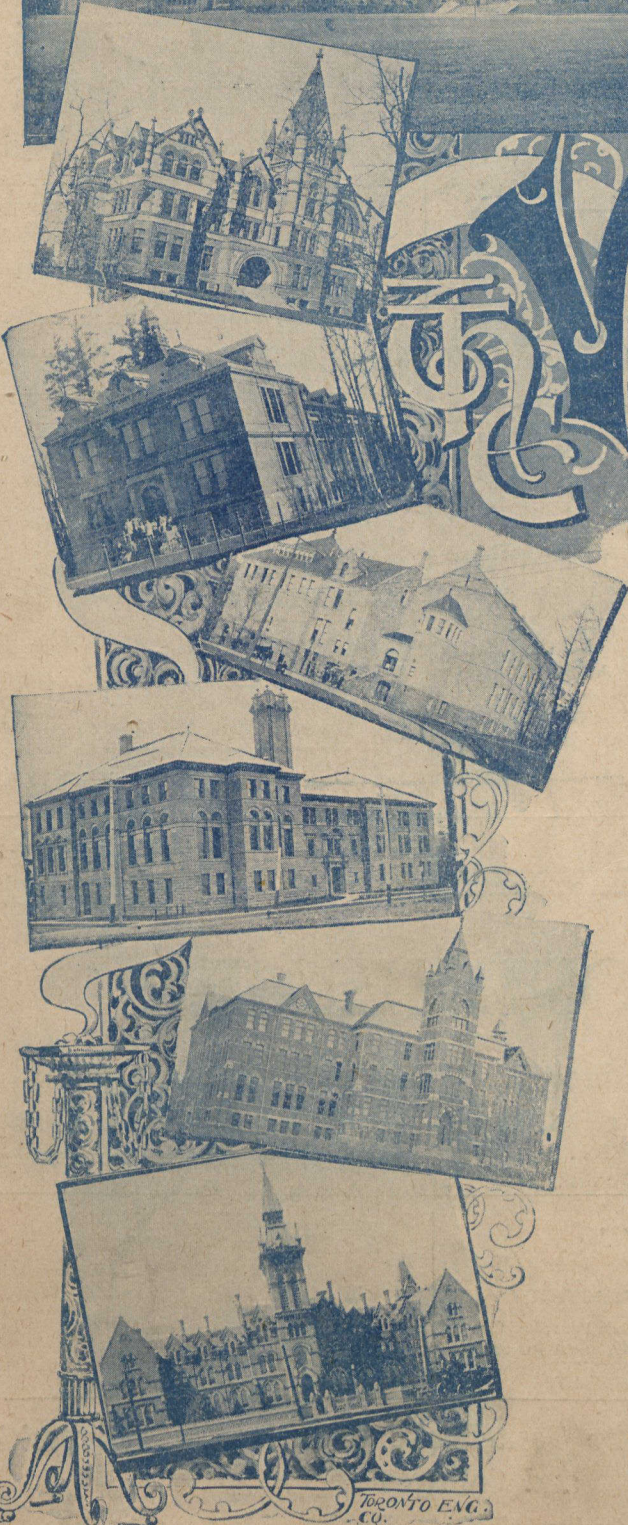


M. Nairn W. H.

THE VARSITY



VOL. XVIII.

No. 20

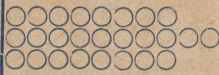
University of Toronto.

TORONTO, MARCH, 20TH, 1899.

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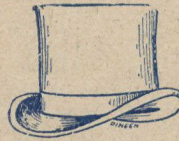
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1899.

No. 20

IN MARCH.

The long, black woods lie drifted deep,
Beneath the high triumphant sun;
Through dripping boughs strange tremors run,
The stirring of the sap asleep.

The rosy haze that rings the sky,
The quickening scent of early day,
The brook's small gurgle, hid away,
Half heard where shrinking snow-drifts lie.

The dazzling frost of breaking morn,
The wind's new freshness in its flight,
All bring their wordless large delight,
And joyance in the new life born.

And though no wood-choir's carols ring,
The wintry fitting chickadees,
With merry chirpings fill the trees,
In homage of the infant Spring.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PRISONER OF WAR.

The skirmish at Ridgeway between the Canadian volunteers and the Fenians was fought on the 2nd of June, 1866. The Canadians were at first successful, but some companies of the Queen's Own, having fired away all their ammunition, were relieved by the 13th Battalion. A false alarm of cavalry was raised, and the relieved skirmishers retiring at the double were supposed to be flying from these imaginary horsemen. The skirmishers were recalled, and a square was formed, a movement which left the volunteers at the mercy of the enemy. The attempt to deploy from this formation threw the forces into inextricable confusion, and the Commanding Officer ordered a retreat. This was effected under cover of a rear guard, formed of members of both regiments. The Fenians remained masters of the field, but immediately turned to the right-about and retired to Fort Erie, whence they crossed to the United States during the night.

In what follows, I have strictly confined myself to what I saw and heard.

An excellent account of the campaign is to be found in *The Canadian Magazine*, Vol. X., p. 41.

In the winter of 1865-6, there were thousands of Irishmen in the United States, who had served, on one side or the other, during the Civil War, and who found themselves, when the army was disbanded, without occupation, home or family ties, ready for any adventure that might come in their way. This was the opportunity of the Fenian demagogues, and they were not slow to avail themselves of it. Whether the

organizer of the expedition acted in good faith or not; whether they planned the invasion of Canada as a serious attack upon English rule in Ireland, or whether it was merely a demonstration to show the dupes who had subscribed to their funds that they were getting their money's worth—there is no doubt whatever that the rank and file of the expedition were entirely in earnest, and firmly believed that they were engaged in an enterprise, not only patriotic, but reasonable; because they had been persuaded that the Canadians would gladly seize the opportunity of throwing off the yoke of England, and that the Irishmen in the British army would not fight against them.

Throughout the winter, we in Canada had heard rumors of the intended invasion, and measures had been taken to meet it. The volunteers were called out for active service. There were in Toronto daily parades, and on the banks and Government buildings sentries were nightly posted, partly from the 16th Regiment, then quartered here, and partly from the Queen's Own and the 10th, now the Royal Grenadiers, who furnished a guard on alternate nights. Number 9 Company of the Queen's Own was then made up of undergraduates of the University, and the lecture rooms and corridors were gay with uniforms. The winter passed away, however, without any hostile act, and everyone thought that the Fenians, if they had ever seriously contemplated a raid, had been discouraged by the resolute attitude of the Canadians, and that the danger had passed; when on the last day of May, the news that the enemy were on Canadian soil came like a bolt from the blue. About eleven o'clock on the evening of that day, I was reading for an examination that was to come off on the day following, when a knock at my door announced the entrance of a non-commissioned officer, bearing the order to parade at the drill shed at half-past four next morning for active service on the frontier.

When the morning came it was found that it had been impossible to warn all the company the previous night, and I was detailed to look up the missing ones. We were too late for the first boat, but followed by a later one and reached Port Colborne in the gray of the morning, where we found the regiment embarked on a freight train, eating a frugal breakfast of bread and red herring, which we arrived too late to share. Starting from Port Colborne we soon reached the village of Ridgeway, where we left the train, and quickly getting into our ranks marched off along the road to Stevensville, where we expected to join the column under the command of Colonel Peacock, of the 16th Regiment. Our force consisted of the Queen's Own, the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, and the York and Caledonia volunteers, in all about 840 men, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Booker, of the 13th.

We marched along the Ridge road for about two miles, the Queen's Own leading. No. 5 Company formed the advance guard. This company had just been supplied with Spencer repeating rifles. The rest of the force were armed with muzzle-loading Enfields. Just as we reached the summit of a gentle rise, we saw the advance party standing with their shakos on the end of their rifles—a signal which meant "the enemy is in sight, in force."

From the slight elevation where we were standing we could see the road stretching before us for nearly a mile. Near us were woods, but in front, to the right and left of the road, were open fields, bordered on both sides and at some distance in front by woods. It was a beautiful day—the trees were clothed with the tender, delicate foliage of early summer, and the fields were green with young crops. From where we stood we could see nothing of the enemy, but we saw the advance guard extend from its centre and advance in skirmishing order. Nos. 1 and 2 Company were ordered to move up and extend on their left and right flanks respectively, and Nos. 3, 4, and 6 advanced in support. In a few minutes puffs of smoke from the skirmishers and from the woods and fences in front of them told that the action had begun.

Before long, we heard the whistle of bullets in the air, and No. 7 Company was extended to the left in skirmishing order, with No. 8 (Trinity College Company), in support. This brought the University Company to the front of the column; but we did not long remain there. We were marched off to the right, extended, and told to lie down on a low, pebbly ridge, behind which grew some fine maple trees. Here we lay for a while, the bullets singing over our heads, and cutting off branches from the maple trees. In a few minutes Major Gillmore came up and ordered us to clear the woods on the right from which these bullets seemed to be coming. We jumped up and advanced in skirmishing order, supported by No. 10 Company, the Highlanders, from whom, however, we soon became separated in the thick woods, through which our course at first lay. After clearing the woods we came out into an open field. Behind the fence on the other side of the field we saw some men kneeling, and puffs of smoke showed them to be in action. It was not at first clear whether they were friends or foes. Some of our men were about to fire on them, but Ensign Whitney, who was in command, called out, "Don't fire, they may be our own men. Lie down and wait till I find out." We lay down as directed, and watched him as he quietly walked forward for a hundred yards or so. Then he stopped, took a leisurely observation through his field glass, and turning round to us called out, cheerfully: "All right, boys! They are the enemy. Fire away." We ran up to him. Till we reached him he stood watching the enemy, apparently absolutely indifferent to the bullets that were whistling round him. We then crossed a road, where the Fenians had made a barricade of fence rails, and entered a field of young wheat, studded at intervals with black stumps. Here we could see no Fenians, but from behind fences, and from the woods in front of us, they kept up a hot fire. Our advance across this field was the most exciting part of the fight, and was conducted in this fashion: Having selected a desirable stump at a convenient distance in front, we made a dash for it at full speed, and the moment we reached it we fell flat on

our stomachs behind it. This was the signal for a shower of bullets, some of which whistled over our heads, some struck the stump, and some threw up the dust in the field beside us. As soon as our opponents had emptied their rifles, we fired at the puffs of smoke, reloaded, selected another stump, and so on, *da capo*. In this way we crossed the wheat field and entered another wood, through which we advanced under cover of the trees. Here we were a good deal annoyed by the fire of some of our own friends, who, not knowing our whereabouts, were firing into the wood from



