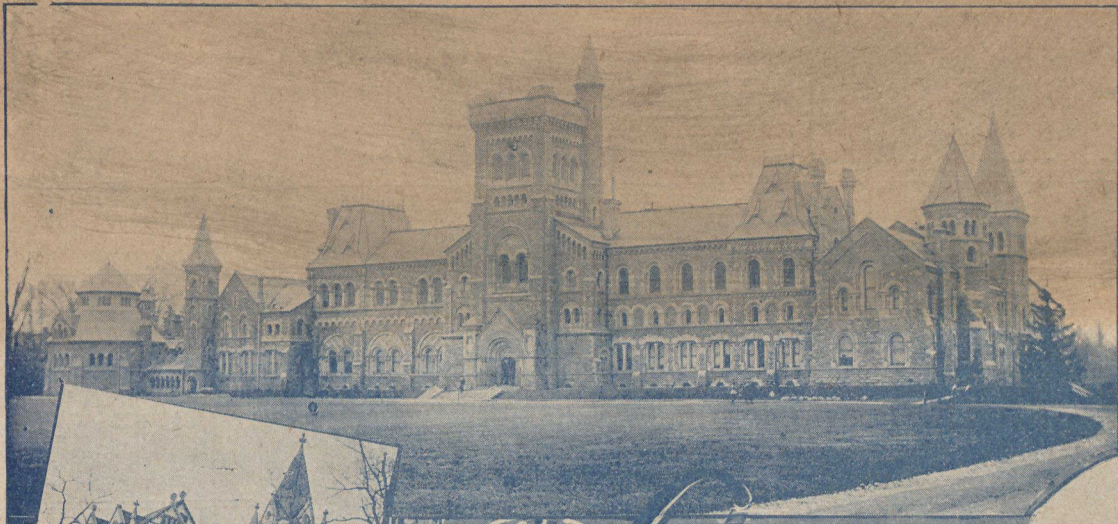


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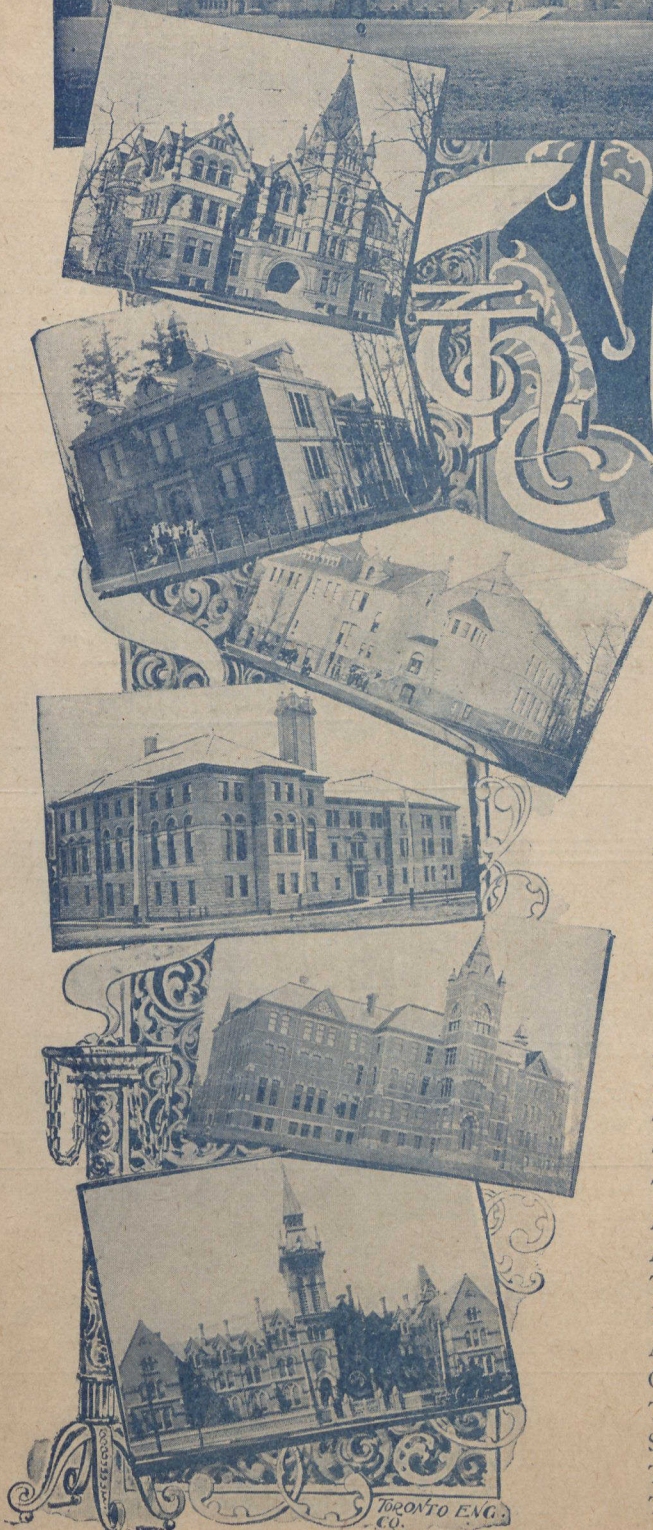
No. 10

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21ST, 1898.

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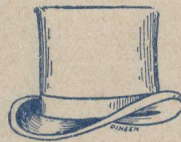
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TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1898.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

I take it for granted that during my College career I had my share of the worries, troubles and disappointments which seem inevitable at all stages of life, but I certainly do not remember them. The kindly finger of time has rubbed out all the unpleasant and disagreeable features of the picture, and there remains to me only the memory of three entirely happy years. No doubt this was due largely to the class of men whose set I was lucky enough to get into. I am obliged theoretically to admit that there had been before them, and have been since, at the Varsity just as jolly, agreeable and happy a set as ours of that year in the early seventies, but in my heart I very much doubt it, and speaking only to myself, I shall never admit it. Its members have gone into many countries (all, alas, far from me), and into more occupations (even clergymen and capitalists among them now!), but I believe that there are no two of them that would *not* rejoice to meet again, and have one more "night of it together." All the classic and scientific lore that a College can give one are of secondary moment compared with friendship such as this. It is the most valuable relic of my College course and the best of my course of education, during those years.

Occasionally we paid some attention to that less important part of the work which is laid down in the Curriculum, and thus were brought into contact with the President and Professors: McCaul, Wilson, Young, Chapman, Croft, Vander-Smissen, Pernet, and last, but

not least, the present head of the Institution, President Loudon, and with the assurance of youth, passed judgment, and, I believe, in most instances, sound judgment, on their respective characters and attainments. On the whole, the teaching and governing staff of that day commanded the loyal and hearty respect of the students. There was at least a unanimous feeling respecting President McCaul—rather face a herd of lions, led by a deer, than one of deer led by a lion; and Dr. McCaul stamped his kindly and genial spirit strongly upon us, who were, I fear, in great part little better than the unregenerate. He was emphatically a gentleman—a fine old Irish gentleman, I believe, but at any rate good enough to be one—he had courtly manners, which I shall always associate with snuff-taking—one of his old world vices. But his manners were merely the outward sign of his inward and spiritual grace of kindly feeling and genuine sympathy. In my first interview with him (he always made it a point to talk privately to each new-comer), he entirely captured my heart, though I remember feeling almost as embarrassed in his presence as Mark Twain reports himself to have been in General Grant's. This favorable impression deepened with further knowledge of him. His lectures were a liberal education, not only in the old classical languages, but in all the softening influences of refined life. He prided himself on having the royal memory for faces, and indeed seldom forgot any of his students at whatever lapse of time. One of our before-mentioned unrivalled set took only the pass course in Classics, and was not caught in any delinquencies sufficiently flagrant to bring him before the President, who consequently had no reason for specially remembering him. After a lapse of about fifteen years, the two met again for the first time on the street in Toronto, when Dr. McCaul was much broken-down and enfeebled, yet he immediately recognized his former pupil, addressed him by name, and enquired into his career and prospects. Such a gift cannot go alone, it is only a part of a powerful understanding, and whether or not Dr. McCaul was profoundly learned, he was an able man and a model President. His influence will live as long as his students and their descendants. Some of my happiest memories are bound up with University College, and my sincere hope is that it and your paper, which is the voice of its undergraduates, may flourish forever.

A. R. DICKEY.

HOW TO PASS EXAMINATIONS.

The present enquiry, as Plato would call it, is one that calls for no apology. Every student feels himself drawn towards examinations. The subject is, consequently, of equal interest to the three months' Freshman from Minnehaha, Manitoulin, who has his own theory of the creation, and can prove it, and to the sad-eyed Senior, who has forgotten the vacative of *ὁ βασιλεὺς*, and whose only prayer is for peace.

