

THE VARSITY

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A SONG.

The world is old, and suns have set
For ages o'er the hills of time,
We listen for the ushering chime
Of golden days that come not yet.

Time rolls the centuries along,
Their separate place the seasons fill,
But age can never tire or still
The soaring voice of noble song.

The world is old, and poets sing
The same sweet strains their fathers taught,
We never weary of the thought :
"The heart is young, and Love is king."

The world is old ; 'tis time we learned
Wise lessons from the fruitful past ;
Lest Love, dethroned, adrift be cast,
And sweet to bitterness be turned.

F. W. P.

MAJOR SINCLAIR'S ROMANCE.

"A long time ago? why I should think it was—'57 or '58, or thereabouts, just after I had settled my wife and child near St. Catharines. Anyway we had a jolly party ; there were Smith—no, not Smith, he had gone to the Indies—but Captain Heber and Hartly Winshope, the Lawyer Rossley—Ross we called him—and myself. Oh, we were the lively chaps!"

"Whereabouts did we hunt? We took it all in; every stream, lake and marsh from Peterboro' to Coboconk. Changed now? Yes, indeed, there's a change. The place was wild enough then, and many a bear and deer, besides smaller game, we made to bite the dust with a taste of good powder thrown in. Burnt River—yes, I remember—dark, gloomy sort of stream, with cedar and spruce, and that growing thick to the water's edge. An incident happened there that became doubly fixed on my memory from the way in which its curious thread of romantic interest seemed to run in and out my life while in Canada. Let you hear about it? Well, I can do that, too, if you care to listen. Hand the tobacco, will you? Thanks, now, Charteris, fill up, yourself."

Here the Major leaned forward in his comfortable arm-chair, and packed down the contents of his meerchaum, alternately, with his first finger and thumb. Taking hold of the tongs he next extracted from its nest, away among the glowing embers of the grate-fire, a red-hot coal, and placing the same to the ebony-coloured pipe, was soon furiously puffing forth voluminous fumes of blue smoke, which staggered and rolled along a foot or two, and then in many a strange fantastic shape, curled slowly upward toward the ceiling, subduing, as it passed, the colours of each globe on the gasolier hung overhead. With well-acted nonchalance, for I liked equally the vim the Major put into his stories and the Major's tobacco, I filled and lit my own modest little briar-root, and settling both feet comfortably on the fender, was ready by the time he had replaced the tongs in the stand.

"Well, we had not seen a deer for a day or two, Charteris," began the Major, thoughtfully, looking straight

before him over his pipe into the fire, "and though it happened a dark, threatening evening and thoughts of approaching bed-time were urging us campwards, the far-off view of a fine large buck browsing off the patches of white moss, so abundant thereabouts, at once sent us all on our knees and hands crawling to leeward of the game. Winshope, the best deer-stalker I think I ever saw, led the way through the scattered clumps of scrubby spruce and pitch pine, and in a very short time we would have come within range, when owing to the shifting of the faint breeze that scarcely sufficed to stir the needles on the tallest shaggy pine, the 'long-nosed beastie' unluckily got scent and ran straight for the river, which, a short hundred yards away, meandered and twisted towards Cameron's Lake. The four of us, rushing for the canoes, were afloat and paddling briskly down the river after the deer, which during the momentary flashes of lightning loomed up indistinctly against the low brush down the river. On we flew past the first bend, the noise of the paddles causing the herons, startled from their nests among the reeds, to stretch their broad wings in upward flight. Half-way to the next turn we first missed the dark object ahead. The deer, either by swimming ashore or by doubling up the river, to all appearances had given us the slip. Yet no!—on the side opposite to where last seen, and within easy distance, a flash revealed something well up in the water. Quick as the lightning itself flew my gun to the shoulder and bang went as good a charge of No. 10 shot as ever rammed into gun-barrel. At the same instant a loon away in the distant darkness sent forth its 'weird note,' the noise, carried down on the rising wind, echoing loudly through the trees on either side of the river and sounding to me at least strangely human. In a minute we were near the floating object, when Winshope, in the bow, bending eagerly forward to catch a better view as we came along side, suddenly started back and gasped out in a horror-stricken tone that thrilled my very heart, 'My God, it's a man!'

"Winshope was right. For the fugitive deer we had mistaken one of our own fellow-creatures; a small round hole over the right temple indicated where the shot from my gun had entered. The body was towed ashore, and as on the preceding day we had all acknowledged ourselves eager for a return to civilization, it was agreed to bury the corpse before we retired that night, and next morning to strike tents for home. The ensuing scene made a lasting impression upon me; the lightning blazing incessantly brought into prominence each leaf, branch and twig of the forest trees, that spectre-like sighed and moaned about us; only once did I turn towards the dead man, and then but a swift glance, for despite the well-meant reasoning and protestations of the other three, the promptings of my own conscience blamed me for his death.

"Winshope and the Captain dug the narrow grave close under a large mountain ash; then beneath its berry-covered branches Ross, in his deep, manly voice, read the burial service, and I speak the truth when I say that never in all my life heard I so impressive or so solemn a committal of human clay into the keeping of the Ruler of 'the Land of the Hereafter.'

"Three days after, the four of us parted company at Peterboro'; and by rail, alone, I continued my way home with the same dread apprehension hanging over me. Often would I even shut my eyes in the attempt to blot out the remembrance, but in vain,—it was only to have additional

incidental features of the scene suggest themselves; truly, of the waters of bitterness, I drank deeply. Likely as not—so some of the hundred fastasies would run—the man had been paddling to his home down the river, when catching, perhaps, some sound of our approach, in turning his head, had received his death wound and given vent to his agony in that one wild scream which had startled me; the lurching of the body to one side, doubtless, had upset the frail canoe, which then had floated swiftly down the river, turning round and round again with the bubbling eddies.

“Nearing home, the sight of places long familiar, brought with them sensations of a more pleasing nature, so that my arrival at ‘The Orchards’—my property near St. Catharines—was cheering enough.

“The whole farm was flourishing and doing splendidly under the skilful management of the foreman, who had been in charge since my purchase of the place. I now found peace of mind not only in the charm of fruit farming but also in the fascination attendant on the cultivation of bees—the extensive gardens and groves of bass-wood near the house making ‘The Orchards’ specially adapted for the breeding of the honey-producing insects. In such a manner, my wife and I passed four happy years, and watched the growth from girlhood to womanhood of our only child Marjorie. Even now, no matter how commonplace my surroundings—whenever I hear her old-fashioned name—there comes to me memories of the garden where she, just as scores of Marjories before her, tended and trained holly-hocks or daffodils, mignonette or sweet williams, growing in pretty unconventional patches on either side of the winding box-bordered walks.

“Shut out from the world, though we kept ourselves, except when in the fall I visited the markets, the post regularly reached us. One day it brought news which blasted the whole foundation of my hopes, and brought anew all the old fears. Thus it ran:—‘Major Sinclair,—By sending to the enclosed address fifty dollars in Canadian money, you will save me the trouble of exposing you, and will preserve yourself and family from the ruin you so much dread. *Beneath an ash tree on the banks of the Burnt River there lies a grave which can tell tales!*’ The address enclosed was on a small slip of paper, and read, ‘Care of———, Toronto Post Office.’