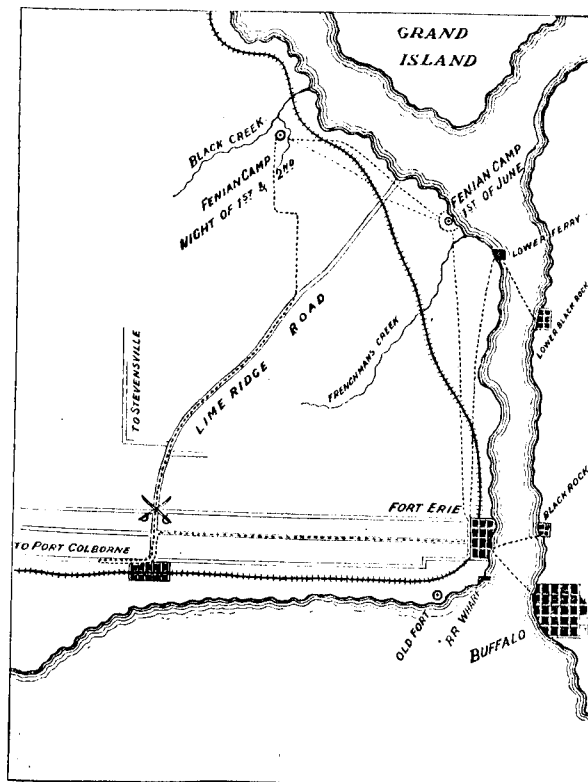
LIEUT-COL BOOKER.

behind us. Sergeant Bryce—now the Rev. Professor Bryce, of Winnipeg—had taken post behind a fine, thick maple tree. Before long it became doubtful which side of the tree was the safest, and Bryce settled it by saying, "I'd rather be hit before than behind," and deliberately placed himself in front of the tree. Beyond this wood was a recently-cleared field, and beyond that another wood in which we could plainly see the Fenians. We had begun to climb the fence into this cleared field, and indeed some of us were already there, when we heard the bugle sounding the retire. Whitney gave the word to us, and called back those who had crossed the fence. When we turned our backs on the Fenians, we had not the faintest suspicion of defeat. We had, up to the moment when we got the order to retire, steadily driven the Fenians before us; but we could see them in greatly superior numbers—there were only twenty-eight of us—we knew we had lost touch with our supports, and we supposed we were merely falling back to restore communication with them. Whitney had already sent back a sergeant to see what had become of the rest of the command and to ask for orders, but he had not returned, and we thought the bugle was a summons to us to rejoin our comrades, of whose success no doubts had entered our minds. All the same we soon found out the astonishing difference on the mental, moral

and physical condition of the soldier under fire, which is produced by the simple rotation of his body through an angle of 180° .

The first sensation was one of intense disgust at having to turn our backs on the enemy; the second the acute realization that we had had no breakfast that morning, and no supper or sleep the night before, and that we were nearly dead beat. Up till that moment the thought of fatigue had never occurred to us, and we had felt as fresh as paint. Now it seemed as if it was impossible to drag one leg after the other. But then we felt that it would not do to be left behind, for there were the Fenians. Upon them our change of position had had a precisely opposite effect, and they followed us cheerfully with much shooting. When we reached the cross road a number of us stopped, and kneeling behind the fence opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, and for a time checked their advance. But there were too many of them and their fire was too fatal. Mackenzie had fallen before the retreat began, shot through the heart, and now others were dropping fast. About this time Tempest and Newburn were killed, and Vandersmissen, Paul, Kingsford and Patterson were wounded. In the cross road Tempest was next to me. Just after firing a shot he rose to his feet. He was a very tall fellow, and presented a conspicuous mark above the fence. Next moment I heard the sound of a dull, heavy blow, and saw him fall forward on his face. I ran to his side and found a small, round hole in his forehead. He had been shot through the head, and the bullet, after penetrating the brain, had broken the bone at the back of the skull. Of course he died instantly. As soon as I saw that nothing more could be done for him, I looked about me and found that I was alone on the road. A little further to the right was a brick house and orchard, and as this promised better cover than the open field, I made for it. It stood at the crossing of this road with the Ridge road, along which we had been marching before the fight, and when I reached it I saw a body of troops in the orchard, which, from their dark clothes, I took to be the Queen's Own. I hastened to join them but they turned out to be a column of Fenians, who saluted me with a volley. An attempt to fire my rifle proved that it was empty, and while in the act of reloading I was surrounded and made prisoner. I was placed in the brick house, under charge of a guard. As soon as I was there, the fatigue, which had been forgotten during the stand in the road, returned with redoubled force, and I lay down on a mattress completely exhausted. After a while, however, a Fenian came in, bleeding freely from a wound in the ankle. I roused up and tied it up with a bandage torn from a sheet. My success in this simple surgical operation at once established cordial relations between myself and my captors. They got me a drink of water, which greatly refreshed me, and we smoked a social pipe together. Presently a mounted officer rode up and ordered us to proceed to the front. We set off, a Fenian, with bayonet fixed, marching on each side of me. The sight of the killed and wounded whom we passed lying in the dusty road beneath the blazing June sun, was sad indeed. At a roadside tavern, called the "Smugglers' Home," we halted, and here I found Private Junor, of the University Company, in his shirt sleeves, carrying a pail of water for the wounded, several of whom, among them Ensign Fahey, of the Queen's Own, and Lieutenant Routh, of

the 13th, were lying on the floor of the bar-room. After a few words with them we were again ordered to march. Junor and two other prisoners, one of Trinity College Company, and one of the 13th, were added to our party. At my request, Junor and I were allowed to walk together. At the village of Ridgeway we found the Fenians resting after the fight. Their conduct was perfectly orderly. There was no plundering, though the village was entirely at their mercy. A colored man, who attempted to steal some articles from the store, was stopped by an officer, who placed a revolver at his head and sternly ordered him out, threatening to blow his brains out if he caught him there



SCENE OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

again. There was a tavern in the village, but not a man touched a drop of liquor. They told me that their orders were strict against drinking, and against stealing anything, except food and horses. These orders, I can testify from personal observation, were rigidly obeyed. They gave me half a loaf of bread, which was very welcome, and after about an hour's rest we fell in again, and turning our backs on Ridgeway, set out in retreat for Fort Erie, along the Garrison road.

The Fenians' treatment of myself and the other prisoners was kind and considerate in the extreme. The day was hot, and the road dusty. The Fenians observed the most perfect discipline. At intervals, when we came to a wayside house, they asked for water, and on these occasions they always gave us the first drink. One woman in response to their request for water brought out a pail of buttermilk, which they handed to me. That drink of buttermilk will always live in my memory as the most delicious draught I ever had. Our guards conversed with us, by the way, in the most friendly manner, and took us freely into their confidence. They thought that the Canadian people would gladly welcome them as deliverers, and

they thought that the regular troops would not fight against them. "Quaybec'll be the hardest nut for us to crack," said one of them. "Sure, the French 'll burn that for us," cheerfully rejoined his comrade. Their uniform consisted of a green shirt, with brass buttons, dark trousers, a black, soft felt hat, with wide rim. Over their shirts they wore dark civilian coats, which served the purpose of overcoats, and which had been used to conceal their uniform before crossing the river. It was owing to this fact that the general impression prevailed that the Fenians were not in uniform. Most of the superior officers wore the dress proper to the rank they had held in the American army during the Civil War. The officer commanding our escort, who had the commission of Chaplain in the army of the Irish Republic, was a striking-looking figure. He was about fifty years of age, with a long, iron-grey beard. He had served as a sergeant in the Southern army during the war, and had walked all the way from Tennessee to take part in the raid, joining the Fenians just in time for the battle. He wore his old regulation kepi, a long black frock coat, with a belt outside, in which was stuck a sword without a scabbard. He was full



GENERAL O'NEIL.

of enthusiasm for the cause of Ireland, and of fierce hatred against the English. But to us, whom the fortune of war had made his prisoners, his conduct was all gentleness and *bonhomie*.

Towards evening we neared Fort Erie, and a mounted officer came up to us with the order, "Prisoners and baggage to the rear!" We were halted at the roadside and allowed all the column to pass us. The escort, who knew from this order that another fight was expected, became greatly excited, and cursed the ill-luck which condemned them to inactivity. Thanks to their eagerness to see what was going on, I had an excellent opportunity of watching the action that followed; for as soon as the troops had all marched past, they led us up to a plateau, where we had a clear view of the whole affair. The road here slopes down between high banks to the river. One division of the Fenians continued their march down this road till it reached another road, which runs along the river bank. Here they turned to the left and marched straight for the village of Fort Erie, which we could plainly see,

with the Stars and Stripes flying from the house of the American Consul. Across the river was the town of Black Rock, and there the shore was crowded with spectators. Another division of the Fenians left the road where we were, and advanced in line across the fields in a direction parallel to that of the column which was marching by the river road. The high banks soon hid the river column from our sight, but in a short time the report of musketry told us that it had gone into action. Who the defenders were or what their strength was, we did not then know; but we afterwards learned that fifty-four men of the Welland Field Battery, acting as infantry, and eighteen men of the Dunnville Naval Company, were holding the place. For a while the firing was kept up smartly, but all this time the second division were marching across the fields above the town, and now they wheeled to the right and thus took the defenders on the flank. They advanced rapidly, firing as they went. In the village there was at first a continuous roar of musketry, which gradually slackened. There were a few dropping shots which soon ceased altogether. The smoke drifted away; and Fort Erie was in the hands of the enemy. The result of the conflict was hailed with shouts of triumph from the crowds of spectators at Black Rock.

We were then marched down to the river side. Here we met General O'Neil, the Fenian Commander. He told us that his men were old soldiers and knew how to treat prisoners, and that we should have no cause to complain, unless any of his men were hanged by the Canadians, in which case he promised he would shoot ten of us for every Fenian hanged. He then stopped at a roadside tavern and ordered a glass of beer for each of us, for which he paid. We were then marched together with a number of the Welland Field Battery, who had been taken prisoners at Fort Erie, to the Old Fort, which is a ruin standing on the river bank. The Fenians established guards, lit fires, and set about cooking their supper. To each of us they gave a slice of raw pork, a biscuit, and a drink of water.

The day had been hot. The night was clear and very cold, too cold for much sleep. About two o'clock in the morning we were aroused and marched down to the wharf. There we saw a large body of Fenians in the act of embarking on a great scow. When the last man had embarked, O'Neil told us we were free. He then shook hands, and said goodbye, adding that he would be back soon with a larger force. I told him he would find us better prepared next time; and so ended my adventures as a Prisoner of War.

WM. HODGSON ELLIS.

CHESS.

Brown wins in the Handicap.

The Handicap Tournament ended last week. The finals resulted in favor of Mr. S. F. Shenstone, '00, and F. E. Brown, '00, who played off, and the match ended in favor of Mr. Brown. The Tournay brought out much spirited play.

Y.M.C.A.

This week the Mission Study Class completes its course of study on "Social Evils of the Non-Christian World." It is hoped that each member will make an effort to be present at this the closing meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to other students as well.

HOW TO WRITE POETRY.

Let us suppose the reader has a vague desire to "write something," but does not know just how to begin. His (or her), thought will, of course, naturally first turn to poetry. Prose, as everyone knows, is far easier to write, but for some reason or other, inherent, apparently, in the psychological constitution of inexperienced writers, they almost always choose the field of poetry as the arena of their first struggles.