There are two distinct methods, as there are two distinct times, for passing examinations. The first method may be briefly dismissed; I do not propose to deal with it in this paper. It involves the purchase of all such works as are mentioned in the College Curriculum, and the painful absorption of thirty-three per cent. of their contracts; it necessitates a debilitating insomnia during lectures and a subordination of the individual intellect in favor of the opinions of the dead. It leaves behind it, in too many cases, a residue of facts and actual knowledge, which is only eradicated in the course of years. It cannot be denied that such a system possesses certain advantages for students who prefer to pass their examinations in May, or who have mistaken views on the subject of University honors. Judged upon wider grounds, however, it is far inferior to the other, or September system of passing examinations, which I propose to discuss in this article. In this process, the student, disregarding the mere technicalities of the text books, relies rather on the inventive faculties of his own genius and the promptings of a fertile originality. He avails himself, moreover, of certain special arts and devices for encompassing his examiner, which are the legacy of the great minds that have gone before him, and in which his training is admirable.

I do not say that this latter system will not enable a man to pass an examination in May; it is often singularly successful even then. But it can only be brought to perfection when the mind of the operator has been invigorated, during the summer months, by imbibing lager beer at a summer resort, and by hours of profound contemplation under a cedar tree.

As to the relative merits of the two systems there can be but one opinion. The man who has been severely trained during his University life, in the September System, is able, not only to pass the examination required of him, but can pass *any* examination. He is just as much prepared to take a degree in Conchology or Japanese Archaeology, as he is in his own department. This fact has often been heartily affirmed by the examining body.

Considered as a mental test, the September System is again undoubtedly superior. It can hardly convey much sense of intellectual power to have an examiner ask you a question which you know, and which he knows you know, and which, moreover, he knows, and which you know he knows. The true test of ability is when the examiner asks a question which you know you don't know, and which you answer in such a way that he can't prove anything against you.

Let us now first consider the general principles on which the procedure of the September scientist is based; after which we will pass to a few of the special devices to be adopted in the various subjects.

Perhaps the most important point of all is the matter of handwriting. When you know anything for a fact,

write it down very plainly and legibly. When you are not sure of anything, dash it off in hurried, illegible characters, as if you were suffering from such a rush of ideas as to cause an intolerable pressure on the brain. Do not, however, end your answer illegibly. As you near the conclusion, which you are always careful to state in general terms, your writing must become plainer and plainer, till it ends as a model of lucidity. This suggests an express train being brought to a gradual stop; it implies that your magnificent brain, having recovered from the delirium of action, is resuming the measured pulsation of its habitual calm.

Nor is this all that must be observed in connection with handwriting. The writing of the candidate must be a female hand. This is easily contrived by remembering that a female hand, as known to University examiners, is one in which four and a half words fill a line, and which has such a slope to it that when applied to a sheet of foolscap, the square on the hypotenuse of a line of writing is equal to the sum of the squares on the edges of the paper. To heighten the illusion of femininity, it is well to throw a little sachet powder and a violet stalk into the envelope. Bear in mind, that it is far easier to please an examiner if you are a girl with a blue shirt-waist and deep-brown hair, than if you are a man with a grey flannel shirt, and last week's whiskers. If you doubt this fact, watch the demeanor of any member of the Faculty unbending in the presence of the sex.

This question of pleasing the examiner personally is of the greatest importance, and brings us to another maxim of general application. Purchase the books on the subject of your examination written by the examiner. These you will find at any of the better-class second-hand stores on York St. You can easily tell them by the appreciative labels, such as: "Intensely interesting; seven cents."—or— "Ten Years' Lectures on Metaphysics, reduced to five cents (worth fifty)." The prices thus quoted do not, of course, represent the actual value of these works. The dealer will always sell them at about fifty per cent. reduction, provided the book is removed within twenty-four hours.

Having thus secured one of the examiner's books, commit to memory two sentences. Choose these near the end of the book, and quote them in your papers, introducing them with the words: "It has been ably said by an eminent authority, whose name I have mislaid."

Not only should the examiner's own books be subjected to this treatment, but also any book which the examiner is known to take from the College Library. When he replaces the book, secure it and search its contents diligently. If it contains tobacco ashes, he has been using it to prepare his paper; if you find no tobacco ashes, but human hair and black pins, the book was for his wife and not for himself. Observe that the hair must be longer than five inches, unless the examiner is bald.

We come now to an axiom of the highest practical utility. Never answer a direct question. For instance: If the examiner asks you, point blank, what is the ablative of *hostis la spear*, ignore the question entirely. Do not even leave its number blank. If that particular answer ought to be No. 2, call your next one No. 2. It is impossible to prove that you didn't overlook it accidentally. It may be objected that if the examiner could keep cool and confine himself to direct

questions, he could prove his point and pluck you. But no examiner can do this. On the same paper, in which he began prodding you with the ablative of hostis, and the supine of amo, "I think," he will presently get excited, and come at you with generalities like, "Compare Virgil with Burns," or, "Show that Homer's Knowledge of Intoxicants was Creditable as far as it Went." When he starts that sort of thing, you have him. A few pages of well-directed generalities, in a hand that he can't read, will convince him that you think as he does, and are entitled to full marks.

In order to convince even the most sceptical, I will now pass from these general considerations of method, to the more particular devices that are applied to papers in various subjects.

Let us take, for example, a paper in English Literature. A question, which has of late years found favor with the examiners, is on this model:

"Locate the following passage, and explain its connection with the context:

'The quality of mercy is not stained,
It droppeth like the gentle dew from Heaven.'

Now, if you happen to know that those words are taken from Macbeth's Soliloquy to the Witches, say so. If not, treat the passage in the following way:

"The dialogue in which these words occur is, perhaps, the best-known in the English tongue. [This is always safe—perhaps it is]. To many, and indeed, to myself, they have been a household quotation from infancy—"

Your answer thus far conveys the idea that you know the passage so well that you are going to get tiresome about it. Having given the examiner this idea, you next hint at the way in which he found the quotation:

"So impressive are these words to the thoughtful mind, that a man, even of inferior ability, and ignorant of the works of Shakespeare, opening the book purely at random, and observing the passage to be marked with red ink would at once—"

Here, your answer is so arranged as to come to the end of the page. In numbering the next page you skip *one*, and say nothing further about the quality of mercy. The examiner gives you full marks without looking for the missing sheet, being afraid of it.

A still bolder device in answering questions on English literature is what is known as the method of Counter-Interrogation. It is sometimes called the French method, having been invented by Victor Hugo [the elder]. None but the most experienced examiners can detect it. Thus: "Discuss the question of the insanity of the hero of Shakespeare's play, 'Omelette, Prince of Tanbark.'"

Answer: "Was Omelette mad, or was he only sort of half cracked, don't you know? Here, indeed, is a question for consideration. Or was he perhaps sane? Or is sanity itself but madness? Or if Omelette was mad, what of Lobelia? Was she not, perhaps, also so, or more so? May there not be others? Does not the mind recoil here staggered? or does it?"

A few words in regard to the treatment of a paper in Metaphysics may prove suggestive. This subject can be handled to perfection by the adoption of the method of the Unknown Quotation. It is, however, first necessary to have a reasonable control over the leading metaphysical terms, such as perception, sensation, codject, prognition, ventilation, and so forth. It is also necessary to be acquainted with the numer-

ous German philosophical terms which are admitted to defy translation, such as: *Feuerversicherung*, *Fussballspielregel*, *Hund*, *Fisch*, *Katze*, and so on. These terms must be handled with delicacy; they must be used neither too sparingly nor too freely. The best proportion is about two inches to the foot. If the same term is used more than once, it should be spelt the same way every time. All that is now necessary is to answer the examiner's questions by composing quotations and affixing to them the names of authors whose works are unknown to him, but which strike a familiar note, such as, *Funkelhaufen*, *Pilsener Lager*, *Chocolat Menier*, and the great Italian, *Vino Mariani*. If the candidate has a good knowledge of German [and if the examiner has absolutely none], it is advisable to make the quotations in their native tongue. Thus:

"Es war einmal eine Kleine siisze Dime, die jedermann lieb hatte, der sie nur ansah, und die Rothkappchen hiesz."

Another most helpful suggestion, which is almost of general application, but which may specially be used in the case of questions in literary criticism, is the following: Take advantage, where possible, of the literal form of the question. I may best illustrate this by an anecdote. Some years ago I had the honor to act as an examiner at University College in a certain foreign language. In a careless moment, I put a question in the following form: "State clearly what you think of this passage." (Here followed about twenty-five lines of mediaeval poetry). One candidate, whom I shall always consider as the brightest mind with which I was brought into contact as an examiner, answered simply: "I think it is rotten." I gave that man full marks. This is true. It happened the last year that I was asked to examine. This suggestion should be borne in mind in answering any such questions as: "Give your estimate of," "State your opinion of," etc. Remember that it is your opinion, your own, that the examiner has asked for, and if he is a conscientious man he is bound to take it. Should he say: "Give somebody else's opinion of," etc., then it is different. Give him *Pilsener Lager's*, or *Vino Mariani's*.

The only papers that should cause any difficulty to the candidate are the Mathematical ones. In fact it may be confessed once and for all that there is no use trying to pass in Mathematics in the Spring. The candidate is compelled to wait until the Autumn. All who know anything of Mathematical science will assure you that there is a fundamental difference between a paper in Mathematics in May, and a paper in the same subject in the Autumn, after the Mathematical examiners have been partially humanized by living in the open air and eating hard-boiled eggs in the wilds of Muskoka.