“Realizing that my secret was in the hands of some one, who, if fallen foul of, would not hesitate to injure, I saw no way out of the difficulty but by complying with his cool request for money. A week after I did so (although at first in no way did I connect the one fact with the other) in a walk through the place, I surprised a stranger, who kept his face studiously averted, coming through the trees from the direction of the house. Before I could approach, he hurriedly jumped the fence separating the orchard from the road, and walked briskly away. The one glimpse I caught of his face, as he vaulted the fence, sent a shiver through me—it was strangely similar to that of the dead man I had looked upon four years before up the Burnt River; still, thought I, it might have been imagination, for you see the idea commenced to gain on me that I had been growing nervous since the receipt of that unsigned communication. Shortly after this, my foreman advised me that, on account of the approach of cold weather, another hand would be needed to aid in storing the fall fruit, at the same time mentioning an application he had already received from some one, and obtained my permission to engage him.

“My feelings may be imagined, on finding that Jim, my new employee, who greeted me with all outward signs of good breeding, though a trifle over-shy, I thought after, was none other than him I had surprised lurking in the orchard—him who bore such striking resemblance to my victim, long dead. I managed, however, to control myself whenever he came in my way, though it required, on my part, some presence of mind, after discovering him several times in deep conversation with house-maid Mary. Yet I did so, contenting myself with inward resolutions to watch the pair to find, if possible, what they had to do with the threatening letters, and what, really, they knew about that night’s tragedy—resolutions I doubled, when

by numerous incidents it became apparent that the two purposely seemed to avoid meeting me about the place. About this time came a second letter, much in the strain of the first, the address being changed to Montreal—whither in reply I mailed fifty dollars, perceiving nothing else than that as long as my secret was not public property, it was advisable, for my own peace and for that of my wife and daughter—to so preserve it. Then things went smoothly for a month, till Marjorie, (who had long been resisting an invitation to visit friends near Hamilton and that too, against my wishes, as she made frequent complaints of illness, and I believed the change would be beneficial), one dull, dreary day, toward October’s close, packed up her trunks, and left on a fortnight’s visit. I remember it so well, because, that evening, I answered with another inclosure of fifty dollars—the third anonymous application for money, received this time again from Toronto; and the next morning both Mary, the maid, and Jim were missing from ‘The Orchard,’ having, as I learned, walked to the station four miles away and procured tickets to Toronto.

“My suspicions, for a time past, had connected these two with the letters I had been sent; here, of course, was sure proof. Likely enough the man had in some way become acquainted with the events which transpired during my shooting excursion, and with his accomplice Mary, relying on “bleeding” me to any amount, had decided that single blessedness, however enjoyable, was vastly inferior to the charms of wedded life, and had only waited opportunity to carry the plan into execution. I saw the whole thing now; all the dark looks and secret conversations between the two were explained as clear as the day. Why had I been so blind not to have discovered this before?

“Then came thoughts, different to any yet experienced. Why should I suffer this way? I asked myself. Surely morally, and legally, too, I was not responsible for that poor unfortunate’s death; and with the reaction came determination to put a detective privately to work to discover, if possible, the doings and whereabouts of the runaway couple. The detective came and, being put into possession of the facts as I have related to you, departed, was absent a week, and turned up with information which will surprise you now, I think, as much as it did me.”

The Major paused here long enough to lay down his empty pipe and put a little coal on the grate-fire, which gradually had been getting lower and lower. “What was it?” he began again, in answer to my impatient inquiries. “Well, briefly, that Jim, who in Toronto had registered himself R. James Reynolds, Esq., had denied any complicity in the extortion of money from me, and, moreover, had furnished the detective with written proof that a brother of his—a certain Robert Reynolds—had met his death in 1857, I think it was, from the accidental discharge of his own gun, whilst crossing the Burnt River on a floating log, and that the body going under had never been recovered by his comrades; all the dates, anyway, corresponding, so that no doubts remained as to the identity of the man I so long had wrongly accused myself of shooting.”

“My first glad surprise over, and happening to look up I saw beaming upon me from the door-way, and set off by the bonniest and loveliest blushing face conceivable, two of the brightest eyes in all the world; the next moment my daughter Marjorie advanced to greet me, leaning upon the stalwart arm of—whom do you suppose but—Jim, my former farm-help, while behind the pair, in regular old-fashioned abigail style, lightly tripped Mary along, carrying her mistress’ cloak.

“When explanations were forthcoming, and I learned that my Marjorie, now Mrs. R. James Reynolds, was the wife of one of Ontario’s most promising young men, I thought it proper to swallow any parental indignation which I might have felt that her lover had concealed from me in so unnecessary a manner his real station in life, in face of the fact that Marjorie, evidently, had appreciated such a wooing and profited by it.”

“And that,” said the Major, sleepily, as he lighted me to my bedroom door, “that is my bit of family romance—not bad is it? Oh, yes, the letters; true, I had forgotten

them, but since the writer long since shot himself in a gamblers' quarrel, there can be no harm in telling you his name. O, world, thy slippery turns! it was my whilom friend, Hartly Winshope." C. M. C.

A SONNET IN PROSE.

No one, who has walked on streets on a rainy night, can have failed to notice, here and there, bodies of water bright with the reflected glare of a street lamp or electric light, and in the distance, almost persuading us that we are about to gaze, perhaps into some unfathomable depth, at least into a very respectable body of water. Alas! On approaching, we discover unmistakable signs of a very muddy bottom, and the extreme muddiness of the water alone prevents us from seeing the puddle through and through.

Do we not sometimes meet in our perambulation through the paths of life, psychological mud-puddles imprisoned in a tenement of clay, which on first encounter dazzle us with reflected brilliancy, cause our hearts to glow at thought that we are now face to face, possibly, with a genius, at least with no ordinary being? Sad that on closer acquaintance we should be obliged to turn sadly away, glad that the narrow limits of the soul are only concealed from us by its extreme murkiness.

HENRI.

THE STUDENT AS A SOCIAL UNIT.

(Continued.)

