

VARSITY

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THE VARSITY.

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Topics of the Hour.

THE acoustic properties of Convocation Hall are so defective that it is only by giving the utmost care to enunciation that speakers and readers on the platform can hope to be heard by the more distant portion of the audience. We take the liberty of calling attention to this fact since nothing is more annoying to listeners than the inability to hear distinctly even with a great effort the several parts of an entertaining literary programme.

WE are pleased to notice that the medical students of Trinity School have been fully exonerated from the charge of having perpetrated the ghastly joke on All Hallows Eve. From the first we were skeptical as to their connection with the affair, and are glad

to see that the ventilation of the matter in the Police Court has placed the blame upon the right shoulders. Medical students have had to take—rightly or wrongly—the blame for many questionable escapades in the past, but we were not prepared to credit them with the commission of such an outrage upon decency as this.

WE shall regard it as a favor if our contributors and correspondents will allow their full names to be affixed to their articles. This will much improve the character and tone of the paper and will add a flavor and an interest to its columns which can be gained by no other means. Impersonal and anonymous journalism in the higher lines is falling into disuse among the best English, French and American reviews and magazines. Rightly enough, too, we think, for if a person has anything to say worth saying, there seems to be no good reason why he should decline to be known as having said it.

THE recent visit of Archdeacon Farrar has borne good fruit. His lecture on Browning has awakened an interest in the works of the author of "The Ring and the Book," which their reputed obscurity has hitherto prevented. Dr. Wilson has consented to give a series of readings from Browning's works. These will be given in Convocation Hall on the afternoons of the 7th, 14th, and 21st of this month. The proceeds will be devoted to the Newsboys' Home. We would suggest with all deference that the admission price be lowered to 25c., as previous experience proves the futility of endeavoring to fill Convocation Hall with a high admission price. If Browning is to be popularized, popular prices should prevail.

THREE years since a memorial was addressed to the Senate of Toronto University praying for the abolition of scholarships and medals in that institution. It was signed by upwards of two-thirds of the students in attendance, including nearly all of the scholars and prizemen. The ground taken in the memorial was that it is exceedingly injurious to the true interests of higher education to attach material and mercenary motives to the pursuit of learning. The prayer of the students was in a large measure granted and the better order of things has now begun. But the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the President of University College, and Mr. King, a member of the Senate, are making efforts to retain and extend what is left of this pernicious system. We hope there will be a strong cry raised against this movement by all the true and thoughtful friends of our University. Let the students again take the matter in hand, and present a second strong memorial to the Senate and this will do much to avert the evil.

IT is gratifying to observe that Toronto University men are holding their own in the general intellectual activity and progress

which has characterized the city of Ottawa of late years. One of the strongest and most vigorous county associations of Toronto graduates meets in that city. But an organization of a more active and important character has just been formed there. It is a Mathematical Society, of which the President is Mr. J. McDougall, '59, now Auditor-General of Canada, and the secretary Mr. W. F. King, '75, now Inspector of Surveys. Among the membership we notice Messrs. Wm. Scott, F. Hayter, A. K. Blackadar, J. C. Glasman, and the Baldersons, Sr. and Jr. The Society meets every fortnight in the rooms of Captain DeVille, Surveyor-General. It is to be hoped that the example of Ottawa will be followed by our graduates in other cities. There is no special virtue in graduate societies, but what is wanted is that an initiative impulse should be given by university men to all kinds of intellectual movements in our cities, towns and villages.

To shew that we are not unreasonable in our demand that something should be done to afford the undergraduates of our University intellectual nutriment outside of their regular lectures, we can quote, amongst numerous others, the example of Cornell. A recent news-note in an exchange states that the authorities of that institution have engaged five distinguished non-resident engineers to lecture before the students during the coming year. The names of these gentlemen are : Dr. E. P. Leavitt, Jr., Dr. R. W. Raymond—both Past Presidents of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers ; Charles T. Porter, the pioneer in the introduction of the modern "high-speed" steam engine ; Charles E. Emery, a naval engineer, and well known and connected with the great steam-heating system of New York City ; and Mr. J. C. Hoadley, of Boston, an expert in steam engineering. This entire course of lectures is altogether supplementary to the regular work of the University, and the benefit to the students who will listen to them is simply incalculable. This is not the only department in which Cornell shows an example eminently worthy of being followed by Toronto.

While we cannot too highly praise the attempt of the Modern Language Club to make its meetings more useful to its members, there is one matter, in connection with the essays, of great importance. If the club would fulfil its highest aims, it must seek to go beyond giving information for the purposes of examination on the work laid down in the curriculum. The highest aim of such a Society is to foster the love of literature for its own sake. There is a danger in the preparation of papers that, owing perhaps to lack of time, the essayist may resort to reviews or essays of acknowledged critics. There is also another reason. A student, naturally enough, does not care to give his own opinion upon a work of art *ex cathedra*. The desire to offer a correct judgment is too strong to be resisted if his paper is subject to criticism. But this is the very mistake the danger of which we desire to emphasize. Better, far better, that he should make a hundred mistakes, and learn by experience to form for himself the best opinion, than remain in leading-strings all his days, and never learn the use of his own faculties. Taste in literature is like the common faculty of taste. The judgment, like the palate, only attains to fine discrimination by the exercise of its special function. Let us, then, have original essays, and thus give growing room to the mind in the only way in which it can ever become strong.

EVERY lover of decency and order will regret the unseemly conduct of certain individuals at the public meeting of the Literary Society, in Convocation Hall, on Friday evening a week since. Few persons object to a moderate degree of jocularity before the entertainment begins or between the parts, but interruptions of the chairman or the speakers cannot be tolerated. It is a shame that four or five ill-mannered fellows should be allowed to terrorize it over the Society in such a fashion. They come to the meetings with no good intention. They have

never done anything for the Society in its ordinary meetings. Why, then, should they be permitted to insult the chairman and the audience by such outrageous and boorish misconduct ? The members of the Society invite their citizen friends to a literary entertainment, and they find it more like a bear garden. It is becoming a poor compliment to any distinguished gentleman to ask him to preside at these meetings. The College Council, we hear, has threatened to deny the use of the hall to the Society if a reform is not soon made, and no one could blame them if they did so. It is time for the Society to take the matter vigorously in hand. We have the names of the principal offenders, and it may be necessary in the interests of public order to publish them in case of a repetition of the offence. Two of these individuals gained a bad eminence in a similar way last year, and they should be most summarily dealt with if they persist in their attempts to turn these meetings into a carnival of folly. It is alleged that another of the offenders affects literature and culture and such things, but we are sorry for the cause which has such disciples.

