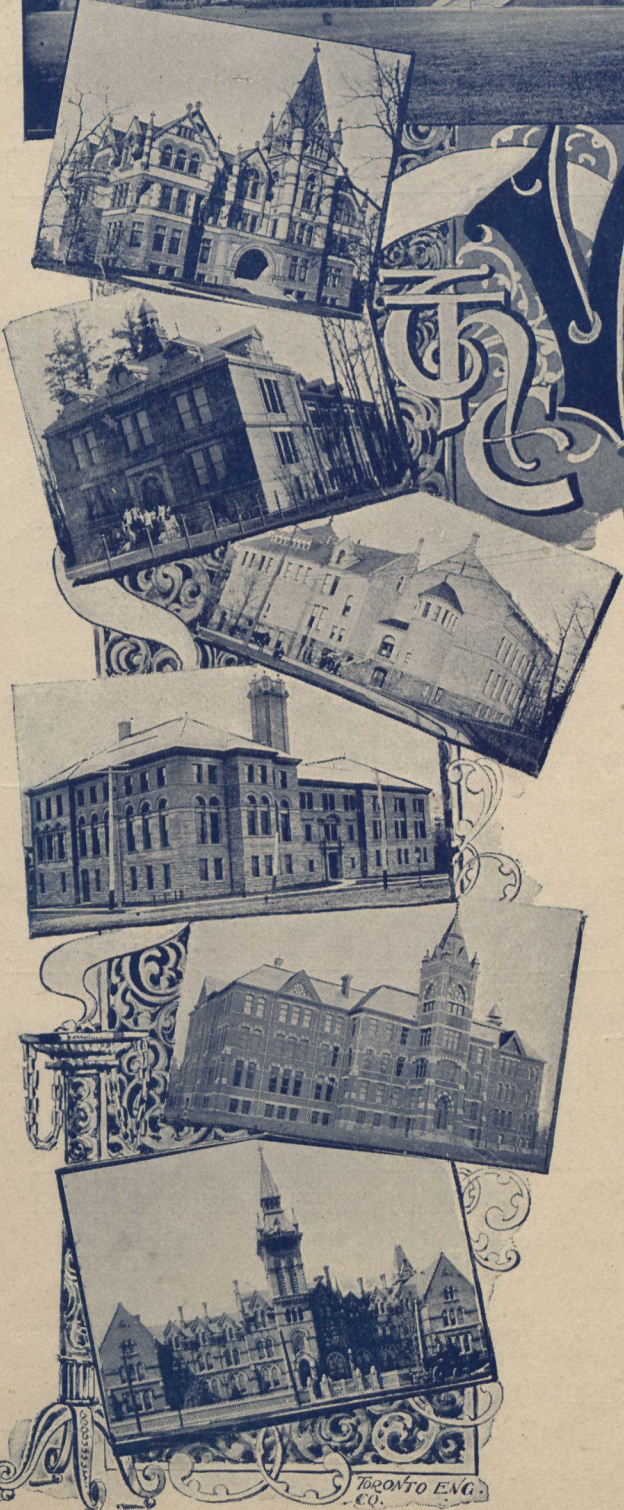


THE VARSITY



VOL. XVII. No. 6.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18TH, 1897.

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THE VARSITY.

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

No. 6.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM FLOWER SHOW.

Oh! surely this is Fairy-land,
The land of tender dreams,
Where lights are strewn with lavish hand,
And music, all pervading, seems
To glide into the souls of those
Who bend their heads in the fragrant air,
To worship their queen, the drooping rose;
To view the lily, pure and fair;
To seek in quiet and hidden spot,
The blue-eyed flower, "forget-me-not."
But Queen of the flowers, at least for to-night,
The quivering, gleaming Chrysanthemum
Is seen in the varying hues of light;
And in every nook, mid the busy hum
Of the eager voices which gather near,
Is homage paid the stately flower.
Then music, sounding soft and clear,
Recalls the mind to the late-grown hour;
Recalls the heart from a state of bliss,
Of perfect joy and happiness—
The flowers are left to fade and die,
And hearts, to the notes that softly fall,
Sing "Au Revoir, but not Goodbye,"
For a memory lingers with each and all,
A memory, sweet, oh! sweet to recall.

JESSYE FORREST, '01.

Undergraduate Life at Oxford.

[*Note.*—So many peculiar difficulties attach to any attempt at a complete exegesis of Oxford undergraduate life, that I feel reluctant to have these desultory notes of mine appear under such a misleading title. I beg of you to remember that in Oxford there are two dozen colleges, each with its own particular system of study and discipline, each with its own traditions and customs, and each with its own definite individuality. Naturally, it would be useless for me, with my limited experience and power, to attempt such a Herculean task as an exhaustive treatment of Oxford and Oxford ways. I understand, however, that the editor of this journal has arranged with Mr.

Harry Dwyer, of Oxford, for two articles on undergraduate life at his university; and since my knowledge of Mr. Dwyer's charm of style and affection for his city of spires makes me assured he will tell of these things infinitely better than the present writer, I leave to him the task of giving you a more detailed, a more specific, and a more technical description of undergraduate life in the greatest university of the world.—A. J. S.]

Your first college is like your first girl. Both seem apparelled in celestial light; with both Eden revives. If you have had the girl and not the college, you will still understand what I mean; if you have had the college without the girl, I can only refer you to that little sermon preached by Byron on a certain text from Anacreon. For you will, in time, with your big sheep-skin and your wisdom, wander forth from those first beloved walls, just as you will, with your huge boyish heart-ache and your sonnets, pass beyond the pale of that early sirenic enchantment. You may venture out into wider fields, you may fall under the spell of other influences, you may seek other hearts and other halls, but never, oh visionary youth, can you know again the charm, the mystery, the first fine care-less rapture of those early awakenings, of those new bewildering emotions, and those strange, intangible aspirations. Call it what you will, the unfolding of the mind, the awakening of the heart, the dawning of virility, this it is, and neither the greatness of the college nor the loveliness of the girl, that will cause you so often to look back with regret on those seemingly happier days of the past. And it is futile to go back, wistful-hearted, to the old haunts; they will seem no longer gilded with the old illusions. The ideal girl, I am told, is rare, and the ideal university, I know, is rarer. You would be foolish to break your heart for either. Though I once knew an Oxford man—but this is not the place for *his* story.