Such being the case, the would-be bard, until he has made his attempt in this, the more difficult branch of literature, will not be content to pursue the other; and the best thing I can do in this article is to endeavor to be to him as the rails are to the locomotive, confining the effectiveness of his efforts to the production of progress in the right direction.

To begin then, you must have a subject. This, perhaps, is the most difficult part of the whole art. A subject is not lightly or easily to be thought of; nor can you hurry in the matter. To prove the truth of this statement, just sit still for ten or fifteen minutes and try to think of one—one that could be used as a peg upon which to hang a poem of any merit or originality whatever; you will soon realize the difficulty.

No! The only way in which you can get an original subject is by cultivating "poetic feeling;" by looking about you at the beauties of Nature; her radiant sunsets (and sunrises, if you ever happen to see them), glowing with all the fiery colors and delicate hues of heaven; the calm loveliness of green islands, placid lakes, and:

"Rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image
of heaven,"

or the rugged majesty of awe-inspiring mountain scenery; ever thinking to yourself, as you ponder on these things; "How can I best find a subject for a poem? If you do this constantly, you are reasonably sure of obtaining a theme within a few months at the most. Of course there are other subjects for poesy than the beauties of Nature. Love, for instance, is a very prolific source, though not, I opine, entirely understood by the majority of my readers. But whatever the basis may be, a theme for a poem is obtained in much the above way.

There is, however, an easier and quicker way of getting a subject, namely, by borrowing it, disguising it, and serving it up again as new. This procedure cannot be said to be altogether bad, for it at least allows you to introduce a little of the spice of your own originality into the pie. Some very well-known authors have a slight tendency to use this method—and also, I might add, a great many less celebrated. There is at any rate this to be said for it, that it is much quicker than the first method.

And even if your poetic feeling fails you, and your pride will not allow you to borrow, all hope is not yet lost; for I have known people to write poems—poems, moreover, that gained considerable commendation—which contained very little or nothing of theme or subject of any kind whatever. As regards the manufacture, however, of these ebullitions of cleverness,

"Like to a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing—"

I can have but little to say, for the skill necessary for their fabrication quite surpasses my humble comprehension.

Assuming, then, that you have a subject, you must next set about enshrining it in word-music; the chief requisites in this process are a good soft pencil, abundance of paper (preferably of a creamy color—more aesthetic), and last, but by no means least, a rhyming dictionary. Thus equipped you are ready for business.

Let us suppose, as a first example or exercise, that you are in the position of,
"The lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eyebrow,"
and wish to express your feelings.

Of course the first thing to do is to begin; so here goes for a start:

Oh! Sweetest sweet, and loveliest love,

Thou cause of all my sighs;

Would I could kiss the brows above

Thy limpid, deep-blue eyes.

Those eyebrows curved with graceful arch,
Emblem of noble blood!

Here you will probably find yourself at a loss for a rhyme; now use your rhyming dictionary. Parch—starch—march—larch—none of these seem to fit rightly; so "arch" will have to go. Try "arched with graceful curve,"

Those eyebrows, arched with graceful curve,
Emblem of noble blood!

A sweet kiss, there bestowed, would serve,
As love's most luscious food.

Etcetera.

Or it may be you would write a stirring battle epic, recounting heroic deeds of war. Perhaps your first few lines are:

The air was full of dust and smoke,

Loud rang the rifle's deadly rattle,

The shriek of pain—

Consulting your oracle, you get oak—broke—coke — bloke — choke—toque—joke—poke—soak — woke —yoke. This is not a very promising list, but let us see; broke—oak—coke—bloke—choke — toque — joke —poke—ah! yes, "poke," "The bayonets' poke," and realistic, too!

The shriek of pain, the bayonet's poke.

The deafening din of desperate battle.

Thus begun, if your epic is not immortal, it is certainly not for want of a good introduction.

As Shelley has so aptly said: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," and perhaps you would indite a sorrowful lyric to wring tears from the eyes of posterity; it may be an account of such psychical experiments as:

Finding how much misery,

"It takes to break a heart,"

or something in this style:

Alas! Love, it can never be,

Alack! 'Twill never come to pass,

Heart-broken, we our weird must dree,

Alas! Alack! Alack! Alas!

In closing this article, I would give you a final hint. When you have written your poem, put it by for six months. At the end of that time, after the poetic frenzy has left you, read it over again. If then you do not burn it you are either a fool or a genius.

HUGO, '01.

The News

THE NEW SONG BOOK.

The Committee in charge of the publication of the new Song Book report that rapid progress is being made, and that the publishers, Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., are doing and will continue to do everything in their power to have the book issued by the first of April. The best of work is being put on the very best song material obtainable, and there can not be the slightest doubt that the book will be an excellent production, both as far as the quality of the music is concerned, and also in its artistic finish.

It is to be hoped that the students will liberally support the undertaking, and do everything in their power to second the efforts of the Committee in charge of the publication of the book. The price of it will be 75c. and \$1.

NOMINATION NIGHT.

Nomination Night this year was a veritable love-feast, where one party profusely scattered themselves with roses for what they have done and are going to do, while a few of the "honorable members of the Opposition," looked back on the time when they had the same opportunities in this direction and peered smilingly forward to the future when they would again secure the reins of government. It is difficult to raise much enthusiasm without opposition, and it may assuredly be said that there was no opposition whatever. Each party came prepared—the *Old Lit. Party* to nominate a straight ticket, and the *Alma Mater Party* to be spectators at the above-mentioned love-feast.

The first business transacted was the presentation of a motion by John McKay, to the effect that a committee should be appointed to arrange for the obtaining of memorials of the past graduating years. The form of the memorial suggested was that of a banner, and the committee appointed was John McKay, G. W. Ross, F. E. Brown and E. P. Brown.

Eric Armour next relieved the tension on many minds by announcing, with W. H. Alexander as seconder, the report of the Nominating Board, as follows: *Editorial Board*: 1900, Messrs. Fairchild, Good, F. E. Brown and Clare; 1901, Messrs. Fisher, McFarland, and Kylie; 1902, Messrs. Stewart, and Patterson. *Business Board*: 1900, Messrs. W. A. Smith and Kilgour; 1901, F. Aylesworth; 1902, J. Martin. The report was adopted, and the above men will administer the affairs of THE VARSITY for next year. The next occurrence was the nominating of next year's officers. W. H. Alexander, in a fitting speech, pointed out the excellent and conscientious manner in which Dr. Wickett had fulfilled the arduous duties of his office, and renominated him. R. V. LeSueur, in a very neat speech, seconded Mr. Alexander. In stating his inability to accept the nomination again, Dr. Wickett pointed out the advances made by the Literary Society in the past year, but modestly refused to acknowledge the large part he played in them, a matter upon which previous and succeeding speakers fittingly dwelt. There cannot be the least question, however, that the retiring President has carried out his ordinary duties faithfully

and well, and moreover been greatly responsible for many of the advances in the past year.

In event of Dr. Wickett's refusal to accept the nomination, John McKay, with commendable foresight, had ready another name, and he was assisted in the presentation of it by F. W. Anderson. It was that of Dr. F. J. Smale. The mention of this popular member of the Faculty evoked much enthusiasm, and the society is to be heartily congratulated on having such an able, experienced and well-known man at the helm for next year. To save repetition, it might be just as well to mention here that all of next year's officers slid into their berths along the well-polished planks of acclamation.

"Tommy" Russell next presented another version of "David and Goliath," in which he played the role of the latter gentleman, and in "straight-flung words and few," urged the Israelites to come and fight; but his taunts were of no avail, and assisted by S. A. Dickson, Mr. G. A. Cornish was lifted to the Vice-President's chair amid much enthusiasm—on the part of the Philistines. The latter then offered the following positions to the appended men, who straightway accepted them: Second Vice-President, Mr. Cassidy (moved by D. McDougall and A. H. Fairchild); Third Vice-President, A. E. Hamilton (H. McLean and R. Telford); Recording Secretary, H. Graham (Alexander and Good); Corresponding Secretary, E. V. Neelands (Patterson and Cassidy); Curator, R. J. Wilson (Groves and Grey); Treasurer, F. H. Wood (LeSueur and Elmslie); Sec. of Committee, R. B. Cochran (Brown and Smiley); Hist. Sec., H. Lang (B. A. Simpson and Ashworth); Fourth Year Councillor, A. McLeod (Kingstone and Wetherell); Third Year Councillor, J. A. Miller (Stewart and Martin, '02); Second Year Councillor, J. Cunningham (Kilgour and Davidson); Third Year Councillor, S.P.S., Masson (McMillan and McIntosh); Second Year Coun., Lockworthy (F. E. Brophy and Chapman). After the above had been honored by being elected by acclamation to their respective positions, the two parties decided to enlist the charms of music to calm themselves, before breaking up with "God Save the Queen," and "Varsity."

THIS WEEK'S VARSITY.

On account of issuing an especially large number of THE VARSITY, we were compelled by circumstances to delay its publication till to-day. The issue, we hope, will prove acceptable to our readers. Dr. Ellis contributes an intensely interesting article, which should especially appeal to us in that it concerns the fight of the University Company at Ridgeway. Lechmore Worall, of Christ's College, Cambridge, gives a vivid picture of the undergraduate life there. This article, by the way, was obtained through the kindness of Mr. J. C. McLennan, who is doing special work at Cambridge.

The undergraduate contributions also are very interesting. Mr. McNairn has an article on the Indian Sequoyah, and Mr. Fisher writes a timely letter on Party Government. Hugo, '01, gives special advice concerning the writing of Poetry.

The poetry in this issue will, we think, be found especially meritorious. And "College Girl" has an interesting page.

TORONTONENSIS, '99.

On account of the somewhat individual nature which the publication of the Year Book has, and also in answer to many enquiries we have had concerning the style of the book, etc., we feel called upon to give a brief account of the intentions of the Editor concerning the contents and "make-up" of the proposed volume.

It will be gathered from the heading that it has been decided to adhere to the name first used by '98, for a similar publication, but this was only done after careful consideration, and the hearing of the opinions of many undergraduates on this subject.

It was also decided, for many reasons that need not here be dwelt upon, that the form adopted last year was in the main the most suitable for such a purpose at our University. The book will contain about 200 pages, inclusive of advertisements, and will be concerned chiefly in the presentation of such reading matter as will be of interest, not only to the Graduating Class, but to the members of other years. Short biographical sketches will be given of each prospective graduate, and interspersed among these will be numerous cuts of buildings, and also stories and poems.

The different Literary and Departmental Societies will be treated, and interesting accounts of their progress given. The Musical and Dramatic Clubs will receive due attention, and in connection with the New Song Book, a facsimile of an interesting letter from Rudyard Kipling will be published. Fraternities will be well represented, and Athletics will receive that recognition to which their position as one of the most important spheres of undergraduate activity entitles them.