Nevertheless, even in this rigorous department a great deal may be done by the judicious introduction of loose ink among the indices of an Algebra paper and a wilful confusion of the letters in Geometry. Here for example is a little device, which removes all need of learning the first book of Euclid. You are asked to prove any proposition in this book, and you answer thus:

"Because in the triangle (blot),

The side (blot) is equal to the side (blot),

and the other (blot) is equal to the other (blot),

and the angle (blot) to the angle (blot),

therefore the remaining side (blot) is equal to the side (blot), and hence (it is always well to add this), all the

other angles of the triangles are equal, and all the sides are equal, and the angles are equal to the sides, each to both, and all the angles are right angles." Everything being now equal, the examiner can take his pick.

The system, as I have detailed it, will admit of further elaboration. In the present stage of its development, exhaustive treatment would be impossible. The brightest minds and the best-trained abilities of our Alma Mater are constantly working towards its ultimate perfection. If anything that I have here said shall be helpful to induce any young man to throw aside the traditions of a mistaken system, and apply himself to a method which will render him equally fitted to be a Bachelor of Arts, an exponent of Scientific Agriculture, or a high-class Veterinary Surgeon, this paper has not been written in vain.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THE STATUE OF DESPAIR.

RETOLD FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

"Hello! that looks like a pretty storm coming up there in the West," exclaimed the chief of our surveying party, as we were about to launch the canoes. We had just finished a day's work surveying on the East shore of Big Snake Lake, situated in the Northern part of Canada, and had to paddle to the West shore to reach our camp.

"I think," he continued, "we had better save seven wet skins by getting under the canoes until it blows over. What do you say, Joe?"

"Yes! big storm—lots of thunder and rain;" and the Indian's reply was punctuated by a distant peal of thunder coming rumbling along the wind.

"Oh! let's get home," said "Roddy," peevishly. "We don't want to stay here all night!"

At this outburst from our "giant pickaninny," as we called him in camp, we all laughed; for "Roddy"—or properly Roderick Burns—had, in his twenty-year-old, lanky frame, the qualities of a miniature Sandow, and a large head, on the face of which was written in no uncertain characters—SIMPLICITY. This characteristic, however, was rendered doubly conspicuous by his total lack of experience in backwoods life, as one of Her Majesty's surveyors, or as we irreverently called ourselves, Her Majesty's "Royal Road Trotters," or "Princely Paddle Pushers," accordingly as we were surveying the roads or lakes.

"That settles it!" shouted "Jim" Smith, between his guffaws, "if 'Roddy' says 'go,' then I for one say 'go,' too;" and then he added, in a painfully dramatic tone, "Do you think I will be undone by Signor Roderick?" "No! No!" and he slapped his chest heroically.

This called forth another burst of laughter, for when Jim Smith, the wag of our camp, was in one of his jovial, bantering moods, he was simply irresistible.

Come on, Bill," Jim shouted to me, "we will escort home the commander of H.M.S. 'Victory,'" as he had christened our sixteen-foot "birch;" and Jim in the stern, Roddy in the centre and myself bows-man, we pushed off from the shore.

There was no wind to speak of when we started, and we made easy headway, with the remaining four shouting after us at the top of their voices.

"Got a life-preserver for Roddy?" from the Chief, who knew Roddy couldn't swim.

"Big snake in Lake when much thunder," from "Joe," the Indian, who was never known to attempt a joke before.

"Hope you get your letter from your girl, Roddy," from another.

Then, as the breeze freshened, the canoeman's cry "Lift! lift! lift!" came struggling down against the wind, from the crowd on the shore.

We had been paddling quite easily, and soon left the land some distance behind; but every minute it appeared more and more certain that there was now no possibility of our escaping the storm—nor was it to be long deferred. The few lingering streaks of sunset were now lost in the almost continual blaze of light from the flashes of lightning; and a heavy black cloud was quickly spreading over the sky from the West to meet the approaching darkness from the East. In fact we were soon forced to rely wholly on the lightning to enable us to keep our course.

Hitherto, we had all maintained an ominous silence, Jim, I think to increase Roddy's misery, the latter, because he doubtless was miserable, and myself to cruelly second Jim's endeavors.

Suddenly, when we were about a mile out in the lake, the first blast of the storm struck us with terrific force, so that it almost lifted the bow of our little canoe out of the water, and this brought from Jim, in a scared voice, well-feigned: "We're in for it now! It's good we can all swim!"

"I—I can't," said Roddy, gasping, partly from fear, and partly from his exertions. "Don't you—think—we had better turn and run for it, Jim?"

"Roder-cek" (Jim always likes to accent the "eek," when pretending severity), "I am surprised;" and then desperately, "Not if we're drowned!"

There was silence for a minute or two, broken only by terrific peals of thunder, the splashing on the water of the torrents of rain, which had soon drenched us, and the breaking of the waves against the bows of our canoe.

"Lift! lift! lift!" shouted our steersman, desperately, to give us the stroke.

I turned for a moment and saw poor Roddy's face as white as this paper, and two lips set like the jaws of a vice.

"Good heavens! Look!" Roddy shouted in a minute, and he shook so much that Jim and I had hard work to balance our frail craft; and then there sounded above the storm a most heart-rending yell—that of a loon—which might, however, have emanated from a demon.

"What on earth's the matter?" shouted Jim, angrily, but as the next flash showed a long black log floating just ahead of us, he quickly took in the situation, and cried excitedly: "The snake! the snake! head her off bows-man—back water all!" Roddy, however, couldn't move, and was only relieved enough to paddle, when Jim said, "Mighty close shave that—Roddy saved us that time; now altogether ahead—Lift! lift! lift!" And ahead we went very slowly, to be sure, for the wind was blowing a small gale, and we were beaten back, too, by the waves which a heavy wind quickly piles up on these smaller Northern lakes.

It certainly would seem a somewhat dangerous position to the mind of a neophyte. Terrific peals of thunder succeeded the lightning flashes that seemed to strike all about us, and great luminous chains veined

the whole sky, joining horizon with horizon. This, for an instant, lit up the lake, with its rushing "white-caps," and the distant shore line, where the giant-waving pines rose high above their smaller companions. I said to the "neophyte"—but Jim and myself had each for many successive summers abandoned the city to enjoy the free nomadic life of our progenitors, and so it was that storms, drenchings, and all the vicissitudes of a surveyor's life, were matters of course to us.

"I'm dead!" said Roddy, presently, and stopped paddling, apparently exhausted.

"Get to work!" shouted his tormentor, "or we're gone—that's all." And so the third man in the boat tried to resurrect his wilted energies. It was hard work bucking against the wind, I admit.

We had all this time been keeping head on with the waves, but our steersman suddenly pulled the boat's head off and immediately a "white-cap" foamed over the edge of our canoe. At this, Roddy lurched, so that we nearly upset, but Jim headed her up in time.

"What are *we* going to do?" gasped Roddy.

"Drown—I guess," said Jim, laconically.

But presently Roddy again broke the silence by "What's that ahead on our left?"

"Snake—I guess," said Jim; but the next flash showed us a small island ahead, and a little to the South. "Thank Heaven! we may yet be saved! Now for life or death—Lift! lift! lift!" This time we made good headway, and were soon within ten yards of a very low-lying rocky island, about large enough to afford standing room for three, and on which was a single small dead-pine stub. Just then the head of the canoe swung quickly off from the waves, which now washed over our broadside. The boat (or rather, Jim), lurched, filled, and quickly sank. I was hardly expecting this last piece of devilry—although I suppose I should have known my companion better—so I followed a selfish, but natural inclination of reaching *terra firma* as quickly as possible. It was only then that I looked to see what had become of my two companions, and a bright flash of lightning showed Jim a few yards from shore, striking out vigorously with one arm, and holding a big bunch of hair in his other hand. This proved to belong to our poor friend Roddy, whom Jim soon dragged up and deposited half-drowned on the rock.

"Oh, Jim!" Roddy started, but the former cut him short with "Don't mention it, my boy, don't mention it; it's been a great pleasure to me and I'd do it again if I had the chance."

Then Jim and I jumped into the water, gathered the paddles together and pushed them and the canoe ashore, emptied out the latter, and were soon ready to make a fresh start.

"Well, there's one thing sure," said Jim, decidedly, "I'm not going to stay here all night, and three can't go home in the boat in this storm, so I guess—"

"I'll stay, Jim," Roddy interrupted, "and you can call and get me in the morning."

"All right;" and much to my surprise, Jim said: "Get into the boat, Bill," and nudged me to keep quiet, whispering, "I want to see what he looks like on the rock." So we started off and paddled only a short distance from the island. Then Jim brought the canoe's head around, and, between his guffaws, shouted to me to look. The sight was so ludicrous that I dropped my paddle and collapsed with laughter in the

bottom of the boat. There he stood alone, embracing with one arm the pine stub, and his face as pale as a ghost. The lightning flashed all around him, and the waves were dashing their spray over the rock on which he had braced his feet; and to complete the picture, he presently leaned over, and brought his other hand to his eyes, and looked eagerly in our direction.

"Oh, Bill!" gasped Jim, and this never-to-be-satisfied wag extemporized then and there the following, as nearly as I can remember it:

"He stood on the rock at midnight,

The statue of despair;

His face shone white in the lightning's light—

And he had a stony stare."

