICYCLE OF CATHAY

By Frank R. Stockton. He rivals himself once more.

QUISANTE

By Anthony Hope. A Strong Political Novel.

THE ISLE OF UNREST

By Henry Seton Merriman. Scenes in Corsica and Southern France.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, 29-33 Richmond St. West, TORONTO

Try W. HILL, Florist and Fruiterer, 461 Yonge Street.

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN
1868 PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COLLEGE STREET.

DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.

Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities
UNEQUALLED FACILITIES AND ADVANTAGES FOR A LIB-
ERAL AND ARTISTIC MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Strongest Faculty in Canada.

NEW CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS

MAUDE MASSON, Principal Elocution School.

Reading, Recitation, Oratory, Voice Culture, Physical
Culture, Rhetoric, English Literature, Orthoepy, Psy-
chology, Pedagogy. Class and Private lessons.



TIGER BRAND

**Clothing and Furnishing Goods
for men and boys—ready-made**

Men's Suits, \$5.00 to \$28.00.

Men's Overcoats, \$5.00 to \$30.00.

All the leading styles in Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs,
Underwear, etc.

SPECIALS—Hats, Caps and Travelling Bags.

Your money back if you want it.

Yonge & Temperance Sts. **E. BOISSEAU & CO.**

DRESS SUITS - - -

TO ORDER IN GOOD STYLE

FROM \$25.00 UP

..... **Jos. J. Follett**

Also to rent—all sizes. 181 YONGE ST.

**Sensible
People Travel**

Via the **Canadian
Pacific
Railway**

Swiss Steam Laundry

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

Telephone 1260. MENDING DONE FREE

Quality.

Our Flowers are al-
ways fresh, and you
are sure to get the
best blooms of Roses, Violets, Lilies of the
Valley and Carnations.

Wm. Jay & Son

438 Spadina Ave.

SMOKERS!

10c. MANUEL GARCIA and
OSCAR AMANDA CIGARS FOR **5c.**

Buy ALIVE BOLLARD'S Cool and Fragrant
Smoking Mixture

199 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS 1900-1901

BETWEEN ALL STATIONS IN CANADA.

From all Stations in Canada to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich.,
Port Covington, Bombay Jet., Helena, Massena Springs, Rouse's
Point, N.Y., and Island Pond, Vt.
All Stations in Canada to, BUT NOT FROM Buffalo, Black Rock,
Suspension Bridge, and Niagara Falls, N.Y.

SCHOOL VACATIONS

To Teachers and Pupils of Schools and Colleges, on surrender
of Standard Form of School Vacation Railway Certificate signed
by Principal.

GOING DATES AND LIMIT.—At Lowest One-way First-class FARE
AND ONE-THIRD from December 8th to 31st, inclusive. Tickets
good returning from destination not later than January 20th, 1901.

TICKETS.—All tickets good for continuous passage only in each
direction.

Tickets and all information from J. W. RYDER, C. P. & T. A.,
cor. King & Yonge Sts., Toronto.
M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent.

GO TO

RATHBONE

86 Yonge Street

FOR

FULL DRESS REQUISITES

Education Department Calendar

December 1.

1. Last day for appointment of
School Auditors by Public
and Separate School Trus-
tees.

December 11.

2. County Model Schools Ex-
aminations begin.

December 14.

3. County Model Schools close.

December 19.

4. Written Examinations at
Provincial Normal Schools
begin.

CIGAR STORE.

Full line of DOMESTIC & IMPORTED
CIGARS, CIGARETTES &
TOBACCO.

ANY PIPE FROM \$2.50 DOWN.

Students' Cans.

J. MUNHOLLAND, 450½ Yonge Street
North-west Cor. College & Yonge.

WM. H. ACHESON

Merchant Tailor

281 College Street.

The Total Abstainer

who does not recognize the ad-
vantages he gains by insuring his
life in

**The Temperance &
General Life
Assurance Co.,**

in preference to insuring in any
other company, is standing in his
own light. Many apparently
plausible reasons are advanced
to persuade total abstainers to
insure elsewhere, but when they
fully understand the situation they
won't make the mistake. The
T. & G. will guarantee a total ab-
stainer, who is a first-class risk,
more for his money than any other
company will guarantee.

HON. G. W. ROSS, H. SUTHERLAND,
President. Man. Dir.

HEAD OFFICE:
Globe Building, TORONTO.

This space belongs to the
GRAND OPERA HOUSE

GILPIN'S PHARMACY

**Drugs that are Drugs and
Drugs that Cure the Sick**

Sundries of all kinds and of exceptional quality.
Very close prices given to Students.

Phones 4174 & 5529. **W. H. GILPIN,**
326 & 472 College St.

CURRY BROTHERS

THE STUDENTS' PRINTERS

Telephone 1878.

414 SPADINA AVE.

(Opposite Cecil St.)

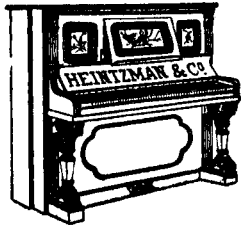
SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS.

