

# THE VARSITY

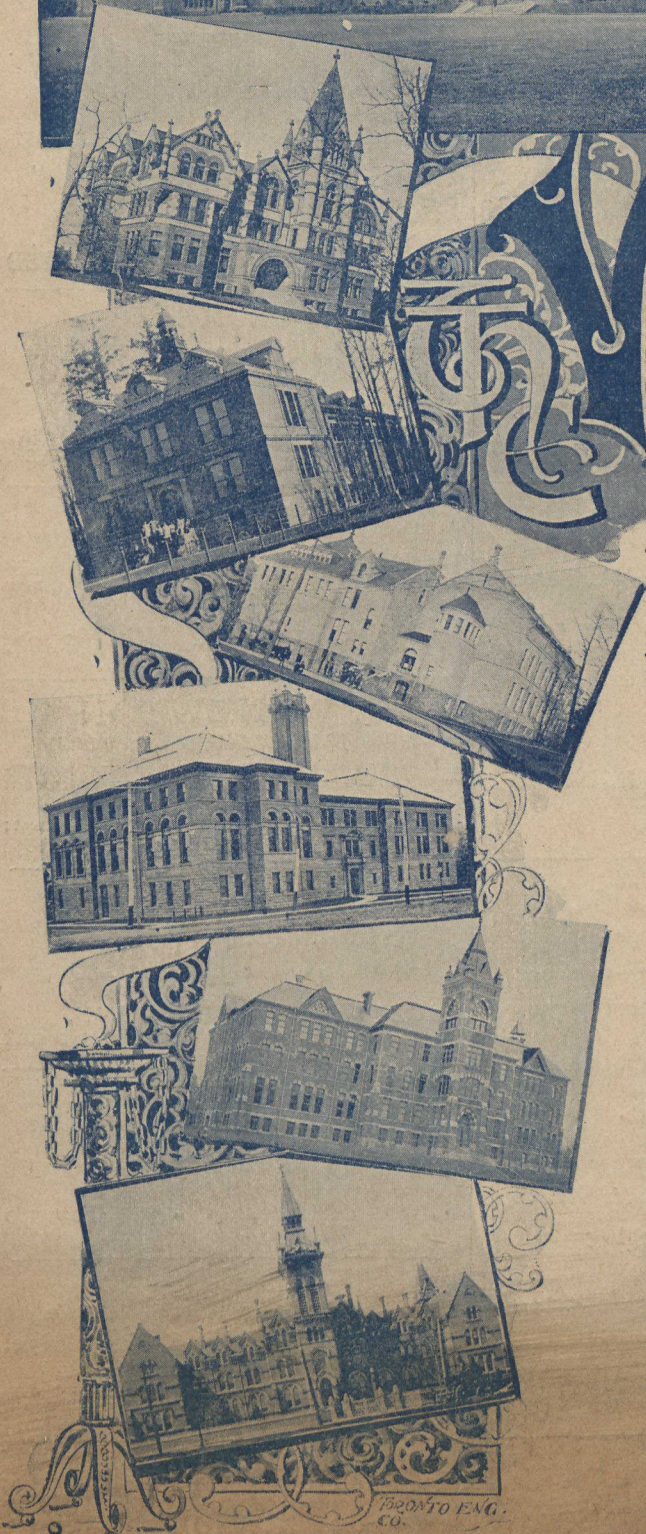
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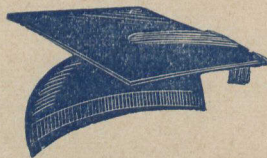
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# THE VARSITY.

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XVI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1896.

No. 10.

## MUSIC AND TEARS.

We sat where the yellow moonlight  
Streamed thro' the August trees  
And fell in leafy shadows  
Over the ivory keys.

Sweet was the night and languid,  
Gently the curtains swayed,  
And oh! the warmth and passion  
Of the soft airs she played.

The music throbbed and floated,  
And filled the shadowy room,  
And the roses at the casement  
Breathed forth their sweet perfume;

But something strange and tender  
Had smote upon my heart,  
And the strains of that lovely music  
Made burning tear-drops start.

And in that passionate moment  
I knew that life was sore,  
And felt its pain and longing  
As I'd never felt before.

Ah, strange that the peace serenest  
Should stir man's soul most deep,  
And strange that the highest beauty  
Is that which makes us weep.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

## GLIMPSES OF OXFORD.

### III.

The vast majority of the Great Ungowned forms its conception of Oxford from reminiscences of youthful readings of Verdant Green, Pendennis, and Tom Brown. These good books, in their own day, may, or may not, have portrayed Oxford as it once existed. They certainly portray neither Oxford nor Oxford life as it exists at the present time. Outside of this source of information, the world gets an occasional glimpse of Oxford life from facts which come out in the periodic London divorce-suit of the English nobleman. All of these English noblemen, it seems, have been at Oxford; and all of them, it likewise seems, have, some time or other, been "sent down" (that is, expelled) from that University. In fact, it is forced on one that every nobleman in England, from Lord Rosebery to the husband of Consuelo Vanderbilt, has stepped into his broader sphere of social life by being "sent down" from the University of Oxford—where expulsion is an un-failing token of aristocracy. We, in America, see little of that Oxford literature, so popular in England, whose creators deal with University life in somewhat the same spirit as Colonel Richardson\* dealt with early Canadian life, or as the Rev. Mr. Ballantyne and Fenimore Cooper dealt with our own poor, distorted, idealized Red Indian. So,

\* You will remember in his "Wacousta" how the Indians stopped the English boats by felling trees across the St. Clair River—trees, I might add, at least one-half mile in height.

beyond these first-mentioned sources of information, our knowledge of Oxford ceases.

From the University itself, and the University authorities, you will find that you can learn nothing. As your letters ply across the wide Atlantic, the innumerable times you are referred from one academic official to another, reminds you very much of Mark Twain's Great Beef Contract, and the shortness of human life. Here, in the land of Principal Grant, it is only those who have attempted to glean a few facts relating to this University and its ways who know how absolutely, maddeningly impossible it is to gather in one enlightening word. You go to those graduates of Oxford who hold professorial positions in our midst, or perhaps to an English clergyman in some neighboring parish (they are always Oxford men), and, with true Oxonian courtesy, they load you down with information: but with information of an Oxford of sixty years ago. Then, to your joy, you hear, perhaps, that there is an Oxford man just come out to learn gentleman-farming with some honest husbandman back on the ninth concession, in the township of Lone Swamp. You search him out, and find him feeding the stock, in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket. He, too, with true Oxonian courtesy, will tell you, as he leans on his pitch-fork, all he knows of Oxford. He talks of "Torpids," and "Rugger," and "Wines," and "Soccer," and "Bump-Suppers," and "Rags," and "Divers," and "Leckers," and even Baccarat. And, leaning pensively on his pitch-fork, he will tell you, with a look of melancholy regret in his eyes, that Oxford is a jolly old place. You thank him, and go away wondering what it all means. For you have not yet learned that Oxford men are of many kinds, and that the Oxford student is known by his Oxford slang, just as a German student is known by the scars on his face.†

So it is quite natural that graduates of our own Universities should so seldom look toward Oxford when in search for higher academic standing, or when casting about them for a congenial place wherein to carry on the study of those early rudiments of a long education—an education, indeed, for which we find our lives so disappointingly short.

To the American college man who contemplates a post-graduate course for the study of some specialty alone, the German universities would certainly offer more inducements than either of the two great English seats of learning. But if his object is not so much the possession of mere scholarship and a "Doctor of Philosophy," as the search for sweetness and light, for culture in its deepest and broadest sense, with a corresponding elimination of the provincial, it would be well for him, perhaps, not to overlook Oxford. For, as Professor Bryce has said, the English universities avowedly were in the last century,

† Which is the more barbarous practice it would be hard to say. The most striking form of Oxford slang is the curtailing of a word and the addition of "er." Thus "Rugger" means Rugby, "Lecker," Lecture, "Father Ignagger," Father Ignatius, and so forth *ad nauseum*. As for the German scars, they are, of course, duelling scars. Students are inordinately proud of these atrocious marks; one university graduate I met in Germany last summer having no less than twenty-seven distinct scars on his face and head. He was a more envied man, I believe, than the Emperor himself.

and to a great extent are still, primarily places for spending three or four pleasant years, and only incidentally places of instruction. Locke's definition of education still dominates their idea of a university. "I think it not much matter," said he to Lord Peterborough, "whether your son be any scholar or no; if he but understand Latin well, and have a general scheme of the sciences, I think that enough. But I would have him well-bred and well-tempered."

In our poor bones is bred a far different university sentiment, but here is no place to discuss so abstruse a question as the proper function and nature of a university. Nor dare I pause to venture an answer to the question whether there is not a slight touch of—shall we call it bigotry?—in Oxford's refusal to acknowledge the academic standing of the unhappy student who dwells without her own walls.\* Perhaps, when you have carried about with you for twenty years the hallowed dignity of a Master of Arts, and then go to Oxford and find yourself summarily converted into a freshman—a poor little insignificant freshman once more—you will be able to answer this question for yourself. However that may be, it is certainly true you will find in Oxford many full-brained Scotchmen and not a few Americans, already Bachelors and Masters of Arts, who are content to enter that university as freshmen, and fulfil Oxford's inexorable requirement of at least a three years' residence within one and one-half miles of Carfax (the centre of the city), that they may be permitted to enter into that keen competition for honors, fellowships, tutorships, and the inevitable successful career in after life to which these lead. For Oxford, until a very few years ago, made absolutely no provisions for any students except those who intended to go through one of the regular courses for a degree. Three times, however, of late, she has humbled and bowed herself before the stranger without her gates, and forgotten her old-time mediævalism. Yet each concession she has made, it seems, has been a sort of splendid failure.