In addition to numerous cuts of the University of Toronto Buildings, a great many cuts will be published of the various committees, Athletic teams, etc. The list at present includes the following: The Class Executive of '99, University College, and also the same of Victoria; the Class Executives of '00, '01, and '02; the famous '99 Rugby Team, Literary Society Executive, Athletic Directorate, Ladies' Literary Society Executive, Song Book Committee, Varsity Debaters in the Inter-College Debating League, Rugby I. Team, Rugby II. Team, Association Team, VARSITY Board, *Acta Victoriana* Board, Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, Hallowe'en Club Committee, Baseball Team, Hockey Team, Victoria Athletic Directorate, Tennis Team, Lacrosse Team, Victoria Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

In addition to the above photogravures, there will be a large number of special pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. Tom Wilkinson. These will consist of illustrations of stories and also of a number of fine decorative pieces.

With regard to the price of the book, it has been decided to sell it at one dollar a copy. In view of the course pursued by the publishers of last year's book, we wish it to be distinctly understood that no matter how many books should happen to remain unsold, none will ever be obtainable for less than the figure above mentioned, unless they be secured in lots of twenty-five or over.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the many men and women who have so liberally helped

the Editor in the production of the Year Book, and especially those who assisted in writing up the sketches of the members of the Graduating Class.

The volume will be bound in a deep maroon cloth and board binding, with gold finishings and gilt edges.

It is confidently hoped that the Year Book will be ready on or about the first of April.

FOR THE SUMMER.

Are you going to earn money this summer? Do you want good work at a guaranteed salary? Work with good rewards to *earnest* workers, as the following, our '98 prize list from Toronto, shows:

Geo. McConnell, Victoria University—a scholarship covering *all expenses* of the college year.

T. E. Meldrum, McMaster University—a high-grade bicycle.

J. P. MacGregor, Toronto University—an encyclopedia.

We have similar lists of Canadian winners from Quebec, Nova Scotia, etc.

Remember! *We guarantee a salary* to students for vacation. If this interests you, question these men or call on A. C. Pratt, 509 Temple Building, Toronto.

BUSINESS REPORT OF VARSITY
MANAGEMENT, 1897—98.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| Receipts: | |
| Management, 1896—97 | \$ 50 00 |
| Subscriptions | 239 00 |
| Advertisements | 735 50 |
| Sale of extra copies | 6 35 |
| | \$1,030 85 |

| | |
|--|----------|
| Expenditures: | |
| Printing paper, per contract | \$596 74 |
| Paid for deleted matter, author's corrections, extra hundreds, etc. etc. | 41 09 |
| Cuts for illustration | 6 00 |
| General expenses | 49 25 |
| Commissions paid for advertisements, collec- ting accounts, etc., | 76 10 |
| Paid to Management, 1898—99 | 50 00 |
| | \$819 18 |

Leaving a surplus of \$211.67.

The Business Manager wishes to thank each and every member of the Business Board for assistance so kindly rendered, and especially to thank Miss Ashwell, '98, and Miss Woolverton, '99, for the very satisfactory and business-like way in which they did their work.

It may be seen at once, from the above report, how largely VARSITY is dependent upon the advertising public, and the sooner the undergraduates grasp the situation the better. It is only by patronizing VARSITY advertisers, and mentioning the fact that they noticed the ad. in VARSITY, that they can make the paper a valuable advertising medium. If the professors and students would only do this, VARSITY could be made the most interesting and attractive College paper on the continent.

F. A. CLELAND,
Business Manager, 1897—98.

NAEHE DES GELIEBTEN.

(From the German of Goethe).

I think of thee, love, when the bright sun's shimmer
From ocean gleams—

I think of thee, love, when the pale moon's glimmer
Shines from the streams.

I see thee, love, when on the distant highway
The dust-cloud parts—

At dead of night, when on the narrow by-way
The wanderer starts.

I hear thee, love, when yonder, with dull hissing,
The billow swells—

To the still grove I often go to listen,
Where silence dwells.

I'm by thy side, though 'tween us seas be sweeping,
To me thou'rt near!

The sun sinks low, the stars will soon be peeping,
O, wert thou here!

W. A. R. KERR, '99.

SEQUOYAH.

The origin of our written language is enveloped in the mystery of antiquity. If tradition has handed down the name of Cadmus for the eternal benediction of posterity, it has neglected to inform us of the steps by which this mythical personage arrived at his great discovery. But actual experience has shown what such a process might be. In our midst, almost in our own time, a language at once broad and flexible has found representation in written characters, and a considerable literature has sprung up with its inevitable results of education, civilization and morality; and all this was effected by the transcendent genius of an unlettered savage.

Sequoyah was a half-breed Cherokee Indian, born 1770. He was brought up as any other boy of his nation, with no literary education, except that which was embodied in the national folk lore. It was this, no doubt, that set his active mind at work. "There must be some external aid which gives the white men their victories over us. We have their weapons and we are just as strong and active, but we have not their talking leaves." And so the conception flashed over the mind of this son of the forest that the superiority of the Europeans lay in the power which their education gave them. He saw the great defect of his nation and resolutely set about to remedy it. He heard the blue-bird singing in the early spring, and it seemed to him that its song contained a word of Cherokee; when he wished to represent this word he drew a rude picture of a blue-bird on a piece of birch bark. But this method failed him, for he soon accumulated an enormous collection of pictures of birds and beasts, and there were many words in Cherokee which no animal ever pronounced.

Following the probable course of all written language, his hieroglyphs became arbitrary signs. For each word in the language he had a symbol, and at length he found it impossible to keep in mind the thousands of meaningless signs, and again he gave up his system.

With the inspiration of genius he refused to be conquered by his difficulties, and started once more to discover a system of writing. And now his friends began to shake their heads sadly, when Sequoyah's name was mentioned. It was a pity that one who had given so much promise as a young man, should thus waste all the best years of his life sitting in his tepee, and marking on bits of birch bark, while the more important affairs of the nation were neglected. But he had at last found a clew to all his difficulty. He had observed that all the thousands of Cherokee words were but combinations of a limited number of syllables, and all that remained for him to do was to register these—82 he found—and give to them arbitrary symbols.

His system rapidly gained in favor. In a few weeks an intelligent child could master the complete list, and nothing more remained. In 1821 his system was completed. Twelve years had past since he commenced his self-appointed task. He was now old, and feeble and poor, but triumphant. A press was soon established, and began issuing the "talking leaves," in which was hidden so much power. His nation proved to be great readers, and before his death the 4,000,000 pages of good reading, already issued, had been read and re-read.

The memory of this remarkable man is preserved in the name of the greatest of all plants, the Sequoia or big tree, of California. This noble tree is fast approaching extermination, but the name deserves to be remembered as long as the problem of the origin of the primitive arts continues to interest, or the example of a great life continues to stimulate.

W. HARVEY MCNAIRN.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

EDITOR VARSITY:—

Thanks to our examination system, the College Year, so far as anything but cramming of the meanest sort is concerned, is now over. It is only because of the fact that in the ordinary course of events no other opportunity will ever be offered to me, that I venture at this late day to offer a suggestion on a subject of considerable importance. It is high time that the system of Party Government in connection with the Literary Society were abolished.

In those compilations which form the text-books on history in our Public Schools, and from which most people have gained what little knowledge of history they possess, the system of Party Government, as it exists in England and Canada, has long been represented as the great final stage in political evolution, as a goal which men have always unconsciously been striving to reach, as something destined to last forever. In these books the writers have but voiced the ideas of the ordinary man, who worries very little about such things, and is quite willing to adopt the complacent maxim that "whatever is, is best," as the basis of his political philosophy. To him Party Government seems a "good enough" system.

That the party system has been idealized to such an extent, is due to the fact that it has been regarded as a necessary accompaniment of responsible government, and because this system of government of which

it has been regarded as a necessary part is in reality much better than anything that preceded it. Moreover, when there actually existed a great issue, which split men up into two great parties, very ill-disposed towards each other, Party Government offered not only a fairly satisfactory scheme for carrying on government, but was indeed the only one practicable.

At the present time, men like Prof. Dicey and Goldwin Smith are convinced that the system of Party Government has filled its place in political evolution, and that it is time it gave place to something better. Both in England and in Canada it has long been reduced to a farce. There is no great question standing above all others and of sufficient importance to form two parties. In Ontario, for instance, the only real issue that can divide one party from another is the fact that there are not enough offices for all office-seekers. Those in power do the best they can for the country and their friends; those out of power systematically oppose everything the governing party proposes. Anyone who is so foolish as to read the editorials of a daily paper must agree that the terms "Government" and "Opposition" are very descriptive of the two "parties" in Ontario or in Canada. Is there not something absurd in the very idea that government can best be carried on by a Parliament, where it is the duty of one-half of the members to oppose and obstruct the other half to the best of their ability? Truly we are badly in need of a few really great statesmen.

I know not whether the system of Party Government, in connection with our Literary Society, was a spontaneous growth or was copied from the outside world. However this may be, it certainly presents several anomalous features peculiar to itself. Some time before Nomination Night, some few students, with designs on the offices of the Society, or desirous of displaying their oratorical abilities or their genius for organization, called a "caucus" of their immediate friends. In this "caucus" they proceeded to draw up a "platform" of high-sounding principles, in one-half of which they do not believe themselves, while the remaining half would be endorsed equally by their opponents. Another group of persons, with similar aims, go through the same performance, great care, however, being necessary that none of the planks of its platform are the same as those of the other "party." The platforms are placed in a conspicuous position for signature, and the "baby politicians," after the manner of the models of the greater world, make a systematic canvass of the Freshmen, pointing out the grand principles for which their party stands, hinting at the various offices controlled by the party, and dwelling especially upon the utter depravity of the opposing party. When the contest is close, a little "spice" may occasionally be added by the narration of little stories, illustrating various points of character of prominent men of the opposing party.

To cap all, the absurdity of the whole thing is shown by the fact that it is said to be a convention of the constitution of the Literary Society that the parties shall disband immediately after the election, and that party action shall be excluded from the business of the Society. Thus, if this convention were observed, the Executive elected in a party "platform" would have no opportunity to carry into practice the principles which they are supposed by their electors to represent.

This little game of "playing at politics" could raise no objection if it were as innocent a pastime as it might at first seem. But such is not the case. The education that is supplied by the whole system is not such as a University man requires. The number of "party dodges," of a more or less doubtful character (anything short of bribery), called forth by a closely-contested election, would surprise a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. More ill-feeling is aroused than anyone is willing to acknowledge. In spite of the fiction that parties dissolve immediately after the elections, experience has shown that no Executive is ever strong enough to disregard the obligation under which they rest to their party. In some cases there are not enough able men of one party to fill all the offices in the gift of the Society; in this case the office suffers. In any case the men of the other party suffer, and that is a great pity, for it must be borne in mind that the man and not the office is the thing to be most considered here.

It is held that party elections are necessary in order to raise money for the Society. This is an argument in favor of making fees compulsory that the Senate would do well to consider. The difficulty arises from the fact that the organization is much more than a "Literary" Society, and needs money for many other objects than the "pursuit of literature." But whatever may be the nature of the Society, if the unnatural excitement produced by party elections is necessary in order to secure the payment of fees, then it is time the Society ceased to exist.

