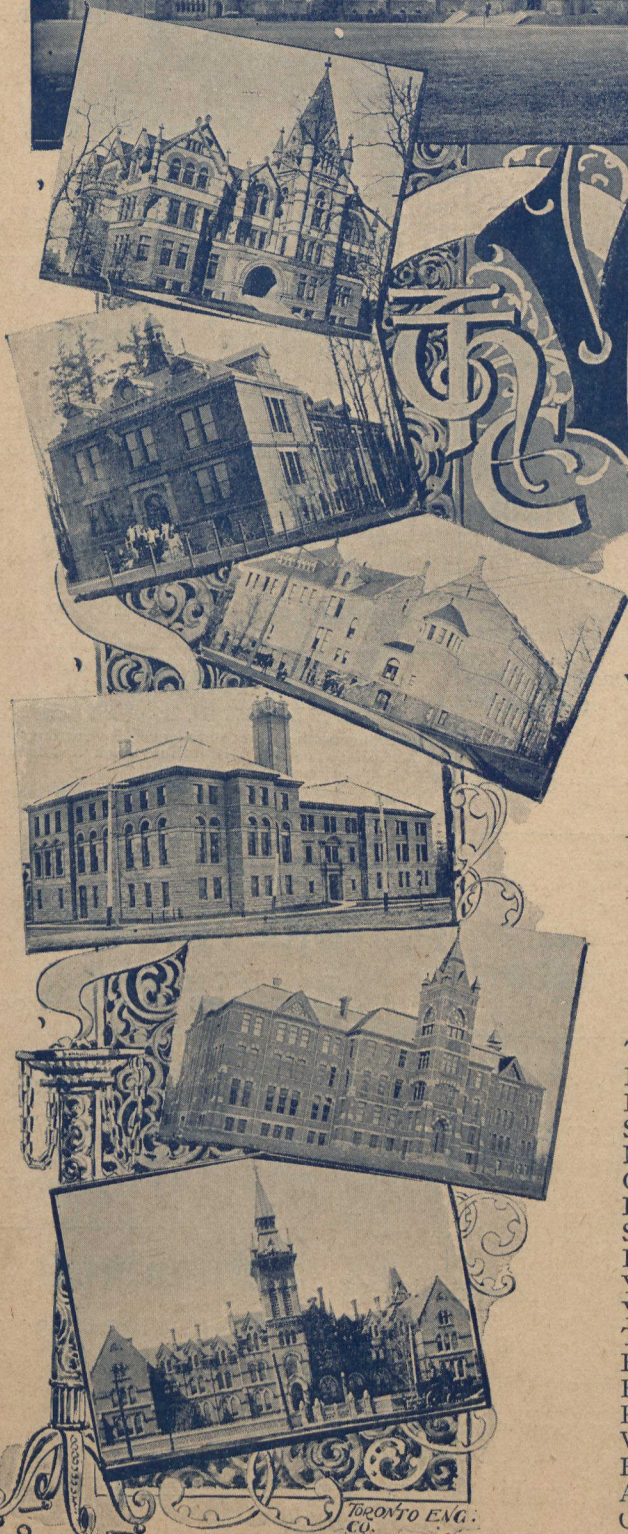


THE VARSITY



VOL XVI. No. 3.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28TH, 1896.

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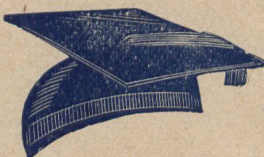
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THE VARSITY.

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1896.

No. 3.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

At eight o'clock precisely the Society collected itself from various corners and wandered into the assembly room of the Students' Union, wearing its usual smile and carrying its usual club. Soon afterwards the President and Recording Secretary took their places on the platform; and after their arrival had been duly recognized by a united war whoop, the proceedings began.

Mr. Ross wanted auditors to be appointed to examine the accounts of the Treasurer of the Society and of the Business Board of VARSITY, and made a motion to that effect. Mr. Shotwell thought that a notice board should be placed in the reading room of the Society for the use of members. He thought that it was undoubtedly a grievance that members of the Society should be forced to rummage through the voluminous tome in the janitor's room whenever they wished to find out what books were for sale. The Society evidently thought these gentlemen's ideas were sound, as their motions were carried *nem. con.* Mr. Inkster then rose, and in resonant Doric tones advocated the holding of a University College dinner instead of the present class dinners. He thought that by this means a class spirit would be subordinated to a College spirit, and that thereby those brotherly ties, which should unite all the members of a great University, would be more closely drawn. The President, however, ruled that the Society had no jurisdiction in the matter, and suggested that a mass meeting be held after the regular meeting of the Society in order to discuss the idea. Mr. Casey Watt wanted to read the Treasurer's report for last year, but a fourth year man rose up with a constitution book in his hand and sternly pointed out that the report must be audited first. Nominations were then received for first-year Councillors on the Executive; but for fear that these youthful aspirants to fame should suffer from enlarged cranium at seeing themselves so soon in print, we forbear to mention their names. Nominations were also received for the office of second-year Councillor. Mr. A. A. Hunter was elected by acclamation as third-year Councillor, and Mr. R. M. Millman was unanimously selected as first year representative on the Editorial Board of VARSITY. Mr. Hunter responded to the calls of his friends for a speech in a few well chosen words. The Society then settled itself comfortably down to listen to the programme, which was served up for its delectation. Under the deft fingers of Mr. Sadler, harmonious strains flowed from the piano with such good effect that the Society was firmly convinced that he stopped too soon and vociferously applauded. Mr. Sadler modestly pretended to be unaware of what it all meant till the President informed him that the Society wanted some more. Mr. Sadler accordingly generously consented to fill the void in their musical souls. Mr. Wagar delivered a highly amusing recitation, in which the right method of courtship was clearly set forth. Several freshmen blushed a rosy red as if it all referred to them, while susceptible members of the senior year took copious notes, which leads us to suppose that there will be several additional devotees of Hymen after next commencement. The next item on the programme was the open debate, the

subject of which was, "Resolved: That the 'free and unlimited coinage' of silver in the United States would be detrimental to the best interests of that country." Mr. Clegg, the leader of the affirmative, advocated the cause of sound money in a clever and forcible speech. Mr. Hancock, assuming a William Jennings Bryan cast of countenance, boldly advanced, and, in a vigorous address, demanded the suppression of gold-bugs and a cheaper currency. Mr. Edgar wanted to know what was the matter with iron, if a cheaper currency was necessary; while Mr. Dingman quoted largely from the lectures of an eminent professor in the University in support of his contention that free silver was the one thing that would save the United States from ruin. Short speeches were also made by Messrs. Sellery, McNeece, Bale and Greenwood. The President, before giving his decision, referred to an anecdote of Ian Maclaren's. Mr. Maclaren was indulging in a shave while in New York, and the barber, holding the razor close to his throat, asked him "where he was at" on the money question. Mr. Maclaren decided immediately that he favored sound money. The President said that he felt that he was between two razors, but he finally concluded that that of the affirmative was the sharper, and accordingly gave them the decision. The result was immediately telegraphed to Major McKinley, and reached him just before he retired. It is said that rosy smiles hovered around his face all night, and that he slept as peacefully as a child, under the firm conviction that his election was now assured.