One of these concessions was the establishment of a course of Special Study, or Research, for the degree of either Bachelor of Literature, or Bachelor of Science. The candidate for this course must be already the graduate of a university, or otherwise, must satisfy his Board of Examiners that he is a scholar worthy of being granted the privileges which they offer to those who enter into this two years of research study. He is permitted an apparently limitless choice of subjects—the study of a poet, if he wishes, from Homer to Tennyson, or any theme lying between Asexual Genesis and the enclitic *ye*. But his work must be both exhaustive and original. His Board of Examiners, he will find, are not to be easily satisfied. And even here he does not escape either the inexorable residence-demand or tutorial supervision. In this course I have seen a Master of Arts of many years' standing having his weekly essay criticized and corrected by a boyish looking tutor, manifestly not many winters out of his teens. Yet, this concessive course, created through the alarming consciousness of the increasing number of degrees being "made in Germany," is still in a most unsatisfactorily tentative, experimental and unsettled state. The degree of Bachelor does not lead to a corresponding Doctorate. The Examiners, it seems, are repeatedly coming into rather violent collision with the discontented scholars.

Oxford's second concession to those who had clamored so long at her doors is the New English School. This

\* Since this sketch was written it has been announced that Oxford has granted the University of Toronto special affiliation privileges. By this concession Toronto undergraduates of two years' standing will be admitted to Oxford without examination, and will be enabled to obtain their degrees two years after their admission. But then it must be remembered the Oxford pass course is one of three years only. Consequently this concession is not such a generous one as it appears.

course, like that for the Research Degree, is still in its experimental state. It has, undoubtedly, been far from a success. Not long ago I noticed the *Westminster Gazette* commented on what it termed the failure of this new venture. "The School of English Language and Literature at Oxford," it remarks, "seems to inspire terror among students anxious to take the school. Originally there were three men and one woman student in for the examination. One of the men soon scratched; another scratched the day before; the woman student, too, scratched the day before; while the solitary male student who actually went through some of the papers and endeavored to give some sort of answers was driven in the end to scratch, too."

This brings us to the last point to be considered, Oxford's University Extension Movement. All along this movement has been regarded, more or less, as a sop of cheap culture thrown to the hungry Cereberus of Democracy, and since its first inception has been a target at which the Oxonian rural vicar and the more orthodox graduate have flung epigrams and smart speeches. They joked over the idea of an ambitious housemaid (in fact they worked that poor housemaid to death), who mingled her tears with the "soft droppings" of Euripides whilst she burnt her mistress's jam. They gleefully pictured her as puzzling over a choral ode whilst she polished up the family plate, and confused Sophocles with Sapolio. It was said the disciples of this new movement merely got an indigestible slice of chemistry placed between twin crusts of Gothic Architecture and the Reign of the Stuarts, with the whole seasoned by a sorry pinch of Hellenism. This is the language in which Mr. Charles Whibley describes the movement: "For three weeks at a time the Universities are invaded by a mob of intellectual debauchees, whose ambition is far greater than their stomach, and who sit them down to an orgy of information which is warranted to leave the stoutest with a mental dyspepsia. The learning of all the Ages is crammed into a fortnight. Browning is mixed with physiology; Plato served up with chemistry for a sauce. Tea and college beer complete the havoc wrought by ceaseless floods of facile eloquence, and the distended ones return to their homes battered beyond recognition, and firmly convinced that they have enjoyed in three weeks all the privileges of a University career."

We in America have not been in the habit of looking at University Extension as a sort of intellectual hot-gospel, since that movement in our country claims for itself the justification of success. In England it is different. Mr. Whibley is storming an empty fortress, since there, indeed, the movement is dying out of its own sweet will. Yet to us the epigrammatic Mr. Whibley's language calls up the never-to-be-quite-forgotten Fellow of Trinity, who piously remarked of other college men: "*Never let us forget that they, too, are God's creatures!*" For after all, the regular, orthodox undergraduate of Oxford is not such an intellectual creature as these academic Pecksniffs, who oppose what they contemptuously term the democratization of education, would lead one to suppose. Not that I wish to assert there is not great intellectual life at Oxford, or that its intellectuality is overrated; but rather that the intellectual element in the average Oxford undergraduate is overrated, and most ridiculously overrated. No one sins more in this respect than such mortar-boarded Pecksniffs as we have just noticed. The ordinary undergraduate you will be disappointed to find very ordinary—in intellectual aspirations at least. He does not go to the University for the intellectual life alone. Sports, or sporting, are quite as important to his mind. He goes, too, for the purpose of putting in three or four pleasant years amid pleasant associations and in congenial society. As a rule he is a sociable, honest, honorable, healthy-minded

young fellow, quite as eager to make friends and secure a position in his College Eight as to burn his midnight oil in attempting to formulate some new theory for the spiritual regeneration of the race. And when all is said and done, the difference between the wealthy college student (for the Oxford student must have wealth), with his four years of leizured learning, and the less fortunate extension student with his four busy weeks of mental over-feeding, is mainly one of degree. All human knowledge is incomplete and superficial. Even a Master of Balliol, who has devoted his entire life to the critical study of one school of literature, has to be forgiven for making amusing mistakes in passing judgment on a later school.

So perhaps I shall not err in saying, that if you go to Oxford, it will not be the immediate academic and scholastic influence which will leave its definite mould upon you, but the more indirect and mediate influences for which you pay your Board of Examiners no fee, and for which you burn no midnight oil. You will dwell in a beautiful old city, in more beautiful old college-buildings with secluded walks, shady lawns and Arcadian-like gardens. Morning and evening, in your college-chapel, you will hear the most beautiful sacred music and the sweetest autiphonal singing you can ever hope to hear in all your life. You will go in for those manlier sports which make the sound body wherein may dwell the sound mind. You will come in touch with men who lead the world of thought, you will mingle with students, each of whom is taught by his college traditions to be "an affable and courteous gentleman." For, "Manners Maketh Man," says the arms of New College. Among these students you will find the inevitable percentage of brilliant and intellectual men. You will find them, perhaps, possessing the English coldness, yet the redeeming Oxford courtliness, of manner and the unavoidable geniality which youthfulness finds it so hard to forget. Merely to live in Oxford is no little education. We, of the New World, whose busy, ambitious, practical, matter-of-fact ways of life all tend to make us forget our debt to the past, will find in such a place a new and a strange spiritual birth. ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

#### BRYN MAWR GIRLS AND TORONTO GIRLS.

It is said that comparisons are odious, but in what other way can we possibly find out how much more attractive we are than other people? For instance, I always knew that Varsity men were the nicest in Toronto, and that Toronto was the finest city in Canada; and now I know that Canada is the best country in the world, and therefore—

With the girls of Toronto University it is different. In some ways they have the advantage over Bryn Mawr, in others the latter are far ahead of Toronto. This is the unpleasant but true conclusion drawn from an impartial comparison of life at Toronto and life here. In society, the Toronto girl is vastly more attractive and well-bred, at least according to Canadian ideas. This is partly because Bryn Mawr is not co-educational, partly because she is just far enough out of the city to have a wholly self-centred, and therefore narrow life of her own, and partly because there is a large element of *nouveaux riches*, who think it smart to do and say rude things. So if you can succeed in turning a Bryn Mawr girl's mind off the all-absorbing topic of "shop," her conversation is apt to be almost as entertaining as that of a gawky ten-year-old school girl. In Toronto, for some years, spasmodic efforts have been made to cultivate college spirit, but if the growth of college spirit means, as it does mean here, the decay of interest in the great world outside, let us Varsity people be content with what we have already. The intensity of it here is very far indeed from atoning for the

indifference to greater things. Then also, the Bryn Mawr girls suffers from those common defects of the American girl, a loud shrill voice, and a bad complexion, the latter being made worse by the amazing quantity of tea, coffee and "fudge," consumed at all hours of the day and night, for each girl has her own five o'clock tea-table in her study.

Now, while you are feeling good over this dark side of the shield and saying that you could never be so, just let me show you the bright side, and then, "Go thou, and do likewise." The first thing I noticed here was the magnificent hair possessed by the Bryn Mawr girls. It is a perfect dream of luxurious, silky softness, and is never banged, but worn in simple, unwaved, Madonna-like bands, which coiffure gives the girls a *distingué* air seldom seen at home. Again, the most casual observer cannot fail to note the large percentage of splendidly developed young women, the average height and weight, appearing about the same as that of the average Toronto man. The round-shouldered girl is conspicuous by her absence. On the basket-ball field one finds muscle that would do credit to any football team, and, combined with it, the greatest lightness and agility of motion. All this is due, of course, to the splendid athletic facilities here. Besides a well-equipped gymnasium with a swimming pool and running track, there are eight tennis courts, two basket-ball fields, golf links and, in course of preparation, a bicycle track and cricket grounds. The Athletic Association is also considering plans for putting a boat on the Delaware River. It must be remembered, however, that Bryn Mawr, though far from rich, is a Quaker College, and, as such, receives generous aid from wealthy Friends. Two weeks ago Mr. Justus Strawbridge paid Ian Maclaren five hundred dollars to come out from the city and lecture for us. But, as Samantha Allen would say, "I am a-episod-in", and to resoom and continoo,"—

There is no reason in the world why Toronto girls should not have more of the inexpensive out-door sports, such as golf or basket-ball. The ground north of Hoskin Avenue is grand for golf, while the quadrangle was designed specially for basket-ball. Still the great drawback is the lack of a gymnasium. Only by this can a perfectly symmetrical development be obtained, or the evil effects of constantly poring over books, be avoided. For instance, after taking the gymnasium examination here, I learned the edifying fact that my spine was crooked. This deformity, common among students, is said to be caused by the vast amount of writing done in careless attitudes. In considering the various sources from which aid might come, two plans suggest themselves, the first being the old one of sharing in the gymnasium already built. This plan works very well here and in other colleges. The comedy of it here is that it is the meek young gentlemen of the Faculty who are permitted to use it one hour daily, with the gracious permission of the haughty damsels who hold the reins of power. The second plan is in connection with the Women's Residence Association. If obliged to have a separate building, what better use could be made of the six thousand dollars already collected towards the Residence, than by investing it in a gymnasium, which, by the way, was the bait held out to us, when Freshettes, to arouse enthusiasm over a Residence? This enthusiasm, I must confess, has died out very rapidly since I have had my first experience of dormitory life.