As the diversity of language tends to develop within its sphere the greatest freedom of intellect, the ripest individuality, the noblest literature, unfolding to the widest extent the latent genius of a nation, and thus indirectly stimulating the mental activity of the whole historical race, so does the sentiment of patriotism. All great political ideas grow up out of this powerful and fertile sentiment. All great social ideas are universal, and bear in themselves the law of their diffusion. The nineteenth century is the product of history, and all the nations of the past and present are great in proportion to their contributions to that product. Greece gave her offering of literature and art, Rome her wonderful system of law, Italy the Renaissance, France the political ideas of her Revolution, England her great Constitution. A splendid example of the special function of patriotism towards the general good of nations may be found in the last Italian Revolution. Italian unity is only about twenty-five years old. It is not for this century to measure the results of that great event. It was a struggle against Austria, but it was more than that. It was the death-knell of Feudalism, and the beginning of the last struggle with that spiritual bondage which Rome has imposed upon the western world for so many ages. Rome is now the seat of a National Government as well as of the Vatican. America is more submissive to the Vatican to day than the Italian nation. Garibaldi fought for the freedom of Italy, but he fought for a wider freedom than that, although the present century may not realize it. His patriotism was the fire of a new Reformation that may be as splendid in its results as that of Luther, emancipating widely-scattered communities from a wondrous Juggernaut. In order to realize this, take the parallel achievements of Wolfe. When he conquered Quebec, he saved our great Dominion from the degradation of a tyrannical mediævalism. To the heroism of that melancholy life Canada owes her grandest possibilities. So much, then, depends on the individual, so much on a nation in the sublime vista of civilization. When shall Canada stand in this grand phalanx of the nations? Whenever Canadians choose to place her, and above all, her future lies with her intellectual units, with those who are filling her universities to-day; as the growth of patriotism, of sympathy, of fellow-feeling among them, so shall be the growth of our country.

munching his own dyspeptic thoughts. If you can get no other ground for sociability, take your gown out on the lawn and have a tug of war; the gown may not last long, but any kind of a tear is better than nothing. It is a terrible strain on the constitution to feel that every meal you take lessens your chance for a scholarship, and that your sleep is packed in between two o'clock in the morning and an alarm clock. Take your meals regularly and your sleep properly, and you may still find time to contribute a prose article to the *Varsity*, or, better, a poem, and so save the editor many anxious hours scratching his hair for proof. You may still find time to attend the Debating Society. Don't be afraid to discuss the question of gas versus kerosene, to ask the president a question, or move an adjournment—anything to get rid of unnecessary lock-jaw. To do nothing but read is to lose three-fourths of a university training. It is necessary to read, write, speak and be sociable. All work is for and through society; sociability is in direct ratio to knowledge of men—writing and speaking in direct ratio to influence on mankind, position in society to success in life. How necessary it is to cultivate concrete methods of writing and speaking. On every educated mind devolves the duty of the diffusion of acquired ideas to the widest extent. Neglect of the emotional nature and the morbid cultivation of intellect will leave the man imperfect, only the half-man. So that a university instead, of abolishing residences which it has the good fortune to possess, should extend its residences, and thus bring students together that they may benefit by the mutual action and re-action of ideas, developing their sympathies and whatever is best in their natures. Our university is without those sweet associations that cluster round such a place as Oxford. We cannot wander through our libraries and see upon their stained windows the forms of men who have lived and died for great causes, great poets and great statesmen; we cannot stand beneath shadows of beautiful cloisters enriched with gothic imagination; we cannot sit together in the sweet chapels of an historic religion in the blaze of jewelled glass or in halls adorned with the portraits of scholars and benefactors. Such sweet associations are beyond us yet; those dreams of beauty, those realms of poetry. There is only left to us the inspiration of individuality. A university liberalizes or it does nothing. History is a struggle between the machine and individuality. Shall we be machines or shall we be ourselves? Shall we give forth the life that is within us or be silent before inherited machinery? There are great thoughts outside of inherited politics and inherited religion. There is a wider freedom than this, a larger manhood, a completer life. Shall we always be as our fathers were? We are not physically, nor can we be like them mentally. To them only who imbibe the spirit of their age are known the high tides of life. Let us trust there are apostles of criticism, of freedom, of culture coming into life at our National institution, with high inspirations of individuality, with a large humanity. To them in after times the country will give its blessing, for them are reserved the riches in our university, for them the imperishable associations with that great fountain from which they drank deeply an invincible inspiration.

PHILLIPS STEWART.

MR. JUSTICE FALCONBRIDGE.

University men and the profession generally regard with unqualified satisfaction the elevation of Mr. William Glenholme Falconbridge, M.A., Q.C., to the vacant judgeship in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice of this Province. The new judge matriculated in 1862 and pursued a most brilliant course, winning scholarships in Modern Languages and History and taking the gold medal in that department upon his graduation in 1866. He took his M.A. in 1870. He subsequently studied, law and entered the firm of Harrison, Osler and Moss—a firm which has furnished four judges for this Province. Mr. Falconbridge was Registrar of the University, and is now a Senator, having been first elected to the latter position in 1871. The new judge has won for himself a distinguished position at the Bar, and in Convocation and the Senate he has been active and enthusiastic in all matters pertaining to the University. In private life Mr. Falconbridge is approachable and genial in manner, and has succeeded in winning and retaining the friendship and regard of all who have come in contact with him. THE VARSITY tenders to him the hearty congratulations of all University men, and wishes him a long life of usefulness as a jurist, for which position his learning, professional knowledge and experience eminently qualify him.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON'S ADDRESS.

The annual McGill University Lecture, delivered this year by the Principal, Sir William Dawson, is most interesting, apart from its special appropriateness to questions of educational interest in the Province of Quebec. The subject of the lecture was: "The University, in relation to Professional Education," and the questions discussed were in reference to preparatory training in Arts Law, Medicine and Pedagogy, the position of the Protestant minority in Quebec, and the disabilities under which it labours in that Province—owing to recent legislation. This latter subject is the most important feature of the lecture, and we shall refer to it hereafter. For the present we shall confine our attention to Principal Dawson's remarks upon the relations existing, or those which should exist, between the University and the professions.

The lecture begins with a reference to the question of State education, and how far its support should be extended, whether merely to elementary education, or from the public school to the University. Sir William Dawson gives his adhesion to the theory that a limitation of the care of the State to elementary education "is not consistent with the welfare of the community, and least of all with that of the poorer portion of it; because, if the higher education is left entirely to private enterprise, it may become a luxury of the wealthy, so that the poorer man not only loses its benefits, but the State loses the advantage that might accrue from the training of such high talents as God may bestow on the children of poor men."

In reference to the character of preparatory training, the lecture went on to say that "the surest and best guarantee that can be exacted as to this is the possession of a degree in Arts, and makes the true but somewhat astonishing statement that everywhere but in the Province of Quebec is a degree in Arts acknowledged as sufficient evidence of proper preparatory training. In other words, what are called Professional Boards require a preliminary examination

from graduates in Arts, by so doing practically calling in question the standards of the Universities and implying that their training is insufficient and superficial. The example of the Province of Ontario in this respect is cited; and the statement made that the examinations for matriculation into the faculties of Arts in our Ontario Universities—which are accepted by the different Professional Boards—are fully "equal to anything that our Professional Councils can obtain by their special examinations." In other words, in Ontario matriculation into the Faculty of Arts is accepted as a qualification for professional study, while in Quebec the possession of a degree in Arts is held to be insufficient. There is surely good ground for the complaint that such an "absurd and unwise policy," on the part of Professional Councils of Quebec, has "tended to discourage liberal education, and to fill the professions with under-educated men," and "that it has opposed a most serious obstacle, and one not existing elsewhere, to the development of our higher academical course." This is very apparent, since if a degree in Arts and the general literary training and accomplishments necessary to its attainment do not count for anything with the Professional Boards, comparatively few will spend the four years necessary to obtain the degree, but will at once enter upon their professional study upon graduation from the secondary schools. On this point Principal Dawson says: "It would be a suicidal policy on the part of the high schools to cultivate the idea that no further education than their own is useful, since by so doing they would limit their own function and diminish the number of those who will take their full course." It is questionable whether in Ontario we have not gone to the other extreme, and that the same evil complained of in Quebec—the discouragement of higher education—may, strange as it seems, be wrought here also. By accepting matriculation in Arts as sufficient qualification for professional study, there is a tendency to exalt the secondary schools at the expense of the Universities, and to discourage the higher education. This is certainly not as serious or absurd a mistake as that made in Quebec, by refusing to acknowledge that the possession of a degree in Arts is evidence of sufficient preparation for professional study, but it is no less a matter for careful consideration. There is a tendency at present to give too much encouragement without due safeguards to higher education in Ontario, as there seems to be an opposite tendency in Quebec; both courses are unwise and detrimental to the best interests of the higher education.