Leading Articles.

MATRICULATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

LAST week we stated some unanswerable objections to the attempt that is being made to convert state funds, now in trust for the purposes of higher education, into bonuses to induce students to enter Toronto University. The subject is one which merits further discussion.

Is it not enough for young Canadians that the state provides free education for them, but must they also, forsooth, be hired or bribed with public funds to avail themselves of it ? No better plan could be instituted to pauperize the intellect and destroy the self-respect of the youth of this country. It is, moreover, an uncalled-for and therefore an unjustifiable expenditure of public money.

Among the other evils of a system of matriculation scholarships, is the unhealthy and insane rivalry which it creates between high schools. This has led, in a measure, to the demoralization of both teachers and scholars in these institutions. No subject is approached in the proper scientific attitude of the searcher for truth. Little attempt is made to induce students to solve a problem or absorb a poem simply for the sake of mental cultivation and pure intellectual delight. Alas, it is not truth nor cultivation nor intellectual pleasure that is sought after ; the petty and mercenary motive of scholarships determines the methods and matter of study. So far has this evil gone that certain high school masters have acquired a doubtful kind of reputation for "running" students for scholarships. Shades of Socrates ! and this is called education !

There is another side to the question. We stated last week that the money which it is proposed to devote to the formation of a scholarship fund is urgently needed elsewhere. Here is one fact for the Vice-Chancellor and the members of the Senate to ponder over. The subjects of French and English are entirely in charge of two lecturers, each of whom receives only the paltry allowance of \$1,000 for his services. The professorships, however, command upwards of three thousand dollars. The duties in the latter case are neither more important nor more ably discharged than in the former. There must, then, be something seriously wrong here. It is not that the professors receive too much, but that the lecturers receive too little. There is no escape from the conclusion that if the latter gentlemen perform the duties of their position (and no one doubts that they do), then their recompense is altogether inadequate.

It has been said hitherto that there were no funds to apply to the increase of these salaries. This excuse will avail no longer. Common sense and common justice require that the money which it is

proposed to expend on scholarships be at once applied to increase the efficiency of these underpaid positions.

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

THERE is a strong element of reason at the bottom of the great popular cry against our public system of education. The people say that the system is unpractical, and it is unfortunately true that in a large measure they are correct. The facts will not be altered by ignoring them and by stigmatizing as Philistines those who call attention clamorously to them. Hard words are not arguments.

Here is the great fact. The whole tendency of our system of education is to turn young men from mechanical, mercantile, or agricultural pursuits, into the learned professions.

We say that we have a university system of purely liberal education. But it is not liberal enough. Liberality leaves no bias, but all our university graduates are biased against one line of life and in favor of another.

It is argued that a university is not a professional school. It will not take a man and fit him for law, for divinity, or for medicine. But the fact remains that almost all university men subsequently enter these occupations. So that as it is, the university is simply a primary professional school.

It is beside the question to say that a man will be all the better artisan, merchant, or farmer for having had a university education. In one hundred cases to one his university education has made him averse to these callings, and he will never enter them.

The public consciousness recognizes strongly enough the defect, but the remedy it proposes is entirely insufficient. The public cry out for "practical education," meaning thereby technical cultivation. They desire a system that will fit a young man for the occupation he shall follow in life. But this supposes the state knows or can know the future pursuits of its members. A preposterous notion! If the state is going to dictate the particular path of life each is to follow, then it can give him the education advisable in the case. But with all our socialistic tendencies we could never submit to such dictation. We will not sacrifice the individual to the state to this degree. We cannot afford to lose the special abilities and aptitudes of individuals. We want no state Procrustean bed for young Canadians.

The advocates of liberal education have, in the main, the right ideal in view. The trouble of it is that the means which they adopt to realize it, introduce a new element, namely, aversion or disinclination to manual pursuits. The problem is how to keep this objectionable factor out of the result. What scheme of education can be devised which will cultivate and develop the mind without prejudicing it?

The cause of the whole difficulty is that education, self-culture or development, is too often regarded not as being in itself a great and final good, but only as a means to some other supposed higher good, as rank in class lists, or scholarships, or medals, and later in life as a means of acquiring wealth or distinction or position. It is very much to be regretted that this fatal heresy prevails no less widely in university circles than in the larger world outside.

What is wanted in the first place is a higher ideal of the object of education. It is to develop character, to cultivate taste, to improve the judgment. In short, it is to make men all that they are capable of becoming, morally, mentally and physically.

Then as to the means. Young Canadians should be led to understand that a truly liberal education does not inhere specially or solely in the subjects taught in universities. A high state of culture may be reached in an infinite variety of ways, even altogether outside of colleges. Culture is an active, positive desire, rather than a negative or passive condition—a desire for the highest and best things and a constant choosing of them in preference to the lower.

And those who attend colleges should be taught that honor and dignity and success do not belong in any especial degree to the so-

called learned professions. There is nothing mean in the humblest occupation; every man's work is what he himself makes it. A good shoemaker is a greater credit to himself than a mediocre lawyer—and a far more necessary factor in an ideal community. But a bad man can never become an ideally good workman in any department of life. Character makes the work as well as the man, whether it be in trade or agriculture, or the professions or in art.

If such ideas as these were granted due prominence in our high schools and colleges, a strong check would be given to the present unhealthy tendency of these institutions.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLAGUE MICROBE IN THE 17TH CENTURY.

Arising in the far East in China, this virulent epidemic spread westward. In the 14th century, the plague, then known as the *Black Death*, desolated Europe; 25,000,000 of people are said to have perished in Europe alone. Boccaccio utilized this visitation as the background or setting for his *Decameron*. Thereafter the plague permanently infested the Levant and periodically swept over Western Europe. This awful scourge naturally received much attention at the hands of contemporary physicians.

Among the MSS. preserved in the Library of the Medical Society of London was found the diary of the Rev. John Ward, A. M., vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon. The period included in the diary, (1648 to 1679) embraced the time of the great plague in London described by Sydenham, Pepys and Defoe. In the published extracts from the diary of Ward, who appears to have practised as a physician, there are several references to the plague. One of these has a peculiar interest, as it probably announces the discovery, by the aid of the microscope, of the Plague Microbe.

He notes:—

"Kircher was in Rome in the time of the great plague that was there, and letting severall blood, after the blood had settled a little, by the help of a microscope, he perceived divers little small animals in it, intimating that putrefaction cannot long bee without the generation of a new matter."