Just here a wave dashed over the edge of the canoe, extinguished both poetry and humor, and quickly brought us to our senses. Indeed, we found no little difficulty in regaining our equilibrium, but when we did so, we paddled back to get our "Statue of Despair;" whom, on persuasion that the storm was nearly over, we induced to get into the canoe. The wind soon dropped, and in a short time we reached camp, only to find that the mail we had been anxiously expecting for two weeks, did not bring poor Roddy's love-letter; to which misfortune, Jim thus offered his consolation: "As my friend, William Shakespeare, says, 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and *someone* threw a wet boot at Jim.

G. W. Ross.

THEN AND NOW.

II.

"Affirmative and Negative," "Down-town Club," the "Literary Society is the students' club," and "shall Trelawny die?" *Invere puros*, Zetes and Anti-Zetes—were the battle cries which rallied the opposing hosts to victory and defeat in March, '87.

Federation had been accepted by the General Conference of the Methodist Church in September, '86, and the Legislature had just passed the Federation Act. The late Chancellor of Victoria had been up for Convocation in October, and, while speaking of brotherly feeling, had been interrupted by a cry from a Fourth Year man (a portly doctor now), of "Amen. Bless the Lord. Amen, brother." That was a gallery jest, and it produced its effect; but, seriously, we all felt that a new time was coming, and, all unconsciously, we were gathering up our strength to prepare for it—for undergraduates do take an interest in these things, after all.

The whole question came very near to us, for the old Medical School, which was known to our generation as Moss Hall, and which housed the Gymnasium, the Varsity, the Literary Society, and all the clubs then in existence, was doomed to be torn down to make way for the Biological Department. These new buildings were understood to be an outcome of the Federation Scheme, for Science teaching was to be improved for both Toronto and Victoria.

But where were we to find a home for all our societies? The governing bodies, with all their wisdom for these higher (?) things, had overlooked that important subject, apparently. Certain men advocated a Down-town Club, where we should be free from Dens' control. Several of us thought, and I, for one,

still think, they were in the wrong, and we preached in season and out of season the doctrine that "the Literary Society is the Students' Club." This being granted, there was only one place the Club talked of could be built, and that was on the College grounds. When and how we did not know clearly, but the Students' Union of to-day, though it has benefited none of us who fought for it, stands as a witness that we were right.

To be sure, there were other issues in the fight, and the parties, as then constituted (insiders and outsiders), would not divide on this question, which, after all, was the main one. A coalition was formed, based mainly upon personal friendships, and unity of sentiment, upon the Club question, the coalition being known as the Affirmative party; what was left of the two parties coming together under the name of the Negative.

Among the lesser issues was that of Zetes and Anti-Zetes—a purely residence question—but one which brought adherents to those insiders who were non-resident. The Zetes were the only secret society of our day, and they were misjudged accordingly, as anyone must admit, I think, who has become cooler in his judgments with growing years and increasing knowledge of Greek-letter societies in general. But, as politicians, we were on the lookout for allies, and we were glad to get so strong a body of friends as the Anti-Zetes, though I am sure we all regret whatever undue generation of heat may have ensued.

A caucus was held in my own home, a large caucus, representing, as we thought, every possible interest, but, as it turned out, we had one impossible interest, and one man too much. The next morning we found that our most secret deliberations were common property, and we had to set to work in all haste to save our plans from destruction before they were fully matured. And, alas for examinations! this made necessary a whole month's fighting, instead of ten days'.

Without telling of party caucuses, year caucuses, and palavers for the whole College, at which some of us were asked who we were that arrogated to ourselves the right to regulate the University, suffice it to say that our first trial of strength was on Constitution Night. By the required majority, we carried, in spite of adverse rulings, technicalities, and something a little like obstruction, a by-law, which, amid the many changes of the constitution, still stands unaltered. When I go down to vote for the Presidency and see here and there, among the candidates for undergraduate offices, names of men I know, though I regret that I cannot vote for my friends of to-day, I still remember, with satisfaction, that I am debarred through my own action of almost twelve years ago.

It never seemed fair that graduates and "nevergrads." should swamp the undergraduate electorate and defeat their wishes; while "corruption fund," "payment of fees," and "bars," savored overmuch of that kind of corruption which our judges have very recently been condemning in giving judgment in election trials. All these evils, though they may crop up now and again, are, so far as I know, much less than they were when I was a Freshman, and that they are so, is due, in no small measure, I think, to the restriction of the right of voting.

When the elections were over and we gathered in the afternoon to hear the results, we found that neither

party had won a sweeping victory, though the Affirmatives were slightly in the majority. Considering the heat of the contest, this was well, and I hope that even the scars of battle have long since disappeared.

Mr. (now the Reverend) T. C. Des Barres, was the 1st Vice-President, and he set to work to carry out the programme of the party which, with the help of the "conscience vote," had elected him. A large committee was formed, with the Vice-Chancellor at its head, and graduates, such as Mr. Walter Barwick, to co-operate, but, though some two or three thousand dollars came in as a result of the canvas, it was several years before the Union was built. The Government had to let some of the University's capital be used, after all, to supplement the subscription list, for Ontario people have not been educated, as the people of Montreal have been, to lavish their wealth upon their University.

It was a bitter fight, but, considering what came of it, I think it was worth while to fight for College spirit, and for a purer corporate life.

A. H. YOUNG, '87.

THE HAND OF NEMESIS.

"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

I.

It was a wild, dark night on a bleak sea-coast. Huge, swelling billows dashed themselves in unrelenting fury against the jagged wall of rock, which dared to impede their path. The winds howled on in wild career, and chilling rain poured down in slants from the clouds which overcast the sky.

Two men made their way slowly along the brink of the precipice.

"Then you will not give me what I ask?" demanded the taller of the two.

"I've helped you too many times already," replied the other. "Since father and mother have died, you've done nothing but squander your own inheritance and mine."

"But this time it's worse than ever. I'll be arrested on a charge of forgery if I so much as show my face in the city. You must help me this time."

"I can't do it. You know that I'm going to marry and settle down myself."

"I swear to you that I'll turn over a new leaf if you help me just this once. To whom can I turn for aid, if not to you? You are the only relative I have on earth."

"You've promised to reform before. Why didn't you do so? Once and for all I tell you I'll give you no more assistance." And the noise of the storm helped to emphasize his words.

"By heaven, I must have it! Do you hear me? You still refuse me?" And he seized his brother by the wrist.

"Not a penny!" was the answer given by the other, with set lips, as he attempted to wrench his wrist free.

But the taller man would not loosen his hold. "You've got to promise me that money!" he said.

The other again tried to free himself; but both fell to the ground, and there began the struggle. They rolled over and over, but presently they neared the brink of the precipice. The shorter man saw the danger

and endeavored to move away; but the other, who was now thoroughly roused, perceived this movement; he fiercely held his opponent down, and, peering into his face, cried: "Now will you promise!" And at a muttered negative reply, he forcibly pushed his brother headlong over the precipice, he himself escaping a like fate only by the merest chance. The man uttered a cry as he fell, and made futile efforts to grasp the jagged points of rock against which his body heavily struck. The other arose and watched him until he was swallowed up in the darkness, and then listened until, even amid the howling of the storm, he heard an unwonted splash in the seething surge below.

Just then came the gentle sound of a bell, faint and muffled, but distinct—of the warning bell on the shoal beyond—one,—two,—three,— in slow, deliberate succession; and then the wind veered round.

As the weird sounds reached his ear, one after another, the man stared out over the wild sea—at nothing. He put his hands to his head, and muttered a cry—looked quickly and fearfully down and about him—and turned and fled into the darkness.

II.

Many years after, a man was sitting before a desk in a dimly-lighted library, gazing out into the night. The sky was overcast with dark, heavy clouds, and the air was filled with a substance that was neither rain nor snow, and which the wind drove furiously where it willed. The chilling cold penetrated even into the room. The condition of the weather always had a profound effect on this man's mind, but to-night it was only one cause of his deep dejection.

His business affairs, which had steadily been going from bad to worse, had come to a crisis. He had been informed, but a few moments before, that the ventures in which he had rashly risked the greater part of what remained of his fortune, had been complete failures. He sat trying to realize his loss, but his mind was in a chaos. He felt in need of some stimulant, and arose and unlocked a small cupboard from which he took a bottle and a glass. He poured no small portion of the contents of the bottle into the glass, and swallowed the liquor with a gulp. Drinking was one of the habits he had retained from his younger days, and of late his visits to the cupboard had been becoming more and more frequent.

He felt better after his drink, however, and began, in an indefinite way, to review the affairs of his life. He went farther and farther back into his past until he came to a period about a year before his marriage. Farther back than that he dared not go. He had come to a vague understanding with himself, the reason for which he never put plainly before him, that the cover of the past was not to be lifted from his earlier career. When the debts acquired in his wild days had been paid, he had entered commercial life. Soon after, he had married a woman of some social standing. He knew now that his marriage had been one of convenience, with advantages for both parties. Real love had never existed between himself and his wife. She was an ambitious woman, socially, and so long as she had had the means of gratifying her own wishes in this connection, she had not troubled her husband much. He wondered how his wife and his daughter, who was much like her mother in character, would take his loss; for some change would have to be made in their household arrangements. He saw he could look to them

for little sympathy, and he felt bitter against all the world. He perceived now what a forlorn wretch he really was. How chilly it was, too! He gave a convulsive shudder, and made another application to the bottle in the cupboard.