"C."

FALLING LEAVES.

Do we, as Canadians, appreciate as we should the beauties of a Canadian autumn, especially in these later weeks when the bright tints of October are making way for the gray and leaden blue of November, and nature is settling down for the rigors of a Canadian winter? It seems to me that there is no other season of the year so well calculated to make the blood tingle in the cheeks of every Canadian man and woman, and to send it along with quicker, stronger heart-beats in a richer and healthier patriotic heat. Such days as these tell us the fallacy of the cry that a young country is without a history. It is full of history: a history written in characters which time has not yet had an opportunity to erase; in letters of blood, which speaks better things than that shed on the battle fields of older lands—lives devoted for the sake of the great world of men, or the struggle everywhere waging against the blind forces of nature—heroes who have fallen in picket-duty—brave, lone men, fighting in the wilderness, while others have shared the companionship and enthusiasm of the camp. Every niche carved out of the waste is sacred, and every footstep is on hallowed ground—all this comes to us with those first sharp blasts which whistle their snow-flurries through the falling leaves and naked branches of our own Canadian forests, puffs of breath of the dragon-giant, Winter—the monster of these north lands whom our fathers tamed. And yet there is no poetry here? All is commonplace and unhistoric—no mouldering abbeys

nor ruined castles; no literature is even possible in Canada! Well, perhaps not; men do not write in books in times like these, but they have cut their thoughts into the very substance of the soil—not words but deeds; and he who has not learned this language must miss the thrilling note of our Canadian muse. But do not let him say on that account these winter-lands are silent. Let him read into these snow-clad hills—or out of them rather—the romance which a Canadian novelist, Gilbert Parker, has taught, and which all students of Canadian history should feel; and as the fallen leaves are drifted under the first wreaths of snow, let no sense of regret for “old forgotten far-off things” dim the brightness of a past that still lives and throbs with life—a present that is a part of the pattern of that past and a future, the sunset halo of promise over these “brown Canadian hills,” and he will, perhaps, see our autumn woods take on new tint, and on heavy skies a deeper meaning:—

But thou, my country, dream not thou,
Wake and behold how Night is done,
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow
Bursts the uprising sun!

Q.

LACROSSE TOUR, 1896.

(Concluded from last issue.)

After six games our defence played home. Some time before this our little goal-keeper had gone to centre field to get a chance to keep warm. The official score of the game is nine to nothing. It was here that Mackinnon regained his old-time form as a player, and his work on the defence field, where he was placed, was brilliant. Cleland again came into disfavor here, through doing all the scoring. From Stevens to New York and to South Ferry, stopping on the way to telegraph the news of triumph to our captain.

At the Ferry the manager telephoned the Crescent Club at Brooklyn, and in a lordly manner ordered dinner for thirteen at 9.15. It was just that hour when we arrived, and were greeted warmly by Jimmy Garvin and other members of the Crescent team, last year's friends of some of us. Then at 9.30 we sat down to the best dinner that Fritz, the Crescent's genial steward, ever put up for hungry visitors, and having done full justice to it, we turned to quarters in the boat-house. The twelve of us were quartered most comfortably in a large room about the size of the east hall, with the beds ranged round the walls like a hospital ward. Needless to say, it was with jollity and laughter that we bunked, and it was here that Coney seriously announced “I am not going to be jollied, especially by fellows like you, Snell, who have never been in New York before.” The Bear was the last to bed, after he had searched every corner and cranny for his pillow. Bright and early we arose in the morning, and sallied forth in twos and threes and sevens to see the metropolis. It was late when we returned by ones and twos, and as each had had the most experience and seen the best to be seen, it is useless to describe the sights here. “You don't have to marry the girl,” was the watchword of one section; “We are from Philadelphia,” of another. The Saturday was a peculiar day, at times fine, at times cloudy, warm and then chilly. Kingstone joined us again, with his eye much better, but in no shape to play. The verandahs, grand stand and grounds were filled with an appreciative audience—and a very impartial one—the fair sex predominating. The game was played eleven men a side, the Crescents throwing off a man to even up. Although against the best team in the States, Varsity had the match much her own way from the start; and although at the end the Crescents were playing well, and the final score was 8-5, the boys from Canada always had a secure lead. The game was a very pretty one, Varsity's combination both on home and defence being admirable, and the spectators

were many times roused to enthusiasm by the display. That such an exhibition helped the game with the Crescents there is no doubt, and the spectators, many of whom saw lacrosse for the first time, were most appreciative, and after the game all expressed themselves as well pleased and anxious to see more of the game.

We were pleased to meet here many old Canadian friends, among them Alf Taylor, Jack Rose, Newton Brown, '95, and Harry Sullivan. It is needless to state that every one of these gentlemen insisted on seeing that we had a good time. The two teams dined together at the conclusion of the match, and captains Kingstone and Post made most felicitous speeches, expressive of the kindly feelings of the teams to each other. After dinner the boys enjoyed themselves at the dance which was held at the club house as a fitting end to the day. On Sunday, of course, the captain led the team to morning service, and then dismissed them for the day. By the Brooklyn papers it appeared that “Student” Jackson had done the bulk of the work for Varsity. The Student, on the strength of this, or on the strength of something else, triumphantly led a party to Coney Island that evening, and at the table next morning a red doll was blushing displayed, and “You don't have to go to Spain” said Stoney. This mystery is yet unravelled.

Until Monday afternoon we remained the guests of the Crescents, having meantime been quartered in the club house, now nearly ready for summer house. We saw New York and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Then at 5 p.m. we all gathered on board the *Priscilla*, the Fall Line River boat, to start for Boston and Harvard. We tenderly bade adieu to all the girls on the wharves, and swung down the river. That was a glorious trip, and our vocal quartette endeavored to make it more so by College Songs sung on the after deck, interspersed by T-O-R-O-N-T-O howled out.