The Kircher mentioned in the extract seems to have been the learned Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher (1602-1680) whose extensive knowledge in a variety of subjects rendered him justly famous.

Other observations are recorded, which, if they had been followed up, might have led to an earlier recognition of the "Germ Theory of Diseases." Thus Ward says in another place:—

"Wounds of the bodie are more difficultly cured when the air is corrupt, as appeared at Wallingford, in the time of the late warre (*i. e.* between the Parliament and Charles I.), where, because the air was infected, almost all wounds were mortall."

W. H. HUNTER.

Literature.

VERSES.

When the sun with lingering kisses
Bids the tired world good-night,
When, within her fleecy cradle,
Rides the infant moon in sight,

Nature weeps with fond regretting,
Dew drops on her bosom rest,
Tributes of a love that steadfast
Follows to the blushing West.

But these tears of love, when Phœbus
Comes with smiles and glances bright,
Rise in clouds of perfumed incense,
Offered to the God of Light.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

MADONNA.

"A child crying in my dominions!" said the Lady of All Delights, as she passed down the windy street and heard a feeble wailing noise. It was not loud; not one of the gay or busy passers-by even seemed to fancy there could be such noises in their world. But the lady's ears were quick to hear a sound like that. It came to her through all the tumult of the many feet and countless wheels. "That is not as it should be" she half thought, half spoke aloud. Pausing in her walk, she looked about her; there were houses, new and old, little shops and comfortable homes, standing close to one another on both sides of the way. Only one did not seem to have a human tenant. "It must come from that old house yonder, so grey and weather-beaten," she said softly to herself. She crossed the narrow roadway, stooped in at the low entrance, and, ever following the sound, up rickety stairs and along foul passages, came at last to a battered door, shaking on one broken hinge. She pushed it aside.

It was a gloomy attic she stood in, narrow but not low. Day, entered by a single opening—a small unglazed window high up from the floor. The room was full of deep brown shadows, in all parts but one. There, in the further corner, the cold white light of the north fell in a long pale ray upon something white. Something white and awfully still. It is an upturned face. The eyes were wide open, but they saw nothing, though they gazed so steadily, and the cheeks were so wasted and hollow you would never believe they had once been rosy-round.

"One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead."

By her side lay a young babe that the thin arms had at last been too weak to lift to her breast or even half enfold. And there it lay by its mother, wailing, wailing in the cold. The face of the Gentle Lady turned white; as white almost as that of the other woman lying before her—as the paleness of white June roses is to that of drifted snow—her eyes were brighter than their wont, for they were wet with swift, unshed tears; and the soft lips parted slightly, though no word came through, only little, trembling moans. All at once she bent over her dead sister, caught up the crying child and laid it in her warm bosom. Then, with her tender arms folded close around the babe and her face bent down to its face, she hurried from the room. She was soon out again in the bleak autumn day and the turmoil of the thronging street. The bitter wind cut her hands and face, and sometimes the people pushed rudely past her in their haste, but she felt it not, for the child had ceased its wail from the time it first felt her gentle touch, and, soothed by her low, sweet words, it soon fell fast asleep.

BOHÉMIEN.

CIBOLOGY.

"Voracious learning, often overfed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal."

CAST aside the well-worn books, ye seekers after knowledge! waste no more the midnight oil! let not cankered meditation stamp thought's deep lines on a brow radiant with youthful bloom! For industry now doth mean a ravening appetite; study—a never-ending feast; wisdom—a good digestion.

By the labors of the comparative cibologist the long-sought royal road to learning has been found. This latest of the sciences is founded on careful investigation of the esculent predilections of individuals and races, and on the exhaustive study of the nervous activities set on by various foods. Thus reasons the cibologist:—"My knowledge is a constituent part or element of the being whom I call myself; my knowledge is therefore an emanation of my nutriment. Clearly, since my nutriment furnishes all the constituents of my physical being. Now, as nutriment and knowledge are related as antecedent to consequent, modify or change the nutriment and of necessity you alter the knowledge.

The student, then, who wishes to become profoundly learned in some branch of knowledge, examines the synopsis of foods and their respective emanations compiled by the cibologist. With untiring industry he devours the prescribed diet in filling quantity. Rigidly does he flee the allurements of all neutralizers and opposites, and even as he digests he becomes learned in his chosen subject.

Vague glimmerings of this important doctrine are discernible in every age. Thus, the special virtues of many vegetables have been enshrined in the names of some of Rome's noblest lines, the "Fabii," for example. Poets of every clime have sung the inspiration of the meagre pulse. To the mathematical properties of the oat the canny Scot is living witness. Sauer-kraut and limburger are inseparably associated with the German name. In our own day, the succulent bean, albeit hateful to Pythagoras, has given rise to the far-famed Boston culture.

What beautiful simplicity this great discovery has introduced into our ancient university of Teioiagon!

The sachems and sages of the tribe styled "graduates" established for the aspirant to their dignity a period of probation or novitiate. The neophyte spent four years in assimilating the "pabulum" attached to one of the sections, into which the sum of human knowledge is divided. At the end of this period he became like to a sage in wisdom. The queasy-stomached and those who from early habit were unable to digest particular foods as they were then usually served, were permitted to attend certain allied institutions, in which such obnoxious food was specially prepared and flavored by sympathetic tasters. It was the peculiar province of the tasters to prevent the neophyte from eating anything that might excite indigestion or nausea, and thus rendering him discontented with his surroundings. To others of nice stomachs, who required to be spoon-fed, certain "options" were open; by these nutriment was introduced into their enfeebled systems in homeopathic doses. Some foods, doubtless considered too stimulating for the neophyte, were prohibited altogether by the sachems.

As it was held to be injurious to the neophyte to gorge at once the diet assigned, he was required, before being admitted to his new rank, to produce a "certificate" that he had consumed it in a legitimate manner as allotted by the tasters. But recently, as I have learned, the sachems have made an exceedingly wise "regulation." It was found that neophytes of more than ordinary capacity, not content with the fare regularly placed before them by the tasters, had recourse to the larder. This was so obviously unfair to those of poorer digestive powers, that a penalty has been imposed on those who, in order to supplement the in many instances meagre allowance of the tasters, use the larder.

M. F. U.

SHAFTESBURY.