Yet, looking at it with our casual eyes, from day to careless day, we have lost sight, it seems, of the true significance of our university life; or perhaps, it would be wiser to say, our university life as it should be. For, indeed, when one meditates on it, this is a strange and a wondrous thing, this shutting up of young men within the walls of some great building, giving them a hand-made universe of their own to play with, insulating them for the time, in so far as they are capable of insulation, from the exigencies and the storm and stress of the feverish outside world, and detaching them studiously and deliberately, during the most receptive and formative years of all their existence, from those surroundings and those influences which environ and dominate the ordinary man engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. And what is their gain for this isolation, what their recompense for this costly severance from that actual struggle with actual things, which so tempers and toughens and strengthens the character of our mortals? Why are you taken, at a time when you are most impressionable, most responsive, most plastic, and surrounded by a world of studied simplicity and beauty, as simple as one great enduring aim, the Periclean "pursuit of culture in a manly spirit," and as beautiful as the wisdom of great

scholars, and the society of thoughtful men, and the passion and music of great poets, and the charm of that atmosphere which seems blown from the cool, quiet twilight of antiquity—as beautiful and as simple as all such things can make it? Why is it, indeed? That is a riddle, the gods be thanked, you must read for yourself. Even though you have your bachelor's hood, if you have not answered that question, it would be well for you to matriculate once more. Yet when you solve the problem your solution will depend, not only upon your own character, but also upon your own college. Indeed, there are even universities, or institutions called universities, where any such alienation from those every day interests, which we may term political and professional and commercial, does not exist. But if I were asked to name the university where this detachment does exist, and exists to the greatest extent, I think I should answer, the University of Oxford. But I shall not attempt to argue that Oxford is the greatest university in the world, simply because with that institution this alienation from the immediate demands of life exists in a superlative degree. That is neither my duty nor my purpose. It will not be your degree, it will not be altogether that dose of Ideality you will carry away with it, to last you a life time, that will constitute your university training. And I implore you to remember that prayer, we have all heard so often in this, our own university, wherein we of old once asked that while following the accidental and the temporal, "we may ever be mindful of the more important interests of eternity." And did not someone once warn us to take care of the beautiful, since the useful had the habit of taking care of itself?

"Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain!"

Now this peculiar isolation from the world, I believe, will be the first thing to impress the alien who wanders into Oxford. The out-of-the-way position of the town itself, nestling secluded in the little valley of the upper Thames (with even the railways permitted only to touch timidly at its skirts), the sober quietness of the college cloisters and chapels, the quaint, unchanging, old-fashioned gables along the High, the very nature of the studies pursued by the students, the absolute exclusion of women from the colleges, and of manufacturers from the town, the austere peacefulness, the tranquillity, the sobriety of the place—all will combine to give the stranger an impression of Oxford's almost mediæval monasticism. Yet he will not associate this strange monasticism with its counterpart, mediæval asceticism. The Oxford undergraduate is no ascetic. In fact, the alien will be surprised by the atmosphere of luxuriousness, of epicureanism, of physical well-being and substantial comfort existing in the university, for all its outward austerity and sobriety. Many a dark, dismal academic passage-way, "third turnin' to the right, sir, second floor hup, sir!" opens mysteriously into an unexpected little suite of college rooms, luxuriously cheerful and home-like, with its open fire and easy chairs, and old china, and curtains, and pictures.

So perhaps it would be well for us to glance first at this mere external phase of Oxford life, since it is this, the social and athletic element, which will first impress the stranger. Every day of term from one o'clock until the early winter dusk, or the late lingering summer twilight, he will see college men doing nothing but pleasure seeking. It is bad form, atrociously bad form, to work in the afternoon. And after all Oxford is such a beautiful, big playground! Yet it will be observed that the Oxford man seeks his pleasure in a very grave and a very business-like manner. On the river, for example, it is amazing to behold the quiet dignity with which the rowing-man submits to the

sarcasm and the bullying of the coach on the tow-path. Or if the stranger visits the Holywell Tennis Courts, and gazes at that great flannel-trousered battalion of busy players, he will be struck by the serene quietness of it all. The only sounds he will hear will be the low, steady patter of the tennis balls and an occasional subdued "thirty-all," or "lone fifteen." Or if he goes to the parks, and looks on at one of the great football matches, between Cambridge and Oxford for instance, he will hear no "rooting," there will be no tin horns, no college cries, no undergraduate delirium. Now and then, after a particularly good play, he will hear a little patter of gloved hands, and perhaps some forgetful little urchin shamefacedly give vent to a shriek of uncontrollable admiration—but that will be all. And at those long, long summer afternoon cricket matches he will see the same thing repeated; the same melancholy stillness and the same sad austerity. They may enjoy it, I presume they enjoy it, or they would not do it. But to the alien, if he happens to have seen but once the fluttering sea of Blue and heard the thunder of voices when Yale or Toronto have scored, it will seem lacking in animation and life.

Twice during the year, and twice only, is this Oxonian austerity and reserve of manner forgotten. This long-looked-for lapse back into the English school-boy relieves the tension for the still youthful undergraduate during those merry, memorable carnival weeks when the races are taking place on the river, at the time of the Torpids in Spring and the Eights in Summer. But then it is not only the undergraduate, it is all Oxford that is suddenly touched into some strange, undignified ecstasy. The stranger will be astonished to see grave and portly old bishops, and thin-legged tutors, and once dignified old dons, perhaps with a touch of the gout, running red-faced and reckless of mien, after their different crews, screaming, advising, expostulating and cheering their favorites on to victory, or firing off their antiquated looking old horse pistols when there is danger of a bump being made. This scene will help to explain something which the alien will learn when he becomes better acquainted with the university, making it easier for him to understand why the different colleges are each so anxious to secure unto themselves, not alone the man with the big brain, but equally as much the man with the big leg and the broad back. The father of a promising cricketer or oarsman, you may be sure, need never bother about coming and putting his son's name down at a college before securing his admission. He simply takes his choice.

This predominating repression of feeling, however, is not peculiar to Oxford. It is the Anglican manner of observing the amenities of life. It is the habitual attitude of the English gentleman, and it is really the English gentleman (but not, thank heaven and Jowett, as we see him in the pages of *The Duchess*) who dominates Oxford. Even though there is an occasional effervescence of juvenility, and now and then a prank or a practical joke bordering on brutality, where could you gather together four thousand young men and have none of them violate the canons of "The Complete Bachelor?" When an undergraduate from the top gallery of the Sheldonian Theatre not long since asked of a certain Indian prince (on whom the university was conferring an honorary degree) if he really *had* used Pear's Soap, the entire gallery of rag-makers had the manliness to answer with an immediate and spontaneous chorus of reproving "Oh's!"* And that reproving "Oh!"