After enumerating the evils complained of, their causes and effects, Sir William Dawson suggests remedies. He appears to despair of conciliating the hostile Professional Boards, but is more hopeful of support from the professional men whom these Boards officially represent. The Legislature is next to be appealed to, and failing this, the aid of Federal government is to be invoked. Should this prove of no value, the Royal Charter of McGill contains a clause conferring the right of an appeal to the Crown, from which Sir William expects, if not a measure of relief, at least sympathy on the part of "the just and generous people of the mother country."

The last resort, one on which we think Sir William Dawson can place most reliance, and in which he can most confidently trust, is thus described: "If no other means are left, we can trust in God and our own right hands as our fathers have been wont to do in times gone by, and can secure for our sons and daughters the education which we desire at our own expense; and if all legal powers and privileges are refused to us, can at least cherish enlightenment and sound culture for their own sakes, and from the conviction that they will, in the end, be profitable even in an economic sense. . . . I believe the English people of this Province, even if left alone and unsupported, are able to sustain their educational systems till the time shall come, as it surely must, when the majority of our fellow citizens shall, like the great nation from which they have sprung, abandon their present system of education and adopt one more akin to our own."

We feel a great deal of sympathy for Sir William Dawson in his almost single-handed fight for liberty, equality and simple justice, in educational matters in Quebec, and with our sister University of McGill, because of the serious disabilities under which she labours, owing to the narrow and mischievous policy of

the majority in that Province. We trust that the Principal and the authorities of McGill will not cease the good work they have commenced, and that their hands may be greatly strengthened to carry on, to a successful issue, the good war against race prejudice, religious intolerance and ignorance, which are arrayed against them.

LITERARY AND EXCHANGE NOTES.

The Christmas number of the *New York Mirror* will be issued on December 10th. Encouraged by the success that this holiday publication has enjoyed during the past seven years, Harrison Grey Fiske, its editor, has concluded to make the forthcoming edition the most elaborate and artistic of the series. Many well-known literary people, actors, actresses and journalists are numbered among the contributors, including Dion Boucicault, "Nym Crinkle" (A. C. Wheeler), Joseph Howard, jr., Brander Matthews, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "The Giddy Gusher," Clay M. Greene, Rudolph Aronson, Sarah Jewett, Osmond Tearle, Chandos Fulton, Edward H. Sothorn, A. M. Palmer, Alfred Ayres, Harry Paulton, Milton Nobles, Robert Hilliard, Frederick Warde, Fannie Edgar Thomas, Edward E. Kidder, Emma V. Sheridan, Albert Ellery Berg, Cornelius Mathews, Nelson Wheatcroft, H. S. Keller, Scott Marble, John E. McCann, Sydney Armstrong, Elsie Leslie, Mary H. Fiske, Marie Petravsky, Ullie Akerstrom, Joseph Arthur, Vernona Jarbeau, Graham Durfee, Mittens Willett, and others. The number will be beautifully illustrated by Ogden, Day, Bodfish, Goater and other skillful artists. It will be enclosed in a unique cover, bearing a lithographic reproduction of a graceful water-colour composition.

The *Illustrated London News* for the current week is an excellent number. It contains pictures of the shipping disasters on the Mersey, the Lord Mayor's show, Jenny Lind, the consecration of Truro Cathedral, Sketches of Venice and many other topics of passing interest. The accompanying letter-press is good, and is chiefly devoted to descriptions of the pictures. The announcement is made for the Christmas number, which promises to be a most interesting one. In it will be found seventeen wood cuts and four colored chromos. The artists include R. Caton Woodville, A. Hunt, G. Montbard, Louis Wain and Hal Ludlow. The literary contents will include an original story by Bret Harte, entitled "A Phyllis of the Sierras."

The National Bureau of Unity Clubs was born in Boston during the anniversary week of the American Unitarian Association, and had its christening on the 26th day of May, 1887. It was organized with Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., as President, and with a Board of Directors of twelve men and women, residing east and west. It has at present two head centres—at Chicago and Boston. Its object is to render assistance in the social, literary, philanthropic and religious work of churches and communities. It is divided into thirteen sections, viz., Art, Biography, History, Fiction, Poetry, Science, Charity, Social and Political Science, Religious History and Thought, Music, Dramatics and Lectures, Amusements, and Organization and Method, with a gentleman or lady at the head of each section, some of whom are preparing plans of study for the season. Prof. W. F. Allen, of Wisconsin University, is the first to present his plan, which has been carefully prepared, on the *History of Ireland*, adapted to classes or clubs desirous of pursuing an elaborate course, and to younger readers who desire something more simple. It is a timely topic, and will be eagerly accepted by clubs and reading circles for winter's literary occupation in all parts of the country. The list of reference books is valuable, and no less useful will be the hints on the study of history, and of reading in the preface. This leaflet will be mailed to any address for 10 cents by the Unity Club Bureau's publishers, Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

HAZING.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I ask a little space in your paper to express the feelings of every undergraduate who can truly lay claim to elevation of mind and purity of thought, with respect to a certain low practice born in secrecy and carried out in darkness, annually, among our undergraduates. I refer to the senseless, cowardly, degrading, loathsome practice of hazing. I have witnessed hazing as it is carried on by some of our undergraduates, and truly a more profane or despicable proceeding I never witnessed; for coarseness of jokes, for vileness of language, for inhuman conduct, it stands ahead of anything the most pessimistic being would expect from those who should set the community an example of sobriety, purity

and intellectuality. Could there be shown a necessity, a reason, for these proceedings, they might be more pardonable, but never yet have I heard a valid reason for their existence; indeed, I here challenge anybody to give one sound argument in their behalf. It is claimed that hazing is necessary to put down impudence (vulgarily called cheek) among the students of the first year. I ask was ever impudence stopped or checked by hazing a freshman? Was hazing ever directed against true impudence? Is impudence met with among those of the first year? No, I answer to all these questions. On the contrary, here are a few of the charges on account of which it is thought necessary that meetings should be held, that would cause a chill to pass over a pure-minded student:

- (1) That a certain freshman has a stately bearing.
- (2) That another freshman is in such circumstances that he can put on his hands gloves of a peculiar quality.
- (3) That on the face of another freshman the signs of physical manhood appear.
- (4) That another freshman has been seen going to the dread extreme of walking with a lady on the street.