Foremost in every noble deed that brings
The laurel wreath of Fame's undying praise
To mortals; seeking only purest ways
Of spurning forth the ear'hy dross that clings
Like cerements to mankind e'en at his best;
Thee, woman freed from her inhuman load,
Thee, children rescued from long toil's harsh goad,
Salute with joy for God's great boon of rest.
Thy glory shines thro' Britain's wide domains;
Yea, foreign lands have owned thy godlike power;
E'en heathen tribes pour blessings on thy name.
Servant of Christ, well done! In that great hour
When toilers shall be free from tyrant chains,
The ransomed shall thee greet with loud acclaim.

Ottawa, Nov. 3. 1885.

S. Woods.

MUSIC AND MORALS.

But a night ago I had the pleasure of listening to a lucid exposition by Mr. Haweis of the relation between "music and morals." The relation was satisfactorily proved and illustrated, but the lecturer stopped at the very point where I wish to begin. He made no allusion whatever to the practical outcome of the truth he had made clear. He did good work in proving that music *must*, through the emotions, have an influence on morals; but there he stopped. At a time when the diseased moral condition of large masses of our society is sternly occupying thoughtful minds, it seems strange that the lecturer did not propose the application of the remedy he hints at. If there be really a moral power in music, if in it we have embodied a mysterious mechanism of morality, then why not proceed at once to utilize such an agency for good?

Music has, indeed, wondrous powers. In the "Marseillaise" it drives men into heroism. I have seen it in a grand cathedral teach religion and high truth to thousands; while yet, as a siren's song, it can drag us to ruin. Here, I am convinced, we have one of the world's untamed forces. We have tamed fire, so that now it serves us and only occasionally breaks out in devastation. The same with electricity, and the same it may and must be with music. It must be tamed and made to serve us, this power that can irresistibly compel to virtue. It is not infringing upon the sanctity of art to insist that it work in obedience to the moral law. On the contrary, in its alliance with the moral law, art finds its apotheosis, the end and aim of its being. This is not puritanism with its narrow, theological ideas, but the genuine spirit of progress, with its whole-souled striving after harmony with what is supremely true and good.

Thus, it has been foolishly argued that deliberately to strive after morality in music would be to ruin music. But the simple answer to this is that the purest emotions spring from the purest thoughts, and the purest music is the expression of the purest emotion. Consequently, highest music comes from highest thinking. Thought is, indeed, like a lark; as it mounts it must perfume its music with it. The higher it mounts, the purer and sweeter the music, until, when the thought vanishes into heaven, down thrills the purest ecstasy of song alone.

Let no man ever say that music can not be cultivated with resolutely high aim. Let those rather with the gift of noble thinking realize their great duty. Let them strive to strengthen their weaker brethren with the thrill and music of their holiest thoughts. Then we shall realize something of that brotherhood good men have dreamed of, when we all shall move in one continuous march together, when the forward longing of the strongest shall give eagle wings to the weakest—better even than Jean Paul's dream; for then the spirit that shines only shall not need to pant after the spirit that lightens continually, but both shall wing the grandest flight with ease together.

What is urgently wanted to-day is to cleanse the foul places of the earth, to sweep them clean with music and let in some living, soul-creating light. We must have round and about us an atmosphere in which best thoughts alone can live and mean thoughts die asphyxiated. This achieved, we'll see our way clearer to the causes of much unfairness in our social arrangements. When liberal inspired hearts have made it possible for the poorest and filthiest outcast to bathe in cleansing music, then you'll see again the miracle of the leprous-healing. Our whole diseased society would come forth, as it were, with the pure, smooth skin of an infant. Oh, brothers, is there no prophecy in this vision?

R. BALMER.*

*We regret that the compositor made a serious mistake in Mr. Balmer's article last week. The disfigured sentence should have read, "Lives whose sun was extinguished before the dawn."

NOV. 2ND, 1885.

A cold, raw, disagreeable day at Ottawa station. The snow in fitful eddies had been falling since early morning, and melting as it fell, had reduced everything on the unpaved station grounds to one uniform mass of soft adhesive mud. The waiting room is crowded with a motley group of cabmen, trainmen, newsboys, women, children, boys and girls, and here and there a few of the solid men of the capital deep in earnest conversation. A confused sound of French and English strikes upon the ear, and it is evident from the appearance of excitement upon the faces of all that something more than usual is on the tapis. Suddenly, a shrill whistle is heard, and in the dim distance, reflected in the glimmering light of departing day on the troubled waters of the Ottawa, a great red light comes forging ahead, and then around the curve, and over the triangle, and up to the depot sweeps the first train for Winnipeg.

Scarce had the motion ceased when an eager rush was made and all were bent upon examining the accommodation provided for the travellers to the far west. Immigrant sleeper, smoking car, dining car, luxurious day car, and a sleeper second to none on the continent meet the anxious gaze of the throng, but before the mind had time to take in details, the cheery "all aboard" is heard, and away westward rushed, as though pursued by the demon of unrest, the pioneer train on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

We Canadians are not a demonstrative people. I hardly dare to say that we are even proud of our own achievements. Yet this day ought to be a red letter day for every true son of Canada. I care not whether, with an eye far-reaching, and a confidence equal to that of a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a determination to overcome difficulties such as rarely meet mankind in his onward march, you have waited almost hoping against hope to see this day; or whether, ghoul-like and dissatisfied, you have rejoiced at every hindrance which threatened to endanger our national road, to both alike this train sweeping out from Ottawa station is an era, an epoch in the life of this young and vigorous Nation I write it, you see, with a capital N, for a people who have done what we have done within the last twenty-five years ought to be proud of our advancement, and dare to vindicate for ourselves a place beside the other nations with or without a capital.

Thirty years ago, a boy, I was attending school in London, and was one in the crowd which welcomed with a shout, as if from ten thousand throats, the first train that came over the old Great Western from Hamilton to London. A few years afterwards, I read the glowing accounts of the celebration in Montreal over the opening of the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Toronto; and now when a passenger can sit down in a palace of luxury at Montreal, and ride to the very foot of the Selkirks without change, we treat it as a matter of every day occurrence, and pass it by with a mere newspaper paragraph.

And still, as I said, this train marks an era. We are no longer a mass of units. We are a confederation, not in name only, but in very truth. And that train as it rushes onward to-night on its western course carries to each station as it goes the welcome news of greeting from the East to the West; and over the rocks and rugged hills, the lakes and streams of our vast Laurentian and Huronian systems we stretch a warm hand to our younger sisters in the far west.