* When the late Poet Laureate of England went forward to receive his degree in the crowded Sheldonian, during a momentary silence, when all the great men of Oxford and England were holding their breaths, a grave, sorrowful voice asked with intense seriousness: "Alfred, did you mother wake and call you early, call you early Alfred dear?" And it is said, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, did not even smile.

can be made very expressive. Such an attitude has its advantages. If a fellow-gownsmen falls in the Isis you need not think of wetting your clothes, or worry about rescuing him unless you have been formally introduced to each other. Further than this, in the Oxford Union (the debating society of the united colleges, open to all undergraduates, and corresponding to the Literary Society of Toronto University), when a speaker effects a witticism or utters a joke (and it must be a capital joke) the audience does not laugh, *it claps*. That is, I think, very suggestive; it is eloquent of the critical cast of the mind of the usual Oxford man.

In the less formal debating societies of the colleges themselves, however, tradition seems to sanction all manner of ragging and playfulness. I have seen the speaker for the negative, surrounded by clouds of tobacco smoke, take the floor and eloquently plead that the fate of the domestic pig was *not* an unhappy one. I remember on another occasion the floods of eloquence emanating from a question as to whether spoon feeding was superior to the use of the bottle for infants in arms. The motion was introduced, debated and put to the house with all the dignity and with a grave observation of all the rules of parliamentary procedure. When an honorable member violated the most minute parliamentary precept, the chairman would rise and call the honorable member to order. It was all very ridiculous; yet there were no convulsions of laughter, there were no uncontrollable ecstasies of glee. But they enjoyed it all; they must have enjoyed it, they were so quiet and melancholy about it.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

(To be continued.)

The College Girl

If the attendance at the Women's Literary Society meetings increases as rapidly as it has in the past three weeks, we shall soon have to abandon Students' Union Hall and move down town.

Seriously though, it was gratifying to see so many present in spite of the counter attraction in the shape of Dr. Nansen's lecture. One noticed, as well as the regular members, a number of the graduates, wives of the members of Faculty and other well-wishers of the Society. Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Alexander and Madame de Champ were present on Saturday night, and Mrs. Loudon and others have signified their intention of coming to our next meeting, regretting that they could not be with us last Saturday.

A communication was read from the Secretary of the Women's Literary Society of Victoria University, asking that two representatives from our Society should meet two of their members in a debate, to be held on December 16th, at 4.30 p.m. at Victoria, and also asking as many of our members as possible to be present on that occasion. This proposition was very favorably received by the members of our Society, affording as it does an excellent opportunity to bring us into closer contact with the girls of our sister college.

There were a number of nominations made, the result of the voting showing that Miss Stovel and Miss MacDougall, both of '98, were best fitted to uphold the honor of Varsity.

The communications found in the Editor's Box were read by Miss Mullins. One especially clever contribution, a

letter from a "freshette" to her friend at home, seemed to be particularly pleasing, showing that even the "grave and reverend seniors" remembered their freshman days.

The musical programme was excellent, the artists very kindly responding to encores. Miss Eveylyn Preston, '99, played Air de Ballade by Chaminade, and Miss Menhennick of '98, gave a delightful Tarantelle, Miss Paterson's violin solo, Schumann's Traumerei was especially pleasing. In the Literary report Miss Dickey, '99, contrasted Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie, taking as types, "The Light that Failed" and "Margaret Ogilvie." There reports are always bright and interesting. The little plays that are given by the Society from time constitute a decidedly important phase of our Society's work.

There was a most surprising amount of historic ability displayed by those who took part in the Comedietta, "Place aux Dames," given on Saturday night.

Juliet, Portia, Ophelia and Lady MacBeth, with their husbands, have met by chance at a water-cure establishment, seeking renewed health, having been left by Shakespeare in various states of mind and body.

The ladies meet at afternoon tea, and discuss the treatment each has received at the hands of Shakespeare. They discover that Will Shakespeare himself, is also staying in the same place. Lady Macbeth writes a letter, dictated by the other three, giving that gentleman an inkling of *their* opinions regarding himself.

Miss Rumball, in a white silk gown, and with a wreath on her dark flowing hair made a very fetching Juliet. The stately Portia was well represented by Miss Helen MacDougall, clad in a white muslin gown, over blue silk, a large black velvet hat and plenty of dignity. The sweet and gentle Ophelia continually quoting her "Ham," was portrayed by Miss Helen Johnson with much skill. Miss Johnson wore a white silk gown, large white hat and carried a bunch of flowers. Miss Burgess was Lady MacBeth, the "auld leddy fra Scotland." Her Scotch accent was perfect, and the audience seemed to be very much taken with the dignified old lady in gray curls and spectacles. As a whole, and individually the performance was excellent.

The meeting closed with "God save the Queen."

* * *

After many efforts to begin, and several attempts at beginning on the part of other classes, the class of '98, is to distinguish itself as being the first class in the University to publish that work of great interest, known as a Year Book. This is no startling announcement and will be no news to any reader of *Varsity*, but it is nevertheless quite an enterprise and one that needs the active help and sympathy of every member of the year—college girls, as well as college men, for having a good representation on the Boards they must feel themselves bound to do all they can to make it a success. Though this Year Book is published by the class of '98, and in a way specially deals with them, yet it will be of interest to all undergraduates as being a record of all events of the present year, and not merely of the graduating class. Every student now in college will find his name somewhere or other in the book, so that all are concerned in its welfare.

There are two ways, I take it, in which we college girls may help this Year Book along. First, financially, by subscribing for it, and second, by contributing to the literary part of the work. A number have already done something by aiding in the preparation of the sketches of the seniors, which are to appear. But much more is necessary—anyone who can write short stories of college life, anyone who can write parodies, or who can say clever things in a clever way, should not hesitate for one moment to do what they can, and submit it to the Editorial Board: while all who can write verse should compete for the Year

Book prize. Of course everyone cannot win the prize, but everyone may perhaps have their verses published, which, after all, is no small consolation. The *Legenda*, from Wellesley College, which a good many of us have seen in the last few days, is proof positive that college girls can do a good deal towards making this first Year Book of our College quite original and very successful.

Nor will anyone wish to be without a copy of it. In years to come, when we shall have—as we inevitably must—drifted away from many of our class-mates, and lost sight of friends we have gained here, it will be exceedingly pleasant to have this reminder of our graduating year to help recall the many pleasant days we spent, and delightful acquaintances we made, during our four years of college life.