As he was about to reseat himself, he heard the distant bell of the new Court-house striking the hour of nine. He did not like the sound of that new bell. It resembled too closely other sounds, which frequently came to haunt him out of his past, bringing with them feverish visions. But he felt he must be calm this night. And so, after pacing up and down the room for a time, he finally decided to busy himself with his papers and find out the exact state of his affairs. He settled himself down to his long, tedious task, and examined and wrote and figured for hours, scarcely noting the flight of time. It was distracting work, though, especially to one in his condition of mind, and it required effort on his part to persevere in it. He brought the bottle and glass from the cupboard to his desk, and to these he had frequent recourse during his operations. On and on into the night he worked. His wife and daughter came home, but he was too much taken up with finishing his task to bestow on them more than a passing thought. They, in their turn, he was vaguely conscious, did not seem to trouble themselves in the least about him. As he neared the completion of his work, he began to make application directly to the bottle without the mediation of the glass. He noted with indifference that he was half-intoxicated. But at last his work was finished. It was as he had feared; he would be left penniless.

For a long time he sat brooding. He was ruined and friendless. He felt what that meant. Of what use was his life, anyway? He did not know; but he felt some peculiar compunction about killing himself in a deliberate manner. His mind, however, was too upset to think clearly, and he took a drink from the bottle. He looked out of the window at the storm, and shivered involuntarily at what he saw there. It only added to his desolation. When had he seen a night like that before? Just then the wind bore to his ears the faint, muffled sound of the town-clock. He started. It struck,—once,—twice. He listened, fearfully, expecting a third stroke. But it did not come. In his overwrought, nervous state, however, there had gradually been creeping into his mind a scene which he could only blot out by a terrible effort. Feeling faint, he took another draught from the bottle. Then he looked at his watch; it was two o'clock. He turned down the gas and reseat himself. He would take a rest before he tried to come to some final decision. His eyes slowly closed, and his head fell over the back of the chair, face upwards, his mouth gaping. And in this way he fell into a troubled sleep.

He slept for some time; but suddenly he moved quickly. His mouth opened wider, and his hot breath came quicker. He was having a terrible nightmare. On a wild, stormy night he saw himself and a companion making their way along the edge of a rugged cliff, which looked out upon the sea. They spoke together, quarreled,—struggled; and he saw himself hurl his companion over the cliff into the sea! As he heard the body strike the water with a dull splash, his eyes opened in fear. The wind was beating the heavy, half-formed sleet against the window-pane in impetuous blasts. He arose to brighten his dim surroundings by

turning up the gas, but, in his agitation, turned it out. But just then, even through the wild howling of the tempest came the distant sound of the bell,—one,—two,—three,—in slow, mechanical succession. He uttered a quick cry, but was mute as suddenly. He no longer saw his real surroundings. He gazed, fascinated! There was the sea again. And out of the sea slowly arose a dripping, ghost-like form, which steadily toiled its way up the cliff. The form advanced without hurry, straight towards himself. He could not move. The terrible phantom stood before him. It reached out its hands and deliberately placed them about his throat. He could feel the cold fingers as they began to throttle him! Then, oh then, he struggled to tear away that vise-like grip! But it was of no avail; the pressure tightened. He was stifling. He tried to shriek, but a lump stuck in his throat. He gasped, but could make no cry. He writhed—gave a wild, imploring look. But those fingers only pressed unrelentingly on. He gathered up his strength and made one last great effort to free himself! He felt a thousand needles prick into his brain. Then his head seemed to burst out into darkness. And all was black and silent save for the moaning of the wind outside.

MURRAY COHEN—[ENOCH].

A CYNIC'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG SOCIETY BEAU.

The following extract is taken from a letter written to a well-known Freshman, by one who in early life was a prominent member of Toronto society; but who has now grown middle-aged and blase. It is interesting, as showing what a warped view of things a person of a pessimistic turn of mind may take.

My dear young friend:—The words in your last letter, in regard to the opening of the "season" with the Rugby Dance, amused me very much. The ambitions that you disclose to become a leader in society, and your confidence of achieving success, by reason of knowledge gained from rather wide reading and extended travels, together with the possession of a ready wit, are such as once found a place among my youthful hopes and dreams. You are pursuing an empty bubble, that breaks in the grasp. Nevertheless, nothing but experience will convince you of this, and I am willing to give you such advice as I can. You will find that other things than learning and wit are necessary for what is called "success" in society.

The first thing that you will observe, on entering society, is that you have very little to do with the men and that they need, consequently, give you little concern. In your dealings with the men, however, I should advise you to be civil, though not necessarily polite, for you never know when you may want to use them. This is a mere suggestion, however, for I have known many men who were much sought after in society, who so little regarded the men whom they met as to treat them with contempt and rudeness.

Your attentions will be devoted almost entirely to the ladies, and here you will have much to learn. You will naturally devote yourself almost exclusively to those who are pretty, and who wear the most handsome gowns. The cost of the gowns will give you a rough indication as to the place each lady occupies in society, and you will govern yourself accordingly. It

is true this criterion will often deceive you, but should you find that the father of any girl is not so wealthy as you imagined, you can easily "cut" her afterwards.

Most young men derive most pleasure from those young ladies whom they do not know very well, for there is then added a certain touch of mystery and speculation that is very attractive. If you wish to be introduced to any young lady, do not hesitate to ask any gentleman who knows her, even if you are not acquainted with him; and if you ask him point-blank to introduce you, he will seldom care to refuse.

The young lady in society is quite a different person from the young lady at home. At home she may be a thoughtful, unassuming girl, but in society she is always unnatural and affects always to be very giddy. The society girl is probably the most perfect prevaricator (not to use a stronger word), to be found on the face of the earth. She will "sit-out" half a dozen dances behind a curtain, and laugh at the efforts of her partners to find her, and then in a tone of most virtuous innocence, touched with sweet indignation, will accuse them of "skipping her dance, while she waited ever so long." Social lies are not regarded even by those young ladies who teach Sunday-school classes, as being at all naughty. You should learn immediately to lie with an open countenance, and without blushing.

In your conversation you will avoid all serious subjects, except murders. All society young ladies are authorities on murders, but of anything else of a serious nature, they do not care to talk. Religion, of course, must be avoided, unless you wish to be regarded as a religious crank or a "goody-goody;" politics young ladies know nothing about; while, if you speak of any of your studies, or of anything not included in the curriculum of the ordinary "Young Ladies' College," you will be regarded as trying to show your superior knowledge. So far as literature is concerned, Thackeray is now pronounced "prosy," Dickens "writes about such low people, and is rather vulgar, don't you know," Scott writes "too much about lords and ladies," while George Eliot is as bad "as a sermon." Poetry has gone out of fashion entirely, and is now read only by young ladies who can neither play nor paint, and, in quest of some accomplishment, take a course of lectures somewhere, in English literature. New books are the only thing read now, and as these are valued only for the "story," I should advise you to read the digests of some of the trashy ten-cent magazines one sees everywhere, for otherwise you could never cover half the books that come out.

The whole secret of success in society lies in the art of flattery. The men who make their mark in society are those who are the greatest masters of this art. To it you will give deep and patient study. If you begin now, at the age of twenty, you can hope to be fairly proficient by the time you are thirty, and to be adept by the time you are in a position to marry.

You will remember when you commenced to waltz, that the great difficulty was not in learning the step, but lay in adapting your manner of dancing to the various kinds of partners with whom you danced. You must glide with the tall, stately partner who glides, and hop with the little jumping-jack of a partner who hops, and with the fat, heavy partner, who can neither hop nor glide, you must mark time, and do the best you can. So you will find in the art of flattery. They all like it, but they do not all like it in the same

way, and the difficulty is to find what pleases each individual person. You will meet the girl who likes flattery in its gross and unadulterated form, and will be pleased only when you tell her that she is "the most beautiful (as she may be), and most accomplished (as she can never be), girl you have ever met." Again, you will occasionally meet a rare variety of girl, who is intellectual or religious, and who never listens to flattery—considers it quite beneath her. She can only be reached by very gentle treatment—often only by silent glances of unbounded admiration. Difficulties you will meet on all sides, but if you persevere, with an unwavering disregard for truth, you will finally achieve success.

One general rule you may take for your guidance. You will never offend a girl by telling her that she is pretty (although you may injure your popularity by telling her that you think her friend pretty). Every girl, however homely she may be, is of the fixed opinion that she is a beauty, or that there is a great deal of character in her face, or at least she has a "sweet" face. This will not seem strange if you think of it for a minute. After money, the thing in a man to which most importance is attached, is brains, and the most stupid man that ever lived has yet believed that he was a genius in his way, although his way might not be the same as that of other people. With girls, after money, "their face is their fortune," and a wise Providence has arranged that everyone should be so constituted as to believe that the future has something in store for her.

There is one point, however, in which girls are more vulnerable to flattery than in regard to their beauty. This is as to their dress. She is in no way the origin of her own beauty, and evidently realizes it to be an unearned triumph when told that she is pretty. But for her dress, she, with her dressmaker, and sometimes her mamma, is entirely responsible; and does she not spend nearly all her waking moments planning how she will be dressed? It would be heartless, then, if you, whom all her efforts in dressing are meant to captivate, did not tell her that you appreciated her endeavors. You will take care, therefore, never to tell a young lady that she looks charming in a new gown, but always that the new gown looks charming on her.