But it does more than this. It says with a voice of unmistakable distinctness that we must take our place beside the most progressive nations of the world. Our country is still young, and yet no other land can show equal progress, not even our energetic neighbors to the south of us. In less than one-third of a century we have developed a canal system unequalled in the world, and a net work of railways such as can be seen nowhere else. The barren wilderness has been pierced; the mighty St. Lawrence and the Ottawa bridged; and with sublime confidence in the future, roads have been built where no hope of local traffic can ever justify the expendi-

ture of a single cent, and all this has been done not grudgingly, not meanly, but with a lavish hand and a liberal heart that counts only the end, and thus vindicates the means.

Away westward, then, with that rushing train let us carry our thoughts, past Mattawa springing into life, past Nipissing lying in more than regal grandeur, past the clear cold waters of Superior, past the Winnipeg's ceaseless murmurs, and then down upon the Red River, and the prairie city, and away over vast meadows until the rock-ribbed hills towering to the clouds meet our gaze ; and there resting watch the hurrying trains of a few years hence as they sweep along eastward carrying the produce of China and Japan, and the golden grain of our fruitful west to new markets, and to the millions of the old land who need its life-giving power.

And while fancy thus plays with us, while for a brief time we forget our petty feuds, let us give a meed of praise to those bold and aggressive Canadians who have laid firm and strong their lines upon the face of our young country, and who have planned and toiled and endured to bring to a successful completion what the most sanguine of us never expected to see in his day, at least. All honour to the company which has achieved such a noble work, and thrice honored the people of Canada who so ably supported them.

S. WOODS.

OTTAWA, Nov. 3rd, 1885.

A PUBLIC ANNOTATOR.

Reference to the advertising columns of this paper will disclose a card from a Mr. Hacwork, whose line of business warrants me in heading this article in the way I have done. Having but a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Hacwork—having been merely introduced to him a month or two ago—I cannot speak positively or authoritatively regarding his ability in the special line of work which he has made peculiarly his own. But from the specimen of his work which he enclosed in a letter to me a short time ago, and which he begged me to publish in THE VARSITY, I am free to confess that he has peculiar qualifications for his chosen life work.

In his note to me Mr. Hacwork said : "I noticed in last week's VARSITY a proposed curriculum for English, and knowing that in the event of its adoption—which, from the ability and pertinacity of its author, I have every reason to believe will speedily follow, I have taken advantage of a very slight acquaintance to forward for your perusal, with a view to subsequent publication in THE VARSITY, an annotated edition of a little gem of Celtic poetry which I came across not long ago. I send you this because I notice in the proposed curriculum many new works which will have to be annotated, and others which, though they have been edited by learned men, are not annotated in the highest style of the art, or in such a manner as I flatter myself I am capable of doing."

To give the readers of THE VARSITY an opportunity of judging of Mr. Hacwork's abilities as a commentator I will append his annotation of the "Celtic gem" referred to.

BASEBALL : A CELTIC ODE.

EDITED, WITH CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES AND COMMENTS—TOGETHER WITH A COPIOUS GLOSSARY—
BY B. MACAULAY HACWORK.

CANTO I.

Me (1) name it (2) is O'Hoolihan, (3)
I'm a man of considerable influence,
I mind my business, stay at home, (4)
Me wants be few and small.
But wan (5) day the byes (6) came all around,
All full of whiskey, gin, and rum, (7)
And they tuk (8) me out in the bilin' sun, (9)
Fur (10) to play a game of baseball."

NOTES TO CANTO I.

1. *Me*—Ethical dative form for *my*; occurs all through the canto.

2. *It*—Redundant use of the subject; common in Celtic poets of this era; exigencies of rhythm demand its use.

3. *O'Hoolihan*—Most probably a Celtic rendering of the French

name *Hugh Le Han*; supposed to be a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees who fled to Ireland.

4. *Stay at home*—No doubt these excellent habits were cultivated out of deference to the wishes of Mrs. O'Hoolihan.

5. *Wan*—Celtic phonetic form for *one*; this word *wan* is a favorite one with poets of the Swinburnic school. Compare :

"And so when days are *wan*, and hearts are cold."

(*Introductory poem, VARSITY BOOK.*)

"Sweet face, wild-eyed and *wan*,"

(*Beauté de Diable*), etc.

6. *Byes*—Phonetic form for *boys*; does not refer to male children especially; a term of endearment; sometimes written *boyees*, or *bhoys* (High Ger.)

7-9. These two lines make it difficult to locate the scene of the game. If "whiskey, gin and rum" were used it would be reasonable to suppose that the players were hardy men of the north. But the words "bilin' sun" overturn this theory. Reference is made to this subject again.

8. *tuk*—for *took*; common Celtic form; the English *o* and *oo* are usually *u* in Celtic.

10. *Fur*—for *for*; see note 8. Not to be mistaken for *fur*—the outer covering of animals.

11. *Baseball*—The name given to a game of American origin. The name is now becoming inappropriate. The names for the games of Baseball and Football should be interchanged. For there is no game in which there is so much "kicking" as in baseball; and no game in which there is less kicking than football (Rugby.) The game of baseball was originally played with nine players on a side. But now there is no occasion for there being more than two—the pitcher and the umpire. *Vide* the reports of the recent match between Varsity and St. Mike's.

CANTO II.

They made me carry all the bats, (1)
And they nearly drove me crazy,
They put me out in the centre field, (2)
But I paralyzed (3) them all.
Fur I put out my fist (4) to stop a fly (5)
When the murthing thing hit me square in the eye,
And they hung me out on the line (6) to dhry (7)
The day that I played baseball.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

1. *bats*—paraphernalia of the game; not the nocturnal animals that inhabit old barns, etc.

2. *centre-field*—does not refer to location of fields of and ; is a technical term of the game.

3. *paralyzed*—not to be taken literally; means 'astonished.'

4. *fist*—not past tense of 'to fish'; Celtic equivalent of English *fist*.

5. *Fly*—does not refer to one of the *diptera*, though the many zoological terms used by the author would lead one to this supposition. A technical term of the game; means a catch made before the ball has bounced or hit any obstruction since it came in contact with the bat.

6. *line*—some Editors read *fince*.

7. *dhry*.—Equivalent to dry; the *h* is archaic; these two last lines refer to the polite amenities of the game. (See last two lines of each canto.)

CANTO III.

I tuk the bat fur to make a strike, (1)
And I knocked it (2) to San Francisco ; (3)
Around the bases (4) I did run
A dozen (5) times or more.
Till all the byes (6) began to howl
O'Hoolihan you made a foul ; (7)
And they rubbed me down with a Turkish (8) tow'l.
The day that I played baseball.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

1. *Strike*—not to be confounded with the agitations of laborers and others for increased wages; a technical term; an attempt to hit the ball when pitched, and may or may not be successful; this

largely depends upon the umpire, and the "kicking" capabilities of the pitcher.