Having been forced out of bed by an energetic manager at an unearthly hour, after an hour's run on the train we struck Boston, hungry for breakfast. And here we met Captain Scott and Manager Outerbridge and Leighton and others of the Harvard Club, and while we remained we were constantly under their care, and none of us will ever forget their courtesy and hospitality while with them. They could not do enough for us. We shall always remember our treatment there, and fortunate is any visiting team that falls into the hands of hosts such as these. The team lunched at Harvard in the famous Memorial Hall, and then stripped and put in some half-hour's practice before the game. For the first half the play was ragged. Harvard's defence however showed up surprisingly strong, having been well coached in covering their men and in refusing to be drawn out. In the second half Varsity played up, and some very pretty play resulted. The game ended 9-5 in our favor. That evening the boys spent in Boston under the care of members of the team, and good care was taken of them. Between the two halves the Harvard captain had issued to Varsity a cordial invitation to stay over a day as the guests of the team, and the invitation had been gladly accepted. The boys bunked in the Harvard dormitories. Next day was the 50th anniversary of Cambridge's incorporation as a city. The town was en fête, and the thousands of Boston and of Cambridge turned out to see the procession. The volunteers in the parade did not impress the Canadians favorably, and, in fact, they compare most unfavorably with our men, especially in physique and chest expansion. The afternoon saw us started for home, and the rousing cheers we gave Captain Scott, who saw us off, may perhaps have shown him, in some small measure, our appreciation of all he had done for us. Our way home led through the Hoosac tunnel, and we viewed beautiful scenery as we rolled along and puffed at Crescent Club cigarettes, with which, in some mysterious way, some of our party were well supplied. Then for bed, and next morning at 5.30 the obdurate porter roused us to change at Buffalo. It was a hungry crowd that three hours later stormed

the Western Hotel, after having dickered with every hotel pusher in sight, and having negotiated a meal for 35 cents a head, and no one to pay unless he were satisfied. And how the obliging girls did produce for us the best that the house could afford, especially the one who waited so well on the little goal-keeper. It was with difficulty, too, that the twelfth and thirteenth members of our party, who had neglected to pay for their breakfasts, were found; but finally that matter was adjusted, and the house generously stood the drinks. Some of us, lured by the persuasive eloquence of hackmen, engaged to go for an hour-and-a-half's ride at 25 cents a head. The engagement was to show us the Falls and river. After rushing a rash trio down the inclined railway to the Rapids, and thus costing them half a dollar apiece—which went, we were informed, for the benefit of Captain Webb's widow—the cabbies took us away from the river, and after giving us a brief glimpse of the Falls, drove us inland, and caused a mild protest from our mascot, "For Heaven's sake, take care not to go near the river." And then to Lewiston, and aboard the *Chicora* and home.

The sail across was pleasant and uneventful; prospects for next year were discussed, and a trip to England projected. Toronto we greeted with two rousing "Varsities"—and so we landed. In the afternoon we met again to be photographed; and so ended the Lacrosse Club's tour for 1896.

C. A. Moss.

S. P. S.

The S. P. S. made quite a good showing, as usual, among the crowd that went to Kingston on Saturday morning. Taken altogether we seem to be a pretty sporty lot. On the way down some of the boys whiled away the time playing cards. The one in which our worthy president was engaged seemed to require a lot of matches for counters. Perhaps it was whist. At Kingston Junction one of our boys seemed very successful in pitching quoits with silver pieces. It was noticed that when they pitched five cent pieces, he lost, but when they pitched dimes he won. About the first person we saw at the British American (the only good hotel) was "Reddy" Lamonte, the Varsity mascot, who had gone down with the team the night before. His chest (or abdomen) projected more than ever, with the sense of his responsibility. All Kingston turned out to see the game, though the weather was very chilly. The even playing and closeness of the score made the game very exciting throughout. The way the Varsity men got up and played after they had been killed was quite astonishing. There were quite a number of R. M. C. cadets among the spectators, and their remarks to one another seemed to indicate that they were more in sympathy with Varsity than with their old rival Queen's. There was great surprise and rejoicing when they heard the result of the match between their team and the T. A. C.

In one of the R. M. C. class rooms we saw a tee square, on which had been marked the results of all the matches the cadets had played this year, with remarks thereon, such as "The referec is a D. F." (what can that be?). One entry ran, "R. M. C. vs Kingston; score, 16 to 10. Had to play referee as well as Kingston; score should have been 150 to 0"

Kingston is a picturesque old place. The streets are of that curved, crooked, hilly and variegated sort, so pleasing to æsthetic tastes. The interior arrangements of the B. A. Hotel seem to be much the same style. We nearly got lost in it. As we followed the waiter to our room we went through halls, passages and doors, up a few steps and then down a few, turning to the right and turning to the left, till we lost all idea of direction. In the morning we went down the first stairs in sight, determined to get out, any-

way. We found ourselves in the office of another hotel. Going out into the street, taking bearings and walking around two sides of the block brought us back to the entrance of the British American.

Association football will be at a discount for the remainder of the season. Unfortunately, we are out of it. We were not beaten very badly, but still we were beaten.

The team this year consists largely of new players, most of the old fellows having left. Individually the men are all right, and with a little practice will form a strong combination which on future occasions will well retrieve what has been lost to them this year.

But the Rugby team has yet to speak. This is where our main strength lies. We have four men on Varsity I, not considering the number we have on Varsity II. and Varsity III. Although we cannot compensate for the loss of Mr. Burwash, we still expect our team to give a good account of themselves in the intercollegiate matches.

There is a deplorable tendency among certain individuals to absent themselves from these football matches, as if it were not their first duty to be on the field on every occasion and encourage those who are straining so hard to maintain the school in its present high status in the realm of sport. To those who are playing it is manifestly unfair for others of their classes to be in working, necessitating as it does that the former work all the harder in order to keep up.

Of course we are pleased to say that most of the boys do turn out. But this article refers more particularly to those "stiffs" who have *such a lot* of drawing to do, or who *must* attend a certain lecture.

Mr. Robert Angus, of the Variety Iron Company, Cleveland, has returned to take his post-graduate year.

Mr. Elliot claims to have managed an "X" ray exhibition at New York during the past summer.

A three-days' engine test will be run at the end of this week. The fourth year men who are in charge of the run will thankfully receive all donations of refreshments, because they will not be able to stop for meals.

NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY SINCE JULY 1, 1896.

Tasso, *La Gerusalemme, liberata*, ed. Solerti, 3 vols.; Cappuccini, *Grammatica Italiana*; Petrarca, *Le Rime*, ed. Mestica; Fogazzaro, *Piccolo Mondo Antico*; Guarnierio, *Manuale di Versificazione Italiana*; Solerti, *Le Poesie Volgari E Latine*; Carroll, *Symbolic Logic*, part 1, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Cowper, *Shorter Poems*, ed. Webb, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book 3, ed. Macmillan, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Macaulay, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, ed. Winch, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; George & Sidge-wick, *Poems of England*, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book 4, ed. Macmillan, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Galdos, *Nazarin*; Masee, *British Fungus-Flora*, vols 2, 3 and 4; Palacio Valdes, *La Fe*; Palacio Valdes, *El Maestrante*; Palacio Valdes, *La Espuma*, 2 vols.; Pascal, *Œuvres*, Tome 2; Sievers, *Phonetik*; Heinemann, *Goethe*, 2 vols.; Meyer, *Goethe*; Laboulaye, *Essai sur les lois criminelles des Romains*; Lessing, *Samtliche Schriften*, Bd. 1; Pennington, *Railways and Other Ways*; Maclean, *The Tariff Hand-Book*; Baker, *Long-Span Railway Bridges*; Jarvis, *Railway Property*; Robertson & Henderson, *High School History of Greece and Home*, presented by Copp, Clark Co.; Pope, *Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald*, presented by the President; McCurdy, *History, Prophecy and the Monuments*, vol. 2, presented by the Author; Curtis, *Constitutional History of the United States*, vol. 2.