* *

In spite of the rainy weather a lively meeting of the Y.M.C.A. was held last Wednesday afternoon. The attendance, though not so large as at the previous meetings, was yet by no means small. The president occupied the chair. Among those present we were pleased to welcome Mrs. Cameron, honorary president of the Society. A most pleasing feature of the meeting was the rendering of the hymn "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," by Miss Kennedy, '99. Little Miss Rhoda Kennedy proved a charming and skilful accompanist. The essay of the evening, which was prefaced by a scripture reading from the seventh chapter of Matthew, was delivered by Miss Rumball, '98. It had for its text "The Golden Rule." That Miss Rumball's paper was excellent was the unanimous opinion. Exceedingly well-written, simple, direct and sincere, it could not but be helpful to all who heard it. The subject was so thoroughly discussed in the essay that but little room was left for any additional remarks. Miss Hurlburt, however, favored us with a gem of thought, which compared our opportunities to the lovely pansies: the more we pluck them the more they increase, and the larger and more beautiful they grow; while if we refrain, they grow smaller and fewer. Several of the girls then responded to the president's request for sentence prayers.

Various announcements were then made: Bible Class on Sunday afternoon; missionary study class at 4 p.m. Friday; daily prayer at 8.45 a.m. Miss Pearce also addressed the girls with regard to the attendance at the college prayers. As these prayers occupy but a few moments at ten o'clock, and do not interfere with lectures, it was thought that a few words might serve as a gentle reminder to those who have not been in the habit of attending them, even though in the college at the appointed time. The meeting concluded with prayer by Mrs. Cameron.

* *

The annual meeting of the Woman's Residence Association of University College was held in the University on Wednesday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock.

The Treasurer's report was received and showed an increase to the subscription list of over \$1700.00. The former committee was re-elected with Miss Hamilton as President and Mrs. Torrington as Treasurer. The following were added to the list of councillors Mrs. Chant, Mrs. Brebner and Miss M. Mackenzie.

Professor Morse Stevens kind offer to deliver a lecture in aid of the Residence has been accepted. The lecture will be delivered in Association Hall on the evening of Dec. 4th, and the subject will be Kipling. There should certainly be a good audience to hear this most popular lecturer on such a subject.

CARR, '98.

ON HEARING NANSEN.

The noblest specimens of mankind
Are not all dead: one yet lives
Whose fame shall brighten
All ages until earth shall pass away;
A greater than a Newton, Locke or Magnus
By how much he achieved in person
Exploits, beside the which all former
Seemingly incredulous deeds of classic times
Become the real, and his the half-fantastic.
'Twas chance that earlier men became so famous,
For although great minds they surely did possess,
The needy time in which they lived, worked,
With the native genius of the man to produce
A name immortal; but he—of as keen a mind
As they, has trodden latitudes touched before
Only by the sun's most gentle rays, and emerging
From his perilous toil and hardship,
Presents the world with scientific facts
Accompanied, too, with speculation.
What low and vicious mortals we
Who snail about on this terrestrial sphere,
When to such compared! I'd rather be a Nansen,
And, as such, a MAN, than own
The artificial powers of ten thousand
Of the mightiest states' most mighty men,
Whose names are oft remembered
'Cause 'twere easier so to do
Than have them all forgot.

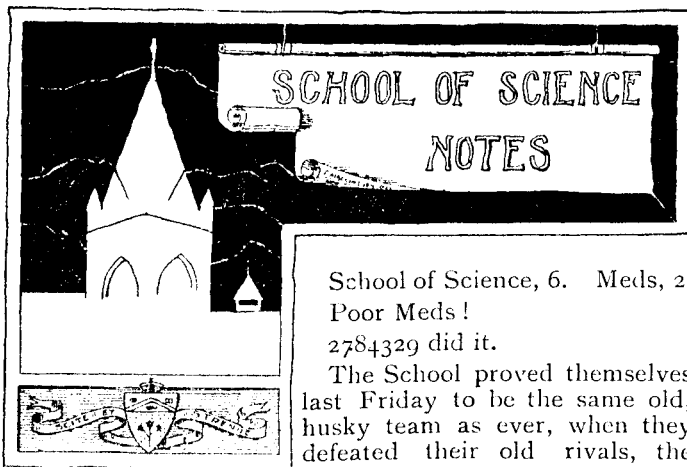
WAS, '99.

CHRISTMAS "SATURDAY NIGHT"

To see the Christmas number of the *Toronto Saturday Night* in the stationers' windows, this early in November, makes one think of turkey and cranberry sauce and holidays. The success of previous holiday issues, however, and the impatience of many of the paper's readers, induced the publishers to prepare the book earlier than usual this year. That the preparation was not hurried is, however, evident at a glance. It is indeed a handsome and a creditable number, whether it be judged from the point of view of the editor or the printer, of the engraver or the literary critic. Of special interest to college men is the review of Canada's athletics during the past year, an article that is accompanied by the portraits of the record-breakers and the prominent sportsmen. There is, too, a number of clever short stories, all well illustrated. The editor contributes an article meant to give a more correct impression of Canada's climate and resources than is generally held by good-natured Britishers, who look upon this country as a snow-bound wilderness. The value of the number is increased by two handsome colored supplements. Altogether it is a very fine production, and well worth its price, 50 cents.

THIS AFTERNOON.

This week Robt. E. Lewis, Travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, comes to Toronto from Boston to hold meetings in the different colleges here. His talks will deal mainly with the relation of students to the Mission Problem. Mr. Lewis will address the men of the University at the Y.M.C.A. on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock. It is hoped and expected that they will turn out in large numbers to hear him.



School of Science, 6. Meds, 2.
Poor Meds!
2784329 did it.

The School proved themselves last Friday to be the same old, husky team as ever, when they defeated their old rivals, the Meds. The game was close,

both teams working their mass plays, which more or less ended in a big mix-up. Everybody turned out, as the noise clearly indicated, so it will not be necessary to give an account of the game.

Burnside and the McArthur Brothers played the game from beginning to end, their kicking and running being very effective. Burnside proved to be a great captain, holding his men together in grand style when the Meds looked fierce. "Pud" Perry didn't find himself short of wind, as there was lots of it floating around. Every time he ducked down his head in the scrimmage he went out of sight. McDonald, at full back, found the game very interesting to look at, and wouldn't have objected if somebody had given him an overcoat and a pair of gloves; he did not get a chance to display his skill. The wings and scrimmage played a good, hard, steady game. Willie Grant and Evans were inclined to disagree with their men now and again. The latter was asked to retire to the line to look at the game for a few minutes.