It is also said that the ticket system does away with personalities at elections. But in the first place, it is by no means certain that the electors should not know what manner of man a candidate for office is. On the other hand, that use of this weapon, to which objection must be raised, is increased rather than diminished by the system of parties. Personal abuse in the hands of a party is given a more indefinite form which cannot easily be met.

The final argument advanced in favor of party elections is that if it were not for parties, little cliques would predominate in elections. Experience has shown, however, the ease with which any clique can manage a party. It stands to reason that it is easier to manage a party than the whole body of "electors," for a clique may form but a small minority of a whole Society, and yet have a majority in a party caucus, or at least have sufficient influence to get the party nomination. If it were not for the cloak of party, any clique pursuing too selfish a policy must be crushed in short time.

The present time seems peculiarly opportune for doing away with the system in connection with the Lit. One party is dead, partly as the result of its own folly. The other has met the most deadly of all enemies, lack of opposition, and moreover seems in a fair way to cut its own throat. Besides this, it would seem that the next election must be fought out on somewhat different lines. Let the members of the Society of next year see that the pernicious farce of Party Government is allowed to die.

Yours truly,

HAROLD FISHER.

March 14th, 1899.

The Varsity

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G. W. ROSS, *Editor-in-Chief.*

ERIC N. ARMOUR, *Business Manager.*

A. N. MITCHELL, *Assistant Business Manager.*

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TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1899.

VALEDICTORY.

It is difficult for us to believe that ten weeks have been marked off the Calendar since we first assumed the duties and pleasures, which the Editorship of THE VARSITY demands on the one hand, and gives on the other. The duties, all will agree, are not light, especially when the dread destroyer is beginning to stare us all in the face, but we prefer to dwell on the pleasures of our tenure of office.

We wish, in the first place, to thank both those undergraduates who have contributed articles and poems to the paper from time to time, and, also those who have so faithfully and in such an excellent manner maintained the "College Girl," "School of Practical Science," and "Athletics" columns. We are not permitted to mention names in the first case, but wish to thank Messrs. Foreman, Roaf, and Benson, for contributing the School of Science Notes, and Mr. V. E. Henderson for his good work as the "Referee" in Athletics. The latter has practically held the position of Sporting-Editor for 1898-99, and held it well.

In our first issue we gave an outline of our intentions concerning the "make-up" of the paper, and we are glad that the undergraduates and friends of the University have allowed us to carry them out almost to the letter. Each number of THE VARSITY has contained at least one contribution from an undergraduate, in addition to poetry, and, with the exception of the first number, at least one extra-undergraduate article, and often two.

Our aim has been, each week, to meet the various literary tastes of our readers, and to try and satisfy that almost insatiable thirst for news which so characterizes men and women of to-day. We have endeavored in all things to maintain THE VARSITY in the position which we conceive it holds—that of being the medium for the expression of undergraduate opinion, and to a certain extent for the direction of it. Moreover, our aim has always been to do this in as respectful, but straightforward a manner as possible, and if we have not succeeded, it is to be hoped that the readers of THE VARSITY will realize and appreciate the effort made.

It has been the good fortune or otherwise of the retiring Editor to have had a little experience in some other branches of undergraduate activity, and we do

not hesitate for a moment to say that none has been so full of experience and life and withal so pleasant as our work as Editor of THE VARSITY.

In wishing all undergraduates every success in their examinations, we beg to express the hope that our sincere efforts to maintain the high standard of THE VARSITY have not been wholly in vain, so that we may be allowed to cherish with the most pleasant of our undergraduate experiences, feelings of satisfaction not altogether unwarranted.

THE VALUE OF ASSOCIATION IN UNIVERSITY LIFE

It has been said that "Only young men of superior talents and lofty ambitions wish to secure the conventional University training; the dull man never wants to go to the University." This is probably true in at least seventy-five cases in a hundred, and is applicable in that it explains the mental attitude of the incoming student. He is usually of a very serious nature, and this must not be interpreted as a sarcasm, for the majority of undergraduates at the University of Toronto receive their Higher Education as the result of a struggle either on their part or on that of their parents or relations. Thus it is, perhaps, that most students are at first most serious minded. They come to the University filled with long-thought-over resolutions to fill every hour with sixty minutes of hard work, and, to obtain as much learning at the University as earnest study can procure, in the mistaken belief that if the mind is well-fed, the man will take care of itself.

The misconception that probably contributes most towards the pursuit of this fallacy is that which incoming students are too apt to hold—the belief that the quality or rather the quantity of the knowledge stored in their brains at the end of the fourth year, represents the degree of their success in life. Too often is the idea held that the University course is the battle of life, and not, as Sir Charles Russel has said, "only an equipment for it."

If, then, a University is to educate in the true sense of the word, and reach "not the mind only, but the man," the question naturally follows, how can this best be done? It is generally admitted that almost all information on any or every subject is to be obtained in black and white, and easily accessible to the seeker after knowledge. Hence, if pure learning is desired, why can it not be derived from books with, perhaps, tutorial assistance, and the necessity for a University course obviated? The answer to this question is simply that four years' delving in the immense accumulations of knowledge does not constitute a University career to a student who holds the right conception of what this should be, and of what it has been from the time when the literal meaning of the word held, namely, that of a "Guild."

General History and our own experiences are most rationally studied through the glasses of retrospection, which reduce or enlarge them according to their relative importance. Thus it is that an undergraduate can speak with but little authority on any subject dealing with the best means to be pursued for obtaining the greatest good from a University Education. But in order to at least assist in the answering of this question we intend to quote from numerous

sources, but the chief opinions expressed will be those obtained two years ago, when the British Association met in Toronto. An opportunity was then offered the Editor to ask the opinions of a number of men on this subject, and especially on the value of association of students with professors and with their fellow-students. These opinions were noted, and are now first published.

Lord Kelvin (Sir Wm. Thompson), probably the greatest scientist living, said: "I consider the mingling of students with professors and students with students a great and important means of benefit in a University education. One can obtain all the learning from books, with the assistance of a tutor, but that is not what makes a University man."

Sir John Evans, that year elected President of the British Association, said: "One of the great advantages of a University course to a man is, that by intercourse with his fellow-students he gets the corners rubbed off and graduates rounded in character."

Sir John Milne, the well-known geographer, said in this connection: "I should say that the mingling of students with students, and the exchange of ideas was a great part of a student's education, over and above that which he pays for, and something that cannot be derived elsewhere."

President Patton, of Princeton University, expressed the following opinion, which is of particular interest, coming as it does from a man recognized as one of the greatest of educationists. He said: "I consider the intercourse of students in a residence, or what is much the same thing, from room to room, and the ideas there formed and the culture derived, to form a great part of a student's education. I would, however, not like to be quoted as saying that that was *all* of an education, for I have noticed among many a tendency to disparage the curriculum; but still I believe that the due attention to the subjects of study prescribed, and the intercourse of a student with his fellow students—and the attrition of student minds—is the manner in which one can derive the greatest good from a University education."

Prof. Goldwin Smith simply said: "I consider the intermingling of a student with his fellow-students as half his University education." He also added that he was a great believer in Residential life.

The following will conclude our quotations, and this is from Mr. Rashdall's book on "Universities and University Life:" "The two most essential functions which a true University has to perform, and which all Universities have more or less discharged, through the widest possible variety of system, method and organization, are to make possible the life of study and to bring together during that period, face to face in living intercourse, teacher and teacher, teacher and student, student and student."

Do we not then find in these opinions—in each case that of an authority—advice, seasoned by years of experience and observation, as to how we can secure the greatest good from our four years at a University? The concensus of opinion undoubtedly is this, that a man or a woman can obtain the most good from a University career by giving sufficient attention to the work prescribed, and adding thereto the education and culture derived from a free association with his or her co-undergraduates; or in other words a mingling of the experience of books and of the knowledge of human nature.

The difficulty that every student has to meet is that of going to extremes. The tendency seems to be to pay too much attention to books, with the result that the student's experience becomes cramped and his vision field of human nature narrowed, or, again, to go to the other extreme. The middle road is what all undergraduates should start out from their first year to find, and to take care that they neither bury themselves among their books or be allured by many things far more attractive into a neglect of them.

In any case it is well to keep in mind that the aim of a University education is not to saturate a man's brains with learning, but to "equip him for the battle of life," by giving him that knowledge of men and books which will make him feel at home in the world, confident of his powers, and which will, in a word, educate him.

The College Girl

In the spring the young man's fancy,
 Sadly turns him to exams,
 And the maiden, much repining,
 Nightly sits her down and crams.

The last meeting for the year of the Women's Literary Society was held on Saturday night in the Students' Union Hall. On account of the large number of officers to be voted on, the hour announced had been seven o'clock, but it was nearer eight than seven when the meeting was called to order. After an arrangement for the printing of the Constitution was made, a vote of thanks was moved to Professor Baker for his kindness in having a brass plate attached to the bookcase of the Grace Hall Memorial Library, and a portrait of Miss Hall framed to hang above it. The lately-organized Mandolin and Guitar Club favored the society with a number, which so pleased the audience that the musicians were constrained to play again. This is the first appearance of this Musical Club, and if we are to judge from its first reception, it will become a very popular addition to the College societies. After the Treasurer's and Secretary's reports, which both showed a very prosperous year, were read, the elections were proceeded with. The list of officers for next year is as follows:

Women's Literary Society.

President, Miss H. M. Hughes.
 Vice-President, Miss I. S. Butterworth.
 Recording Secretary, Miss Frieda Cole.
 Corresponding Secretary, Miss Fraser.
 Treasurer, Miss E. Conlin.
 Fourth Year Councillor, Miss A. St. O. Cole.
 Third Year Councillor, Miss B. B. White.
 Second Year Councillor, Miss E. L. E. Peers.

VARSIITY—Editorial Board.

Fourth Year Representative, Miss M. L. Wright.
 Third Year Representative, Miss W. A. Hutchison.
 Second Year Representative, Miss J. G. Dickson.

Business Board.

Fourth Year Representative, Miss H. E. B. Woolryche.
 Third Year Representative, Miss M. Watt.

Sesame.

Editor-in-Chief, Miss C. C. Grant.

Assistants, Miss E. M. Fleming, '00; Miss C. MacDonald, '01; Miss Moore, '02.

Business Manager, Miss G. McDonald.

Assistants, Miss Hutchison, '01; Miss Downing, '02.

Women's Residence Association.

Fourth Year Representative, Miss M. M. J. Baird.

Third Year Representative, Miss L. Darling.

Second Year Representative, Miss Houston.

After the elections were over, the President read a note from Miss Hillock, the Honorary President for next year, thanking the society for the honor it has conferred on her. The President then urged the members of the society who graduate this spring, to each leave one of the books she has found most useful during her course, to help to build up the Grace Hall Memorial Library. Miss White at the close of the meeting was presented by the society with a pearl brooch. Her speech in reply was received by the members with great enthusiasm, which clearly showed their appreciation of the ability Miss White has shown in filling this difficult position.