First Pig—What have they named you? They've called me Milton; I suppose you're Shakespeare. Second Pig—No; I'm *Bacon!*"

ON THE NILE.

Upon the shores of Egypt's Nile,
Not far from Ghizeh's granite pile,
There dwells an aged crocodile.

Like other creatures of his kind,
He eats whatever he can find,
And loves life better when he's dined.

His family consists of two
Amphibians of verdant hue,
Whose appetites are healthy too.

And in their veins, so it is said,
Runs noble blood, for they have fed
On many sons of Mohammed.

It happened so, one summer day,
A youth came walking out that way—
(He is the subject of my lay).

A young man of great learning, he,
"Ein frisches Kind" of high degree—
In fact, he was a "wee freshee."

The crocodile espied his cheek,
And said: "Although it makes me weak,
To let him go, I'd be a freak."

And thereupon, without delay,
He set about to find a way,
To seize this educated prey.

Alas! that night, beside the Nile,
The offspring of the crocodile
Devoured that "fresh" in royal style!

And when the pale moon up rose late,
The only comment on his fate:
"Did you like that Undergrad, you ate?"
CÆCILIOUS, '98.

LUCIA.

THE MELANCHOLY TRUE ACCOUNT OF HER EXCEEDING
GREAT CRUELTY.

Albeit writing be but a base occupation followed in the main by such poor wights as can make nought in the noble professions, I have resolved within myself that nothing but writing down my tale can relieve my pain and anguish. For, indeed, I have made essay of all beside and nought has it availed me.

My trouble came to me one summer eve, in the month of October, in this, our present year of grace. And little did I reckon that it was my woe and misfortune when it came. I had betaken myself to walk along the pavement in the high street, in that one y-cleped *Queen*, when my foot was arrested before a shop where a considerable wealth of fruits, vegetables, and herbs was spread out in the window, or in sundry bales and boxes about the door. A gathering of little urchins was loudly and violently conversing, and I made out that two of them had laid claim to the same basket of peaches. I was no little astonished, for I had thought they had not the substance among them all to purchase a dozen of that pleasant fruit. Nor did the keeper of the shop pay heed to them. Yet they disputed with fierceness and vehemence, and said many things which it would ill beseem me to put upon paper. I had stood there wondering for a brief space, when my attention was drawn to a maid, a very little maid, who had come

from the shop with a broomstick in her hand and was making her approach to the urchins with great stealth and quietness. What was my amazement when I beheld the handle of the broom flash like Jupiter his thunderbolt and smite one of the lads upon his occiput. The knock was a right sharp one, such as ye may see in the foolish play of *Punch and Judy*, when the little puppets do violently slay one another. (Albeit such childish whimsies befit not my age and reverence, I allow them entrance to my rhetoric that my tale may be the clearer.)

The little lad was like to have been tumbled headlong into a barrel of potatoes, and I could not but compassionate him, when I heard his sad outcry. Yet I paid more heed to the maid. She had fled into the shop, pushing through beside a stout wight who leaned against the jamb of the door. I felt drawn by a strange desire to know further of her. Thereto, did I accost the wight. Ah, thus did I yield to the lure of my unhappy fancy; or mayhap it had been fore-ordained by the Parca. I know not. But this I know, it was my great bale and misfortune. I say again, fond fool that I was, I accosted the wight, and making a pretence of desiring to purchase that quick and effervescent liquor known vulgarly as *Champagne Cider*, I entered the shop.

He was of Italy, a stout dark-featured man, whom albeit he held but a humble station, I cannot doubt to have been some duke or prince concealing his rank and state, for some high and politick reason; and I, being skilled in the tongues, was enabled to gain entrance into his acquaintance. When I addressed him in his own speech he rejoiced greatly, making a sudden gleaming on me with his teeth. Now, it happened that even as I craftily turned our converse to the maid, whom I had rightly guessed to be his daughter, I took a too great draught of the liquor, which, mounting into the region of my nose, my eyes did fill with rheum and my nostrils did burn so hotly that I had thought to see steam issuing therefrom, as from the nostrils of the foul dragon, slain by the ancient valorous knight, St. George. I doubt not that this was an omen and warning of the woes which should follow, but then in my blindness I heeded it not. Little doth a son of Adam, when taken in the mesh, care for the warnings of sprites of the air.

In the beginning I was right timid and afraid to make enquiry, but gathering my courage, I learned that her sweet name was Lucia, that the place so honored by her birth was Venice, a great town of Italy. Making bold to enquire of him why she had so treated the lad, who now stood roaring loudly at the door, and scandalously reviling her in the base dialect of the street, he brought me from the hinder and concealed portion of the shop a piece of pasteboard. On one side of it was a chapman's legend: *Pears, 10 ds. doz.*, on the other, rudely inscribed with the quill: *Lusha Botly luvvs Tommy Jones*, and her parent did assever that the most preposterous and presumptuous knave who had written it was the said Tommy Jones himself, being the same imp who now stood bellowing forth his passion in the street. And further I learned that he had thrown it into the shop while they sat that eve at meat. I might well see from this billet that the scurvy rascal did aspire to her hand. And indeed, did he not obtain the guerdon, it having then a broomstick therein. (Now, how greatly do I marvel that I can jape and jest thus wittily when my heart is rent asunder! Yet, be my witnesses, O Muses and Graces, I set down the gibe but as an ornament and embellishment of my feeble and limping prose.)

All this while mistress Lucia had stood in the doorway, saying never a word, but regarding the urchin with a high scorn and defiance. But when she heard her parent narrating to me a tale which she had fain kept hidden in her own most worshipful heart, she fastened her gaze upon me, and sooth to say I had no more cheer of her than had

the foolish lad. Indeed, I could not but see she regarded me with no favor. So I took my departure without further ado.

Now ye may well wonder why I was so suddenly stricken by the little winged boy, and indeed I wondered greatly at it myself. For I had thought my nature to have been too philosophical to be affected by a malady I had even held as incident but to weak and foolish minds. Ye who scoff at me may well learn of my sufferings that though a man know the arts and the sciences he may never esteem himself a whit the safer.

I shall indite no lengthy chronicle of the days which followed. For him who hath been so overtaken belike I have nothing new, and he who is still unvexed would not comprehend the mortal nature of my woe. For the maid cared not for me. Even upon the thought of her my heart did so beat and throb that it was as if I had been brayed in a pestle, yet she made mouths at me when we chanced to meet. I writ her divers odes and sonnets, and entering the shop one cruel eve, I found the best of them covering a pound of butter. I daily practised a pleasant manner of smiling and bowing, but little did it avail me. And how can I forget that day of cursed memory, when she did answer my tender greeting by thrusting forth her tongue at me! Ah, Lucia, couldst thou have seen the bitter tears I poured forth upon the elegy I writ that night, thou hadst been less hard. O Lucia! Lucia! But I must not pause in the telling of this melancholy tale.