Every one of these charges has been urged, to my certain knowledge, as proofs of the necessity of hazing different freshmen. For these so-called crimes on the part of freshmen, students resort to the cowardly, low practice of hazing.

But, if the principle be bad, how is it put into execution? In the first place, trickery, treachery, and base dishonesty are resorted to in order to secure the culprits—treachery like that of last week in connection with the drawing up of the football list, treachery which in that case will cause its author to be pointed at as a very source whence falsehood springs. Again, look at the meetings themselves. Consider the foul language, the cowardly tricks, the exaltation of mere brute force, taunting and maltreating those who cannot escape. Think, you that believe in the principle, though, perhaps, not the present practice, think of the wickedness that indelibly stamps, stamps forever, the actors, of the disgrace to the College and to the name of University student, and then consider whether you will not be forever averse to these proceedings. Even though the profanity could be removed, the proceedings would then be disgraceful, but time has shown that the profanity adheres to them and cannot be rooted out. Therefore, I say it is time that every undergraduate should resolve that this practice shall no longer exist in connection with this College.

FREDERICK J. STEEN.

RECENT CHANGES IN THE ARTS CURRICULUM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY:—

SIRS,—In common with others who are interested in the Department of Modern Languages I am glad that the Senate have at last granted to Fourth Year men an option between Spanish and Ethnology. This is only an instalment, however, and should be so regarded by those who are endeavouring to put the study of Modern Languages on its proper footing in the Provincial University. Second and Third Year honour men have as much need to be relieved of honour History, as Fourth Year men had to be relieved of Ethnology, if not more. Last year I moved in the matter in the Senate, but found only two to support me, Dr. Oldright, and Mr. Embree. If students of Modern Languages in University College, and members of the Modern Language Association persist in their efforts, I have no doubt that the relief will in time be secured. There is no good reason for associating honour history with Modern Languages that will not justify associating it with every other department of the curriculum.

On the expediency of compelling honour men in Mental and Moral Science to take the French and German of the First and Second Years I express no opinion, but I deeply regret that the Senate did not see fit to make a further change, in a direction which I indicated last year. There is no special reason why honour men in Mental and Moral Science should be compelled to take Civil Polity, and, on the assumption that if they are to be relieved of that they should be required to take something else in its stead, I moved a resolution, which was seconded by Prof. Hutton, to the effect that they should be allowed to substitute for Civil Polity the pass and honour work in any one of the following subjects: (1) English, (2) French, (3) German, (4) Latin, (5) Greek, (6) Hebrew, (7) History and Ethnology. Now that they are required to take pass French and German of the First and Second Years, it would be a reasonable, useful, and therefore proper concession, to allow them to take instead of Civil Polity the pass French and German of the Third and Fourth Years. The object in compelling them to take these languages at all is to make them competent to read the works of French and German writers in the originals; that object would surely be more completely secured by the change I suggest, and the students would lose nothing in the way of culture. No one will suspect me of underrating the value of the subjects grouped under the misleading term "Civil Polity," when I express the opinion that the pass course in French and German of the Third and Fourth Years is quite equal to it as a means of mental discipline.

WM. HOUSTON,

Legislative Library, Toronto, Nov. 21st, 1887.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Mr. Stevenson, by his high place, is privileged to afford us delightful glimpses of himself and of his work. His published writings gain in interest for us when we are admitted, as confidants of his boyish endeavours, to read in his penny version books. We have something of the charm of ownership at meeting some incident of adventure which, as we remember, happened to us when we roamed together, fellow pilgrims, in the Cevennes and the great West. We are at home in Skerryvore and quite at our ease, turning over our host's favorite volumes. A common favorite makes a new link of sympathy. Mr. Stevenson had already shown his rare ability to share with others the moods that once possessed him; so we hope yet to hear from the master his own account of the writing of "A Lodging for the Night." About those we love we can never hear enough.

* * *

As I write there is present to me the wildness of the North Shore. A wide sweep of bouldered beach and the gray inshore waters chafing; to seaward, an islet of rock with beyond only the dim meeting of sky and lake. To the north, slopes of pine break off to meet the sheer leap of bluffs. A stream that, along its length, is beaded with pools, and which winds and turns until it struggles into the Bay, explains that wharf of logs and great heap of sawdust which, ant-like, the mill is throwing up. For this little nook of the world the mill is the all in all. A log is poled to the runway; once on the travellers it breasts the rise and rushes against the saws; there is heard a harsh note from the saws, the air is full of the sweetness of the fresh pine, and rough boards pass out to be dealt with by listless workers. For these have been built the spare handful of dwellings that partly furnish the spot.

* * *

They pass their lives in as complete a wildness as even Thoreau could devise for men who have part in the world's concerns. Garnering the pine harvest in the winter, only in spring do they issue forth so far as the marge where slow sailing schooners touch to be burthened with their handiwork. The men are of no particular race-type, but are the driftwood of every nation. A clumsy strength instead of native grace appears in their listless movements. A vacuous existence where the rough badinage of shanty life is all that comes from man's intercourse with man. It is something of a superstition that unaided living with nature is a true source of elevation.

* * *

Mr. J. E. Jones, '88, the Chairman of the Song Book Committee, gives the Round Table the following interesting information regarding one of the most noted of College Songs—"Kemo, Kimo":

In their work of compilation the Committee of the Song Book discovered some interesting information as to one of our most classic songs, "Kemo, Kimo," or, more correctly, "Keemo, Ki'mo." At first, search for its origin was fruitless, and the Committee would fain have believed that the song was almost entirely our own property. At last, however, after the song was printed with the air and words that the Committee thought approximated most closely to our version, a copy of the song, as entered at Washington in 1854, was discovered. In it no author's nor composer's name was mentioned, the only information being that it was arranged by A. Sedgwick. The words of the solo are entirely different from any ever heard by our graduates, but those of the chorus show how strangely they have become altered from being passed down from one student rhapsodist to another. The chorus, according to this copy, runs as follows:—

Keemo, ki'mo! dar! oh whar?
Wid my hi, my ho, and in come Sally singing
Sometimes pennywinkle,

Lingtum, nipcat,
Sing song Kitty can't you ki'me oh.

After careful consideration and consultation with graduates and undergraduates, the Committee put our version on paper in the following form:—

Kemo, kimo, darowah,
Mehi, meho, merumsi, pumadiddle,
Soup back, pidde winkum,
Nimpum, nipcat,
Sing-song silly won't you kimeo!

It would be interesting to know whether our version is the lineal descendant of the one given above, or whether both spring from some original that has yet to be discovered. The tune in the hands, or rather throats, of the students of University College, has been very much improved.