Are we going to let the American girl at college out-strip us, as a sort of compensation for the way the sons of dear old Varsity have out-stripped their American brothers? In all that goes to make up the knight of the nineteenth century, the vigorous, chivalrous, cultured gentleman, Canada's sons are far ahead. Can we say the same of her daughters? Time alone will show, and it

seems to me that by the principle of the survival of the strongest we are running a handicapped race.

E. MAUD GRAHAM, '96.

### OSSIAN—THE GAELIC HOMER.

In these latter days, when the spirit of evolution is in the air, and everything must be considered in its origin and growth, we cannot wonder that Literature has met the common fate. Each new literary work is eagerly seized by the critics, and its pedigree is closely examined. We are told that the form is taken from one quarter, and the style from another, while the matter is gathered from various sources. And in the end we find that the new author, who has so captivated our hearts, has but the least shred of original genius—is a mere satellite shining with borrowed light. Our early enthusiasm for him is chilled by the damaging revelations of these cold-blooded literary evolutionists, and we can only turn away sadly with the old complaint of the Preacher on our lips: "There is no new thing under the sun."

And to us who are sometimes weary of studying books with the swell of the lamp upon them—books which are the products of dry scholarship, and each the offspring of many earlier works—it is inexpressibly refreshing to take up some form that has sprung fresh from the heart of the singer. Of such a kind are the simple heart-felt lyrics of Robert Burns, who was not a school man; only a plain peasant singing, as Nature prompted, the music of his own heart, as he followed the plough along the furrows of his native Lowland farm. But if the Lowlands of Scotland can claim the honor of giving Robert Burns to the world, there remains for the Celtic dwellers in the Highlands, the honor of giving to their country many centuries before, its first great Nature-poet, Ossian.

It was not until the middle of the last century that the poems of Ossian were brought to the notice of the literary world. James McPherson, a Scotchman of literary tastes, made a tour of the Highlands about 1760, for the purpose of securing any Ossianic remains that were still available. He then wrote a book purporting to be an English translation of the poems of Ossian. At once a heated controversy arose as to the authenticity of these translations, and to the present time that matter has remained a bone of contention for the critics. This is no place, even were we able, to discuss the merits of the dispute. But it was most natural that such a dispute should have arisen. McPherson did not publish his Gaelic originals along with the translations, and this fact naturally caused suspicions. Dr. Johnson was one of the bitterest critics. "Produce the manuscripts," he would roar, "and if they are proved authentic that will end the matter." Finally, the Gaelic poems were produced, and McPherson was then accused of forging them to match the translations. The best opinion now seems to be that McPherson did actually find many fragments in his journeys; that he wove them together in a rather free English translation, filling in the gaps with his own invention in order to make a complete epic poem; and that, when pressed for the originals, he bound his Gaelic fragments together in the same way. It is generally agreed now that the great body of his work is quite as ancient as he claimed it was.

But, McPherson aside, there is no doubt as to a great mass of Gaelic poetry of very great antiquity. Scotland has always been a land of song. And it has ever been a favorite pastime of the Gael, on the mountain-side in summer, and around the bright peat fire in winter, to recite or sing the ancient songs of their fathers. As a race they have lived, even as they do to-day, very much in the past, and they can find nothing of modern times to equal the old songs and legends that have come down from almost pre-historic times. Men have been known who

could recite Gaelic poetry for several successive evenings without repeating a single line the second time. Thus the old ballads have been preserved—not in books or mouldy parchment—but cherished lovingly in the heart by each generation, and carried down through the ages on the lips of men. It were surely then no unprofitable thing to glance at this ancient poetry which has lived so many centuries, and which has become specially interesting in our own time on account of the part it played in the revival of German literature in the last century.

Who then was this Ossian? Unfortunately, we know nothing about him that can be called historically certain. Like Homer, he is shrouded in the dim shadows of antiquity, and like Homer too, his very existence as a living personality has been doubted. Nothing but tradition and his own songs remain to tell us anything of his life. There are many legends concerning him—all differing widely in detail—but agreeing strangely in their general character. He is uniformly represented as an old man, bereft of all his kindred, seeking solace from his loneliness in song. According to one legend he was lulled to sleep by the sweet strains of invisible singers, and awoke, after a hundred years, to find himself alone among a race of strangers. The most general story is that Ossian lived in the third century, when the Celts were still Heathen, and long before Christianity had begun to gain any foothold in Britain. He is the son of Finn or Fingal, the great war king of the Fenians, and himself a warrior as well as bard, goes out with the valiant peers of his father to battle against the invading hosts of Lochlan. At last, in his extreme old age, he is left alone. All his friends have passed away, and, saddest of all, he is bereaved of his young hero son Oscar, the sole comfort and hope of his declining years. Only the beautiful Malvina, the betrothed of Oscar, is left to him, and she seeks to console him with her song. And thus, with no interest in the present, and with all the ties which bound him to the past ruthlessly broken, the sightless old bard sits in the mist, in which he imagines according to his heathen fancy his friends come again to visit him. And as he communes with these, and meditates upon the past, he sings a plaintive song of other years,

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago."

To illustrate the style of Ossian, let us take this battle-picture from the first book of "Fingal," and let us remind the charitable reader that, as the music and language-beauty of Homer cannot be reproduced in translation, so it is probable, as all the critics agree, that McPherson has fallen far short of the Gaelic original.

"Like autumn's dark storms, pouring from two echoing hills, towards each other approached the heroes. Like two deep streams from high rocks meeting, mixing, roaring on the plain; loud, rough, and dark in battle, meet Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixes his strokes with chief, and man with man; steel, clanging, sounds on steel. Helmets are cleft on high. Blood bursts and smokes around. Strings murmur on the polished yews. Darts rush along the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light, which gild the face of night. As the noise of the troubled ocean, when roll the waves on high. As the last peal of thunder in heaven, such is the din of war! Though Cormac's hundred bards were there to give the fight to song; feeble was the voice of a hundred bards to send the deaths to future times! For many were the deaths of heroes; wide poured the blood of the brave!"

And, in contrast, let us quote from the sixth book this passage of a more peaceful character:—

"The clouds of night came rolling down. Darkness rests on the steeps of Cromla. The stars of the north arise over the rolling of Erin's waves; they show their heads of fire through the flying mist of heaven. A distant wind roars in the wood. Silent and dark is the plain

of death! Still on the dusky Lena arose in my ears the voice of Carril. He sang of the friends of our youth, the days of former years, when we met on the banks of Lego, when we sent round the joy of the shell. Cromla answered to his voice. The ghosts of those he sung came in their rustling winds. They were seen to bend with joy towards the sound of their praise!

"Be thy soul blest, O Carril! in the midst of thy eddying winds. O that thou would'st come to my hall, when I am alone by night! And thou dost come, my friend. I hear often thy light hand on my harp; when it hangs on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. Why dost thou not speak to me in my grief, and tell when I shall behold my friends? But thou passest away in thy murmuring blast; the wind whistles through the grey hair of Ossian!"

These are fair samples, taken almost at random, of what Ossian is like in McPherson's translation. It is not the poetry of the schools, but of Nature—and of Nature as she presents herself in the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland.

Lewes in his "Life of Goethe," quotes Gervinus as saying that Goethe had "turned from truth to poetry, and in poetry, from the clear world of Homer to the formless world of Ossian." "Very characteristic of the epoch," continues Mr. Lewes, "is the boundless enthusiasm inspired by Ossian, whose rhetorical trash the Germans hailed as the finest expression of Nature's poetry. Old Samuel Johnson's stern, clear sense saw into the very heart of this subject when he said, 'Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would but *abandon* his mind to it.'" But poetry that has held its place in the hearts of all classes for so long a time, cannot be killed by the meer abuse of hostile critics. Granted that Homer's world is "clear," and Ossian's, in a sense, "formless," does that not prove the truthfulness of the poetry of each? Homer gave expression to the mind of a people living under a clear, warm sky, in a pleasant fruitful land, free from great disturbances of Nature. Ossian, on the other hand, voiced the thought of another people, living in a land of mists and shadows, and rain—of rugged mountains and barren heaths—of bleak winds and wild storms. And it is one of the peculiar charms of Ossian, with his keen Celtic susceptibility to the influences of Nature, that his poems reflect so perfectly his country and his age.

This exquisite sensibility of the Gael, so noticeable in Ossian, has been remarked by some as the basis of Celtic character. Nature in her various moods has great power over him. Ossian, in his poetry, sees her on her bright side, in the "faint beam of the morning," in "the streams from the mountain," in the "bright sunshine after the rain." But Nature to the Gael had usually, in those days, a malign aspect, and this darker side is still more frequently touched in his song. He sees it in the raging of the stormy sea, in the moaning of the wind, in the pine tops, in "the blast of winter on the sides of the snow-headed Gormal." Perhaps the high-water mark of this old Gaelic poetry is reached in Ossian's Hymn to the Sun—a poem of undoubted antiquity—said by one critic to be only slightly below the description of the sun in the nineteenth Psalm. Dr. Clerk's literal translation is as follows:—

"O thou that travellest on high,  
Round as the warrior's hard full shield,  
Whence thy brightness without gloom,  
Thy light that is lasting, O Sun!  
Thou comest forth strong in thy beauty,  
And the stars conceal their path;  
The moon, all pale, forsakes the sky,  
To hide herself in the western wave;  
Thou in thy journey, art alone;  
Who will dare draw nigh to thee?  
The oak falls from the lofty crag;

The rock falls in crumbling decay;  
Ebbs and flows the ocean;  
The moon is lost aloft in the heaven;  
Thou alone dost triumph evermore,  
In gladness of light all thine own  
When tempest blackens round the world,  
In fierce thunder and dreadful lightning,  
Thou, in thy beauty, lookest forth on the storm,  
Laughing mid the uproar of the skies  
To me thy light is vain,  
Never more shall I see thy face,  
Spreading thy waving golden-yellow hair,  
In the east on the face of the clouds,  
Nor when thou tremblest in the west,  
At thy dusky doors on the ocean.  
And perchance thou art even as I,  
At seasons strong, at seasons without strength,  
Our years, descending from the sky,  
Together hastening to their close.  
Joy be upon thee then, O Sun!  
Since, in thy youth, thou art strong, O Chief!"