Now come I to the day when the kindly candle of hope was quite extinguished, and the Stygian darkness of despair altogether encompassed me. The event had not been so cruel had it not seemed in the beginning that the fickle jade Fortune were at last mollified into kindness to me. As in the first occasion I had betaken myself to walking, and as was even the case, my perambulation was but a peregrination to the shrine of Lucia. Though it was nigh to the hour of eleven, there were still sundry little lads and maidens sporting in the road. Amongst them did I spy her. She kept on at her merry-making, taking no note of me. I stood surveying her with many loving regards, sadly meditating within me how blessed was the lot of the urchins who could disport about her, yet not draw to themselves her scorn and derision. Thus was I thinking, when with horrid suddenness my blood was made to clot and curdle in its course, and my hair to rise on my crown. For one of those vile new-invented chariots of the evil one, y-cleped *trolley-car*, being unseen by her in her jollity, was but a few rods from her, she marking it never a whit. I thought not of my own safety, but did fling myself into the road and snatch her from the fates. There was a great outcry from divers persons in the car; and albeit, I say it to my own despite, I did greatly rejoice that it had been well noted, as well as that I had been enabled to do her service. For now I did not doubt that I could stand within her grace. In faith, when I set her down upon the pavement, so puffed up and exalted was I in my heart's core at saving of her life, that I did shake the hands of every wight who had one, and verily I believe, some thrice or four times with no few of them. And to the great increase of my joy, her parent had marked the whole happening, and now drew me within his shop. He was like to have embraced and kissed me, but I would not suffer him thus to abase himself. (Sooth to say, his exhalation was even scented with garlick and beer, the which meat and drink were ever distasteful to me.) But I signified to him that his *Champagne Cider* was not displeasing to me, and as he hastened to fetch the beaker, I turned about to regard Lucia. Alas, how did my glad spirits fall when I saw her not. Thereto, I questioned her parent, and he did inform me that she kept herself in the inner room; but he doubted not that she would come forth, and give me my due need of thanks when she had recovered her calm and composure. And he put thereto,

albeit I feared it not, that I must not take it sorely to heart if she should even show herself disaffected towards me for having laid hands upon her; for thus had she expressed herself to him. At this I did greatly mock within myself, for from the time when I did first pay heed to the humors and whimsies of her sex, it hath ever been most patent to me that they do thus delight to dissemble their affection, and make a great pretence at hatred where they do most love.

Accordingly, I took up the beaker with great solace and satisfaction of mind, the more so that I marked her parent afilling up a bag with divers goodly fruits, but—O, woe to me that I must tell the sorry tale! Alas, that this world is so vilely crammed with so great cruelty, and that my virtue should go so scorned and misprized! I had no more than brought the vessel to my lips, when I did receive an almost mortal blow upon the posterior of my cranium. The liquor was flung into my face, and no little of it coursed down my neck, but indeed by no inward way. So astonished was I, that I felt no pain till I had turned me round to see who had so sorely smitten me. I beheld but the end of a broomstick and the hem of a kirtle fleeing through the door into the inner room!

I can write no more, for did I still persevere to indite, it would be as if I dipped my quill into my own blood. This chronicle ye may well hold to be my final testament, and my last farewell to the miseries of this world. For nought can end my moaning and groaning save death alone. Therefore will I lay down my quill and parchment, and hastening without the town, become the moral fruit of a melancholy dolorous willow. FESTE, '98.

STUDENT SOCIETIES.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society for the term '96-'97 was held Friday in Room 16. There was a large attendance, especially of freshmen, who turned out to hear what a freshman had to say. Mr. Chant having resigned, Mr. W. J. Rush was elected president in his place. Messrs. Auld and Balls were nominated for secretary-treasurer, Miss Harvey and Mr. Wagar for third-year councillor, and Messrs. Campbell and Good for first-year councillor. Mr. Good then read an interesting paper on "The Influence of Mathematics on the Mind."

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Friday afternoon, when the president-elect, Mr. R. J. Richardson, '97, delivered his inaugural address. Mr. A. H. Abbot, B.A., read a careful and thoughtful paper on "Descartes' Natural Light." The indications for the success of this organization are very good, and a prosperous year may be expected.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Modern Language Club held its first meeting for the term on Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in Room 4. The proceedings took the form of a discussion of a few of the modern novelists—English. S. R. Crockett was discussed by Miss White in a clever and original paper. Mr. A. E. McFarlane, '98, was very successful in his portraiture of the life and style of Wm. D. Howells, and Miss Margaret M. Stovel, '98, presented a faithful and interesting sketch of Manella—a typical work of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The success of the first meeting under the régime of President Stewart augurs well for the prosperity of a society which has been for years the most flourishing of departmental organizations.

CHESS CLUB.

The Chess Club was called to organize on Friday last in the Students' Union. Owing to other attractions, there was a small attendance, and no business was done, save the election of a secretary, in the person of G. W. Keith, '97. The club expects to get rooms in the main building.

The Varsity

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

FOR a good many years past there has always been more or less discussion upon the feasibility of holding a University dinner, similar to those which are held in various other Universities, both in Canada and across the line. The objections to such a proposal in connection with Toronto University are obvious and insurmountable. But we believe that the idea has something in it, out of which some advance upon the custom of former years can be made. The question, as recently resolved in a mass meeting of students, is now one of a University College dinner. Of such we heartily approve. We know of no better way to secure, in the minds of students, the dethronement of the *class* spirit and produce the ascendancy of the *College* spirit. We know of few better occasions on which, by way of a change, the freshman might be given the opportunity of forgetting the inferiority, and in which the senior might give others the opportunity of forgetting the superiority, of his academic *status*.

We believe, moreover, that a well-conducted College dinner, at which the Faculty should attend, would be of immense satisfaction to the students, and would not be altogether lost upon the Faculty. There are few such unions at present, and an annual dinner would be something to which all would look forward with pleasant anticipations.

The abolition of class-dinners, such as have been held in the past, will not be much regretted. They were seldom successful, from a financial standpoint, and the attendant circumstances were not always of the kind which one would look back upon with much pride or great satisfaction. They were seldom patronized to the extent that it is believed a College dinner would be. Frequently men number their friends among the years above or below them, and they are unwilling to participate in an event from which their best friends are excluded. Consequently we

believe that a dinner, which every undergraduate in arts can attend with perfect freedom and reasonable expense, will have the unqualified approval and the hearty support of the great body of students. But—*proh pudor!*—we have been guilty of the reprehensible neglect of the women undergraduates in our considerations. What will be done with the ladies?

* * *

It is a strange thing that the Residence in connection with University College has come to be such an anomaly. Residence is supposed, we believe, to be able to accommodate some fifty students. But there are not half that number of occupants this year. When the attendance at the College was much smaller the Residence was better filled. Of late years the number in Residence has diminished rapidly. The students of Toronto do not seem to realize the benefits of what, in English and most American Universities, is thought to be the best part of a University training; or else they are compelled, from economical or some other considerations, to seek accommodation elsewhere than in Residence.