For a time the pursuance of a course, in accordance with this advice, may seem to you slow, but time will soon change this: you will soon come to derive the greatest pleasure from the diffident blushes and timorous smiles that your flattery provokes, even when you know you are lying. You cannot but be repaid for all your labor by observing the delight that will result from your great knowledge of womenkind, and your wonderful skill in the art of flattery.

HAROLD FISHER (SPOT).

A DOUBLE VICTORY.

Nobody seemed to know just how it had happened. It was certain that it *had* happened, and that somebody had blundered horribly. The worst of it was, too, that George Merriman, who was suffering the consequences, knew that he was not to blame for what had occurred. And yet, what was he to do? Of a truth something must be done, for what man wants to face a hurried court-martial under charge of something that he did not do? But what *could* be done?

Such were the thoughts of George Merriman, as he stood in a small cell-like room gazing meditatively out of a three by two window, the sill of which was on a level with his chest. Resting his elbow he twisted his dark curly hair about his fingers, as he looked wistfully at a building not far distant. It was rapidly getting dark, and with the increasing darkness came a deepened consciousness of what was to be faced on the morrow, and of the uncertainty and transiency of everything in general. Only a short while previous he had been at College, imbued with the expectation of final examinations, but now all was changed. "If only I hadn't been such a fool as to join the regiment in my Freshman Year," he murmured. "I know I'd never have got into any such mess as this. The worst of it is, too, that I know I wasn't to blame; if there's a man in the regiment at fault—and I don't believe anyone is, very seriously—it's that man Ossington. I don't like his eye; he has a *bad* eye. However, I can do nothing, shut up, as I am, in this place. If only I had some *Crito* to come and offer me means of escape, I fear my philosophy wouldn't support me like Socrates' did him. Ah, but Socrates was old, and, besides, I'm sure he never saw a Greek maiden with eyes like Eva Stafford's. I think *Berosene* must have felt like I do when he said: 'Oh, but for her eye—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes.'" And with that he strained his eyes to get a good-night glimpse of the building where Eva Stafford was. He thought he knew the very room she occupied.

But as the shadows deepened, and a soft, peaceful stillness seemed to creep over the hills, and nothing could be heard except the monotonous moan of the sea as it beat upon the beach, George Merriman's thoughts reverted to what had transpired during the last few weeks. He thought of the enthusiasm that first possessed him when war was announced, and his was among the first regiments to be called to the front; and then he thought of the sense of disappointment that had come upon him at the prospect of losing his year at College, besides taking chances of shattering secret hopes that had come to him so frequently during the last year, that they had often interrupted his usual consistency of study—something which he did not seem altogether to regret. Then he thought of the revived enthusiasm that possessed him when it was announced that his regiment was to be quartered in a little sea-coast town, known chiefly as a quiet health-resort, only a few miles from the place of embarkation for troops going into active service. Merriman would not have cared to confess the real cause of his renewed interest and enthusiasm, but in his own heart he knew that it was to this town of L—, where he then was, that Eva Stafford had come for her health, when the doctors told her that she must forego her College course for the present, and take a rest. He mentally reviewed their first meeting at College; remembered how, from the first, he had hoped and feared at the same time. Then when she went away, he had only recollections of those deep, blue eyes; of a poise of head that no one else, it seemed, ever had; and of flashes of white hands. His fears had increased. Thus the very gods seemed to have beamed upon him when his regiment had been ordered to L—. Nor were the fates altogether unkind to him, for he had actually seen and conversed with Eva Stafford several times in the last

couple of weeks, until the miserable blunder, that was the cause of his present confinement, suddenly put an end to everything pleasant.

While he stood thus engrossed in thought, still fingering his hair, and gazing out at the stars that were already shining, Merriman suddenly came to the conclusion that he must, if at all possible, get out of his predicament. And yet the question that perplexed him was *how* was it to be accomplished? He was possessed of a deepening conviction that the trouble of that morning had arisen through the fault of one of the other regiments, and yet the blame had fallen upon him, in some inconceivable manner. He didn't know just what they might do with him; possibly they might shoot him. At the thought he clenched his fist, and looked about to see if there was not something that would enable him to force his way out. He felt certain he could set matters right, if only he could get to headquarters. Still he knew the place he was in sufficiently well to feel assured that it would be idle for him to attempt an escape. The west side of the building, where he was, stood on the edge of a ravine filled with rocks. It was an old mansion or castle; he did not know just which, and just at present was being used to quarter some of the officers of the regiments, and also, as Merriman was too well aware, as a place of temporary confinement for himself.

While he was wondering what he could do, and debating in his mind whether, if he had a real opportunity to escape, he would do so or no, he heard the key turn in the lock, and saw someone enter the room. In the dim light he gradually made out that it was Tom Ossington. Ossington belonged to one of the other regiments, but professed a friendship for Merriman that the latter was a little dubious just how to accept; besides, Ossington's smile was like his eye—there was something about it that Merriman could not like; it made him uneasy, and yet, when he had been with Ossington for a time, he seemed to forget his prejudice, and tried to make himself believe that it was aroused by having seen him with Eva Stafford on one or two occasions. When he had made out who his visitor was, however, he said: "Well, Ossington, I'm mighty glad to see you," which was true, for the confinement was becoming tiresome. Ossington made no reply for a moment, but moved toward a little table that was standing near the window, and as the dim light shone upon his countenance, Merriman fancied he saw a half-cynical smile play on his visitor's lips. He was reassured by the frank voice, however, when Ossington said clearly and distinctly: "Merriman, I've come to help you out. The officers are having a merry time to-night, and unless you get out of this, things are likely to go rough with you to-morrow. Here's your chance, but don't attempt it for half an hour." With that he placed something on the table, turned and walked out, and then locked the door. Merriman heard his footsteps gradually die away, as he walked down the corridor.

For a moment he stood in wonder, then slowly turned to the little table. A rope ladder! The very fulfilment of his wish! With feverish haste he fumbled for the end of the ladder, but when he found it, he remembered that he had been told to wait half an hour. He turned and looked out of the window. There was a light in the room he believed was Eva Stafford's. Could he have seen her then and known her thoughts

he would have seen her sitting at her desk wondering what she could do to help George Merriman out of his trouble; she was sure he was not in fault. But poor Merriman knew nothing of it. He gazed a moment longer, then turning with a look of set determination on his face, he pulled off his coat and then his boots. "Hang the half-hour," he said, "I don't see that that can make any difference," and seizing the rope-ladder, he hurriedly passed it out of the window, as a man does a fishing-line, when he is trolling. Soon he came to the end, which he quickly but securely fastened to a heavy bar across the sill, and with one more glance to the lighted window, and a short prayer to Heaven, he sprang upon the broad sill and looked into the dark ravine below. He could not see the end of his ladder. Slowly he turned upon his side, and with trembling limbs sought the first rung. The slim ladder swayed and swung as his weight was thrown upon it, and his heart seemed to leap into his throat, as he felt something slip. He thought it was the bar. The moon was just peeping over a distant hill, and as the light increased, Merriman's form was distinctly outlined against the rough, grey wall, as he slowly and carefully made his way, step by step, down the slender ropes. Sometimes they seemed to slip, and he expected to be dashed on the rocks below, but it was only the knots tightening with his weight, and as he stopped to look, he saw that he was half way down. "Thank heaven," he said, "a few minutes more and I'll be safe." The rough stones cut his fingers, and they were bleeding; the thin rope felt like a sharp edge on his feet, but with the hope of freedom sustaining him, he struggled on. And now he was at least two-thirds of the way down; the moon shone full upon the wall, and he thought he might hasten. He put his foot upon the next rung; he was just about to loosen his grasp above, when something slipped! Merciful heaven! For a moment he knew not whether he had fallen or no; he felt his heart pounding at his side like a sledge-hammer, and then he heaved a deep sigh; he was still on the ladder, but a glance showed him that it was the last rung that had slipped and fallen; the ladder was too short by many feet! Then it all came to him like a flash; he saw through it all; Ossington had played him false; his first impressions were true. After a moment's rest, Merriman, with characteristic determination, set his teeth and started the perilous ascent. How he accomplished it he never knew. He used to say afterwards that it was all like a dream. But at last he reached the window-sill once more; he rested for a moment, then drew in the rope-ladder, and as he let himself down to the floor, he saw a form in the clear moonlight come from behind a line of rock by the road, and look toward the wall. "Yes," he said, "the half hour is up," and fell in a dead faint upon the floor.

* * * * *

Little else remains to be told. The blame attached to the blunder of a few days previous was truly located on the morning on which George Merriman was to have been tried by court-martial, and so he was set free. They had found him next morning very weak, but conscious. Only Tom Ossington himself ever knew what was in his own heart, but it had a great effect on him, when Merriman frankly forgave him. He wept, and somehow the cynical smile and the bad eye seemed to soften into something more tender and sweet after that. Perhaps that wasn't the only reason, for,

since the regiments in L— were not called upon to embark, and they had a few weeks longer there than they expected, Ossington met some new-comers shortly, and it is said that one of them was a young lady, not unlike Eva Stafford. George Merriman was granted a special furlough in consideration of the injustice done him. It is easy to imagine where he spent most of his time.