METROPOLITAN SCHOOL OF DANCING, 274 College St., cor. Spadina. M. J. Sage, Principal.

BOOKS. Educational Text Books and Books of Reference, also a large general and miscellaneous stock at the **Dominion Book Store, 288 Yonge Street.**

Second-hand Books Bought, Sold and Exchanged.

The Art Piano of Canada



ENDORSED
—AND—
EULOGIZED

BY

THE WORLD'S GREAT ARTISTS.

In selecting a Piano for any social event, or in making a choice for the home, you will act the part of wisdom in choosing a **HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO**. There is a fascination about these instruments every time the keys are pressed. They captivate with the touch as they do with their magnificent tone.

Among the great artists who have endorsed this Piano, may be named Friedheim, Burmeister, Hyllested, Plancon, Plunkett Greene, Albani, and a host of others.

Ye olde firm of **HEINTZMAN & CO.**
115 & 117 King St. West, Toronto

Halloo Boys

Do you know the Best and Cheapest store to buy your Underwear, Ties, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Socks, Braces, Studs and Hats? Go right to

WALKER & McBEAN CO. LIMITED

450-452 Spadina Ave.

where you'll get 10 per cent. discount. If you don't know their store, ask any of the older boys and they'll direct you to it. Their store is known all over.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS AT DRY GOODS PRICES

PARK BROS.



Photo-graphers

Graduating Groups our Specialty. Special Discounts to Students.

Phone 1269.

328 YONGE STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1891 'PHONE 3910

THE Kensington - Dairy Co. (LIMITED)

Headquarters for Fine Dairy Products

SPECIALTIES
MILK, DEVONSHIRE CREAM, CREAM, ICE CREAM.

453 YONGE STREET TORONTO

Two deliveries daily to all parts of the city.

Milton Pressed Brick Co. (LIMITED)

Manufacturers of

HIGH GRADE PRESSED BRICK

IN ALL COLORS

BRICK MANTELS a Specialty.

Works and Head Office—MILTON, ONT.

O'DEA'S Business School

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING

A live and up-to-date school. All subjects pertaining to a business education. C. O'DEA, Principal.

If you want first-class work try the

QUEEN LAUNDRY

590 Yonge Street

Discount given on all work left in the office and called for **W. B. HINES, Manager**

All Wise Students go to

Kennedy's Barber Shop

464 Spadina Ave.

which has just been re-fitted with four Kokin's Celebrated Hydraulic Chairs. **BEST ACCOMMODATION. BEST WORK.** 5 doors south of College St.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS—Note

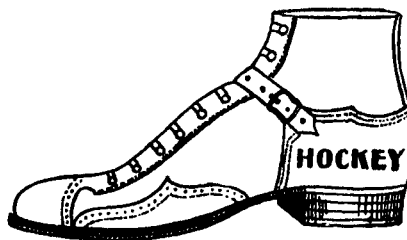
FARMER BROS. Have fitted up a special plant for handling all kinds of amateur work—developing, printing, mounting, etc.; also, enlargements made from small to any desired size, at Studio, 92 YONGE STREET.

HOCKEY AGAIN

I HAVE

Four Special Lines of Boots

FOR THIS SEASON



- Style No. 1**—Made from fine pigskin finish leather, with leather lining all through, our own make, \$3.00.
- Style No. 2**—Made from Russian tan, with heavy duck lining \$2.50.
- Style No. 3**—Hockey Boot made from tan calf skin, with inside ankle support. \$2.50.
- Style No. 4**—Made from tan calf, very durable boot, \$2.00.

... CALL AND SEE THEM, IT WILL PAY YOU ...

J. BROTHERTON

STUDENTS' SHOE STORE.

550 YONGE STREET.

C.E. GOODMAN

302½ Yonge Street.

MEN'S FINE FURNISHINGS

DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE MOST STYLISH LINES OF NECK-WEAR IN THE MARKET? . . .

WE HAVE THEM AND CAN SUIT YOU IN STYLE, QUALITY AND PRICE.

SPECIAL QUOTATIONS TO CLUBS FOR FOOTBALL SUITS.

MEN'S WEAR CLEANED

That's our business—cleaning and dyeing men's clothing—and doing the work well.

R. PARKER & CO. DYERS AND TORONTO CLEANERS

Head Office and Works, 787-791 Yonge St. 'Phones 3037, 3640, 2143, 1004, 5098.

W. J. McGUIRE & CO.,

CONTRACTORS FOR

Plumbing, Heating and Ventilation

86 KING ST. WEST.

Telephone 632.

THE Harry Webb CO., Limited

... Caterers

447 YONGE STREET

TORONTO.

Students' Photos and Groups Framed at Lowest Prices GEDDES, 427 SPADINA

Phone 1855.

313-315 College St.

The Saratoga Laundry Co.

We wash your goods perfectly clean without destroying with chemicals, in order to save time and expense in washing.

MENDING DONE FREE

Special Discount to Students.

The Saratoga Laundry Co.

313-315 College St.

Phone 1855.

The Canadian

Bank of Commerce

CAPITAL, \$6,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

North Toronto Branch—Corner Yonge and Bloor Streets.