Many more quotations might be given from these poems, showing the Gaelic love of home and kindred, the veneration for their heroes, the dark presentiment ever before them, that their race would be scattered over the earth—a prophecy that has been largely fulfilled even in our own times—and the burning desire to have their deeds immortalised by song.

"Such were the words of the bards, in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona! the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear at times the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, a they pass along, why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on ye dark brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!"

Some there may be trained in the conventional schools, to whom this poetry will never yield any pleasure. But to those whose hearts are open to the simple strains of human joy and sorrow, to those who are wearied by the heated turmoil of modern life and delight sometimes to refresh themselves in this cool morning air of the world, Ossian can never grow old.

JOHN M. GUNN.

#### POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB.

The second meeting of the Club was held on Thursday afternoon in University College and was largely attended. The various subjects of the Political Science Course were up for criticism and definition. Short papers were read by the following: A. H. Birmingham, '99; G. F. Poole, '97; Don. Ross, '98; A. M. Fulton, '97; M. N. Clarke, '97; H. Boulton, '97; F. C. Harper, '98, and G. W. Goodwin, '97.

Yesterday the Club met again, and heard interesting and instructive papers read by W. H. Moore, B.A., on "The Woollen Industry of Canada," and by M. G. V. Gould, on "The Influence of Organized Labor on Wages in Canada," both of which papers we hope will find a place in the *University Quarterly*.

The next meeting is for Historical Study and will be held on January 14th, 1897.

## THE MELANCHOLY YOUTH.

(A Translation.)

Oh, sight the festal joy to chill!  
 Yon stripling's grief-imprinted face,  
 Wherein deep-graven lines of sorrow  
 The brief year's mournful story trace!  
 His brow the breeze in pity fans  
 And gently stirs his tangled hair;  
 The maidens, too, sweet pity moves,  
 Their hearts unite for him in prayer.  
 From joys for which he has no heart  
 He turns, and to the forest flees;  
 There he will share in Nature's gladness,  
 Hear Nature's music fill the breeze.

But suddenly the bird-songs fail,  
 A mournful murmur all he hears,  
 When, amid the forest whispers  
 The Melancholy Youth appears.

## Moral.

Methinks (as sentimental Tommy would have it), the spring of happiness hath its hidden source in the heart; if that source be polluted, all the pure waters of heaven will not purify the flow, but will rather themselves be tainted by mingling with it.

SYNONYMOUS.

## ANOTHER FREE TRADE FAILURE.

We didn't get any ducks that morning. The length and breadth of the *Rond Eau* gave us only one shot. That was a big black drake; as the Commodore, Cyprien and myself each gave it a barrel, it was unequal to the task of coming to the top again. After that we punted about among the rushes and let Cyprien talk. Silence was always painful to him. We had not long to wait. After squirming about for a time he asked tentatively: "W'at you tink of free tret, dat w'at dey talk in 'lection?"

Knowing he was leading up to something we did not venture an opinion, but asked him what he thought of it himself.

He promptly burst out: "He's de mos' gret fraud I'll ev' hear, dat free tret. 'Ave I ev' tail you of de 'lection seex sev'n year 'go? No? Ver' wail, I tail you now."

"Dat time hol Cooan he run in Essex, an' he meck ver' gret speech 'bout free tret. He say: 'Dat w'at you hall want, he'll be free tret,' an' we say: 'Dis free tret, w'at is he?' An' hol Cooan, he say: 'Sometime w'en you good *Canadiens* go at Weensor for go 'cross to D'troah, you can' get dere widout pay money if you teck any hay or cheeken or buttr' or anything.' An' we say: 'Dat de true,' an' he say: 'He'll be ver' gret shame to teck de money from good *Canadiens* for geeve heem to de *Haméricains*.' An' dat ver' true too. An' he go on for say dat free tret, he mean we don' got to geeve no more money to de *Haméricains* for teck ting at D'troah. By gare we tink free tret is de mos' bes' ting we ev' hear.' Hol' Cooan, he feenish to say: 'You vote for me if you want free tret. De odder fell', he don' like free tret 'tall.'

"We go to *m'sieu le curé*, an' he say, 'Hol' Cooan he tail de true;' an' aft' dat he say some odder tings, but we don' care for dem. De 'lection day he come 'long an' we *Canadiens*, we hall vote for Cooan, an' bagosh Cooan he's 'lect'! We near go houtside ourself for de joy, an' my cousin, B'teest Dorval, w'at de mos' reech man of hour village, he say: 'T'morr' we teck hall de hay an' buttr' an' cheeken an' haigs we can carr', an' we go at Weensor an' den 'cross to D'troah, an' for dat we don' got notin' to pay an' more, w'en you sail you' load you come at the market, an' I'm goin' for meck de mos' gran' *fête* you ev' see. We're hall prett' glad, but B'teest he get so dat he don' want hees braikfas' de nex' day; an' keep sayin': 'You wait for see dat *fête*.'

"Wail, we hall go in togedder. *Mon dieu*, dey nev' be so many wagons go from hour village. W'en we come at Weensor we feel de whole ferr', an' some peop' say: 'W'at de rack' wid de *Frainchees*? An' we don' say notin', but hall smile so dat we can' meck de mout' to close.

"Bime by we get 'cross, an' leave de ferr'. B'etst, he go hoff de firs'. *Mais*, by gare who is at de shore but dat same hol' *Haméricain*, who meck us geeve de money. We hall laugh for tink at hees misteck, an' B'teest, he's on hees load hay, he kees hees han' to heem, an' crack de whip *bien gai* an' start hoff. Bagosh, dat *Haméricain* he make grab for de horse' haid, an' we hall got to meck stop. *Mais* B'teest, he don' get mad, no, He just near to die for laugh, an' call hout: 'I tink you don' know dat hol' Cooan be 'lect', *heun*? We don' got to pay no money an' more. But de *Haméricain*, he hony smile like we don' like, an' speet hon de groun' ver' qu'it, an' say: 'I tink for yase.'

"Den we cry hall togedder: 'See in de journals, de pepaires, an' you'll be know it's de true.' An' B'teesh, he say: 'You teck de hand hoff my horse,' an' swear at heem ver' leetl', but dat's in *Frainch*. I'll holl' hout: 'Hol Cooan, he free tret, ain' he be 'lect'?' An' dat *Haméricain*, he say: 'To ail wid hol Cooan.' He ver' bad man, dat.

"Xavier Blanc, he cry: 'You read de journals. You don' know notin' bout free tret.' An' he hony shake hees feest, an' say yet one time: 'To ail wid free tret.'

"Dat meck us hall like for bust hourself, for he so fierce hinside, an' B'teest, he jump hup, an' holl': 'Free tret, he mean we don' got to pay notin'. *M'sieu le curé*, he say dat heemself.' De horse' keep to pool and keek, and dat *Haméricain* get more red dan de turk', an' shake hees feest some more, an' shout: 'To ail wid de *curé*!' By gare, I nev' hear notin' so bad like dat.

"B'teest, he trow heemself hoff hees load like flash of tunner, an' he sprung to de naik of dat *Haméricain*. *Mon dieu*, 'ow he tear heem! He geeve heem tousan' keeks! He keel heem for sure 'nough, but de odders, dey be pool heem hoff. An' B'teest, he chew hees teet' togedder, an' for dat he don' know w'at he say, he swear '*tabernacle*.' Dat's de mos' bad swear for *Canadien*. Once dere's a man leeve at Hool, an' he go hup at de shanty for work in de winter. W'en he come at home he fin' hees wooman she run hoff wid nodder man, an' teck hall she can carr' 'way; an' hees chil'n dey weep beside de floor, hall togedder. He fall down an' eat hees moustache, an' keek hees laigs, an' before he tink, he say '*Tabernacle*!' He stop prett' quick den, an' tink he see de devil come at the door; an' he nev' stop to run till he get to de *curé* for ve confess'! Dat's how bad word is *tabernacle*.

"Wail w'en B'teest, he swear like dat, we don' do notin'. We look for see heem be dead w'ere he rest. *Mais*, de poliss, dey don' geeve heem time. He be grab on bot' side, an' de peop' shout, an' I tink we'll hall be keel'. We run aft' de odder, an' I don' know how he come, but prett' soon I'm in de poliss-court wid B'teest. I'll not be 'rest', me, but I'll feel more worse like I was. Some fell' near me, he keep sayin'—he say—"Cypriene pulled off his grey felt and swept it about in the boat—"How you call it w'en de ch'loupe feel hup an' you teck de water out? It's ver' strenge word."

"D'you mean 'bail'?" asked the Commodore.

"'Beel, baeel', dat's heem. He say dat word. Bagosh, he'll tink he 'ave some joke at us. I nev' know 'ow he fin' hout dat B'teest don' teck no braikfas' an' 'ave notin' in heem. But, hall same, he keep sayin': "Baeel heem hout." "Baeel heem hout," till I want to weep for be so fierce.

"Wail, B'teest he got to rest in preeson tree, four weeks. W'en he come at home, an' we say free tret at heem he swear ten, twent' tousan' sacrés. Bagosh, we *Canadiens* nev' vote free tret no more."

A. E. MCFARLANE.  
 (Feste.)



## SONNETS.

## I.

Star of the Night, that shiniest now to me,  
 Into these eyes of weariness, O raise  
 My drooping spirit with the uplifted gaze  
 To thy pure altitude! Lo, like a sea,  
 There surge upon my heart tumultuously  
 Passion and pain! But far above Earth's ways  
 Art thou, O star; and from our changeful days  
 And all things that oppress us, thou art free.