From whichever cause, the fact is patent that Residence, with all its associations and enchantments, is being deserted. At the present rate of decrease, a few more years will see every house vacated. It looks as if it was the intention of the authorities to facilitate this condition of affairs as much as possible, for no effort seems to be made, from year to year, to induce new men to enter. That they need some inducement is evident, unless the Dean wants to have always on hand a number of apartments "to let."

It may be that the abandonment of the Residence by the men students is sought in order that the solution of the question of a Woman's Residence may be arrived at. We do not wish to raise the hopes of some too high by stating this as a fact. We merely make this suggestion in an effort to explain the silent process of "eviction" which is in force in Residence, and which, in a few more years, will leave it without a tenant.

* * *

The most hopeful enthusiast of Varsity's football teams must be satisfied with their record so far this year, and with their chances of winning the championship honors. For the first time in history Varsity defeated Queen's upon the Queen's grounds last Saturday. Next Saturday the match will be played upon the Varsity grounds; and, if the presence of the undergraduates helps the home team any, they can rely upon unbounded assistance, for we are assured that the turnout will be tremendous.

Y.W.C.A. NOTES.

The first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. for the fall term was held in the Y.M.C.A. building on Wednesday, Oct. 14th, with the president, Miss Bapty, in the chair. Several new members were proposed and accepted, and Mrs. Fraser, the honorary president, gave a very helpful and interesting address.

The second meeting was held on Oct. 21st, and was more largely attended than the first one. The election of members for different committees took place, also the

election of first year councillor, and corresponding secretary, the former of which offices will be filled by Miss Jean Adair, the latter by Miss E. M. Sealey, for the coming year.

The attention of the women students is directed to Dr. Tracy's Bible Class, which meets every Sunday at 3 o'clock in the Y.M.C.A. building.

E. M. SEALEY,
Cor. Sec.

Y. M. C. A.

The class prayer-meetings have been resumed this week. These meetings are held in the parlor from 8.30 to 8.55 a.m. as follows :

1st year—Tuesday morning.
2nd year—Thursday morning.
3rd year—Wednesday morning.
4th year—Monday morning
S. P. S.—Friday morning.

Programmes may be had at the office.

The attendance at both Bible Classes is increasing. The hour of the first year class has been changed from 3 to 4-5 o'clock.

Dr. Erdman, of Philadelphia, will address next Thursday's meeting.

An important change is being made in the missionary work of the Association. Formerly the missionary volunteers of the College met in one class weekly for the study of missions. This year three or four classes will be organized for this purpose, and will consist not merely of volunteers, but of all students who would like to take an hour a week studying the Church's progress in carrying out her Master's last commission. The work for the year promises to be intensely interesting and consists of three parts—Missionary Biography, Missionary History, and Missionary Methods. The meetings of these classes will be held in the Y.M.C.A. Building on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock. The study in Missionary Biography begins next Saturday.

The entertainment held on Wednesday evening under the auspices of this Y.M.C.A. was of a high-class order, and all present appreciated it thoroughly. That the attendance was small, was due partly to the fact that there were so many other strong attractions during the week, and partly to the fact that Mr. Williams' name was comparatively new to Toronto people, as this visit to Canada is his first one and very short, as well. The decided success that he scored, however, will ensure him a much better house when he visits Toronto again.

Last Thursday afternoon Dr. Sheraton delivered one of the most earnest and inspiring addresses that have been given in Y.M.C.A. Hall. After paying a high tribute to the memory of the late J. H. Brown, who took such a deep interest in the Bible Study work of the Association and who left behind him one of the noblest and sincerest examples of which our University is proud, he spoke very convincingly on the claims of Bible study on the individual student. The Bible, Dr. Sheraton said, is from the standpoint, both of its friends and its foes, pre-éminent. A Christian life depends on the Bible. No library is complete without it. Both for its poetry and its history it has strong claims on every student; but for more profound and imperious reasons than these every student should thoughtfully study the Bible. It is the revelation of God and the record of redemption. If the Book is what it professes to be it deserves our study, and if not, it still deserves our study, for we are as students searching for truth and light. It is cowardice and unreason to condemn before investigating. If we believe there is a Supreme Being and that men—His children—are deeply longing for a revelation of Him, we must believe that that Being would give men some revelation of Himself. This God, the

Father of men, does in the Bible. There are difficulties—a Bible without difficulties is not worth having—because it is a living book; it deals with living issues, and is a revelation of a living God. But there is not one irreconcilable difficulty from cover to cover, nor one thing that contradicts science. The challenge to produce one has never been successfully taken up. In conclusion, Dr. Sheraton said that Bible study should be prayerful, systematic and deep, and briefly outlined the Bible study work for the year.

THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The first regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held on Saturday evening, October 24th, in the Students' Union, at which there was a large attendance.

The lengthy minutes were disposed of by a motion of Miss Rosenstadt, seconded by Miss Nichols, that they be taken as read. This was unanimously carried by the Society.

It was then moved by Miss Scott, seconded by Miss Stovel, that the Society have pins struck off after the model of the staff, which was presented to Miss Wright, '00, for the quotation contest. It was felt by members that something more tangible than memories of the Women's Literary Society was wanted. This motion, after some little discussion, was carried. Miss Langrill and Miss Lamont were appointed to look after this matter.

The programme followed, the first number being a violin solo by Miss Evans, '00, who arose without a gown, but the cries of "gown" soon led her to seek one. The appreciation of Miss Evans' playing was shown by the enthusiastic encore. We are glad to have such valuable assistants in our Society from the class of the "naughty nothings."

Miss Eastwood, '97, brought a report on "Sesame," all of which we could not hear.

The President gave an interesting address on "The Benefits of College Training." Miss MacMichael touched upon the physical and social training as well as the mental, and also of the benefits derived from attending the Women's Literary Society.

Miss Lick, '98, in her usual excellent manner, rendered a vocal solo, which was encored.

Jerome K. Jerome's drama, "Sunset," was given by members of the class of '99. The characters of *Joan* and *Lois*, half-sisters, were taken by Miss Andison and Miss N. Miller respectively; *Aunt Drusilla* was well acted by Miss Manson, while Miss Burgess as *Mr. Azariah Stodd*, and Miss Wright as *Mr. Rivers* furnished the comedy. Miss Williams was the handsome young *Lawrence* about whom the plot circled.

The costumes were especially good. Apologies were made at the beginning about the short time given the young ladies for the preparation of the play, but at the end it was the opinion of all that these had been unnecessary.

The conclusion of the programme was a piano solo by Miss Rosenstadt, '98, who gave as an encore Mendelssohn's Consolation.

ANNIE W. PATTERSON, '99,
Corresponding Secretary.

FENCING CLUB.

The Fencing Club has prospects of a decided increase of membership this year. The Club will have the committee-room in the Gymnasium fitted up as a fencing room; and rubber strips will be laid on the floor to prevent slipping. Mr. Williams will begin the classes in fencing, single-stick and bayonet immediately. Intending members should give their names to members of the Committee or to the instructor at once.