THE FOURTH YEAR LUNCHEON.

On Wednesday of last week a kind of subdued excitement seemed to pervade the women students of the Fourth Year, and as noon approached a kind of hungry look came into their eyes. This was accounted for by the fact that at half-past one o'clock, in the Ladies' Lunch Room, they were to make merry over the Fourth Year Luncheon. This function, which is exclusively a women's function, was inaugurated last year, when it proved so successful that '99 placed their stamp of approval by following in the footsteps of '98, and as a result, one of the jolliest afternoons ever enjoyed by our year was spent, and another pleasant scene added to the nearly completed picture. For a week before an energetic committee had been busy making the necessary arrangements, writing out "menus," and hunting up appropriate quotations for the long list of toasts which were to be proposed. But by the day and the hour all was completed. The tables were laid corner-wise across the room, and were beautifully decorated with roses, carnations and tulips, while a most tempting array of the season's dainties was also provided.

After full justice had been done to the good things, the girls sat back and prepared to listen to the "feast of reason and flow of soul" which the formidable toast-list presented. "The Queen," proposed by Miss Jamieson, was given with musical honors, and much enthusiasm, as was also that of "Canada," proposed by Miss White, and responded to by Miss Lapatnikoff. Miss Wooster fittingly proposed our "Alma Mater," to which Miss Plewes replied, voicing the sentiments of the majority of the girls in view of our approaching separation. In an eloquent speech Miss Burgess invited us to drink to the "Faculty" and Miss Salter, for which Miss A. W. Patterson thanked us, while she took the opportunity to enumerate their virtues in poetry, remarking, as she sat down, that were she to continue they would fill a "Psalter." "Other Univer-

sities"—"Where Ignorance is Bliss," was proposed by Miss Trenaman, and replied to by Miss Smith, who came to us from the "Western University;" we feel that she quite belongs to us—not that she "loves Caesar less, but Rome the more." The various Clubs and Societies among the girls were toasted and replied to, as follows: "The Women's Literary Society," proposed by Miss Alexander, replied to by Miss Tennant; "The Y.W.C.A.," proposed by Miss Sealey, replied to by Miss S. Little; "The Ladies' Glee Club," proposed by Miss Cleary, replied to by Miss V. E. Kennedy; "The Mandolin and Guitar Club," proposed by Miss Dunn, replied to by Miss Morrison—who informed us that "the child was too young to speak for herself"—"The Fencing Club," proposed by Miss Manson, replied to by Miss Johnston, and "The Tennis Club," proposed by Miss Lucas, replied to by Miss Lawson, who kindly gave us the result of her researches to the effect that Tennis was a very ancient game, the score of a love set being recorded in the Garden of Eden.

Then we turned to the College press. "*Sesame*," "something attempted, something done," was proposed by Miss Bell, and Miss Benson thanked the girls, while Miss McKinley proposed that of "VARSITY," to which Miss Downey replied. "Our Future Husbands," proposed by Miss D. T. Wright, was received with much gusto, the sentiment below seemingly appealed in an especial manner, to all present. "Wedding is destiny—and hanging likewise!" Miss Neilson and Miss Cleary replied feelingly, and gave freely most sage advice, from which we gathered that a "flash of light" would come to our aid at the supreme moment. "The Sterner Sex, —Men, the more they know the worse they be!" was proposed by Miss Dickey. Miss Helen S. Woolverton, while admitting the many good qualities carefully concealed by man, poor man, still agreed that women were "foolish, but God Almighty made 'em to match the men." "The Plugs," and the "Non-Plugs," were respectively proposed by Miss Dennis and Miss Andison, and replied to by Miss Burgess and Miss G. E. M. Millar. Miss Jamieson then proposed the toast "Our Noble Selves"—"Some have greatness thrust upon them," Miss Turner recounted our exploits and we never before realized how great we were—that even in the starry firmament we held a lofty place. "The Alumnae," was proposed by Miss Lick, replied to by Miss Guest. "Bachelors of Hearts," was feelingly proposed by Miss McRae, to which Miss White replied, and then we came to the last but not least, "Our Dear Departed," proposed by Miss Robinson, and replied to by Misses Preston, Rosebrugh and Williams. And then it was all over. So with many last words, we went away from this the scene of our last gathering as undergraduates of University College. For with all the joy, the laughter, the light-heartedness and the jest, was there not just a touch of sadness, and of regret? The girls we had known for four years, who had sat side by side with us in lectures, who had struggled through the same exams, who had engaged in friendly rivalry at elections, who had opposed us on the tennis field, these girls, whom we had come to know and esteem, would never all come together again. Other spheres, larger places they might fill, but never as undergraduates of the Class of '99 would they meet as a body. What wonder that a strange longing, that was strangely akin to pain, came to us as we turned away, and realized that it might not be again.

Athletics

THE LACROSSE CLUB,—

The Lacrosse Club occupies a unique place amongst the Clubs bearing the University name, for three reasons. It has, perhaps, done more to make the University known among the students of the American Colleges, than any other institution which we have here. In the second instance, it has the longest record of pleasant and successful Athletic tours of any Club in the University, and thirdly, it has had a larger percentage of victories than any other University Club, for the Club has won every match, with one exception, that it has played away from home in the last four years. This is a record to be proud of indeed. The Club has held, as the result of its games, the Inter-Collegiate Championship of America in lacrosse. Many of the large American Colleges have good lacrosse teams, and their number is increasing year by year. The Physical Director of the Boston College, one of the best-known Athletic trainers, accurately expressed the growing conviction that of all the vigorous out-door games, lacrosse is the greatest game for developing ideal Athletes, as it trains every muscle of the body. The tour which has been planned, and exceedingly successfully planned, too, by J. R. Bone, who is making a most businesslike and pushing manager, already has five fixtures, the first five mentioned; the other dates will probably become fixtures within the next few days.

May 25th, Hobart College, Geneva.

May 26th, Cornell, Ithica.

May 27th, Lehigh, South Bethlehem.

May 29th, Stevens' Institute.

May 30th, Crescent Athletic Club, New York.

May 31st, Columbia College.

June 1st, Staten Island Club.

June 2nd, Harvard University, Boston.

The team that left here last year was very strong, and carried all before it, except at the Crescent Club, where they were defeated after a hard struggle by a team largely made up of old Canadian players. This team has lost many of its best men, but the following will probably play this year, under A. E. Snell, who is so well-known as an all-round Athlete; Bogart Graham, Wales, Hanley, Morrison, Morrow, Cleland. The following men, who turned out last year, stand a good chance, but as there are several vacancies, and the best man in every case will be chosen, anyone who has played this splendid game should turn out and help the boys on, Greig, Doyle, Groves, J. Davidson, Armstrong, Ansley, Whitely. There are several rumored finds, including Boehmer, Jackson, Mackenzie and Clarke.

THE TENNIS CLUB,—

This Club, too, deserves very favorable mention, not only on account of the excellent exercise it furnishes, but more on the score of the good work it has done in the last few years. Two years ago it all but won the Senior Championship of the city, and last year it won the Intermediate Championship (there was no Senior Competition). One of the members, E. R. Paterson, of the Club, at present holds the Junior Championship of Canada. Though the Club has shown

itself lax in not seeing that the courts were put in good condition last fall, everything will be done to have them in shape for the spring work.

THE CRICKET CLUB —

Has not as yet reorganized, but rumors of a good season are already in the air. The Club has one of the finest creases in America, and although the early season and stiff examinations interfere with its development it will no doubt give a good account of itself. All who intend to play should attend the annual meeting, which will be held soon. Owing to the way in which examinations interfere with matches and practice, about 14 or 15 men usually play with the team each, thus there is room for all. Waldie, Cameron, Gooderham, Powell, Brown, Mackenzie, Isbester and Archibald are some of the old players still eligible; Hills, Darling and Macdonald are among the better-known new men. The Club may take a tour to the East, playing Trinity College, School, McGill and Ottawa, if enough men can be got to go. The usual dates with Trinity and Upper Canada College will soon be arranged. I am sure we all wish this Club, which has so much to contend with, every success.

THE ROWING CLUB,—

No Athletic Club in the University offers at the same time such an enjoyable field for exercise, and such social advantages as the Rowing Club. It is in affiliation with the famous Argonaut Club, and its members have full Club privileges. Even for one who does not row a great deal the advantages are worth the fee. Two years ago the Club developed a Championship Junior Four and hopes to repeat the performance, not only this year, but in many others to come. The Club owns two working and a racing four, and expects, as the result of last year's quiet development, to have two fine crews. Everyone who enters the Club gets a chance to learn to row, and row in races at the Club regattas. No sensation can equal that of rowing in time in a crew. The Club has to guarantee twenty-five members and everyone should do what he can to help this Club, which has the great ambition of beating the American Universities as soon as it can acquire an eight. Do not hesitate to become a member because you are small; the stroke of the famous Pennsylvania four weighed but 124 pounds. Dr. A. A. Small is the President of the Club, and either he or H. S. Hutchinson, the Secretary, W. Douglas, the Vice-President, will gladly put you up at the Club and see that you learn to row.

The last form of Athletics to which I direct your attention is Track and Field Athletics. The agreement with McGill in regard to holding an Inter-Collegiate Meet next October, a week later than our own games, is progressing favorably, and in all probability a team of 15 men will have to be selected from the winners here next year. I have watched the sports here closely, and I say frankly the University has no long distance (half and mile), runners, no Athletes to put the shot or hammer, still less the new weight, the discus, and no jumpers who are worthy or competent to represent her. Men for these events will have to be developed, and some scheme with this end in view will be propounded probably before long. Watch for it and resolve to become a member of the first Track Athletic team of the University, and take the free trip to Montreal next fall.

THE REFEREE.

A SKETCH OF CAMBRIDGE UNDER-GRADUATE LIFE.

Cambridge is preparing to receive her tri-annual residents. The shops have been re-stocked and the houses are bright and resplendent with their newly-painted exteriors. All is bustle and excitement. The Colleges throw open their ancient gates, through which can be caught a passing glimpse of quiet quadrangles with grassy centres. Jingling hansom's rush wildly to and from the station, heaped high with bag and baggage. College porters run hither and thither removing the increasing pile of luggage at the porter's lodge. Within the Colleges themselves, bustling bed-makers prepare the different rooms for their new inhabitants. Furniture dealers, tailors and grocers join the busy throng; all anxious to outdo each other in the rush for newly-acquired and inexperienced customers. The youth of England's great Public Schools has put off its boyhood, and is being received into the arms of Alma Mater. Tutors have been interviewed, entrance exams, such as they are, have been passed, and initial fees paid.