With a little practice now, the School will have a good chance for the Mulock cup.

Wonder what the Meds think?

The way in which the points were scored was as follows: School—1, kick over dead ball line by Capt. Burnside; 5, goal from field by P. McArthur. Meds—2, goal from flying kick by McWilliams. Total score, 6 to 2.

We are glad to see Roy Stovel's smiling face once more around the city. Roy has been out prospecting in the Rocky Mountains around Kalso, and has been very successful in planting his name on some claims, and also in bringing home some thrilling accounts of his adventures. We are sorry to hear that he is not coming back to the School, as we would like to see him on the football team. He intends only to stay in town till the spring, then he is either going to British Columbia again, or to our own gold fields in Michipicoten or to Klondike. To fully fit himself for these journeys he is going down to hammer wheels in the Toronto Railway's motor shops.

At the meeting of the Engineering Society, held last Wednesday, Nov. 10, nearly every member was present, especially from the miners, for Dr. Coleman had promised to give an address. There being no business to discuss he was at once called upon. First, he gave a very interesting and graphic account of a prospecting trip made some years ago by him for placer deposits of gold in the McCullough Creek region, B.C. In that province most of the placers of any extent are worked hydraulically. Then he described Rossland and the adjoining gold regions, as he had seen them this summer, and finished by saying that he had no doubt British Columbia would be a great mining region.

A hearty vote of thanks was given to him.

After adjourning the president immediately called a mass-meeting, at which it was decided to hold our ninth annual dinner, the date to be fixed by the committee who were then elected.

The mining students of the fourth year spent a delightful day in the country last Friday. They called it a geological expedition, and in order to keep up appearances a few of them carried hammers and bags, while well-filled lunch boxes were quite numerous.

After tramping along the banks of the Don for several hours, looking for exposures and glacial deposits and orchards (and finding far more of the latter), some peculiar sensation told them it was lunch-time. When lunch was disposed of and a quiet smoke had revived the energies of the party, the journey was renewed until about four o'clock, when the threatening rain caused some one to remark very often, "where are we at?" A heated dispute followed, as to their latitude and longitude and the nearest place to catch a street-car, and a scene was only averted by the timely appearance of a very pretty girl on horse-back, who directed the travel-stained wanderers back to the city, where they spent the rest of the evening extracting mud and burrs from their clothes.

W. Foreman, who was hurt by a kick in the knee while playing football, was laid up all last week. However, he will be all right, we hope, for our next game.

MEDICOS' DINNER.

Already the Toronto medical students are making preparations for their annual dinner. It will probably be held some time during the first week in December, and the boys expect that it will be even more successful than those of past years. The other day the officers who will have charge of all arrangements were elected.

The choice for president fell on J. D. Webster, B.A., an Arts graduate of '94. J. J. Walters was elected first vice and E. J. Stubbs second vice-president. H. J. Hewish, '98, was made honorary secretary, and is now busy making out his list of invited guests.

PROFESSOR DALE'S ADDRESS.

That Professor Dale has not lost his hold upon the students was clearly shown by the numbers in which they turned out to hear him last week, and by the close and interested attention they gave to his words. On Thursday evening, at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, about seventy-five undergraduates and several graduates came together to hear him. Mr. Dale spoke of the Character of Jesus and its marvellous influence over the world, only explainable by admitting Christ's own claim that He was Divine. The address was thoughtfully prepared and earnestly delivered, well worth missing even a football practice to hear.

COLLEGE REPORTER.

H. A. Harper, M.A., who graduated here in '95, is once more wandering around Varsity's corridors. For the past year he has been on the reportorial staff of the *London News*, but severed his connection with that lively journal recently to accept a better position on the *Mail and Empire*. He will pay special attention to college news, and students may expect to see a bright column from his pen. Incidentally he will be able to keep an eye on his little brother F. C.

The Varsity

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DEPARTMENTAL SOCIETIES.

 R. WALTER PATER, in one of his essays describes the quality which a man should strive, to acquire in his life and studies, as "educated common sense." To impart that singular virtue should be the aim of all higher education in its better efforts.

Unfortunately his words are little appreciated in this boasted "age of specialists." Each man believes that his department is the all-important one. The specialist, who is almost invariably endowed not only with the specialist's proficiency, but also with the specialist's narrow-mindedness, seldom possesses that precious idealizing power which enables him to find

" . . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
" Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Whether it be an evil or a blessing, the hard conditions of this work-a-day world, and the provisions of the University curriculum make it almost necessary for a student here to devote his energies and thoughts to a single department, but it is certainly most unfortunate that his truant reading should be confined to the same subject.

It is for this reason that VARSITY is opposed to the departmental societies. If it were possible to make the men in Political Science attend the meetings of the Mathematical Society, and those in Classics the meetings of Natural Science Association, and all the students the meetings of the Modern Language Club, these societies might do some good. If, on the other hand, these societies would undertake some systematic work in original research, they might make some not invaluable contributions to science. But, as it is, they do little, save emphasize the narrow-mindedness of their members.

That there is ample room for such societies to supplement the work of the lecture halls is evident. But the departmental societies are now too numerous, too small, too isolated. If they would consolidate they might become a

very important factor in the University work. VARSITY therefore suggests that the various presidents bring this proposal before their societies at the earliest opportunity, and, if such a plan meets with approval, representatives might be chosen to draw up the lines of amalgamation.

While the students in modern languages have little in common with the students of mathematics, they have much in common with the students of classics, of philosophy and political science. Two large societies might be formed; a Literary Society to include these four, and a Scientific Society to embrace the Natural Science Association, the Mathematical Society, and perhaps the Philosophical and the Political Science Clubs. Each of these two societies might hold weekly meetings, and be assured not only of having a good attendance but of doing much good. Then, once a month, the two might, with profit, hold a joint meeting, and in this way help to prevent narrow-mindedness, which is most unfortunately a standing charge against the Toronto graduate.

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"They are a positive curse to the University," is what one member of the faculty said to VARSITY, speaking of the Departmental Societies.

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If there is one student office in the University which should be independent of party politics, or personal prejudice, it is the editorship of the college paper.

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MAKE THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

Without a cent of money, with an actual deficit of \$6,000, with many of the undergraduate courses sadly in need of funds, with half a dozen "first claims" lurking around the door of the University vault, the Senate has resolved to persevere in its rash determination to enter upon the work of instructing and examining for the Ph.D. degree.