The week was drawing to a close; Eva Stafford had so benefited by the change that she was able to spend the evenings out of doors. The last evening of Merriman's freedom had come, and he had arranged for a walk with Eva Stafford along the beach. As they wandered along they came to a large, flat rock, and there sat down to watch the sea. Conversation turned upon College days, then gradually led up to the time that found them in L—. He told her about his attempted escape, but spoke only in praise of Tom Ossington. Eva Stafford sat listening with her head poised in her own inimitable manner; then she turned the full light of her deep blue eyes upon him, and said: "I saw you that night." Just then the moon went behind a cloud—a dark cloud—but when it reappeared it seemed to smile a happy smile, as it shone on two happy faces, for Eva Stafford had placed her hand in his.

Tom Ossington soon received a promotion in the army, and said it was Merriman who made him a real soldier. George Merriman was granted his degree by the College, and not long afterwards secured a lucrative position in a large College. In his private room a rope-ladder is draped around the walls. That's how it comes that on Christmas Day there is to be a double wedding; one in the military, and the other in the educational world.

PHILOS.

THE DINNER.

The Literary Society made no mistake when it decided that its last meeting for the term should be a University Dinner, which would afford opportunity for a grand reunion of Faculty, Graduates, and Undergraduates. Too much praise cannot be given the Committee which had charge of the arrangements, as they were perfect in every particular. The only thing which marred the enjoyment of the evening, was the absence of Williams, the caterer, and his assistants bungled things shamefully, and many of those "who came to feast remained to fast." One worthy member of the Faculty dined on a glass of lemonade, and another had to content himself with a cigar, while he employed his knowledge of economics to figure out what dividends he was getting on his investment. Barring this unfortunate feature, the Dinner was one of the most enjoyable functions ever held in connection with our Alma Mater. Students' Union was beautifully and tastefully decorated with College Colors, flags and bunting, and was a blaze of light and cheerfulness. At the first tables sat many of the most famous graduates of Old Varsity, and of the leaders in public life in Canada, while fully two hundred undergraduates occupied the remaining tables, and the inspiring picture was made complete by the presence in the gallery of a large number of ladies.

The President, in proposing the toasts "The Queen," and "Alma Mater," paid a glowing tribute to

Varsity's record for patriotism, and called for a truer University spirit, and the placing of the blue and white above every College color.

Dr. Teefy, in responding to "Alma Mater," reverted, with pleasure, to the memories of his undergraduate days, and wished for his Alma Mater increased and long-continued prosperity.

Dr. Cameron, following him, commented on the marked decrease in indulgence in the flowing bowl, among the undergraduate body, and complimented the University on its splendid progress. He, however, pointed out three defects, which he hoped, by the hearty co-operation of the graduates, would soon be remedied: The lack of a Convocation Hall, with suitable architectural and acoustic properties, the inadequate equipment of the Department of Geology, and the absence of a suitable Residence. He hoped to see the time when the University would be a fitting example of its motto: "Velut Arbor AEvo."

W. F. McLean, M.P., expressed his pride at being a sample of the stuff Toronto University graduates are made of, and paid an eloquent tribute to the most classic bit of ground in all our fair land—the site of our Alma Mater.

Professor Ramsay Wright, in proposing the toast "Our Guests," made some capital suggestions, to all of which we heartily say "Amen." They were: "That the University Dinner should be an annual function, and its date announced in the Calendar; that a University Club, to include Faculty and Graduates, be formed; that the University Colors be more extensively employed; that something of the old pomp and ceremonial be restored to University functions." He complimented the University on its progress, as indicated in many lines, but especially recently in the establishment of the series of University Studies.

Hon. G. W. Ross, in replying, expressed his pleasure at being a guest of "The Darling of the State," and was glad to believe better things were in store for her. Splendid equipments had recently been added, especially in the Department of Biology, and he hoped that the departments of Chemistry and Geology would soon be placed on the footing they deserve to occupy. He hoped that in the Department of Political Science the rising politicians of Canada would receive such a training that they might appeal to the electors on so high a plane that (practical?) politics would no longer be possible. He complimented the University on the undoubted increase of esprit de corps, and expressed the cordial sympathy felt by the State for the University, and the assurance that she would share in the increasing prosperity of our country.

His Worship, Mayor Shaw, gave a most solemn warning to any Freshman or other rash youth who might be aspiring to municipal honors. In reply to Hon. G. W. Ross' suggestion that the students of the University are overworked, and kept at their books too long, he assured them that there was no better place for a boy than at his books, and drew a contrast between the work of the average business man or politician, and that of a student, which made the latter seem a veritable sinecure. He concluded with the assurance that if he is Mayor of Toronto, some day in the dim distant future, when the new City Hall is formally dedicated, we will all be there as his guests, to take part in the festivities of the occasion.

Rev. Arthur Baldwin expressed the admiration he had always felt for Toronto University, because of the fact that her standards are high, and her work thorough.

Professor Goldwin Smith received an ovation, on rising, and was listened to with rapt attention as he made a masterly plea for truer culture and loftier ideals.

"The Ladies," was proposed by Mr. Cunningham, '02, and responded to by John McKay, '99. Then the President left the chair, and W. H. Alexander, Chairman of the Dinner Committee, did the honors, first proposing the "Undergraduate Guests," which was well responded to by Messrs. J. A. McCallum, of Queen's; G. Rannie, McGill; G. D. Carder, Toronto Meds.; W. G. Smith, Victoria; H. C. Griffiths, Trinity; B. H. Robinson, Pharmacy, and Mr. Simpson, McMaster University.

"Athletics," proposed by Mr. A. Snell, and responded to by T. A. Russel and J. G. Inkster, and "The Press," proposed by W. H. Alexander, and responded to by W. A. R. Kerr, of VARSITY.

In the intervals, the programme was varied by a duet, by Count Armour and J. R. Meredith, two splendid violin solos by Mr. Beardmore of the S.P.S. The far-famed Med. "Doodles," McDougall, sang two coon songs, and Tommy Russell told that oft repeated tale which never grows old, of the prowess of "Jesse's youngest boy," David. When the wee sma' hours were come, and gone, and the cocks were crowing for the middle watch of the night, we wended our way homeward, well pleased with ourselves, and prouder than ever of our Alma Mater, and sure that the brightness of the blue and white will never grow dim while Canada is a nation, and her sons are true-born men. All honor to the Faculty, who so heartily supported and helped on the movement, the President and Executive of the Literary Society, to the Committee, every one, and especially Messrs. Alexander, G. W. Ross, S. A. Dickson, H. McLean, A. McDougall, J. L. Allan, and J. T. Richardson, who gave so much time and thought to its realization; to the graduates, who turned out so loyally, to the Editors of VARSITY, and *College Topics*, and to everyone who, in whatever way, helped towards the success of the Dinner, and the re-installation of "Esprit de Corps," under the Blue and White.

COMO.

LITERARY NOTE.

THE RED AXE. By S. R. Crockett, author of "The Gray Man," "Lochinvar." With 26 illustrations by Frank Richards. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.50. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Limited, 1899.

In "The Red Axe," Mr. Crockett has left his native land and dialect for foreign parts, and we like him no less in exile than we did at home. There is a peculiarly fascinating air of mystery and black art about the folk and fashions of the Middle Ages at all times, and this is intensified by the fact that Mr. Crockett has avoided the beaten track of cast-iron knights and pink-wax ladies, and made his women especially much more human and so much more interesting. Indeed all of his characters are delightful, from the grotesque and

daft-wise fool and the jovial men-at-arms to the uncanny wizard chemist and the learned doctor of law.

To be more definite, "The Red Axe" is an adventure story of the German robber dukes of three centuries ago, when gentlemen "lived by the saddle," and the strongest hand ruled the widest land, until a stronger came. The opening scene, where the foraging duke comes riding home by torchlight, is typical and striking; the frowning tower above the muttering burg, the long howl of the home-coming blood-hounds making honest burghers quake in their beds, and bringing an answering bay from the great russet brutes in the kennels, in anticipation of their fearsome food. Then the procession comes in sight, a reckless pour of riders, some with strange-eyed women held before them in the saddle, and a rabble of half-grown lads and lasses kept at a jog trot by the pricking spears of the jolly companions. Then follows the brief trial in the courtyard, and it is here that the story begins.

Looking down from the Red Tower, the lonely little outcast son of the hereditary executioner sees a little girl about to be thrown to the dogs, and saves her life by threatening to throw himself down if this is done. It is from the lives of these two that the author weaves a wonderfully beautiful romance in the midst of most gruesome surroundings. Helene is a lovely character, but delightfully human and womanly; and accordingly becoming unreasonably jealous of a certain emerald-eyed maiden, she sadly perplexes poor Hugo, who vows "that God never made anything straight that he made beautiful. . . . And of all the pretty tangled things he has made, women are the prettiest, the crookedest—and the most distractingly tangled."