Men who have put their names down early on the College books, and those who have gained scholarships, have rooms allotted to them in the College itself, whilst a large percentage of the undergraduates live in private rooms, especially licensed by the University. If a man takes up his residence in the College he is required to furnish his own rooms. Generally speaking, his predecessor has left the main foundations behind, and these he takes at a valuation. His quarters consist of a bedroom (very small with no fire-place), and sitting-room. Off the sitting-room there is a "gyp" room or pantry, where your bed-maker or gyp washes up your crockery. In this pantry you keep all your domestic gods, but if you are wise you will leave Bacchus out. That is to say, if wine is necessary, keep it under lock and key. Some sets of rooms are expensive, it greatly depending upon which floor you are stationed. Scholars live rent free. The usual price of rooms varies between £10 a term and £2 10s. The latter, of course, being attics.

The average undergraduate, at first, is very young and very inexperienced. Drawn in a great measure from the affluent classes, he knows little of the value of money, and falls an easy prey to the many loopholes through which gold can slip. Tradesmen invite you to have an account instead of paying cash, in fact they feel almost insulted if you propose the latter. There is a University Regulation, which forbids tradesmen giving credit after the first £5. This rule, however, is often broken, and our youthful undergraduate very often extends his debt over the whole three years he is up here. A Fresher is very bran new when he arrives in Cambridge. He has taken to brown boots, razors and a pipe. In his pockets you will find a cigarette case and a beautifully-worked tobacco pouch. The latter being the gift of his sister, or more probably somebody else's sister. Arrived at the Cambridge Station, he stands quite a pathetic picture of helplessness. A porter collects his luggage from a mighty heap and conveys it to the nearest hansom and receives a liberal donation. The cabby astonishes him by calling him "My Lord," and whirls him Collegewards, through the long Cambridge streets. Having arrived

there, the porter takes down his luggage, and the cabby drives merrily off having pocketed double his fare. He gets to his rooms at last and there is completely overcome by the appearance of his bed-maker, a stout female, as a rule, with a general tendency to a watery eye and alcoholic thirst. She bobs and curtseys till our hero is completely bewildered. His rooms look strangely bare and unfriendly, and a feeling of desolation comes over his soul. She indicates a tea-caddy and kettle, and explains it is usual to make one's own tea. When she has departed, he tries his prentice hand at making tea, a thing he has never done before, and this generally ends in a dismal failure. After unpacking and putting a few home photos on the mantel piece, he sallies forth to see his tutor. After searching round in different courts of the College and poking his nose up various dark staircases, he at length finds the right door, and is much embarrassed at finding about twenty other men waiting their turn for an interview. At this juncture of affairs a man generally makes his first friends and the feeling of loneliness wears off. His tutor is not such a ghoul to interview as he imagined, and he begins to take a more lively view of things in general. The first impression of Cambridge to the average man is generally a little depressing. The air is damp and foggy, the country flat and uninteresting; while the time of year, October, is nearly always a wet season.

Each College has its own chapel, which you are expected to attend. Three services, as a rule, on week days, and two on Sundays will satisfy the most stringent of Deans. All the men have dinner or "hall," as it is usually called, in the College Hall together, between the hours 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. A scholar of the College reads grace, which is always in Latin. The tables are arranged down the length of the room, and at these the undergraduates sit, and one table is generally allotted to the youthful Bachelors of the College. On a slightly-raised platform at the upper end of the Hall the Masters and Fellows sit. Dinner usually does not take more than twenty to thirty minutes, and, unless a man is brave enough to sit at empty tables, with frowning waiters for company, he usually develops indigestion about his third term. The College Hall is the College picture gallery, and it is here you will find the smiling or frowning faces of the great men of the past.

The Second Year men in all Colleges, except Trinity, always make it a rule to call upon the Freshmen. At Trinity this is impossible on account of the great number of men. In the other Colleges, a Freshman is invited to what is commonly known as a "Freshers' Squash." Five or six Second Year men leave a card with their names and the hour at which you can call. It's a disagreeable entertainment for both sides, but answers the purpose of a room-to-room visit from each man. You have coffee, biscuits, and cigarettes. The Second Year men try to be friendly and make you feel at home; while the Athletic Secretaries pounce upon likely subjects for their different Clubs.

Most men take up some form of outdoor exercise, and the most popular, if you are heavy enough, is rowing. In most of the Colleges the Sports Club is an amalgamated one, which a man joins and pays terminally for when he comes up. This system is one of great utility, as it saves the expense of keeping up small Clubs for each form of sport. The Amalgamation Club includes, as a rule, Rowing, Football, Cricket,

Athletics, Tennis, Debating and Musical Society. There is a Committee, President, Vice-President and Secretary to each Club. At the beginning of every term a meeting of each Club is held in one of the lecture rooms. Every Club has a distinguishing blazer, but there is an Amalgamation blazer as well. For a man who wishes to enjoy the full social advantages of College life, the Amalgamation Society is most useful. At the same time, it involves much time and some little expense. Some men, to whom success or failure in the various examinations is of no consequence, spend most of their time and energy looking after these matters.

The average man, however, comes up to do some work of some kind, and if he is wise, will fix on one form of amusement, which will occupy the afternoons only. With the exception of the Medical Students, no man works, as a rule, between the hours of 2 p.m. and 5 p.m. If he is wise and physically able, he will take up some kind of regular exercise. It is really a matter of greater importance than one at first would think. The man who comes to Cambridge with the notion that he can work all day is worse than a fool, and his health will soon demonstrate the fact pretty clearly. The climate to most men is very trying, unless regular exercise is taken. Walking is out of the question and most monotonous, as the country is all fen for miles around, and you generally end up more unrefreshed than on starting. To a man who is physically unfit for violent exercise, such as Rowing and Football, Tennis will be found an excellent substitute. Most men row in their first term. Each College has on an average four to six trial eights on the river. In these you learn the elements of your sport. At 2 p.m. you usually go down to the boat-house and there change into flannels. The boat captains then make you swing, as it is called, in the boat-house itself. This consists in sitting on low stools in a row, as if in an "eight," and going through the action of rowing with short horizontal bars in the place of oars. After this different pairs are taken in the boats, called "tubs," and are further instructed practically. After these different practices are finished, the several trial eights are made up, and you go out for the rest of the afternoon for a long spin down the river. The coach instructs you from the bank, riding either on horse or bicycle. At the end of the October term each College has its trial races, and the good men are chosen for the Lent Term University Races. The men chosen are allowed to wear "shorts," and get a badge on their caps.

The Lent Races are between the different College Boat Clubs, and the men row on fixed seats. About forty-three boats take part, and the races are held in three divisions. The boats start 150 feet apart and the object of each boat is to catch up and bump (as it is called), the boat in front. If this is done the boat in front is said to have gone down one place, and on the following day takes the lower position in order of starting. The races take four days, and if the weather is favorable, the spectacle is one of lively interest. On the meadow-side of the river are ladies and the general crowd of onlookers, while on the tow-path side are University men running with the boats, and bearing flags, rattles, horns, and dinner gongs. When the race has started these men run with their different College boats, a yelling crowd of multi-colored humanity. The coach of each boat accompanies it on

horseback, shouting instructions through a megaphone. The following term the May Races are rowed; these differ from the Lent only in the fact that they are rowed in lighter boats and with sliding seats. Fewer men run on this occasion, as the heat is greater and most of the men have aunts, uncles, mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts to look after. The river is a marvellous picture of color, and the banks are lined with carriages full of onlookers. On the river itself, well into the left bank, are crowds of small pleasure boats, full of pretty faces and smiling chaperones; it is a sight never to be forgotten, and the men who take part in the races themselves are not to be blamed if they put on a little extra swagger at the honor paid them. One fact I forgot to mention; if a boat makes a bump, the men turn up on the following day with their straw hats decorated with flowers, representing their College colors. But I must leave the river and consider a little some other things.

Most men make the friends of their life in Cambridge, and the choice of the right sort of friends is a matter of the utmost importance. A man's success or failure is largely influenced by his friends. The University is really a small world, very small, I allow, but still a world. Here you can associate with men of all classes, and of nearly every nationality. From the hardy Scot down to the solemn Hindu. If a man is wise he will not confine himself to a narrow clique of men, who all talk, think and act more or less alike. When so great an opportunity as is given here for studying all classes of men, why not use it? Yet there are very many cliques and sets in Cambridge and Oxford. In some ways, and in a measure it is excusable perhaps, but the Oxford and Cambridge man is very priggish. The man of wealth despises the poor student, while the latter considers the former a fool. The individual who swaggers about the streets all day, flicking a riding-whip and clothed in strange and unpicturesque hunting costume, is generally and deservedly smiled at. He is of the class or genus "Blood," and has wittily been defined as the "man who puts on a pair of riding trousers to go to the grocer's for a pot of marmalade." At the other end of the stick there is the pale and studious man, blind to everything but his books; nervous and shy with other men; a man of soft muscles, and unacquainted with pleasure. He muses all day with an occasional walk or "grind," as we call it, to keep him from senile degeneration. The larger class of undergraduates comes between these two, and is a man of good average ability, clear-headed and rosy cheeked; quick to appreciate a good joke and bubbling over with everything that makes youth enjoyable.

Outside of College social life there are societies in number, which men can join, and over which they can waste plenty of time. Only one is worth mentioning, from a useful point of view, and that is the University Union Society. Here you get a fine building, fitted like a small London Club, minus the Billiard Room. The main portion of the building is occupied by the Debating Hall. Here every Tuesday night at eight o'clock a debate is held. The President and Vice-President sit on a raised dais, and on each side of the hall the members sit, either "Aye's," or "No's," according to their opinion of the question at issue. The President, Vice-President, Secretary and Committee are elected at the last debate but one of every term. This is the great debate of the term, and some promin-

ent member of the House of Commons is invited either to open or oppose the motion. Membership to the Union is quite easy. Any University man can join, and the subscription of £7 10s. for life is very small, while the advantages are very great. There is an excellent Library, both lending and for reference; while upstairs a writing, magazine, drawing and smoking-room, complete with every convenience, is at the disposal of members and their non-University friends. Between 12 a.m. and 2 p.m. lunch can be procured in the luncheon room, while afternoon tea, and after dinner coffee, can always be had in the drawing or smoking-rooms.

The everyday life of an undergraduate is fairly regular. The average man gets up between 8.30 and 9.30. From then till 1 p.m. he has lectures or work of some kind. At 1 p.m. a man lunches. This he can make a large item in his expenses, as the College kitchens have a fixed tariff, which is by no means moderate in its charges. A man is allowed to run up a bill of from £5 to £10 at the kitchens, it generally varies with the size of the College. After lunch, nearly everybody engages in some form of exercise, and at 4 p.m. you have afternoon tea in each other's rooms. Some men work from 5.30 till 7 p.m., but more often they slack round and do nothing till after hall. Again after hall one generally wastes an hour over coffee and cigarettes, which, with tea, forms a popular form of entertaining one's friends. About 9 p.m. a man does two hours' work, has a pipe and goes to bed. More often somebody turns up and requests cocoa, which you lazily prepare, after relighting the fire you have allowed to go out. Ah! those midnight hours that make one so late next morning; the hours that a man opens his inmost thoughts to his particular chum, they are remembered in after life, and if they have made us miss a lecture or two, what care we, they were the most delicious of any other social intercourse.