* * *

The Round Table is nothing if not impartial. Last week, what might be called the ideal view of culture was given. This week, the man of science is to be heard. Professor Huxley, the most representative perhaps, was the author of the phrase "smattering of Latin and Greek," to which Matthew Arnold took exception as a proper description of a literary education. It was to Professor Huxley's address on "Science and Culture" that Matthew Arnold's lecture on "Literature and Science" was intended as a reply. It will be remembered that it was at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's Science College at Birmingham, in 1880, that Professor Huxley threw down the gage, and gloried in the fact that College, by the express direction of its founder, made no provision for "mere literary instruction and education." It was upon this occasion also that he sarcastically spoke of classical scholars as "the Levites in charge of the ark of Culture, and monopolists of liberal education," and interpreted the phrase "mere literary instruction and education" as referring to the ordinary classical course in schools and universities. His own position is made clear by the following quotation: "I hold very strongly by two convictions—The first is, that neither discipline nor the subject-matter of classical education is of such direct value to the student of physical science as to justify the expenditure of valuable time upon either; and the second is, that for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education, is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education."

* * *

Huxley agrees with Matthew Arnold that "a criticism of life is the essence of culture," that culture is "the criticism of life contained in literature." While he assents that culture is certainly something quite different from learning or technical skill, he still strongly dissents from the "assumption that literature alone is competent to supply this," and continues: "I should say that an army, without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign upon the Rhine than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life." To object to a culture, the result of purely literary studies, is quite as wrong, assuredly, as to deify one in which all "literary instruction and education" are expressly prohibited! Huxley is careful to guard himself from such a charge of inconsistency by saying: "I am the last person to question the importance of genuine literary education, or to suppose that intellectual culture can be complete without it." But in the next breath he qualifies his expression and virtually intimates that his conception of a sufficient literary culture is comprehended in the study of English, French and German. To this he would add Sociology. This might serve as an excellent school curriculum, or as a basis for future study, but as a comprehensive Culture, understood as meaning a criticism of life, it can scarcely be said to be sufficient. Here leave must be taken of the discussion till the next session of the Round Table, when additional views of Literature and Culture will be presented.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to secure insertion.

THE UNION DINNER.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

Chairman—Daniel Wilson, LL.D., F.R.S.E.
 Vice-Chairmen—Arts : Phillips Stewart, J. P. Hubbard ; Medicine : C. B. Langford, A. H. Holliday.
 Secretary—Franklin McCleary.
 Treasurer—Arts : G. C. Biggar ; Medicine : J. H. Reid.
 Committee—Arts : F. B. Hodgins, R. T. Gibson, W. A. Merkeley, L. Boyd, F. H. Moss, C. J. Marani, C. A. Stuart, H. M. Wood ; Medicine : G. H. Bell, F. W. Kitchen, W. Wright, A. W. Maybury, W. McGillivray, L. H. Campbell, G. L. McBride.

Thursday, the 1st of December, 1887, will long be remembered by the undergraduates of the University of Toronto, as one of the red-letter days—if we may so speak—in the Calendar of the Provincial University. On that evening was held in the Rossin House the First Annual Union Dinner of the undergraduates in the Faculties of Arts and Medicine, and never in the history of our University has there been a more successful social event, or a more representative gathering ; never has there been greater good-fellowship, or so much genuine enthusiasm displayed by the students as upon that occasion. The event was of more than usual importance, and the proceedings were in every way most worthy of it. The dinner of Thursday night last has done more to cement the union of the Medical and Arts Faculties than any other means that has been adopted or that could be devised, with that end in view.

The number and character of the invited guests demonstrated beyond question the high estimation in which all classes of the community hold the University of Toronto, and the sincere interest with which all regard the National University of the Province of Ontario. The list of guests present included the following gentlemen, and showed the representative nature of the gathering :—Chancellor Boyd, Judges Ferguson, Rose, and Falconbridge ; Revs. Dr. Dewart, Sutherland, and Vicar-General Rooney ; G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P. ; Drs. McLaughlin and Gilmour, M.P.P.'s, and N. Awrey, M.P.P. ; Vice-Chancellor Mulock, M.P. ; N. G. Bigelow, M.A. ; Rev. Dr. Wild, A. MacMurphy, M.A. ; James McGee and Dr. Geikie ; Professors Loudon, Baker, and Ramsay Wright ; Dr. R. Keys, B.A. ; W. G. Eakins, M.A., W. A. Frost, M.A., W. F. Maclean, B.A., D. A. O'Sullivan, LL.D., W. S. Lee, John Gillespie, A. F. Pirie, Surgeon-Major Keefer, James Smith, W. Mortimer Clark, President Mills, of Guelph Agricultural College, W. H. Vandersmissen, M.A., and Wm. Houston, M.A. Among the medical men present were :—Drs. W. T. Aikins, Dean of the Medical Faculty ; J. H. Richardson, L. Macfarlane, J. E. Graham, W. H. Aikins, A. H. Wright, W. W. Ogden, N. Ogden, R. A. Reeve, McPhedran, Dobie, E. E. King, Geo. Acheson, Oldwright, Thorburn, Willmott, Burns, Daniel, Clark, Buchan, Charles O'Reilly, Shannon, A. Richardson, and Peters, of this city ; also, Drs. Jacques (Jarvis), Waters (Cobourg), Bray (Chatham), Mullin (Hamilton), Arnott and Wichart (London), J. T. Gilmour, M.P.P. (West Toronto), McLaughlin (Bowmanville), McAlpine, (Parkhill), Pickard (Thamesville), Forest (Mt. Albert), and G. A. Tye.

Letters of regret were received from the Lieutenant-Governor, the Mayor, the Attorney-General, the Minister of Education, Professor Goldwin Smith, Rev. Chancellor Burwash, Senators Allan and Macdonald, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Rev. Principals Caven, Castle, Sheraton and Cushing, F. Dixon Craig, M.P.P., Col. Denison, C. M. G., Dr. J. G. Hodgins, R. H. Howard, Dean of McGill Medical Faculty, Dr. Bingham, Hamilton, Sir James Grant, Ottawa, Thomas Hodgins, Q. C., and many others.

The following was the toast list of the evening :—

I. THE QUEEN.

After ample justice had been done to the excellent dinner provided, the Chairman, President Wilson, proposed the toast of "The Queen," which was drunk with all the honours.

II. THE BENCH.

The next toast was proposed by Mr. Phillips Stewart (Arts '88). This elicited replies from Chancellor Boyd, Judges Rose and Falconbridge, the latter receiving an ovation when he rose to respond. The Chancellor referred to the fact that several of the past Chancellors of the University had graced the Bench, and hoped that a Faculty of Law would soon be established, and concluded by giving some good advice to those who were in, or might in the future enter, the learned professions.

Mr. Justice Rose, although opposed to Confederation, was still in hearty sympathy with the work of the Provincial University, and hoped that the time would never come when the Government would neglect the State College. He had shown his confidence in it by sending his own son there. All he asked for Victoria—"the smaller tree growing in an adjacent field"—was kindly sympathy. Judge Falconbridge expressed his hearty sympathy with Consoli-

dation, and ventured to prophecy that, as time went on, his learned brother Rose would be found on the same side, fighting for the Provincial University.