2. *It*—the ball, not the "strike."

3. *San Francisco*—a town in California; its harbor is the "Golden Horn," probably accounts for the quantities of liquor consumed by the players. (See Canto I.) In this connection probably means the "Ultima Thule" of distance; for, in the next line reference is made to a "Turkish tow'l," which would not be required in a tropical climate; most probably hyperbolical.

4. *bases*—technical term; usually sand bags placed at regular intervals to indicate the stopping places of the runner.

5. *A dozen times, etc.*—This is contrary to rules laid down in "Spaulding's Baseball Guide for 1885." Only one run can be made by a player at a time.

6. *byes*—See note 6 on Canto I.

7. *foul*; not to be confounded with *fowl*, a feathered biped; a technical name for a 'strike' that is illegal.

8. *Turkish tow'l*—refers no doubt to the introduction into Hibernia of Turkish merchandize. *Tow'l*, for *towel*; example of syncope; the *e* dropped for the sake of rhyme and rhythm.

CANTO IV.

The Editor (1) he axed (2) me name
Fur to give me a leather medal (3)
He axed me fur me fortygraft (4)
To hang agin (5) the wall.
Fur he said it was me as had (6) won the game.
With me head all broke and me shoulder lame,
And they tuk me ho ne on a cattle train (7)
The day that I played baseball.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

1. *Editor*—name given to the man who conducts a newspaper; a curious individual who works at nights and sleeps by day—though with one eye open; usually a millionaire; one who is supposed to give "locals" in return for tickets to church socials, etc.; compare Lowell's "Pious Editor's Creed," etc.

2. *axed*—Hibernicism for asked.

3. *leather medal*—a customary reward for merit amongst Celtic races; some think it a term of reproach, but this is evidently erroneous.

4. *forty-graft*—archaic Celtic form of the word *photograph*.

5. *agin*—shortened form for *against*; must not be confounded with *agin*, the shortened form of the word *again*.

6. *as had*—this expression not sanctioned by the best grammarians. In these two lines there is an unconscious tribute to the power of the Press. The Editor's *dictum* that Mr. O'Hoolihan had won the game is not disputed; so that it is safe to infer that his decision was considered unassailable.

7. *cattle-train*—no doubt used in consideration of the fact that there was so much *horse-play* amongst the returning players.

I have thus given Mr. Hacwork's notes in full, that those authors having works to annotate may know to whom to apply. Mr. Hacwork assures me that the publication of the above MS. in the VARSITY would be of immense value to him, as he purposed, at my suggestion, to petition the Senate to appoint him Annotator and Commentator to the Board of Arts Studies.

F. B. HODGINS.

University and College News.

KNOX COLLEGE.

A quiet Hallowe'en. Notwithstanding unfavorable weather the "boom" in football still continues.

The elocution lectures by Prof. Neff are highly popular with the students.

The Glee Club makes its first appearance at the public on Friday.

All the parts are well represented. A concert is spoken of, to take place some time next term.

Rev. T. Davidson, M.A., and James Hamilton, B.A. sailed for the old land last week. They will study in Edinburgh.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

The new library is nearly finished and the formal opening will take place in a week or two. The room is fifty-four by thirty-eight feet and is handsomely finished in American chestnut and ash. The students' rooms above are very comfortable; in fact the residence is now unsurpassed in Canada.

The Principal had an unpleasant experience last Sunday night on his way to preach at the Church of the Redeemer. Just as he had passed Mr. Kerr's house on the road to the north gate of the Park, three men jumped over the fence of the field on the right and interrupted his meditations. One seized him by the neck, another presented the cold barrel of a revolver to his forehead, while the third prepared to rifle his pockets. This was not done, however, without vigorous expostulation on the Doctor's side, and he was threatened as to his brains four times before he was induced to become quiet. It is needless to say that such a proceeding is quite unusual; and no doubt Dr. Sheraton thought that such arguments were not all in accordance with the latest principles of exegesis.

The C. U. had a very successful chapter on Wednesday night. The new men headed by W. A. Frost, B.A. were formerly received and invested with the degree of the "brown hood." The black dirge was sung at midnight, when the shades of departed members were duly invoked. One distinguished member was unfrocked for misconduct. The proceedings closed at an early hour.

Y. M. C. A.

The usual weekly prayer meeting was held in Moss Hall, on Thursday afternoon, at five o'clock. Mr. T. R. Shearer led the meeting, and read an interesting and thoughtful paper on "Missions in Quebec." He showed the rapid progress the work has been making there during the past fifty years, prior to which time there were no French Protestants in Quebec, while now there are upwards of 11,000.

The meeting was more largely attended than usual, perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that an occasional change from the customary wholly devotional manner of conducting the meetings is welcomed by the members.

Next week is set apart as the annual week of prayer in Y. M. C. A. organizations throughout the Continent. Meetings will be held every day during the week, beginning on Sunday. Dr. Wilson will conduct the meeting on that day. Notices will be posted on the bulletin board from day to day, telling who the leaders will be. The meeting on Sunday is at four o'clock, and the other days at five, lasting in all cases but three-quarters of an hour. All students are invited.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

The committee for the annual dinner has been chosen. It includes many good men, and, no doubt, this year's dinner will excel any previous one. An effort was made to substitute a conversation for the dinner, but the majority of the students were opposed to the scheme.

The regular meeting of the School Medical Society should have been held on Friday last, but it was put off in order not to interfere with the public meeting of the University College Literary Society. The committee are showing commendable zeal, and have added to the Library and Reading Room. They are now engaged in maturing some plan by which to make the Library available for all the students.

Mr. W. H. Green has been attacked by typhoid fever, but it is hoped will soon be round again.

One of the Freshmen was elevated last week. The Freshies, frenzied with anger, held an indignation meeting. The old story—"who will bell the cat?"

On Saturday our football team played a drawn match with the Parkdale club, each side scoring a goal.

The Sessional Committee is endeavouring to pave the way for a future gymnasium and has added a chest machine to its stock.

Mr. Pickering, our ancient janitor, has at length been superannuated. The students, with whom he has always been a favourite, made up a handsome purse for him.