I watch thee, thinking where thou rollest now,—  
 By what hushed strand,—perchance by heaven's brink!  
 And in my ears the noises fainter grow,  
 And passion's wild pulsations in me cease.  
 Leave me a solemn hour, O Life, to think;  
 For I am strong and steadfast in thy peace.

## II.

Art pure? What man is pure? Thou canst not press  
 Thy foot within the freshly fallen snow,  
 That glimmers fair and white around, but lo;  
 A shadow creeps across the shadowless,  
 And, resting there, doth mutely so profess  
 That thou midst Nature's purity dost go  
 Polluting where thou touchest, yet canst know  
 Infinite things, whereof thou didst not guess!

Hark to the voice of winds, the roll of seas;  
 Look at the clouds, the mountain-steep, the stars,  
 The flowers that sweeten all the hill and plain,  
 Then meditative turn from such as these  
 \*To thine own heart, O then behold its scars,  
 The soilure of its beauty, and the stain.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

## AN ADVANCE IN BOTANY.

The results of scientific research during the closing quarter of this eventful century are demanding the attention of the thinking world. Advancement has been made in every department. The geologist reads with clearer eye the history of the life of past ages graver in stone. The chemist has acquired a firmer grasp of the intimate constitution of matter. The physicist can better state the laws that govern the energies of nature. The psychologist can more clearly define the border line between the numena and phenomena, and the biologist has arrived closer to the processes associated with the existence of life.

In this gradual development Toronto University has contributed its share. We have noted in the past some important original work in geology, biology, physiology and physics by members of the faculty. The latest worker in the field of original research is E. C. Jeffrey, B.A., lecturer in botany, who for some months past has been studying the reproduction of ferns.

In the life history of these interesting plants there is an alternation of generations. The common well-known plant is the asexual generation. The other, the sexual generation, is very small and inconspicuous, hence is difficult to study. It has been likened to the liverwort, a plant associated with the mosses. But to prove their relationship a missing link has been sought for many years by several eminent botanists.

In the Island of Java in 1884, Treub, director of the botanical gardens established by the Dutch government, discovered this inconspicuous sexual phase in a fern like plant called the ground pine, which is used for festooning pictures at Xmas time. He noted for the first time that its sexual organs were identical with those of liverworts. He noticed also that these structures were subterranean, tuber-like organisms, dependent for their nourishment on

a fungus which attaches itself to the part or prothalamium that bears the organs, while the latter are very young.

The moon ferns have also a small subterranean sexual phase or prothalamium. In 1856 the director of the botanical garden at Leipsic discovered these organs, but not in sufficient numbers to work out their structure. In the following year Wilhelm Hofmeister, the father of modern botany, discovered similar forms in another part of Saxony. Here again the material was scarce and the point was not cleared up. In 1894, Prof. Douglas Campbell, of Leland Stanford University, discovered the sexual phase of the common Virginian moon fern. This he exhibited at a meeting of the British Association at Oxford during the same year. But he also was unable to discover sufficient specimens to make a satisfactory examination of their structure.

Thus the investigation stood when Mr. Jeffrey's investigation commenced. He was botanizing near Little Metis in Quebec. While passing along a corduroy road one hot afternoon, he turned aside to rest on the thick peat. Near by he noticed several peculiar green leaves, shooting up among the moss. On closer examination they appeared to be the seed leaves of the young moon fern. On digging up the plants such was found to be the case. This was verified by examination of a large number of prothalamium in every stage of development. They were discovered in a patch not ten feet in diameter, where fully a thousand specimens were found by the delighted botanist. These Mr. Jeffrey investigated, according to the usual methods, and found every phase in the development of the long-looked-for organs that constituted the missing link, thus establishing their relationship to the liverworts.

These ferns resemble in their reproductive organs a primitive group of ferns, the Marattiaceæ of the coal period. In accordance with this discovery they stand nearer the ferns than the mosses. An interesting fact is that it appears to be the same fungus that supplies with nourishment both this prothalamium and that of the ground pine in Java.

Mr. Jeffrey has been highly complimented on the result of his researches by the President of the Canadian Institute and others. There is no doubt but that his name will be associated with this discovery in future botanical history.

## PERSONAL.

'97.

A meeting of the Editorial Board of Varsity on Friday last elected unanimously Mr. A. B. Watt as Editor-in-chief for the spring term.

Notice of the Cabot Calendar, a clever, artistic production by Misses Mickle and Fitzgerald, is unfortunately crowded out of this issue.

Some time ago Tom Gibson made a motion in the Literary Society, appointing a Secretary for a fund to be raised for Freshman Rutherford, who was injured in the hustle. As a result, the sum of twenty dollars has been collected by H. M. Little, '97, and E. Carter, '99, and can be obtained by Mr. Rutherford by calling on the editor, into whose hands the amount has been placed.

Mr. B. Morley Wickett, B.A., who graduated in the Political Science Department in 1894, and who has since been studying political economy in Vienna, Berlin, and Leipzig, has recently had the degree of Ph.D. conferred upon him by the University of Leipzig. Mr. Wickett was some time ago entrusted by Professor Bucher, of that University, with the translation into English of his work on Political Economy. Mr. Wickett intends to continue his studies in Paris, and afterwards at the University of Cambridge. During the past two years he has published several articles on economic subjects in the German scientific periodicals, and has otherwise shown his aptitude for economic research.

# The Varsity

TORONTO, December 16th, 1896.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL.

That nothing is more uncertain than the luck of a football team is becoming more and more verified as seasons come and go. This season was no exception to the rule.

Seven teams, Hamilton, T. A. C., R. M. C., Queen's, Kingston and Varsity declared their intention of competing for the cup, but it was soon found that, despite the rule of the Association regarding college players, but one team, Queen's, would represent Queen's College and Kingston.

Hamilton was probably the only team of which reliable information could be obtained. The men who had promised to don the Tiger uniform were men who in previous years had shown no small ability to play the game.

As usual, Manager Barker of the T.A.C. had a good team—on paper; these, with the four college teams, formed the union.

When it was found for certain that Kingston would amalgamate with Queen's, "knowing ones" predicted that Queen's and Hamilton would fight in the finals. Results show how greatly they erred. Queen's and Varsity had byes in the first round, but T.A.C. succeeded in easily defeating Hamilton, and R.M.C. won from Trinity by default.

The second round saw Queen's pitted against Varsity, and T.A.C. against R.M.C. Little interest was taken in the latter series, as T.A.C. were accounted easy winners, and, though they fell victims to over confidence in the first game, they redeemed themselves in the second, winning by a margin of 41 points. The first Inter-Collegiate game, played at Kingston, October 24th, was probably the hardest fought and most interesting game of the season. Both teams were in fine condition, though Varsity had rather an advantage in having played practice games with Hamilton and Ottawa. The result, 18 to 16 in favor of Varsity, is a good indication of the closeness of the play.

The following Saturday the largest crowd ever seen at Varsity assembled to witness what proved one of the finest exhibitions of Rugby ever given in Toronto. Curtis, Queen's old stand-by, was again on their half-back line, and high hopes were entertained by the visitors that the defeat of the previous Saturday would be wiped out by a glorious victory. In this they reckoned without their hosts, for Varsity won by 13 to 1, the score rather belieing the closeness of the game.

This left Varsity and T.A.C. to fight for the championship, and though the College street club was not without its admirers, Varsity's chances were considered very good.

The first game played at Rosedale, November 7th, was won by Varsity by a score of 43 to 6, though it must be admitted that T.A.C. played in very hard luck, having during the second half to contend with a strong gale of wind which had sprung up at the end of the first half.

This victory practically conceded the championship to Varsity, but the Athletic Club pluckily decided to play the remaining game. Their chances moreover appeared good, in view of the fact that Counsell had been so injured in the previous game that he was considered unfit to play.

The game was played Saturday, November 14th, before a small crowd of enthusiasts, and proved a most enjoyable one from a spectator's standpoint.

The Athletic Club started off well, soon had a considerable lead, and gave promise of winning the game, if not the round. Unfortunately for them, the appearance of Counsell to take the place of Burnside, who was disabled, put new heart into the College men, and after a hard struggle they won, 18 to 17.

The result of the Canadian Championship is but too well known. Varsity met Ottawa College, the winners of the Quebec Championship. In this game the men from the east showed the benefit of close training, and though lighter in every respect than our men, won quite easily by 12 to 8. The Varsity team took defeat gracefully and are determined to profit by their experience.

Turning to our engravings we have Captains Gleeson of Ottawa, Ross of Queen's, and Barr of Varsity. We regret exceedingly that an expected photograph of Capt. MacDougall, Varsity, did not arrive in time for the engraver, and our gallery is so far incomplete.

Capt. Gleeson, who is twenty-two years of age, was born at Ottawa, and educated in Ottawa College, where his splendid running and punting abilities soon brought him into prominence as a football player. For five successive seasons he has played centre half for the College, each year with greater brilliancy. Like all the others, he declares that this is his last year as a player, but VARSITY hopes that he will long continue in the game, for it is honest, gentlemanly players as Capt. Gleeson that tend to elevate the game and encourage its popularity.

Capt. Ross is known as a hard, steady player, who is capable of playing a losing as well as a winning game. He has played for several seasons with Queen's and was instrumental in winning them the championship in 1893-4.

Capt. "Biddy" Barr we all know is, like Capt. Ross, a hard, steady wing player who is always "on the ball." Against him halves have but little chance to shine.

As captain of Varsity he has been a great success, as indicated by the fact that during his captaincy Varsity has had two championships.

Of "Joe" MacDougall too much cannot be said as player or as general. Disabled early last fall (1895), he missed his chance of playing with Osgoode, and when Varsity were in a rather helpless condition he cast his lot with them. His ability was soon recognized, and to him was entrusted the management of the game in Kingston, where Varsity were only saved from doubt by his generalship. After Capt. Barr's accident he took complete



CAPT. GLEESON.