North-West Toronto Branch—Corner Spadina and College Streets.

Parliament Street Branch—Corner Gerrard and Parliament Streets.

Yonge and College Branch—450 Yonge Street.

WE have the most complete collection of

CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

IN CANADA

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST

5 King W. **DUNLOP'S** 445 Yonge St.

PARKER'S FOUNTAIN PEN

IS THE BEST. No joints to leak and writes like a quill.

DONALD BAIN & CO.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS

25 JORDAN ST.

THE ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE

Limited, Temperance Street, Toronto, Canada. Affiliated with the University of Toronto. Patrons: Governor-General of Canada, and Lieut. Governor of Ontario. The most successful Veterinary Institution in America. All experienced teachers. Fee, \$65 per session. Session begins Wednesday, October 10th. Apply to Principal, ANDREW SMITH, F.R.C.V.S., Toronto, Canada.



VARSITY STUDENTS and GRADUATES will be allowed 10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT by mentioning Varsity or affiliated Colleges.

HATS, FURS, UMBRELLAS, HAT CASES, RUGS, COLLEGE AND MORTAR BOARD HATS AND CAPS

THE W. & D. DINEEN CO., LIMITED

DUNLAP'S SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA



GEMS FOR YOUR JUDGMENT

Our special line of tweed and worsted suitings at \$18.00. Our beautiful range of Fall Overcoatings. Overcoats to order, \$15.00. Our nobby \$4.00 Trouserings.

BERKINSHAW & GAIN

348 YONGE ST.

"DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS."

Geo. Harcourt & Son

Business established 1842

COLLEGE GOWNS \$5.00

College Colors etc.

57 KING ST. W. TORONTO

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE GUELPH

JAMES MILLS, M.A., LL.D., President, GUELPH, ONTARIO.

Full courses of lectures with practical instruction for young men who intend to be farmers, and for students preparing as specialists in the various departments of Agricultural Science. Year shortened to suit farmers' sons. Send for circular giving information as to course of study, terms of admission, cost, etc.



This Lamp gives Light equal to 60 Candles.

Students' Lamp with SUNLIGHT BURNER, in White Opal, \$2.25 in Dark Green, - 2.75

Canadian Incandescent Gas Lighting Co.

9 Queen Street East

Telephone 2357

TORONTO

VARSIITY SWEATERS

HOSIERY AND ATHLETIC SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER AT

616 YONGE ST.

THOS. WARREN

ROWLEY'S STUDIO

435 SPADINA AVE.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

GOLD MEDALIST FOR WORLD, PARIS, 1900

D. TULLOCH Merchant Tailor

423 YONGE ST.

Repairing and Cleaning Done at Short Notice. . . 10% TO STUDENTS

MUSIC

ALL THE LATEST AND MOST POPULAR MUSIC.

COLLEGE MUSIC STORE

279 COLLEGE ST.

Coles'

Caterers and Confectioners

719 YONGE ST.

Economy demands the
"HAGAR" Shoe.



... Why?

Because they wear
better than any
other shoe at
the same
price.

BLACHFORD,
114 YONGE ST.
SELLS THEM



Hockey
Sticks
Hockey Skates
Hockey Boots

WHITELY

SWEATERS
STOCKINGS
KNICKERS,
&c.

Gentlemen's
House Coats
and Smoking

Jackets, \$5 to \$8.50

Dressing Gowns, \$10

and \$12. Fancy Vests,
\$1.50 to \$2.50.

**OAK HALL
CLOTHIERS**

115 to 116 KING STREET EAST
and 116 YONGE STREET



SEND FOR

WILSON'S
Catalog of
WINTER SPORTS

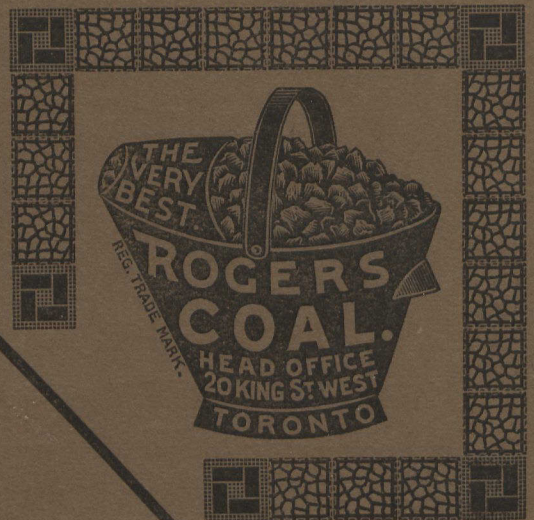


YOUR NAME ON POST CARD TO

THE **HAROLD A. WILSON CO.**
LIMITED
35 KING ST. WEST
TORONTO



36-38
KING ST.
WEST,
TORONTO



FOILS
Boxing Gloves
Punching Bags

EXERCISERS

Dumb Bells
Indian Clubs
Wrist
Machines,
&c.

**JOHN
KAY, SON
& CO.,
LIMITED**

**Curtains
Draperies
and
Art...
Furniture
Etc....**



LINOLEUMS
CARPETS
OILCLOTHS