A petition to appoint a temporary lecturer in surgery has been presented to the Faculty. The present professor, Dr. W. T. Aikins, has been indisposed for some weeks past.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The students have now fairly settled down to work, and with the very large addition of Freshmen, Trinity has a number of men of which any such institution might well feel proud. A pleasing feature in our Matriculants is the ever-increasing number Trinity is obtaining of Graduates and Undergraduates in Arts, from Universities in all parts of the Dominion, there being to our knowledge no less than ten graduates, beside innumerable undergraduates.

The opening lecture delivered by Dr. Covernton, was listened to with pleasure by the students and their friends, but perhaps the event of this our opening day was the conversazione and concert held in the evening. The new dissecting room was beautifully clean, and the floor being waxed was all that could be desired for dancing. Many adjourned to enjoy the Terpsichorean art, whilst others listened with delight to the splendid programme of the concert which was being carried out in the large theatre of the school.

We are no sooner out of one excitement than into another. Whilst many for several days after were thinking over the pleasant evening they had, it was not long before one heard remarks about the election of officers for the annual dinner, and soon a meeting was called and nominations proceeded with. The election was to take place a week from the date of nomination, and in the meantime the friends of each candidate did all in their power to secure votes for their men.

Last Saturday polling day arrived, and about three o'clock in the afternoon hordes of students might be seen pouring into the old building for the annual *struggle*. For chairman Messrs. Lapp, Brennan, and Fere had been nominated, but we must say in justice to Mr. Fere that he did not wish to run, that his heart was not in the contest, and that, knowing his wishes, his friends did not canvass for him at all. Consequently at the end of the first ballot, no one was surprised to see him behind, and the struggle resolve itself into one between Mr. Brennan and Mr. Lapp. On the second ballot Mr. Lapp was elected by a large majority.

Mr. Keane (3rd year) was elected 1st vice-chairman ;
Mr. Shannon (2nd year) " by acclamation 2nd vice.

Mr. Ferguson (1st year) " 3rd vice.

For Committee there were elected :

4th year, Messrs. Dickinson and McKenzie.

3rd " " H. C. Phillips and D. Thompson.

2nd " " G. Fere and Wardlaw.

1st " " Sanson and Bateman.

The 3rd and 4th year men went in by acclamation. The only struggle worthy of note occurred in the 2nd year, when Mr. Fere defeated Mr. Gowan by one vote, the returns being 79 to 78. Mr. Honsberger was elected Toaster, over his opponent, Mr. Woodhall, by a handsome majority.

At a meeting held on Wednesday it was resolved to hold the dinner in the Rossin House, on Thursday evening, Nov. 26th.

THE COMPANY.

A beautiful afternoon welcomed the members of "K" Company who turned out at two o'clock last Saturday for their annual field-day. There were present about 35 men, including three members of "H" Company who also wished to enjoy the run through the fields. Lieut. Gunther was in command with Lieut. Mercer second. The line of march was north through the Park and along Avenue road, from thence west until some good fields for skirmishing were reached. Here the Company was extended in skirmishing order, and proceeded to drive an imaginary enemy over the hills beyond, thus bringing back memories of Cut-Knife, etc. Some of the men exhibited a strong desire to charge adjacent apple orchards, thinking that the enemy were concealed therein.

Having gained a complete victory, the Company marched back to the home of Mr. Gunther, where "Hungry Nine" did justice to the good things provided through the kindness of Mrs. Gunther. Thus ended what was pronounced by those present to be one of the most enjoyable field-days ever spent.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

A week ago last night the Rugby team boarded the palatial sleeping car of the C. P. R. for Ottawa to play their last match in the series for the College championship with Ottawa College. Naturally, in anticipation of a hard day's work on the morrow, they retired early and enjoyed a good night's rest undisturbed except by a reverend gentleman who evidently took a larger interest in the Varsity and its colors than he might admit, if we may judge from the state of his boots and hat next morning. The game was

announced to commence at 2.30 and it wanted a few minutes to that time when the Varsity entered the College grounds, receiving a hearty cheer from Ottawa College at the entrance. Their grounds situated a short distance from the College will compare very favorably with any athletic grounds in Canada, and have a third of a mile track. Mr. A. P. Lowe acted as referee and Mr. White umpired for Ottawa College and Mr. Taylor for the Varsity. At the beginning the Varsity played a dashing game and scored a safety touch, 2 points. After the kick-off the Varsity forced the ball again well down into Ottawa territory and kept it there for the better part of the first half, when D. Ferguson received a nasty kick on the head and was forced to retire. From this time until the end of the half Ottawa College had the best of it, scoring a try and a rouge. When time was called the game stood 5 to 2 in favor of Ottawa. After a short intermission play was resumed. Ottawa College rushed the ball down on the Varsity goal and in spite of every effort made two tries, from neither of which did they kick a goal. In fact their place kicking all through the game was extremely poor. Shortly afterwards Riley of Ottawa College kicked a beautiful goal from the field, when the Varsity drew together and for the last twenty minutes the ball was about the middle of the field neither side making any more points. At the end of the game the score stood 19 to 2 in favor of Ottawa College. For Ottawa Riley and Bannon played a good game, especially the latter, whose peculiar mode of running made him very difficult to tackle. For the Varsity all the backs played a good game, kicking in splendid style : Moss and Senkler, E. C. at quarter and Elliott among the forwards, are also deserving of mention. After the match Ottawa College gave the Varsity a dinner in the Russell, at which a very agreeable time was spent. The toast of the Varsity was responded to by J. S. MacLean and H. B. Cronyn, and that of Ottawa College by W. MacCarthy and C. Murphy. The names of the Varsity team appeared in last week's issue.

On Saturday last the second fifteen of the Varsity and Torontos had a match on the lawn. Mr. G. Burritt was chosen referee and Mr. R. L. Johnson umpire for Toronto and Mr. W. McKay for the Varsity. The Varsity was represented by Messrs. Mill, J. Mill, F. Cross, Hughes, Owen, Moss, F. Boyd, G. Snetsinger, Blake, Johnson, Owen, Leys, Lyon and Downes. The Varsity had it all their own way, ultimately winning by 23 points to nothing.

The Varsity has challenged the winner of the Trinity-Upper Canada match to a game for the City cup, to take place on the 19th of November.

Messrs. W. P. Mustard, A. Elliott and H. McLaren have been chosen to represent the Varsity in the Inter-Provincial match on Thanksgiving Day.

An effort is being made to send the second fifteen to Port Hope next week to play Trinity College School.

LIST OF BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

(Continued from last issue.)

The Book of Job, ed. Davidson (Camb. Bible).

The World as Subject of Redemption, Freemantle's Bampton Lectures, 1883.