CAPT. A. F. BARR.

control of the team, and to him is due in a large measure last year's championship of Canada. This year, though not the official head of the team, it was to him the team looked for guidance in emergency, and it is to his efforts and conscientious training that our success this season is in no small measure due.

H. M. LITTLE.

Mr. Walter S. W. McLay, B.A., whose photogravure we publish in this number, is President of the Inter-College Football Association. During his undergraduate course "Doc" McLay, as he was familiarly known, was a well-known figure around Old Varsity. He was closely



WALTER S. W. McLAY, B.A.,  
President, Inter-College Football Association.

connected with the movement that led to the resuscitation of THE VARSITY as a purely student publication, and was its first editor-in-chief under the new régime. In his fourth year he was President of the Modern Language Club and a member of the Executive Committee of the Literary and Scientific Society. For several years he was a member of the Varsity Champion Association Football team, and played left wing on one of those dashing forward lines, light, but swift as lightning, for which Varsity has always been famous. Upon graduation he was appointed Fellow in Italian and Spanish in the University, and then went abroad to study in England and Germany for a couple of years. For the last two years he has been lecturer in English in McMaster University, and is a popular and efficient member of the staff of that young but flourishing institution. Though in another university, he is still in close touch with the life of his Alma Mater. He is President of the "Class of '91," and still actively connected with football around the colleges. He has lately been chosen as Managing Editor of the *McMaster University Monthly*. We congratulate both the *Monthly* and Mr. McLay upon the appointment, and trust that he may have the same success as when he had charge of THE VARSITY. McLay was one of the most brilliant scholars the University ever had and was a loss to the staff when he left for Europe. His success as an all-round man was remarkable, being one of the foremost football players, a splendid student, and a successful literary man.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL REVIEW.

In spite of counter attractions the past season has been a particularly interesting one for devotees of Association football. There has been a widespread and growing interest in the game, and the quality of the play has been steadily improving. The Inter-College Association was obliged to organize an intermediate series in addition to the senior series, and was thereby able to begin the season with eight senior and six intermediate teams. I shall be surprised if the facts do not bear me out, when I say that never before in the history of football in Toronto has any Association been so flourishing as to boast of so many teams engaged in a championship competition. One gratifying circumstance was the willingness with which the Western Association gave us recognition and agreed

to play with our representative team in the fall for the Caledonian Cup. The first match was played on the Campus on Thanksgiving Day, and was witnessed by a large crowd. The game was exceedingly fast and characterized by many brilliant plays. The result was a draw, though even the Western men were free to admit that had it not been for the marvellous goal keeping of Sims our team would in all probability have won. As it is the cup will remain in Toronto until the spring.

The competition in both our senior and intermediate series was exceedingly keen, and the final result in doubt to the very end. The Varsity teams won in both series, however. In the senior series Varsity repeated their victory of last year, and thereby won the handsome Faculty trophy a second time. The second Varsity team emulated the prowess of their seniors and triumphantly carried off the intermediate championship. Their play showed that in them the first team have an excellent reserve upon which to draw to fill vacancies. There will be no one to begrudge the two Varsity teams their victory, for both played a strong, clean game, and showed that they were not only good footballers but also true sportsmen. They exhibited a praiseworthy generosity in the willingness with which they, often to their own inconvenience and to the detriment of their practice, placed their grounds at the disposal of other teams for both practice and matches. The Association owes them a debt of gratitude for their sacrifices in this respect. We are also grateful to the Athletic Association for many favors, and for these, as President of the Inter-College Association, I make this public acknowledgment.

With regard to the other teams a few words will not be out of place in this hurried review of the season. The Osgoode Hall team were the opponents of Varsity in the final game, and they are to be congratulated upon the excellent showing they made. With one exception their team was composed of players of average ability, but by dint of hard and regular practice (at 7 o'clock in the morning, too, be it known) they succeeded in coming in at the finish with great credit to themselves. Their team will probably be strengthened next year by the addition of several men from the present Varsity champions, and one need not be much of a prophet to foretell that they will make a strong bid for the championship.



CAPT. ROSS,  
Queen's Rugby Team.

Knox College and the Dentals were the runners-up in the semi-finals. Knox as usual put up a strong game, and in fact gave the Varsity men the hardest tussle of the season. The Dentals were looked upon as very strong competitors, and they certainly demonstrated their ability to play a strong, swift game. They were weakened in the semi-final match by the loss of one of their strongest men who, on the only occasion of a clashing of dates, elected to play with another team. McMaster and the School of Pedagogy both played a game of which they have no reason to be ashamed. Even at the risk of being accused of "puffing" the University with which I am now most closely connected, I cannot refrain from commending the

Ask any person whom we have photographed, and we'll stand by the result. Frederick Lyonde, 101 King Street West

## THE VARSITY.

spirit animating the students of McMaster University. I can honestly say that never in my experience have I anywhere seen a greater interest taken in football than our students have shown during the past season. As proof of this statement let me say that, in spite of comparative fewness in numbers and almost absolute absence of even moderately rich students, they have gladly subscribed over sixty dollars for football during the season, thirty of which have been devoted to rent for grounds upon which to practise. Such a spirit is worthy of note and is an encouraging circumstance for all footballers. The Medicals and School of Science proved that they had good materials, but labored under the disadvantage of lack of practice and organization.

With regard to the intermediate competition and teams I have space to say but little. The School of Pharmacy won in their section, and succumbed only to the superior play of the Varsity II. This was Pharmacy's first season and they

deserve congratulations upon their success. McMaster and Knox both put intermediate teams in the field and both won two out of three games.

To sum up, the season has been very successful. An excellent spirit has prevailed and splendid football played. If I were asked for a general criticism on the season's football I should say that in almost every case the half-backs and backs were superior to the forwards in front of them. The result has been that the forwards have relied too much upon their defence to save their team from defeat, and in consequence the games have been characterized by heavy kicking rather than by fast and brilliant passing and shooting. But in spite of that several of the best teams have given splendid exhibitions of the noble game, and as an old player I am glad to recognize the ability displayed and to pay a generous tribute to the present generation of footballers. They are worthy successors of the old-time players, than which I can give no higher commendation

W. S. W. McLAY, '91.

## MUSIC.

## A PHANTASY.

[There is an old legend that Hermes (Mercury) was the inventor of the lyre, having made it from a shell that he found on the shore—a story that has philological evidence in the fact that the Latin word *testudo* and the Greek word *χελύς* mean both shell and harp.]

Wandering in idle mood along the lone sea shore, Hermes, winged messenger of the gods, happened on a shell whose beauty charmed his fancy. Through long ages it had lain there, just as fair but all unnoticed, listening to the multitudinous voice of Nature.

The breezes had come to it and whispered their gentle messages of love, and had sought its sympathy as they sighed over their sorrows. For years this shell had listened to the playful dance of the pebbles and the slow

thoughtful chafing of the sands. For years the smooth-flowing waves had now laughed in merriment, now lisped their troubles in its pearly ear. It had heard the ragings of the elements, the moan of the deep, the angry plungings of the waters, the dismal rumble of far distant thunder. The harmony of the spheres, too delicate for human ears, was sweetest music for this child of Nature. It hearkened to the ocean sobbing for this great world's woe, while the pitying winds bore to it faint fragments of the heavenly melodies that floated over the waters from the Islands of the Blest.

In wonderment the god placed the shell to his ear. What rapture of delight! Like the sound of chimes from a distant spire on a summer's evening, there came to him the dim, softened notes of Nature's harmony. As sweet, weird voices in a dream, he heard the mingled music of a thousand passions.

Across its face he drew seven magic chords. Then, with touch divine, he wooed from their pearly retreats the secrets gathered through the long ages of the world's youth. Heaven and earth were mingled at the sound. There came in fancy to his ear the piteous cries of souls in Erebus, blended with the glorious ecstasies of the Blessed. Sweeter, grander melodies never were than when Hermes, divine page, first revealed the wells of music, and brought to earth that soulful message, Heaven's greatest gift to man.

BURRIS GAHAN,  
(Brian Boru)

## LACROSSE.

Mr. A. Courtney Kingstone, who is so well known to all his fellow students at Varsity, appears in this number as Captain of the Varsity Lacrosse Team. His athletic career has been a marked one. During his last two years at Bishop Ridley College he captained both the Cricket and Rugby teams. On coming to Varsity he at once won for himself a position upon the Varsity Rugby Team, and has played with the team for five successive seasons. He also played with the Varsity Cricket Club when it was in existence.

He has always taken a great interest in lacrosse and for the last two seasons has played on both the Varsity and Toronto teams. He finished the last of this season with the Tecumsehs. He captained the Lacrosse Club during the last year's season, and a great deal of its success was due to his hard play and skilful captaincy. We are exceedingly sorry to lose this one of our foremost athletes, for as he will probably play with Osgoode Hall during the coming lacrosse season, he will probably not be seen again as a wearer of the blue and white.

The Club had a most successful season, winning every game but one against the renowned Tecumsehs. In their first match against the Elms they commenced the season auspiciously, defeating them 4-1. The following week they drew 2-2 with the Tecumsehs. During their tour in the States they rapidly defeated the following teams: Lehigh, 9-6; Stevens, 9-0; Crescents, of Brooklyn, 8-5, and Harvard, 8-4. Thus they can fully claim the title of Collegiate Champions of the World.



A. COURTNEY KINGSTONE.



J. A. JACKSON.

## SAPPHICS.

A METRICAL EXPERIMENT.

Lo, my love is gone, she, the girl that loved me,  
She with hair red gold that the gods wrought finely,  
She with lips of rose that the gods kissed never,  
Yet would fain kiss them.

Mine they were to kiss, little lips of roses,  
Yea, and to kiss me, from the morn till even,  
Mine to speak soft words for my soul's rejoicing,  
Once in the old time.

And the fair white neck with the fleece of tresses,  
Heavy, hanging soft to be touched and kissed on,  
Golden hair on ivory flesh that glistened  
Chryselephantine.