III. UNIVERSITY FEDERATION AND THE RESTORED MEDICAL FACULTY.

In proposing this, the toast of the evening, President Wilson said that the banquet had been determined upon as one to test the federation of Arts and Medicine. In regard to the chairmanship, the question had been, "Shall it be an Arts undergrad, or Medical undergrad." It was settled by his being elected an undergrad, and he humourously reminded his hearers that he should soon be 21, was thinking of growing a beard, and that he had attained that height of undergraduate perfection when he scorned the opinion of dons and presidents. He spoke in this strain for several minutes, and his remarks were received with prolonged cheering. He touched on Confederation, and spoke kindly of those institutions which did not see fit to come in. He rejoiced that, after thirty-five years, he was alive to see the restoration of the Medical Faculty.

The responses to this toast were made by Dean Aikins, Dr. Bray, President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and Dr. J. H. Richardson.

Dr. Aikins spoke of the unions of the different churches which had lately taken place in Canada, and humorously referred to the recent "combine" of the students of Knox and Wycliffe to protect some of their freshmen from the severity of the "Grand Mufti's" Court. These were manifestations of the spirit of the age, and the union which they celebrated that evening was an indication that Toronto University was abreast of the times.

Dr. J. H. Richardson, the old veteran and the only surviving member of the old Medical Faculty of 35 years ago, gave some interesting reminiscences of the days when Dr. Beaumont, "a thorough gentleman and a skilful surgeon," and the speaker were the Faculty and undergraduate body, respectively, of the Medical department of King's College! Dr. Bray, of Chatham, also replied briefly.

IV. THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND SISTER INSTITUTIONS.

When Vice-Chancellor Mulock rose to reply to this toast the room rang with prolonged and enthusiastic cheers. He said this was an age of union. All the representatives of the different faculties seemed in favour of union. There was, however, a certain section of the undergraduates not represented on the present occasion. He referred to the ladies. He was sure they also would be in favour of union. He referred to the recent elevation of distinguished graduates of Toronto to high positions on the Bench, and said that this fact showed that in one respect, at least, Toronto University had done its work thoroughly and well. He hoped some day that Trinity Medical School also would co-operate with the University of Toronto.

Dr. Geikie, Dean of Trinity Medical School, was received with applause, and certainly made the happiest speech of the evening. He said this was a nuptial banquet, celebrating the marriage of the University of Toronto and the medical faculty. The medical faculty was the female contracting party, because it was the one which changed its name. If Trinity had entered matrimony, the University would have been indicted for bigamy. He was glad that the old-time feeling of hostility that had once existed between the schools had given place to one of entire cordiality. He thought the position that Trinity had chosen was a wise one, of benefit to that school and to the university with which it was affiliated, because one great, large school would, he thought, be too much for one management. The secret of the present unanimity he attributed to the Central Board of the Medical Council.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland, representing Victoria University, offered his congratulations on the occasion of the addition of the medical faculty, and hoped yet to see connected with it the faculties of law and theology.

V. GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES OF SISTER INSTITUTIONS.

This toast was proposed by Mr. C. B. Langford, (medicine '88), and elicited replies from James Mills, M.A., President of the Ontario Agricultural College, who spoke warmly in behalf of Confederation, and said he hoped the time was not far distant when it would be thought as profitable and necessary to turn out good farmers as it was to furnish good professional men.

The Undergraduate Representatives of the Sister Colleges were : Messrs. Martin and Chalmers, of McGill ; Whitney and Morden, of Queen's ; Houston and Harris, of Trinity ; H. Langford, of Victoria, and Kennedy, of the Western, London. All spoke of the good feeling existing between students all over the Dominion, and conveyed the congratulations of their respective colleges to their brethren of Toronto University.

VI. THE TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL

was proposed by A. H. Holliday (medicine '89) and elicited a short reply from the popular head of that excellent institution, Dr. Charles O'Reilly, who referred to the recent movement for hospital extension, the value of hospital training for medical men, and the marvellous progress that he had observed in the Toronto medical schools since he had come to live in this city.

VII. GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

Mr. J. P. Hubbard (Arts '88) proposed this toast, which was responded to by Dr. W. A. Richardson, Messrs. Ross and Grant for Medicine, and Messrs. Waldron and Wood for Arts. Dr. Willmott replied for the Dental College.

VIII. THE LADIES, brought forth an excellent response from Mr. J. McLeod (Medicine).

The last toast, not on the list, but none the less worthy, was that of "Mr. Mark H. Irish." The proprietor of the "Rossin" was greeted warmly on rising to respond. He assured the students of Toronto University of the great satisfaction the evening's entertainment had afforded him, and said that it had been the most orderly and well-conducted dinner in the history of the "Rossin." He hoped to see the students there often in the future, and promised to extend the dining-hall to the Bay if necessary.

And thus was brought to a close the most largely attended, most representative, and most enjoyable dinner which the students of Toronto University have ever held. Over 300 persons were present, including about 60 invited guests. The dinner was good, the order excellent, the speeches timely and in good taste, and the spirit of good-fellowship strong and hearty. May it be the beginning of a long series of such festive gatherings!

The Literary Society met in Moss Hall on Friday, Nov. 25. On account of the Intercolliate debate at Osgoode Hall and several other attractions in the city the gathering was small. President Creelman occupied the chair. It was decided to hold no more public debates during the Michaelmas term. The debate was upon the question "That property qualification should not be required for the exercise of the franchise." Messrs. E. Mortimer, D. A. Burgess, J. McNichol and G. Waldron spoke in favour of the resolution, while Messrs. W. Prendergast, W. Clarke, E. G. Rykert and A. T. Kirkpatrick opposed it. The President decided that the affirmative had the better of the argument, and asked for a show of hands for and against universal suffrage, which, when given, was in its favour. Notices of motion were given by Messrs. C. S. Coatsworth, A. T. Hunter, W. F. Hull, F. J. Steen, G. Waldron and F. B. MacNamara, and it is anticipated that a lively discussion will ensue at the next ordinary meeting on Dec. 20th.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—A regular meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 29th, in the West End Lecture Room. The President, Mr. T. Mulvey, B.A., occupied the chair. Mr. J. McGowan gave an excellent paper on the properties of the "Nine Point Circle." Mr. D. Hull read a very interesting essay on the life and works of Lagrange. The General Committee were instructed to have a new edition of the Regulations and Rules of Order of the Society printed. At the next meeting of the Society a paper on "The Music of Colour" will be read by Mr. A. C. McKay, B.A., and physical experiments will be given by Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—The regular meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, Nov. 24, at 4.30 p.m., in the West End Lecture Room. The President, Dr. Ellis, occupied the chair. Prof. R. Ramsay Wright delivered a very interesting address on "Modern Phrenology." This was illustrated by means of sciopicon views of the human brain. The speaker pointed out the unsatisfactory nature of what is generally known as "Phrenology," and gave a sketch of what has been done towards true localization. The discussion which followed elicited a number of curious facts relating to brain injuries from which no serious effects had been observed to follow. All present were delighted with the admirable manner in which the subject was presented. Mr. McMurphy was elected Second Year representative on the General Committee for the present year. Mr. Boustead was elected a member of the Association.