The Medical Students of Cambridge are quite a force in the Varsity now-a-days. The Schools get more crowded every year. We have the name of being the most well-conducted set of Medicals in England. The reason, however, for this is fairly obvious. They are not a separate clique, who live in the same building, but are picked from all the Colleges, and of necessity mix in the ordinary way with men of other prospective professions.

There is always plenty of discipline of a general kind, and the streets are paced every night with what might be termed a detachment of University Police. These are the well-known Proctor and Bull Dogs. The Proctor is some man of high position whose duties are to maintain discipline and enforce rules. The two servants with him are usually College porters, who keep about six paces behind, as he walks through the streets. His task is no sinecure, and he is badly paid. He goes out about eight o'clock in the evening with his two bull dogs and paces up and down the streets till about 11.30 to 12 o'clock. At 12 everybody has to be in his rooms, either in College or outside. The duties of a Proctor are chiefly to see that men wear their cap and gown after dark, and that whilst wearing it they do not smoke. If you are caught smoking, whilst wearing your cap and gown, you are fined 6 shillings and 8 pence, which goes to the University Chest.

The gates of every College, and the front-doors of every lodging-house are closed at ten. If you are

inside you cannot get out after this hour. If you come in after ten or eleven, your name is put down by the porter or the landlady on a printed weekly form, called a gate bill. This is sent into the Dean of every College once a week, and if that highly esteemed gentleman thinks you have been late too often, he hauls you and speaks words of advice. Sometimes offences such as getting "squiffy," or being generally rowdy, are punished by what is called "gating." This consists in enforcing a man to keep within his rooms in College or outside after a certain hour fixed by the Dean. Serious offences are punished by rustication either for good, a term or a year. If the man rusticated or sent-down, as it is called, happens to be popular, his friends charter numerous hansoms, which are decorated with crape, and all escort him to the station, whistling the "Dead March in Saul." This most stringent form of punishment is, however, very rarely resorted to, and most men get let off by being gated for the rest of the term.

A man's time soon slips by, and one's third year comes before one quite realizes it is time to put on the spurt if the degree can be obtained. Most men manage it, somehow or other, and then comes the day dear to the hearts of all mothers, sisters and best girls, the day when George or John goes up to the Senate to get his degree.

Amongst other regulations, too numerous to mention, are the rules: That you must not smoke in College courts or walk on the grass, or bring a dog into the College. Only Fellows of the College are allowed to walk on the grass, if it's any comfort to them.

Previous to this function, which comes at the end of every year, is the great Festival Week of Cambridge—the May Week. This is the time when each man receives all his friends and relations, the rich harvest season for Cambridge landladies. The town swarms with many pretty faces and picturesque costumes, and the College men don new flannels and bran new straw hats. Oh! yes, our undergraduate is generally a dandy in some degree, especially when Eve's daughters are anywhere near. The May Week lasts about ten days and is full of every sort of social pleasure. College Balls, Concerts, Garden Parties, and last and not least, the Races on the river, fully occupy your time, and most men are glad to rest and smoke a quiet pipe when it is over. Many and numerous are the flirtations carried on during this festive time of the year. The mornings are usually occupied with taking your best girl up the river in a Canadian canoe.

To write of Cambridge and Cambridge life were to do no mean task. The details, full of color and incident, though insignificant and unappreciated by the outsider, are dear to the hearts of every University man. It forms in most cases a background to after life, a background that in stormy days to come, we are glad to glance back at—yes, the old days, the youthful days, the days of "Auld Lang Syne," the days of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Cambridge and Oxford do more to a man than educate him, they form his character, make him self-reliant, in fact, complete in him the growth of what was so well sown in one of England's great Public Schools, the seeds of a good, strong, and manly Englishman.

LECHMERE WORRALL.

Christ's College, Cambridge, 1899.

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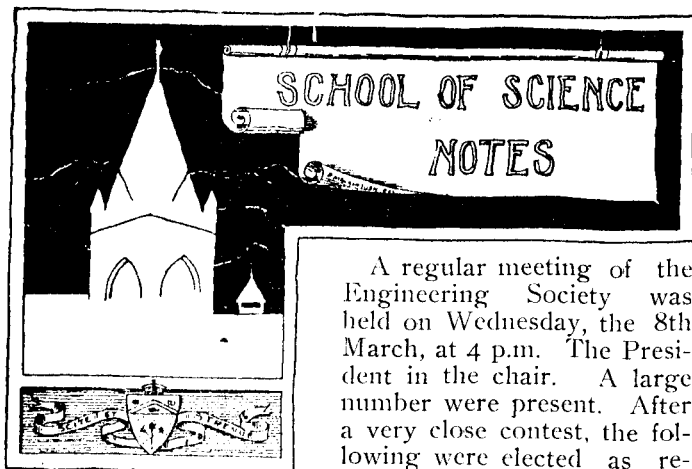
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A regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday, the 8th March, at 4 p.m. The President in the chair. A large number were present. After a very close contest, the following were elected as representatives on the Athle-

tic Association:

Second Year Representative, Mr. G. Bertram.

Third Year Representative, Mr. G. A. Hunt.

Fourth Year Representative, Mr. T. Burnside (acclamation).

The President then called on Mr. C. T. Harvey, C.E., to read his paper on the "Conjunction of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, from an Engineer's Standpoint." Mr. Harvey discussed the subject very thoroughly, and it was with much applause that the thanks of the society was given to him. Mr. W. W. Van Every then read his paper on "Connections of a Trolley Car," which showed a good knowledge of the subject. After a vote of thanks had been given him, the meeting adjourned.

In the Mutual Street Rink on Friday, March 10th, the School and "02" played the final game of the Inter-

Year Hockey League. The ice was very slow, and this kept the game from being very fast; there was little or no combination on either team, and the game was a regular game of shinney. The School team were unable to get past their opponents' defence, while "02" kept up a steady fire on the School, and it was due to the playing of Benson, at point, and Boehmer, in goal, that the score was not higher than 8-3. On the forward line Arthurs played the best game, scoring the only goals obtained by the School; while for "02," Darling, Brodie and McKenzie played the best game. The teams lined up as follows: "02," Goal, Stevens; Point, Hills; Cover Point, Darling; Forwards, Caulfield, Broder, McKenzie, Livingston. S.P.S., Goal, Boehmer; Point, Benson; Cover Point, Father; Forwards, Ritchie, Thorne, Arthurs and Macdonald.

DESPAIR.

Oft are the times when I of all despair,
That calls me upward from the dim world's throng;
The beckoning hand melts in the heavy air,
My guiding star is hid, or glistens wrong,
Slow glimmerings from the sky descending down
Flit, phantom shapes, before my spirit's sight;
Like Tantalean apples skyward blown,
They vanish straight again and melt in night.
Fool! Fool! O erring fool! to dream my dream,
Of honor, fame, advancement and renown;
While Hope's slim form allures me up the stream,
Ten thousand, thousand demons drag me down,
Down, down, I go, by cruel Fate o'erborne,
To plunge in bleak despair my hopes forlorn.

—R.M.S.

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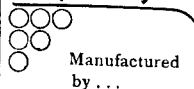
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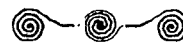
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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR.

DECEMBER—

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. [P.S. Act, sec. 21 (1); S.S. Act, sec. 28 (5).] (On or before 1st Dec.)
Municipal Clerk to transmit to County Inspector statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter. [P.S. Act, sec. 68 (1); S.S. Act, sec. 50.] (Not later than 1st Dec.)
5. County Model Schools Examinations begin. (During the last week of the session.)
6. Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. (Subject to appointment.)
13. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board [P.S. Act, sec. 37 (2).] (Before 2nd Wednesday in Dec.)
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. [P.S. Act, sec. 37 (2); S.S. Act, sec. 31 (5).] (Before 2nd Wednesday in Dec.)
14. Local Assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. [S.S. Act, sec. 55.] (Not later than 14th Dec.)
Written Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. (Subject to appointment.)
15. Municipal Council to pay Secretary-Treasurer Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in township. [P.S. Act, sec. 67 (1).] (On or before 15th Dec.)
County Councils to pay Treasurer High Schools. [H.S. Act, sec. 30.] (On or before 15th Dec.)
County Model School term ends. Reg. 58. (Close on 15th day of Dec.)

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A. E. Shipley, whom we recently reported so ill as to be forced to return home, is much better now. He is said to be able to sit up in bed and do a little work.

H. Evans, B.A. '96, has returned from Mexico, where he has been living for a couple of years. He is doing some work at the chemical laboratory.

W. S. Dakin believing that actions speak louder than words, decided that the Biological Building, at least, should be presented with a memorial window. With his customary generosity, he went to the expense of gratifying his whims in this direction, and the fourth year laboratory is now the proud possessor of what will doubtless be a "memorial window" for "Dake" for some time.

"Cupid" Love of '97 and '98 fame is reported to be progressing very favorably. We hope he will soon be well enough to return home.

A. E. McFarlane '98, visited some friends in the city this week. He is quartered in New York at present.

"Count" Armour, "Bogus" Coyne and "Rex" King are going to take up quarters in residence this week. The excuse is, we believe, that ordinary boarding-houses are not conducive to hard work.

Prof. Wm. Dale was in town for a few days last week.

Mr. J. C. McLennan, Demonstrator in Physics, is reported to be enjoying his work at Cambridge and getting on well. He will be back for the opening of Varsity next fall.

Mr. C. C. James gave a most interesting lecture on the "First fifty years of Ontario," before the Political Science Club on Tuesday last.

The Normal College, Hamilton, where so many Varsity graduates spend a year, intends to hold an At Home on April 14th. A. W. Smith, '98, is president of the committee.

"Charlie" Carson, of '98 fame, spent a few days in the city last week.

The usual examination summonses are out. They pretty nearly make us all begin to think that the "Leafy, leafy May is not so far away." And then to take consolation in the fact that "it is not always May."

"Count" Armour has been laid up for several days with defective eyesight. He wants to know if it is long or short sightedness with which he is troubled, in order to decide whether to play in the in-or-out-field during the baseball season.

Some of the Political Science boys are said to be getting chummy with M.P.P.'s over in the parliamentary library.

"Turtle" Armstrong is said to be getting into shape for bicycle racing in the summer. They say he's not so slow.

The latest stage in the evolution of John R. Bone's life appears to be that he will go to China and pursue actuarial work in an English colony there.

Everyone is feeling happy that the authorities have consented to allow the Library to remain open till 6 o'clock from now till after the exams.

An old man who was not particularly in love with University education, is reported to have said "Pshaw! a cauliflower is only a cabbage with a University education!"



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The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

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The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside about the middle of June in each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information, application should be made as early as possible to the Deputy Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

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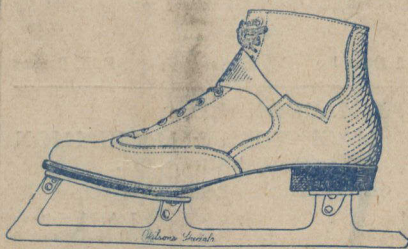


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