Cornell and Harvard and Chicago, burdened with their acres and hampered by their stocks, may well question the wisdom of granting the doctor's degree in the round of post-graduate subjects; but not so with Toronto, unencumbered as she is by any surplus funds and wallowing in boundless poverty.

The former universities, finding their vast wealth inadequate to the task they have undertaken, are now considering some "division of labor," by which arrangement Harvard would confine its energies to post-graduate work in one department, while Yale devotes herself to another and Johns Hopkins to another. The boldness of the University of Toronto in undertaking the herculean task from which her older, larger, wealthier sisters are shrinking is certainly not unworthy of admiration, though the wisdom of the course is not very apparent.

The undergraduates can do nothing but vainly protest. If the authorities are obstinate in their determination to grant the degree, the undergraduates, for the sake of the fair name of their University, trust that the standard be placed as high as possible, even if that high standard be obtained only at the expense of them and their work.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

There is no more insipid kind of conversation than when men, holding practically the same views on a much-debated question, meet and congratulate one another on the profound wisdom of these views. It is for this reason that the proceedings of the Departmental Societies are of such an insipid character.

When the University of Toronto ^{**} claims to have the highest standard on the continent for the B. A. degree, it is no idle boast.

"BENEATH TWO FLAGS."

MR. EDITOR:—

I was one of the many, who, last Friday night, attended the meeting of the Literary Society and participated in the "fight" (to quote Mr. McFarlane) which enlivened its proceedings for a time. No one, and allow me to say it in all humility, no one about Varsity likes to see a fight more than I do, but I like it to be fair and honorable. There were one or two things which were noticed on that occasion by many, which, to my mind, were neither fair nor honorable, and I wish to call public attention to them. When the vote on the appeal from the ruling of the chair was being taken, those who were loyal to the chair noticed among their opponents a gentleman who is Historical Secretary of the Society. Being such, he is one of the seventeen men who form the cabinet, so to speak, of the Society. That cabinet was elected last March as a unit, and, to my mind, should work as a unit. That Mr. Howitt, the gentleman to whom I refer, committed a breach of loyalty to the cabinet of which he is a member, and to Mr. Carson, personally, as head of that body, is very clear to my mind, and I think that the one way out of the peculiar position, in which he has placed himself by voting "want of confidence" in his chief, is to hand his resignation as Historical Secretary forthwith to Mr. Carson. No doubt Mr. Howitt has found more congenial environment among his new colleagues. In fact, I wish him joy in his unique position. I have the honor to be, sir,

Yours very truly,

NICK HINCH.

MR. INKSTER'S VIEWS

EDITOR VARSITY:—

Of late years there seems to have arisen a tendency on the part of the Literary Society to refuse to accept the recommendation of the Editorial Board of THE VARSITY in filling vacancies which occur from time to time. The Literary Society may have the right to do so, but until the last year or two it has always accepted without question the action of the Editorial Board. I would like to point out that the board is in a much better position to choose a suitable man, and for these reasons: the board is composed of men who are far more profoundly interested in the welfare of the paper than the Literary Society is; the board is more intimately acquainted with the abilities of the aspirants for the vacant posts than the large body of students who flock to the meetings of the Society; the board is far more likely to weigh each candidate's qualifications, than the motley throng who naturally wish to see their idols placed in seats of honor, whether worthy or not. For these reasons, and for the further one that the Society should have full confidence in the board it elected last spring, the Literary Society should pause and carefully consider its position before rashly attempting to slap the Editorial Board in the face by overriding the deliberate action of the board. Sincerely yours,

JOHN G. INKSTER.

Last Friday evening in the absence of the president, Mr. Young, the meeting was called to order by the first vice president, C. M. Carson. During the reading of the minutes by Secretary Wagar, which did not require my attention, I sat quietly musing on the unusually good attendance, for there was a goodly number seated there quietly looking at Mr. Wagar or whispering low among themselves. I came to the conclusion, at length, that there might be two reasons for the increased attendance; first, there were two seniors down on the programme, G. H. Black, a song, N. E. Hinch, a reading—these surely would draw; second, the annual inter-year debate between the men of the first and second years was likely to bring out all those who wished to see their year triumph. While I was musing thus the Society was beginning the business routine. Nothing of note developed; quietly each order of business was passed over until at length the programme was reached and then I congratulated myself upon my acumen in deciding that it was the programme that they had come to hear. Mr. Black was called upon for his song but asked the indulgence of the meeting for a few minutes until his accompanist arrived, which was graciously extended to him. Meantime Mr. Carson asked Mr. Hinch for his reading. Nick came forward to say that he had been playing football in the afternoon and that Eric's husky ninety-niners had so trounced him and his team that he had no heart to recite. Mr. Carson urged him to try and he did so, only to fail, and we all felt so sorry because we knew his big heart was too full of grief for him to proceed. Mr. Black then sang a song which had been contributed for the new college song book. In spite of Mr. Black's good rendition of it I cannot refrain from saying that it was the general opinion that the song was not good enough for the new book. We were now beginning to settle down comfortably to listen to the debaters pour forth the arguments they had been preparing all week, when without the slightest premonitory symptom W. M. Martin arose and shot a thunderbolt upon our unsuspecting heads by moving that we return to the order of business "Reports of Committees." G. M. Murray seconded the motion, and before we had recovered from the shock the motion had been put and carried. Then H. H. Narraway arose from the midst of a congested group in the centre of the room and called attention to the fact that the Editorial Board of VARSITY had seen fit in the profundity of its wisdom to fill a vacancy and had not submitted a report of its proceeding to the society. Then and not till then did I realize my mistake, for these men had come, not to hear a programme, but to call the members of the VARSITY Board to account. Editor Gahan, believing that his board had full authority to fill its own vacancies, and not having been authorized by that board to make any announcement or recommendation, naturally held his peace for some time. Mr. Narraway, however, inspired by Mr. McFarlane, appeared to be so worried over the matter that Mr. Gahan good-naturedly gratified his curiosity by announcing that a vacancy really had existed on the Editorial Board. Having counted heads and finding itself in a slight majority the opposition determined to elect a man forthwith to fill that vacancy, and to over-ride the action of the board, which, it was understood, had chosen O. M. Biggar to succeed H. J. O'Higgins. Accordingly, Mr. Narraway proposed the name of J. T. Shotwell and a very lively debate followed. Finally, the chairman ruled the motion out of order, basing his ruling on a clause in the constitution which says that nominations can be made only at the meeting following the announcement of the vacancy and the election a week later. Painfully Mr. Narraway arose and with sadness inexpressibly depicted on each lineament of his face, said he was forced to appeal