And the glorious voice of her lips was mine too,—  
Sound of dreaming wind in the trees of summer,  
Sound of laughing brooks that the woodland heareth—  
All this was mine then.

And her heart, I thought that my fingers held it,  
Thought to find and bind it to me for ever,—  
Who hath held a heart of a woman safely,  
But for an hour's space?

She is gone far hence, and another hath her,  
Hath her lips to kiss and her hair to play with,  
Hath her lips' soft voice for his soul's rejoicing,  
Hath her for ever.

But her heart, that I, having all these, had not,  
Hath he it, I wonder, that now hath won her,—  
Nay, hath she a heart—and suppose she had one,  
Were it worth loving?

BERNARD K. SANDWELL.

## THE FALL OF JOHN McNAIRN.

AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

On the evening of last Thanksgiving Day I was reading, alone, in my room. I call it *my* room, though of course I am only a transitory guest in it (a boarder, I mean), but I have slept here now for two years or more, and have acquired in that way a sort of "squatter's right." At any rate, no one would be likely to object to my title to the place, for it is a mere attic; walls unpapered; roof low; cold, and unfurnished except for a single chair and table—and a bed. I speak of the aggregation as "my study." One studies in bed when it is too cold to sit up, you know; and Madame the Proprietress generally cuts off the hot air supply from my room about eight o'clock, to save it for more paying boarders, so that the bed is really a very important and necessary part of my equipment.

My studies are two—the Classics, and how to make my tutor's fees pay my board bill. Together they form a splendid training for a man's mind.

Well, as I started to say, I was sitting in my study Thanksgiving Day-reading. It was after eight o'clock, but knowing that the heat would be left to me a little later on account of the festival, I had not yet retired. Moreover, I was expecting one of my pupils, young Malcolm, to call on me. He generally does when he knows that I am likely to be alone—especially on holidays—being good-hearted enough, though a trifle mischievous.

I was sitting so, reading, as I said before, when I heard footsteps on the sidewalk below. Our street is rather deserted usually. I laid down my book to listen if it might be Malcolm. He stopped before the house, and I knew he was looking up at my window to see if I were in. I tilted the shade of my lamp to throw the light strong on the window blind. Then I heard the bell ring and the doors slam, and settled back in my chair to receive him.

He had three flights of stairs to come up, the first one padded and carpeted, the second carpeted but with no substrata of padding, the third neither padded nor carpeted—nor indeed painted, except in the corners where the old color had not yet been scrubbed away. Malcolm once made a joke of that. He said it reminded him of that gradual disappearance of vegetation which accompanies an ascent of the Alps.

I was listening to him lazily now as he stumbled up towards the bald summit. Now he could see the light under my door. Now he had knocked. "Come in," I said sleepily.

He opened the door with considerable vivacity. "Hello, Mac!" he said. (I forgot to say he calls me "Mac." He is rather too familiar in his manner, sometimes, I think.) "What are you doing in here to-night?" he asked. I motioned him to a seat on the bed. "Come on out," he said, sprawling out on the coverlet. I said "No." "Come on," he repeated; "Come on, you old hierogriffin, come on out." "Where shall we go?" I asked, yielding a little to his enthusiasm. He is really irresistible at times, you know.

He thought for a moment. "Why, I know," he cried, jumping up. "I know where we'll go! I have an invitation to call on my cousin, Miss Bennett—and say! there's a peach of a girl there now! Her name's Marjorie something. She's a stunner, by Jove. Hurry up and get dressed, and we'll go! Come on!"

I shook my head languidly. "No use," I said, "I haven't spoken to a young lady in three years. I wouldn't know what to say to one now. And besides." I said, looking down at my clothes, "I couldn't go in these!" They were somewhat "attenuated"—one can buy so many books with the price of a new coat, I find.

"Anything more to say?" asked young Malcolm. I said "No." "Well," said he, "you're dead easy. Come along with me. I know a place where they'll fix you up like a duke. Come on—Talk? Why, you couldn't get a word in edgeways with Miss What's-her-name. All you have to do is to sit still and smile; she'll do the rest—and say, she does it up to the limit, too!"

"Donald," I protested, "you musn't use so much slang. It's horrible."—

"Oh come off," he interrupted, picking up his hat. "Hurry up—we're wasting time. You'll be dead in love with Marjorie when you meet her—brown eyes, and all that! Come on; don't make me late."

I demurred about the clothes. He swept away all objections. We could hire dress suits. It would be his treat. He went into an ecstasy over "Marjorie." I must admit I rather liked the idea of calling upon some good-looking young lady again. I used to be quite a society man, you know (before I settled down to Classics)—at the picnics and skating parties.

I surrendered at last, though I confess I felt a peculiar trembling in my kness, as I blew out my lamp, and knew I had committed myself to the harum-scarum guidance of young Malcolm.

But he gave me no time to reconsider. He hurried me over to his home immediately. (He lives in town, by the way.) He had enough dress suits, he said, to fit up a negro minstrel show. I am afraid I got a little excited, but his manner is irresistible at times. He kept talking Marjorie, Marjorie, Marjorie, all the while we were dressing, until I began to be afraid that he was playing a joke on me—especially when he told me he that I looked like Chauncey Depew in my evening dress. (Really, though I didn't look half bad—sort of *distingué*, if I may be permitted to say so. I felt "done over," so to speak.)

He had me in the street again, before I knew exactly where I was, but when he turned into the grounds about a large, luxurious-looking residence, I woke up very suddenly. "Hold on, Donald," I said excitedly; "where are you

## THE VARSITY.

going?" "We are going to call on my cousin," he answered without slackening his pace. "I'm not going to call on anyone in that house" I said hotly. (Not that the place was so very palatial—but I had been thinking of making a quiet little visit at some homelike place, you know—and all that sort of thing.) "Say you old crustacean," he said brutally, "you're not afraid of a pair of live girls are you?"

I fear I got rather angry. I called him "an impertinent young pup." "Come on, then" he repeated. "I'll go," said I, "if it's only to make a fool of you." I marched stiffly up to the door. That young idiot was laughing so he could scarcely find the button of the door-bell. Finally he got it, and my anger began to congeal into a different feeling as some one opened the inside doors. "Why it's cousin Kate herself," I heard him say. There was no turning back now. I summoned all my faculties.

Exactly what happened after that I do not remember clearly. I was introduced, of course, and young Malcolm must have opened conversation with his cousin Kate, for I discovered myself, eventually, chatting with the young lady whom I had heard spoken of as "Marjorie." She made some remark about the weather—if I recollect aright—but I would not be sure of that. However, when I finally came upon myself she had said, "You are a Varsity student, are you not?"

"Yes," said I, calling up the ghost of a smile. "I am a Varsity student." "How nice," she murmured, and contemplated the toe of her slipper intently. I looked at the slipper, too. It was very dainty.

"Are you a friend of Donald's?" she went on. "Yes," I replied, banishing the memory of the insults which I had just endured—"I think we are really very good friends." "Indeed?" she sympathized, "and what are you studying at Varsity?" She looked at me with her head just tilted a little to one side—as it were, admiringly. I must say she was a remarkably handsome girl. Her manner was rather reassuring. At least I felt it that way.

"I am studying the classics," I answered. "Oh! I just adore the classics," she exclaimed with some impetuosity. "Plato, you know—and, Mr. McNairn, now what do you think of Platonic love?" I was a little nonplussed though I flatter myself I kept my countenance. "Well," said I, reflectively, "I prefer the more ordinary species."

"You evidently speak from experience," she smiled. I wish you could see Marjorie smile. (I like to call her "Marjorie"—just to myself, of course. It is such a pretty name.) But, as I was about to say, she has such an engaging smile. Really it is very catching. I laughed in spite of myself.

"Do you read Plato in the Greek?" I asked. "No, indeed," she replied, "in Emerson." "It is the same thing," said I—at least to most people. I prefer it in Emerson myself." "Isn't that nice," said Marjorie; "which Essay do you like best?"

I returned the question. "Really," she said, smiling again, "that is very ungallant of you. You should give me a lead, you know—as they do in hunting." "Well, then," I replied desperately, "I prefer his Essay on Love."

(Now I didn't, actually, you know. I preferred that on Self-reliance, but I was guessing at Marjorie's predilections. It was an unusually clever guess.)

"On Love?" Marjorie cried. "Oh, isn't that strange. Why, that was always my favorite." "That and 'Friendship,'" said I. "Yes, and 'Friendship,'" repeated Marjorie, beaming upon me. Really she is a wonderfully pretty girl.

"One does not often meet young men who appreciate Emerson, you know," she continued, lowering her eyes. "Oh, I suppose not," I said apologetically. "They do not get time to read him, perhaps." "But *you* find time," she insisted. Of course I had to explain how it was that I did find time—having no friends, or anything like that, in

town, and not caring for amusements. In fact we grew quite friendly. Miss Bennett began to play the piano, so Marjorie invited me to sit beside her on the sofa, where we could converse more easily. We talked on all sorts of subjects, especially Shakespeare. We found out that we both were very fond of *Romeo and Juliet*, and both thought Hamlet behaved himself barbarously towards Ophelia. Really I enjoyed myself very much. She is such a charming girl. I was quite loath to leave.

"Well," said Donald, when we got outside, "aren't you glad you came?" I confessed that I was. "And isn't Miss Hare a stunner!" he exclaimed. "Her governor's worth a quarter of a million, too, by Jove" he continued. I was wondering how much a man would have to be worth to marry a girl like that.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Donald has just been up to see me again. He has an invitation from his cousin to repeat our call. Miss Hare thought I was "very unusual."

I wonder how long it would take a man to get really rich. Not more than two or three years, I should think, if he applied himself. Marjorie can't be more than twenty.

—H. J. O'HIGGINS.