RUGBY.

VARSITY—QUEEN'S.

For well-nigh two months, under Capt. Barr's careful and energetic supervision, Toronto University's fifteen has been undergoing its steady course of training from day to day, and for so long a time the general public and college men in particular have not ceased to speculate upon the chances of retaining in our midst, the much coveted honors, brought to these halls, a year ago. As a consequence, seldom has a match excited so much interest or had a result so satisfactory to the winning side, as that in which on Saturday, the valiant defenders of our supremacy, overwhelmed in their own stronghold the representatives of our sister university at Kingston. From start to finish it was a match to the death, the struggle being rendered most intense by past rivalries and the important interests at stake. In the crowd of 3,000, which witnessed this combat of the Greeks, of course the supporters of Queen's naturally preponderated, but yet there were quite a number of enthusiastic Varsity men on the grounds, whose praiseworthy spirit had led them to accompany the team down to witness their triumph. Of those, unfortunately enough to remain in Toronto, a great many spent most of the afternoon in scanning the bulletin boards. Yet, wherever we were, we were all alike jubilant over the final result.

The narrow margin of the victory tells quite plainly how evenly matched the teams were; and what satisfaction as a consequence the contest must have given to the spectator. Further, rough play, becoming generally indulged in, their feelings were excited the more. Caldwell, Barr and Norris were forced to retire on Varsity's side, while the distinguished guardian of the peace, who figures in Queen's scrimmage, will be prevented from attending his divinity lectures for some weeks.

Varsity won the toss, but it was of little advantage as the heavy wind blew straight across the field, favoring neither side. However, by the end of the first half, after close playing, the score was 2-2. Still, it was to Varsity's advantage, due mostly to the work of Counsell and Hobbs. But the lack of scoring in the first half was fully made up for in the second. Queen's began the scoring by gaining a tackle in goal, which was followed soon after by a try for Varsity, Campbell falling upon the ball, this try was not converted. After a period of very open play Queen's first scored a rouge and then on a fumble by Norris, a try. This brought the score to 7-6, in favor of Queen's, on the word of which reaching Toronto, it was given out as the final score. But the end was not yet to be. Within a short time Elliot went over for a try, but a few minutes later the ball came down into Varsity territory, and Boyd was compelled to rouge, 10-8. Campbell and Hobbs now made perhaps the two most brilliant runs of the day, bringing in two tries, neither of which Elliot converted. Varsity was now in the lead by ten points, and darkness was setting in. Most watches on the ground seemed to indicate that the game was practically over, but not so the time-keeper's; for on in the dark the play proceeded, bringing in Queen's two tries, and leaving the final score at 18-16.

The general opinion seems to be that behind the line Varsity far outshone their opponents, but that the work of the Queen's wings saved their team from a bad defeat. It is needless to note the playing of any member of the team in particular beyond reporting as we have very briefly the progress of the play. Sufficient it is to say that each and all deserve all the praise that can be accorded them for bringing back with them the honor of the first victory achieved in recent years by the senior Varsity football fifteen over Queen's upon their own ground. Surely this fact is enough to warrant us in expressing the confident trust that when upon our own campus the two teams line

up again a still more notable win may be made, and that ultimately the Canadian Championship may again rest in our midst. The teams were:

Varsity—Back, Morrison; halves, Boyd, Counsell, Norris; quarter, Hobbs; scrimmage, Malloch, Perry, Dodds; wing, Bradley, Caldwell, McDougall, Mackenzie, Elliot, Barr, Burnside.

Queen's—Back, Wilson; halves, Letellier, McConville, Nack; quarter, Hiscock; scrimmage, McManus, Kennedy, Baker; wings, Brock, Rayside, McLennan, Metcalf, Mofatt, Cross, and Johnson.

Referee, A. W. Ballantyne, Toronto.

NOTES.

Was "Queen's!! Queen's! nanny-goat broth!" the same kind of soup that they were in at the end of the game?

Next Saturday we may prepare for a record-breaking crowd to see the return match. In such a case as this it is needless to tell the undergraduates to turn out to a man.

* * *

A SECOND GLORIOUS VICTORY.

Varsity II. defeated the Lornes in what was probably the hardest fought match Varsity ever played. The Varsity men went on the field determined to make the Lornes work hard for a victory. Varsity won the toss and decided to play with the wind. For some minutes the play was very even; the Lornes' scrimmage doing the best work, while the Varsity wings out-played their opponents. About to 40 yard line Varsity got a free kick, which Sanderson dropped for a goal. Score 2-0. Then from a scrimmage Smith broke through for a try, 6-0. The kick-off was quickly returned for safety touch-in-goal, 8-0. Then another touch-in-goal made the score 9-0. Soon after the kick-off Scott got the ball and made a brilliant run for a try, which Sanderson converted, 15-0. The Lornes, by a series of good runs and hard play, forced Varsity to rouge, 15-1.

Second half. Varsity's kick-off was well returned and the Lornes soon kicked into touch-in-goal, 15-2. Then scored a goal from a penalty kick, 15-4. Then the quarter and half-backs of the Lornes made a fine combination run and secured a try, 15-8. Sanderson rouged 15-9. Another piece of combination added another try, 15-13. For the next ten minutes the fighting was desperate, but Varsity managed to keep the Lornes from scoring.

Varsity's team lined up as follows: Back, Sanderson; half-backs, McWilliams, Waldie, Barron; forwards. Sanderson, Armour, Smith; wings, Ausley, Spence, Tanner (Capt.), Sellery, Scott, Harris, White. Benson replaced Waldie when hurt and Montizambert White.

Harcourt, who played quarter, deserves a great deal of praise for the plucky good game he played.

EBONY GOODS

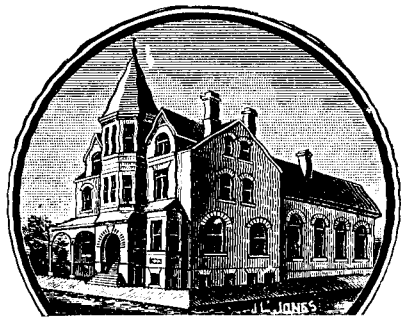


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If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook and keep on tryin',
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out o' every dime,
Gettin' broke aint any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime,
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin'—sing,
Keep a-goin'!

ANONYMOUS.

WHY HE SAW DICKENS.

The first appearance of Charles Dickens on his reading tour through America was in Boston, on Monday, December 2, 1867. The demand for tickets was enormous. A crowd assembled in Tremont street on the night preceding the sale, such as had never been seen before on an occasion of the kind. By eight o'clock in the morning the throng was nearly half a mile long. When the crowd was densest and humor at its height, a calm stranger, evidently from parts unknown, appeared, and animated by a sentiment of curiosity, he queried:

"'Taint election times down here, is it?"

"Oh, no! We're buying tickets, sir."

"Buying tickets? for what?"