from the ruling of the chair. For a moment all appeared dumb and amazed at the audacity of the man. Then slowly we saw the noble form of Vice-president Carson rise and ask "Shall the ruling of the chair be sustained?" Dramatic indeed was the scene. In silence the heads were counted and there fell an awful hush upon us all when the announcement came slowly from the chairman, "Twenty seven for the ruling of the chair, twenty-nine against." For some moments there was a pause, and then realizing that they had carried the vote, Mr. Narraway again arose and desired to proceed with the election then and there. But the doughty champion of justice, fair play, and honor, Mr. Inkster, arose and attempted to stay the progress of the hot-headed youths who had apparently cast all traditions aside and were determined to carry the day at all costs. One resource was left, and soon the door opened and in filed the men of Residence, who had been variously engaged in their rooms, some writing to their dear ones at home, others laboriously bent over problems and equations, classics and moderns, others again brushing up their best suits and counting over their slender resources, but determined to go to the Rosedale Rugby match the following afternoon. This much abused body of men filed in, as I have said, ready to sacrifice personal ends for those of the student body, ready to leave individual work and step into the breach made in the walls of the society by a hostile band. You have already seen on which side my sympathies lay, and it was with mingled feelings of gratification and jubilation that I saw them come. With what feelings McFarlane, Narraway & Co. saw them come I leave to you to fathom. Defeat was now before them, and sullenly and silently they collapsed. They dared not push the attack further, for was not the citadel now defended by men who never sleep? Mr. Gahan moved that the Executive Committee of the Society be asked to investigate the constitution and by-laws of the VARSITY and report on the case next meeting. Not a voice was raised in protest, and Mr. Narraway good-naturedly accepted defeat by seconding Mr. Gahan's motion. Of course it carried unanimously, and while we were subsiding into our normal conditions again I failed to notice that Mr. Carson, who throughout the whole of the exciting moments had acted with great discretion and unique moderation for one so youthful, had announced the debate and Mr. Cooper, '00, was on the platform trying to convince us all that we should not allow newspapers and magazines to be transmitted free through the mails. I had been too agitated by the events which preceded to follow the debate. Mr. Sims, '01, answered Mr. Cooper, then Mr. Cornish dealt with the affirmative again, Mr. Millar, '01, returned to the attack, and Mr. Cooper tried to recover from the defeat he saw before him in the few minutes left him. But it was in vain. When Messrs. Inkster, Narraway and McFarlane, who had been appointed judges, compared notes and Mr. McFarlane gave their decision to the chairman, we read the decision on his lips before the words reached our ears. The freshmen had won the debate, and Mr. Mulock can with entire security continue to send the papers free as has been done in the past. This brought the proceedings of the society to a close, but a mass meeting was immediately called to order and Mr. Inkster was unanimously called to the chair. He announced the purpose of the mass meeting to be the consideration of the advisability of holding a University College dinner similar to last year's. Mr. Fitzgerald was chosen secretary; and Mr. Hinch moved, seconded by Mr. Birmingham, that a dinner be held, and in conjunction with the faculty if possible. It was unanimously carried. Then Mr. Carson moved, seconded by Mr. McFarlane, and it was unanimously resolved, that a committee composed of Messrs. Inkster, Fitzgerald, Hinch and Murray be appointed to interview the faculty and report to a mass meeting to be called by the committee during the week.

WILLIE LOVE LEAVES VARSITY.

For the last four years the halls of Varsity have known the genial face of "Cupid" Love, and there will be much genuine regret and deep sympathy for him among the host of friends he has made during that time when it is learned that he has been compelled by illness to abandon his course and leave the University.

For some time past he had been suffering from a severe cold, but continued to attend lectures and engaged in his usual exercise on the tennis courts. About two weeks ago, however, he found his health getting so bad that he consulted a doctor, who pronounced his trouble to be bronchial pneumonia. For two weeks he remained in bed, but as he failed to improve, his doctor ordered him to say good-bye to his studies.

Last Saturday, accordingly, he returned to his home in London, and from there went to Gravenhurst to spend the winter. It is hardly possible that he will return to finish his course, as he may be compelled to go to Mexico to regain his health.

The fact that "Cupid" could have graduated with high honors in classics last spring had he chosen to write on his examination, makes his present position seem all the more unfortunate. It is altogether probable, however, that the Senate will grant him his degree. The loss to his friends cannot be made good as easily, for when the student body loses W. D. Love it loses a splendid student, a prominent athlete, an enthusiastic worker, and a man who was always genial, always happy, and most deservedly popular.

THE ATHLETIC AT-HOME.

Next Tuesday evening the social event of the Michaelmas term will be held in the University Gymnasium, when the Athletic Association will hold its annual At-Home. It is hoped and expected that Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen will be there, and Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. James Loudon, Mrs. Maurice Hutton, Mrs. Ramsay Wright and Mrs. Galbraith have kindly consented to be present. President Hobbs and Sec.-Treas. Martin are busy with the preparations and promise that the hall will be handsomely decorated. Glionna's Orchestra will supply the music, and Caterer Williams, of the Bodega, will supply what is almost as necessary for a thoroughly enjoyable At-Home, refreshments. The price of the tickets has been placed at one dollar, and they may be obtained from any member of the Athletic directorate. As the number has been limited to five hundred, those who are anxious to take part in the most enjoyable dance of the season should lose no time in getting their little cardboards.

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VARSITY'S BEAUTY SHOW.

EXHIBIT IV.

The Poet—and the showman's wand trembles in my impious hand! Has not the shaggy bard of England written: "Vex not thou the poet's mind with thy shallow wit."—Apollo be my judge, I have none.



This, ladies and gentlemen, you would have recognized as James T. Shotwell, had not the artist chosen to express the poet's love of anonymity by such concealment of his features, hiding his identity beneath a main de-plume

And yet—and yet. What daring artist would attempt to draw a poet's eyes? "His eyes! How could he see to do them?" Eyes that have searched the awful depths of the infinite, pondering upon the riddles of existence, the inequalities of fate, the Gallic fickleness of French irregular verbs! Eyes that measure verses with the accuracy of a yard-stick. Eyes that have never been dazed in the whirl of poetic inversions—that have gazed, unawed, upon the sacred pages of that Syllabine Book of the poets, the Rhyming Dictionary.