## STUDENTS' SOCIETIES.

## NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Natural Science Association met on Tuesday, the 8th, and two excellent papers were read. The first, by C. M. Fraser, '98, on "Saltworks of Ontario," contained a condensed and valuable account of the writer's researches during the past summer. The salt areas were described, their geological nature, and methods of pumping, evaporating and purifying were interestingly treated. The second paper, by J. H. Faull, '98, was also of great value, dealing with perhaps the most interesting mineralogical area in America, the Hastings district. The thinning out of the paleozoic strata, the appearance of the underlying Laurentian were noted. Almost every mineral from building-stone to gold has been discovered, as lithographic stones, marbles, micas, iron in abundance, corundum very lately, and large quantities of gold. An English company is undertaking to free the gold from the arsenic, that bugbear of the past, by some chemical method.

L. H. GRAHAM, *Secretary*.

## MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

A ladies' meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held on Friday in Room 16.

Miss Mason, '00, in an essay on the Life of Newton, ably sustained the reputation already achieved by the Century Class. Newton's early life was vividly portrayed, and the gradual growth of his reputation as scholar clearly set forth. A sketch of his character and eccentricities closed one of the best papers of this term.

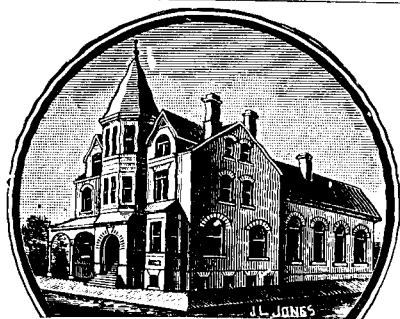
Miss Moore, '98, inspired the freshmen with a zeal for original research, by describing several advances which had lately been made in Science. The use of X rays in partially restoring sight, the production of electricity direct from coal, and Prof. Lowell's observation on planet Mars, were successively treated.

Miss Hills and Miss Reid, '97, after illustrating by several successful experiments the phenomenon of interference in sound, showed a new and very sensitive Photometer which was lately made in the Physical Laboratory.

## THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last meeting of this term of the Women's Literary Society was well attended on Saturday evening, Dec. 12th, in the Students' Union.

A report of the meeting is unavoidably held over until next issue.



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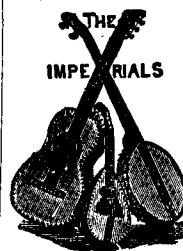
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## A SONG.

The organ murmurs down the aisles  
In harmony divine;  
A solemn joy uplifts my soul;  
My adoration's thine.

Over the water's midnight black,  
The silver stepping-stones  
Lead to a gate of pure delight;  
My heart thy image owns.

All beauty, sweetness, light and love  
To me breathe but of thee;  
O, Guardian Angel, leave me not:  
Thou art the good in me.

## S. P. S. NOTES.

[NOTE.—The Editor regrets that these notes were omitted from last week's issue.]

The eighth annual dinner of the S. P. S. was held at the Bodega on Friday, Dec. 4th, and was, like all the S. P. S. undertakings, a great success. The school was honored by the presence at the dinner of President Loudon. This is the first occasion, we believe, on which the President of the University has been present at our annual dinner, and we all hope that it may not be the last. Such occasions serve to strengthen among us that already prominent characteristic, love of our larger Alma Mater. In reply to the toast to "The University of Toronto," President Loudon made an interesting speech, reviewing the history of the School of Science and its relation to the University.

Prof. Coleman replied to the toast to "Canada" in his usual humorous manner, while at the same time his speech contained much sound wisdom regarding the part engineers have to play in the welfare of Canada.

The toast to "The Ontario Legislature" was replied to by Mr. Blue, of the Department of Mines. In his able speech Mr. Blue referred to the prominent position which engineers must take in the development of Canada's mineral wealth. The toast to "The Professors" was replied to by John Galt, C.E. and F. B. Nichols, president Nat. Elec. Light Assn. Mr. Galt gave some good advice to young engineers with regard to making themselves familiar with the financial side of engineering. Mr. Nichols made a very happy speech, in which he referred to the enormous growth of electric street railways in the last five years.

Prof. Galbraith and Mr. C. H. C. Wright replied to the toast of "The Faculty." Prof. Galbraith thought that after a man had made after-dinner speeches for seven or eight years he should be allowed to graduate and let some

one else, the freshmen for instance, do the speaking. Mr. Wright's speech was received with enthusiasm as usual, and both Prof. Galbraith's and Mr. Wright's speeches closed amid the strains of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow."

"Our Guests" was responded to by Mr. Gordon, of the Ontario Association of Architects, who did not fail to get in the usual joke about the beautiful architecture of the S. P. S., and by Mr. Foster, of the O. L. S., who instituted a pleasing variety in the speech-making by consenting to sing a song.

"Sister Institutions" was replied to by Mr. Yorstor. of McGill, Mr. McDonald, of the Dental College and Mr. Jackson, representing the undergrads. of Varsity.

The toast to "Athletics" was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and Mr. McIntosh's reply was almost drowned by the cheers for the plucky man who won for us the mile and half mile.

"The Graduates and Graduating Class" was responded to by Mr. Minty and Mr. Stacey.

Mr. Piper did honor to the "Ladies," "the greatest problem with which engineers have to deal," and Mr. Yates responded to the toast, "The Freshmen."

The proceedings were very agreeably varied with songs by Messrs Stovel, Boyd, Andrewes and Yates.

Altogether the dinner was one of the most successful that was ever held, and President King and the Dinner Committee deserve great credit for the labor.

The game with the <sup>\*\*</sup>Dentals was a comparative cinch. The game was never in doubt and the school ites showed the tooth-pullers a thing or two about the game of Rugby.

Morrison at half put up a brilliant game his run down the field for a try being the feature of the day.

Andrews, Harris and Burnside, on the wings, were particularly noticeable, and took splendid care of Caldwell and White.

"What's the score?" asked a school man. "16 to 0," came back the answer. "Go and fill your teeth with that you Dentals," yelled out the aforementioned enthusiast

Mr. C. H. C. Wright, B.A.Sc., has been elected honorary president of the University Hockey Club. Mr. Wright has always been interested in all Varsity sports, and his experience will be of great benefit to the hockey players.

S. P. S. have won the Inter-College Rugby championship, and are now the proud possessors of the Mulock Cup.

We are unable to publish this week an account of the last Mock Parliament which was held on Monday evening.



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## GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

It was Varsity's night at Massey Music Hall last Friday evening, when a fine programme was rendered by the Glee Club, under the able leadership of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, assisted by the Banjo and Guitar Club and Mandolin and Guitar Club, under Mr. George F. Smedley, and Mr. C. Frank King, '97, baritone; Mr. W. S. Mackay, '97, basso; Mr. Wm. F. Robinson, '97, clarinet soloist; Mr. J. S. Martin, assistant conductor, and Mr. W. D. Love, '97, accompanist. The Glee Club programme was a good one, and included among the numbers: March, "Comrades, we March" (Sterns), the part songs, "Dear Old Town" (Silcher), "They Kissed, I Saw Them do it" (Hawley), "The Sea Hath its Pearls" (Camp), "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep" (Wiske), "Where are you Going my Pretty Maid?" (Caldicott), and "The Tar's Farewell" (Stephen Adams). All of these selections were well given, and showed evidence of Mr. Robinson's careful training. "Dear Old Town" and "The Tar's Farewell" were particularly well rendered, the phrasing and general ensemble being excellent. Of course these numbers were encored; in fact nearly everything on the programme was encored, the students in the upper gallery demanding that citizens should hear their Glee Club to the best advantage, even though the heavens should fall. Mr. Smedley's musicians gave a varied and interesting programme, among which a "Traviata" number, a selection from "Il Trovatore" (given as a recall), and the march "Rugby" (Mr. Elmer H. Smith, '99), by the Mandolin and Guitar Club, and a "March Militaire" (Armstrong), "Valse Chevalier"

(Groves), and a characteristic conglomeration, descriptive of life on the plantation during slavery time, all of which were given with a vim and finish and a fair adherence to time. Mr. Smedley also played three fine mandolin selections with piano accompaniment, but the pleasing effects of the instrument were almost entirely lost in that large hall. Mr. Walter Robinson sang in his usual pleasing style the well known Balfe song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud." Mr. King, in his selection, "The King of the Main," displayed his fine baritone voice to advantage, while Mr. Mackay, '97, sang Stuart's "Bandolero," and was fain to return over and over again to bow his acknowledgments to the ovation tendered him. The students in the gallery were unwilling to take advantage of the opportunity given them of joining in the choruses of some of the songs given by the Glee Club. The annual concert may be numbered among the long list of successes of the club, and augers well for the success of their tour.

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held on Wednesday last. There was a large number of players and members present. It was decided to play on the rink which the Athletic Association is going to prepare on the campus. It was also decided to have an Inter-College series, the same as exists in football. The election of officers resulted: Hon. President, C. H. C. Wright, B.A.Sc.; President, A. A. Shepard; Manager, M. C. Cameron; Secretary-Treasurer, F. H. Scott; Committee, Messrs. Morrison, Snell, Hobbs, Bradley, Blackwood. Mr. R. G. Fitzgibbons was elected captain of the team for this year by the members of last year's team.

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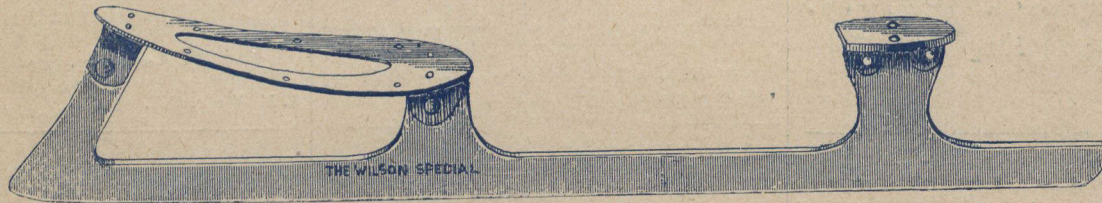
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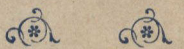
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