Last Monday evening there was held in the Y. M. C. A. building one of the most successful meetings which the Modern Language Club has yet enjoyed. The subject of the meeting was the works of Charles Dickens, and, consequently, there was a large attendance of members and others, the hall being filled. Miss Eastwood opened the programme by an excellent essay on "David Copperfield," the favourite child of Dickens' fancy. Mr. H. C. Boulbee followed with an essay on "Novels and Novels in General," maintaining the defence of that form of literature as both instructive and strictly democratic. The President then introduced Miss E. Wetherald, a graduate of Philadelphia School of Oratory, who favoured the audience with a reading, which was well received. "A Tale of Two Cities" was the subject of the last essay, which was read by Mr. McMichael. At the request of the Society, Miss Wetherald gave another reading, "Rubenstein's Piano;" and after the President had tendered to her the thanks of the Club, the meeting broke up. The subject for the next meeting will be "Victor Hugo's Works." Mr. Squair will give an address on Hugo, Mr. C. E. Saunders an essay on Ruy Blas, and Mr. McLeay a reading. There will also be another reading, which has not yet been provided for.

The first public meeting of the TEMPERANCE LEAGUE for the year was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The attendance was very good. The Honourary President, Mr. Dale, occupied the chair, and with him, on the platform, were Dr. Wilson and the Bishop of Huron. The meeting was opened by Mr. Dale, who introduced Bishop Baldwin. The address delivered was exceedingly earnest, as well as interesting. The speaker commenced by emphasizing the importance of having a definite plan in life. He shewed that the men who made their mark upon the world were not those who drifted along with it, but those whose path lay athwart it. The illustrations used to enforce these truths were very happy and effective. He then went on to state three reasons for being a total abstainer; first, on the ground of economy; secondly, on the ground of sympathy; and thirdly, on the ground of religion. Each of these points was very clearly presented, the illustrations used being especially good. Dr. Wilson then said a few words, expressing a hope that the students would give practical application to their temperance principles at the Annual Dinner. Mr. Dale thanked the Bishop, in the name of the League, for his kindness in addressing them. What had been a very pleasant and profitable meeting was then brought to a close.

It is with great regret that THE VARSITY records the death of Robert J. Leslie, B.A. Mr. Leslie entered college in 1880, and pursued the course in Metaphysics until his graduation in 1884. Subsequently he studied law in Toronto, and had just passed his final examinations when he was seized with an acute attack of pneumonia, which, combined with typhoid fever, proved fatal on Monday morning last. "Bob" was a general favourite with his fellow-students, and he is remembered by many among them as an enthusiastic supporter of all college institutions and undertakings. He was kind and genial in manner, a hard-working student, but ever ready to take his part in anything in which the honour and reputation of the College or the undergraduates was concerned. To his parents and friends THE VARSITY offers its respectful sympathy, in which it is joined by many who will long cherish his memory, and regret his early death.

The first meeting of the Cos Ingeniorum Society of McMaster Hall was held on Friday, Nov. 25. The programme consisted of the President's inaugural address, a humorous reading entitled "The Tragedy at Sloan's," a chorus by the Society, and a very interesting debate on the subject, Resolved that party government is for the best interests of the State. The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. McCrimmon and Chute; for the negative, Messrs. Woodruff and McLean. The decision was given in favour of the affirmative. The Critic made an instructive resume, after which the meeting adjourned.

Mr. J. H. Philp, B.A. '87, has a position in the publishing house of J. E. Bryant & Co., of this city.

One of the University students in Knox College gave an "At Home" to his class-mates on Wednesday evening last.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

- A Song. F. W. P.
- Major Sinclair's Romance. C. M. C.
- A Sonnet in Prose. HENRI.
- The Student as a Social Unit. PHILLIPS STEWART.
- Topics of the Hour.
- Mr. Justice Falconbridge.
- Sir William Dawson's Address.
- Literary Notes.
- Communication.
- Hazing. F. J. STEEN.
- Changes in the Arts Curriculum. WM. HOUSTON.
- Round the Table.
- University and College News.
- Di-Varsities.

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DI-VARSITIES.

HO KAINOS.

He was young and fresh, and new to the life
To which by his course he was led,
He was full of Homerial phrases of love,
And thus to his girl once he said.

"O! high-born and beautiful cheeked Helen,
Goddess of women, divine,
Fair-haired, white-armed and well-rounded,
Oh, say, will you ever be mine?"

But he drew back in wildest emotion,
And at her feet almost expired,
For she said, with a yawn at the notion,
"Oh, Charlie, you make me feel tired."
J. L. S.

WANTED HIM TO DIE BEFORE CORN PLANTING.

Farmer]Joner's brother, residing out in Indiana, has been sick all winter, and several times he was expected to die. He lives, however; but if he has any regard for his brother here he will die within a few weeks, for Joner wrote out to him a few days ago :

"BROTHER BILL: DEAR SIR,—If you intend to die anyways soon before next winter, you'd accommodate me by not puttin' it off till too late in the spring, 'cause if you don't die afore corn plantin' time I can't come out to the funeral. Give my love to Hanner and the children. Your brother John."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

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HERR YAGER ON FRIENDS.

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"A good many of my parishioners, at the
time to which I refer, were bargees, who
were notorious for their dirty, intemperate,
and improvident habits. One day a bargee
called at the parsonage and told me that
Jim the Slogger wanted me to call and
'sprinkle his kid,' by which he meant to
baptize the baby.

"At the time appointed I called at Jim's
house, or hut, rather, and was admitted. It
consisted of one room, and had one door and
one small window. No sooner was I fairly
inside than Jim locked the door and put the
key in his pocket. Then the following dia-
logue was carried on between us:—

"Be you the parson come to sprinkle my
kid?"

"I am the clergyman of the parish, and
I have come to baptize your child."

"Yer can't sprinkle that kid till you and
me have had a fight, parson."

"I did not come to fight, I came to bap-
tize your baby."

"I says what I means, and I means what
I says; yer don't go out of this place, and
yer don't sprinkle the kid, till you and me
have a tussle."

"Well, gentlemen, I looked at the door
and the window, and saw there was no course
before me but to give in to Jim's request. When
at college I had, with most of the other stu-
dents, practised the noble art of self-defence.
I had put on the gloves, and was not entirely
ignorant of the Cornish fling. 'All right,
Jim,' I answered, 'we'll see who is the best
man.' The battle was not very long nor se-
vere. Watching my opportunity I gave Jim
a smart blow on the ear, and down he went
like a log. After a time he sat up and mut-
tered, 'Yes, he's the fellow for me, he's the
right sort of parson, knows a thing or two.
Law! what a whack that was; right on the
ear-hole, too. It's stingy yet, parson,' said
he, looking up, for he had been sitting on
the floor; 'you're the parson for me; you
shall sprinkle my kid now. Molly, get a basin
and some water.'

"Molly, who had been looking steadily all
the time, got what was wanted, and the child
was baptized. Next Sunday, I saw a man
at church whom I did not recognize. I found
it was my pugilistic friend, Jim the Slogger,
who had washed his face, the first time for
many a long day. He seemed greatly inter-
ested in the service. Next Sunday about a
dozen more bargees came with Jim, all with
clean faces, and all very attentive. Strange
as it may seem, this encounter with Jim was
the beginning of a better and purer life for
him and his wife, and for his fellow bargees
too. It was not the first time that carnal wea-
pons have done spiritual work."

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