"For Dickens' readings."

"Dickens! Who the devil is Dickens?"

"Why, don't you know? the great novelist."

"Never heard of him in all me born days; but if there is any critter on airth that can keep such a crowd together with the mercury away down out of sight, I must see him."

Whereupon he took his place in the line and enthusiastically proposed three cheers for Dickens.—From "Select Stories" by W. C. S., '97.

HERE AND THERE.

G. W. K. Noble, '97, is going to work this year.

J. M. Nicol, '97, paid a flying visit to London last week.

Miss B. H. Mills, '97, is teaching in the junior department of the Normal School.

W. H. Wood, '96, ex-curator of the Literary Society, is ill of typhoid in the General Hospital.

An echo has reached us from southern Pennsylvania proclaiming the whereabouts of the lady-graduates of '96. Miss M. L. Graham is at Bryn Mahr College; Misses J. A. White and Laird are teaching in Aurora and Whitby, respectively, and Miss Tucker is doing likewise at Menomenee, Michigan. At Pedagogy are Misses Ackerman, Bonis, Combe, Duncan, Fortune, Lafferty, Millar, McNeely, Neelands, Perrin and Watt. Misses Edgar, Riddell and Rutherford are luxuriating at home.

ANOTHER ONE OF THEM.

One day a tailor called on an author with his little bill. The man of letters was in bed, as men of letters sometimes are, even a long time after daybreak. "You've brought your account, have you?" asked the author.

"Yes, sir; I sadly want some money."

"Open my secretaire," said the recumbent one. "You see that drawer?"

The tailor opened one, expecting to find it full of cash.

"No, not that one, the other."

The tailor opened the second, which, like the first, was full of emptiness. The tailor opened another one.

"What do you see there?" asked the debtor.

"Papers—lots of them," rejoined Snip.

"Ah, yes. That's right. They're little bills. Put yours in with them. Goodbye." Then he turned round again and slept.—*Tit Bits*.

"Really, Mr. Graduate," said the broker to his new clerk, a this-year graduate of Yale. "I am very sorry, but after Saturday I shall have to dispense with your services. I of course admire your enthusiasm, but I really can't stand having you giving your college yell every time the market rises a few points."—*Harper's Bazar*.



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CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

The *University Quarterly* will appear this week.

The *Grand Rally* last Wednesday was a failure.

Remember Varsity I. vs. Queen's I. next Saturday at 2.30.

Mr. A. M. Dewar, '96, is in the employ of the MacClean Publishing Co., Montreal.

The late J. H. Brown left property valued at \$3,100 to his stepmother and sister.

T. Walter Wells, '98, Natural Science, is taking an M. E. course in the Kingston School of Mines.

The prizes for the annual games are still on exhibition. The Directorate approve of this, for "when shall their glory fade?"

Miss Florence L. Sheridan held a delightful "At-Home" for the officers and members of the Tennis Club on Saturday last.

Mr. T. H. Greenwood, '95, we understand, is lecturing on Canada in England. "Tom" shows good judgment in his choice of subjects.

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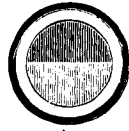
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FAKE ADVERTISING.

It is my opinion that it is poor policy to fool the readers of a paper by an ad. with a catchy title and interesting beginning, running off to an ad. for somebody's liver pills. A friend of mine told me the other day that such ads always hurt his eyes until he took to wearing a pair of specs. He was persuaded by one of those same ads. that perhaps there was something wrong with his eyes as well as with the ad., and dropped down to the office of the advertiser, who fitted him perfectly. He is now a regular advertiser and always writes "fake" ads., and he still wears the same pair of glasses which were fitted by Mr. W. J. P. Curry, 414 Spadina. Now, this ad. is what is called a "fake" ad. and if it hurts your eyes there may be some trouble in them, and you had better drop in and see Mr. Curry.

Princeton, on her recent anniversary, conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Principal of McGill, and upon the President of Toronto University and the Degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Principal Caven.



The janitor has something quite new in a Varsity button that is worthy of inspection. The rims are of 10 kt. rolled gold. The price is but 25 cents. The accompanying cut shows the style.

Tidy, the florist, ought to be remembered when Hallowe'en decorations are procured for the Grand. He always stands by the boys, and THE VARSITY.

It has been suggested that the men who play football ought to try to provide themselves with the regulation sweaters and jerseys. The Association has a pattern of their own, and there is nothing like having uniformity in the matter of dress. It looks better and stands for something.

The Seniors held their first meeting for reorganization on Monday, 19th, and their second meeting on Thursday, 23rd. They have elected the following officers for the year: President, W. Shotwell; 1st Vice-President, Miss Harvey; 2nd Vice-President, G. W. K. Noble; Secretary, George Bray; Treasurer, G. Buchanan; Musical Director, Fred Young; Poet, B. K. Sandwell; Critic, M. N. Clark; Judge, C. E. Race; Historians, Miss McMichael and Ingram McNiece; Councillors, Misses

Eastwood, Glashan and Tennant and Messrs Cooper and McIntyre.

The class of '98 held its annual meeting for the election of officers in West Hall on Tuesday of last week. The following is the result of the elections: President, C. M. Carson; 1st Vice-President, Miss Helen Johnston; 2nd Vice-President, H. P. Hill; Secretary, F. C. Harper; Treasurer, R. J. Perkins; Musical Director, R. N. Merritt; Poet, Miss H. B. MacDougall; Orator, J. G. Inkster; Judge, A. J. Mather; Prophet, A. E. McFarlane; Historians, Miss H. Rumball and F. A. Cleland; Critic, G. M. Clark; Athletic Director, E. W. Beatty; Councillors, Misses A. K. Healy and M. J. Pearce, Messrs. J. R. Howitt and G. M. Murray.

The class of 1900 met Wednesday, and amidst much noise, disorder and general high spirits, elected their class officers for the year, as follows: President, J. B. Coyne; 1st Vice-President, Miss Thornton; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Gibson; Secretary, E. H. Cooper; Treasurer, A. N. Mitchell; Musical Director, V. R. Bilton; Orator, G. F. Kay; Prophet, W. O. Watson; Judge, W. W. Todd; Critic, W. C. Tennant; Athletic Director, R. Telford; Historians, A. C. Campbell and Miss Thompson; Poet, Miss Williams; Councillors, R. Hume, W. C. Good, Miss Lang, Miss Wigg; Com. on Colors, — Greig, E. P. Flintoft, Miss Hughes, Miss Hall.

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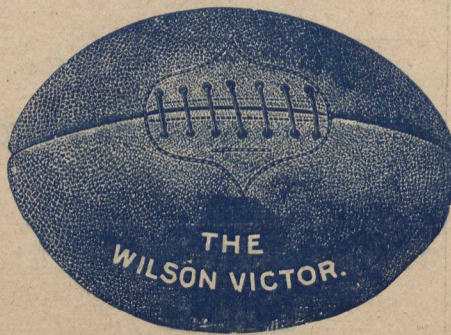
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