Mr. Shotwell was born some years ago, and has lived consecutively ever since. It will be related by his future biographers, how, in his impressionable childhood, he beat iambs on the table with his pewter spoon, crying out for double rations of his bread and milk. For the words that fell from his inspired, his rhythmic lips were these:

"Dimme meeik, ma ma;
Dimmeeik, ta ba ba."

It was the embryo of a fuller lyric, since well known to fame; so early had the gods of poesy marked him for their own.

But now, among his comrades, Mr. Shotwell is remarkable for the sweet seriousness of his temperament. One memorable day, when attending a lecture on his favorite poet, Wordsworth, he laughed aloud in his sleep, and im-

posed upon himself, thereafter, the penance of an inflexible stolidity to expiate that indecorum. He enjoys himself, and he enjoys his pleasures; but he takes both as seriously as a total abstainer red lemonade on circus day. Extremely modest, he may be said to shrink from observation, and, as result, is garmented in an estimation of self which is several sizes too small for him.

For the rest, he is a bright and promising youth, most quick to learn. His gravity is confessedly professional, and he is accustomed to quote Hafiz to this effect:

"Oh, how would poet's views be changed
Of this unhappy life,
If destiny had not arranged
That it should rhyme with 'strife.'"

THE SHOWMAN.

TWO ACCOMPLISHED ARTISTS.

With such distinguished musical artists as Harold Jarvis and Miss Augusta Beverly Robinson to assist them, the members of the Ladies' Glee Club should give a most successful concert three weeks from to-night. The club is practising faithfully, and the management will leave no stone unturned to make the concert in Association Hall one of the chief musical events of the season.

BRIGHT GLEE CLUB PROSPECTS.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen have graciously accepted the invitation of the University Glee Club to extend their patronage to the club on the evening of the annual concert. That the concert would be one of the musical successes of the season was already assured, but the presence of the vice-regal party will make it also one of the chief social events. The committee has secured the services of two of America's most accomplished musical artists. Miss Marguerite Hall, the famous soprano singer of New York, will be here, and also Miss Bessie Bonsall, who has proved herself such a favorite with the concert loving public of London, England, and who is now spending the winter season at her old home here in Toronto. It is sincerely to be hoped that the musical public of Toronto will show their appreciation of the club's efforts to introduce renowned artists by filling Massey Hall on the evening of the concert.

Late Sunday evening, Ross Gillespie, of the second year, was attacked with appendicitis. His room mate, J. R. Bone, '99, did everything in his power for the sufferer, and the doctor ordered him to be removed from Residence to the General Hospital, where he is now. It is not probable that he will be able to return to college before Christmas.

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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR

- Nov. 1—Last day for receiving applications for Normal College Examinations.
- DEC. 7—Normal College examinations at Hamilton, Ottawa, and Toronto, begin.
- County Model School examinations begin.
- Practical examinations at Ottawa and Toronto Normal Schools, begin.
- 14—Written examinations at Ottawa and Toronto Normal Schools, begin.
- 22—High and Public Schools close.

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Osgoode's public debate will be held Dec. 2nd.

Elections for McGill debaters to-morrow night.

There'll be a hot time at the Lit. to-morrow night.

Be sure to go to the Athletic At-Home next Tuesday evening.

Honourable David Mills will deliver his farewell lectures to-morrow.

W. Reneson, of the third year, has returned to his home at Sault Ste. Marie.

At Cornell the first fencing club in an American university has been organized.

Robert, the janitor, is taking orders for the Christmas *Globe* and the '98 Year Book.

N. T. Johnson, of the third year, got home-sick last week, and spent Sunday in Guelph.

The gifts to Harvard University during last year amounted to a quarter of a million dollars.

The football clubs were photographed Tuesday afternoon on the Gymnasium steps.

The tickets for the Ladies' Glee

Club Concert are on sale and already are in great demand.

The choice of '99 fell on Alex. McDougall for the Athletic Association directorate last Friday.

Hon. David Mills will speak at the meeting of the Political Science Club next Thursday afternoon.

Rowell & Hutchison, 74-76 King St. East, have always on hand a full stock of University Text Books.

Put a dollar in your pocket when you go to the Lit. to-morrow night; you may need it to pay your fees.

The estate of the Columbia University has increased \$5,870,000 during President Low's administration.

The members of the Classical Faculty of University and Victoria Colleges lunched at Residence on Monday.

W. H. Arkell, who returned a few weeks ago to college, has left again, this time to take a mission at Walter's Falls, Ont.

J. B. Hunter, the gray haired and popular youth of the third year, is spending a few days at his home in Woodstock.

The Adonises of the University Glee Club are having their photographs taken this morning. The picture will be in the '98 Year Book.

Varsity students should remember A. H. Young, 498 Yonge St. All kinds

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Another student has "gone to be a missionary." This time it's W. Ramsay, of the second year. He will labor among the North-West Indians.

Arthur J. Stringer, a splendid article from whose pen is commenced in this issue of VARSITY, has left London to accept a position on the *Montreal Herald*.

At the last meeting of the Q. Z. X. Club the committee resolved that in the future their printing would be done by Curry Bros., as neat work would then be assured.

Mr. George Smedley, the conductor of the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Clubs, has been chosen tutor to Lady Marjorie Gordon, the daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.

Clemmie Keys, B.A., '97, did not play with the Tigers on Saturday, but he came down to cheer them on to victory and to spend a day or two with his old college chums.

The Philosophical Society, if one may judge from its printed programme, has a most promising term before it. A number of papers on interesting subjects will be read by able students.

Some members of the other years who attended '99's reception last Saturday afternoon set a very praiseworthy example, by giving the year-treasurer twenty-five cents, and thus helping to bear their share of the expense of the function.

His Sweetheart

told him that his letters would look *very* nice on Pirie's Vellum, and he came to Curry's and bought it at 15 cents per quire. That is where she always gets hers, and now they are married and "living happy ever after," as the fairy stories say. But they still come to 414 Spadina Avenue for their stationery, and are satisfied.

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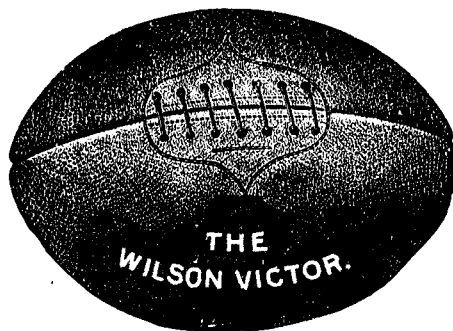
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