Religion and Science, Temple's Bampton Lectures, 1884.

Essays on the Parsis, by M. Hang.

Optics, by S. Parkinson, 4th ed.

Mathematical and Physical Papers, by Sir W. Thompson.

The Universe of Suns, by R. A. Proctor.

The Voice, by A. Semple.

Work-measuring Machines, by J. F. Smith.

Electric Lighting, by Th. Du Moncel.

Elementary Text-book of Physics, by J. D. Everett.

Solid Geometry, by Chas. Smith.

Conic Sections, by P. A. Roberts.

Proofs of Chemical Theory, by W. Ramsay.

Rigid Dynamics, by E. T. Routh, pt. II.

Gravitation, etc., by G. B. Airy.

Studies in Low and High-German Literature, by M. W. M. Callum.

Memoirs of Henrich Heine, ed. Evans.

Prosa of Henrich Heine, by Buchheim.

Gothe's Hermann and Dorothea, ed. Wagner.

The Lenape Stone, by H. C. Mercer.

Discovery of the Periodic Law, by J. A. R. Newlands.

Christianity and Positivism, by Jas. McCosh.

Notes on some of Shakespeare's Plays, by F. A. Kemble.

Shelley Memorials, ed. Lady Shelley.

Essays and Phantasies, by Jas. Thomson.

Concordance to Pope, by Edwin Abbott.

Webster, Green, and Peele, ed. Dyce (the old Dramatist).

- History of Lower Canada, by Robert Christie.
 Bubbles of Canada, by J. C. Haliburton.
 Campaign for the Conquest of Canada, by C. H. Jones.
 Coligny, by W. Besant.
 History of English Colonies in America, by H. C. Lodge.
 Critical Review of American Politics, by C. Remelin.
 Historical Journal of Campaigns in North America, by Capt. J. Knox.
 Red Jacket (Buffalo Historical Society).
 Roadside Songs of Tuscany, F. Alexander, p. iv.
 Hegel's Aesthetics, by J. S. Kedney.

(To be continued.)

Current Thought.

The exclusive education of English boys up to a very recent period comprised only the classic, and that in a pedantic way. I must say English boys used to be allowed to grow up in ignorance unfathomable, without a bottom or shore. The system of education was one that produced either little prodigies or little dunces. It treated the plastic clay as though it were the unyielding marble, and sought to produce the same lustre from the slate as from a diamond. To a practical ignorance of English literature was added the complete ignorance of any form of science. There was even ignorance of everything that was best in the two languages to which everything else was sacrificed. Seven or eight years of a boy's life in England used to be passed in not acquiring the inflexion of a single Greek verb. Some could write Latin prose, such that would make Quintilian stare and gasp, or such Greek verse that any common Athenian schoolboy would have died of laughter at. In those days not a single English grammar-school had a science master; now the commonest is not without one. The condition of affairs in the colleges was at this time very much the

same. Cambridge, to be sure, had its mathematics, while at Oxford, Latin and Greek were almost exclusively studied. This has all changed now, and in each college we give due regard to every branch of learning.—*Archdeacon Farrar, at Johns Hopkins.*

PRESIDENT WILSON, at Convocation, stated that as college examinations were henceforth to be substituted for those of the university, the scholarships formerly given by the university would necessarily be withdrawn. He expressed his confident hope that friends of the college would be found who would supply funds sufficient to establish college scholarships of an amount equal to those previously available. We venture to express the opinion that friends of the college can make a much better use of their money. Scholarships in a national institution, practically free, are not merely not necessary to education, they are inimical to it. If a student has not sufficient interest in his own mental advancement and culture to make the best use of all the advantages which professors and laboratories and libraries supply him, without the artificial stimulus of a competitive examination, he does not deserve the gifts the gods provide him, and should go punished all his life with an unexpanded mind and a rudimentary education. University College needs professors and demonstrators; it needs laboratories and facilities for practical work; it has no need of prizes, whether in books or money. These competitive examinations, their preliminary crams and their accompanying stimuli of scholarships and prizes, are but the residua of an effete, unphilosophic system which is fast vanishing under the heat and light of modern educational science and opinion.—*Educational Weekly.*

Learning, in its best sense, is never attended with weariness or discouragement, whereas, the book which has to be "got up" is the living symbol of a deadly fatigue. The art of questioning in a teacher, the growing power of acute and skilful analysis, the insight into the number and kind of steps that a class must take in each part of a subject—all these are killed off by the possession of the book.—*Rev. W. A. Hale, in "Evolution."*

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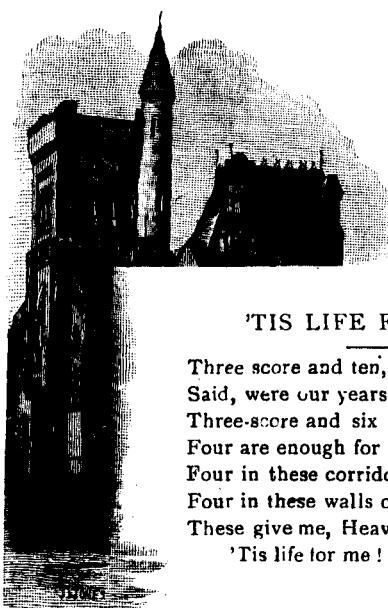
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*These songs fly forth to you, old friends,
Who once have walked the echoing corridors,
Or pressed swift feet upon the grassy lawns,
Or drunk the spirit-haunted pages here;*

*To wake again the memories of days,
The vision of the happier days gone by,
To wake again the murmur of the pines,
To show the grey towers rising in the gloom.*

*And so when days are wan and hearts are cold,
These songs may bring again the joy of youth,
A glow that rises in the flaming west,
That lingers last when the sweet sun has gone.*

The book is a valuable one. And from this point of view :—it is the production of graduates and undergraduates of the University of Toronto, young men actively engaged in the cultivation of their minds ; with their thoughts employed on a variety of subjects ; looking forward with hope into a future in which they shall be able to use these thoughts and bring that cultivation into play. The 'Varsity Book is a sample of what they are now doing and thinking about ; is a test of the culture at which they have arrived ; a clue to their standard of taste,

and a general index of their line of thought and mode of expression. On this account we assert it is by no means a work to be thrown lightly aside by the older members of the reading public as of no value, because merely the product of youthful minds. It is amongst these youthful minds that we must hereafter look for our leaders of thought, progress, and government, and what is the bent of these minds cannot but be a question full of interest to all.—*The Educational Weekly.*

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