The story closes with a magnificent climax. Helene is tried for witchcraft, before a rejected suitor, a veritable fiend incarnate, and most iniquitously condemned to death, in spite of the wild indignation of the people. With a fine sense of the fitness of things, the judge orders Hugo Gottfried as hereditary executioner to carry out the sentence; if this is not done, he intimates that his Black Riders would enjoy her companionship. Only one loop-hole apparently remains, and that is a sacred law of the States' Council, known to the emerald-eyed maiden alone. And will she tell it? We certainly shall not, for that would be telling indeed, so the reader must just find out for himself, and take our assurance that it will be worth his trouble.

FUIMUS.

Dreams of the summer day! how soft ye fell,
On curly heads, slumbering in hillside glade,
Where flecks of sunshine chequered with the shade,—
The haunt that squirrel and woodchuck loved so well!
Adown the dim recesses of the dell,
With fairy footsteps craftily ye crept,
Light cobwebs that o'erspread us while we slept,
And gleamed with glories past our power to tell.
The hill is far away; for us no more
The timid wild things rustle through the brush,
Or break the spell of the deep noon-tide hush,
With tiny paws pattering o'er cone-strewn floor,
No longer now we dream; for thought and things
Have robbed us of our loved imaginings.

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

NIGHT.

The chimes of the cathedral tolled out the first warning for vespers.

A Sunday afternoon in Autumn was reluctantly fading away, leaving only in its place whatever memories may have impressed themselves upon the retina of the mind, or else, the dim shadow of a chain of events, which would, perhaps, make itself felt in the days to come. From afar-off in the East, to the distant horizon in the West, mantling the calm sky, was a greyish pall, whose sombre color was only relieved by the flecks of purple-red in the unmarked path of the dying sun. The air, which had lain dormant throughout the day, now gave birth to a gentle breeze that wandered lazily through the branches of the trees, and stirred the fallen leaves.

Many, quite likely, had been out for a peaceful walk through the streets of the city, gazing contentedly at the evidences of wealth and culture in their midst. But now these had wandered home to prepare for the evening service, leaving the long avenues almost empty, except for a few here and there, and the omnipresent guardian of the city, who strolled indifferently on, swinging his baton and no doubt thinking of his own cheery home. Throughout the place there was a soothing stillness, only broken by the church bells, which betokened the quarter-hour, and hastened the tardy folk at their evening meal.

The park about the cathedral was repellent and bleak in its striking bareness. The trees were almost stripped of their summer verdancy, while the lawns and benches were deserted by even their usual occupants—yes, indeed, save only one, who, seated on an iron form within the shadow of the grey, cold walls, was gazing vacantly before him. There he sat, in his threadbare clothes, motionless, with his arms thrown over the back of the seat, hands grasping the slats, legs crossed beneath the bench.

Again the bells rang out and brought with their last notes the dull, hollow tramp of the people on their way to church. The magnificent equipages, with their restless horses, were driven up before the cathedral door, and allowed their occupants to alight. In the looker-on the scene awakened pleasant memories. Dimly he could see their happy faces; while afar-off the impatient command of the little girl to her brother, not to step on her dress when getting out of the carriage, came keenly home to him. When the hour was tolled off by the distant clock, the streets, occupied by so few but a short time ago, were now lined with sturdy townsmen on the way to their devotions. The doors of the places of worship were gorged with life, and none more so than those of the cathedral. But to the lonely gazer, who, in fancy, seemed to be far away from the world of to-day, it was all one, whether few came or many. The lingering hum of the bells died away; the monotonous steps upon the flags and pavements ceased; the streets resumed their cold, uninviting aspect, as before.

The breeze stiffened, and sent the leaves scurrying through the open park, and by the feet of the solitary watcher, while one, more daring than the rest, leapt up into his face, and clung there for a brief moment, then fell back on the ground as if dismayed at its own rashness, and went reeling and plunging

with its numberless comrades over the open. Who knows what thoughts passed unceasingly through his mind, after the calm had settled down upon the city once more? Ay! Who knows?

After a while he could hear the strong, earnest voice of the young curate leading in the evening service. "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us." Throughout the long service each word in its fervent utterance came to him more from memory than from hearing. It seemed to bring his mind out of the chaos which had long pent up the myriad of thoughts, that now broke through the flood-gates of rationality and bore him, helpless, away. Life had dawned so gratefully upon him in all its brightness: youth opened up the avenues of expectation and of promise, until it seemed as if the world was especially kind to him. And so it had been to many. But why mention the long wait at the turnstile, the golden opportunities which had so often resolved within his grasp, and now were lost?

He mused on, and during those idle dreams the music of Newman's masterpiece floated out on the air to him and mingled with his thoughts; quietly and peacefully, doubtful as yet of its own power, it seemed content to gather the harmonies and let them rise and fall at their own will; but as it became more earnest and bright with its increasing volume, every note from the organ's perfect structure swelled in the glad refrain, and then, softening somewhat, lingered dreamily, almost pathetically, and then died away as it came, softer and softer * * * fainter and fainter. * * *

His grey head sank lower, and lower, and rested peacefully upon his breast.

The countless grey specks in the pall above gradually disappeared, and the black ones loomed out, obliterating all.

The brazen town clock struck sullenly out the hour of eight.

Night had fallen.

WILL. H. INGRAM.

A COLLEGE PLAY.

Editor of VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—In a late article, "The Worship of Athletics," of your publication, the author had occasion to refer to Plato's theory for the education of the Grecian youth. Plato held that athletics and music were the two great educational forces, "each acting as a stimulus and a check upon the other."

In this admirable article the writer says: "His (Plato's), ideal athlete is the man who has trained his whole being to an exquisite symmetry . . . who, *on the other hand*, has schooled his mind to be exquisitely sensitive to the gentle influences of life, in language, music, painting, or nature herself, and to be quickly responsive to all that appeals to his sense of what is honorable, noble, fair and good."

"Have we not here an ideal towards which any University may proudly strive?"

We have, indeed!

It is a matter of congratulation in the University of Toronto that athletics are as well developed as they are. It is, however, on the other hand, a matter of

regret that our general Literary life is not more in evidence than it is.

Let us take Plato's theory of education and apply it to our own case. How does it coincide? We find the ground allotted to athletics wholly covered, but that allotted to the literary activities has this sign hung out upon a large portion of it—To rent.

For instance, we have a Literary Society, good as far as it goes, but, sir, it is no better than the average Collegiate Institute Literary Society throughout the Province. We have a Debating Union, lately organized, which is also good, as far as it goes. We have some years a College Dinner, which we may also term good as far as it goes. We have a few lectures, open to the public, during the year, which depend upon the lecturer for their excellence. We have a dance and a conversat. and a University paper; and Mr. Editor, let me not overlook the Freshman hustle, which, perhaps, cannot be termed literary, but it has an indefinite educational influence.

Now, sir, taking all of these literary functions mentioned in the aggregate, you haven't very much after all, for a University of some thousands of students who are as richly endowed with literary inclinations and genius as any other University upon the continent.

I take the term music, in Plato's dictum, to include not only the Glee Club (which has suspended operations for a time), but all departments of literary life, such as oratory, elocution, debate, College theatricals, College papers, reading-rooms, conversation of the conversazione and class-reception type, and so on.

Sir, we are able, as loyal alumni and alumnae or foster children of our University, to recommend our Alma Mater to the Canadian and American publics in a very limited and primitive way.

There has been a movement, in the last two years, to open up a field as yet wholly untouched, for literary activity. I refer to the College drama. It would seem now, in a late hour, that this movement is about to bear fruit. To bring this movement from the realm of speculation or desirability, into that of solid reality, let every student who wishes to see his Alma Mater take another step in progress, rally to the support of the movement. But, sir, let us weigh this proposal.

Thinking that there was a lack in our University life in this respect, I wrote to a friend, a post graduate at Harvard, for information re the College drama. I might state parenthetically that several successful College plays are produced annually at Harvard. His reply runs thus:

"Regarding the subject of dramatics, they are quite a fixed feature of the life here; they are gotten up by clubs and fraternities. The Hasty Pudding Club is one of the best. They have a stage, etc., at the Club-house. The Pi Eta also give productions, and the Cercle Francais puts on plays in French annually, those of some well-known authors. The Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta give plays, the book of which is usually written by some student. They are pretty good, as a rule. They are of every class of modern play, and contain local allusions, but not to such an extent as to be a burlesque on the University life. The plays and comic operas produced last May were:

"Bos Cabello"—Hasty Pudding.

"Spontania"—Pi Eta.

"Shoemaker's Holiday"—Delta Upsilon.

"In case of a comic opera, the music is also written by a student."

Speaking of the patrons of these plays, he says:

"Then, too, Boston society turns out pretty well, and the Back Bay girl turns out in all her glory."

My informant is thoroughly well acquainted with our University life and institutions, and says further:

"A thing like this would be a success in Toronto, if you could only get it started. I should think, though, to get a sufficient clientele, you would have to embrace all the departments of the University, including the Conservatory of Music. Here we have about 3,800 students. I might say that all female parts are taken by men. You see Harvard is not co-education."

I do not argue, Mr Editor, that since Harvard has a number of College plays, produced by College men each year, that the University of Toronto could do so as well. Our University and its life are in some particulars different from Harvard College. What we have to do as College drama enthusiasts is to come right home and ascertain whether there is a desire strong enough among the students for such an institution, for, as the old adage says, "where there's a will there's a way."

The merits of such an institution are (1) Educational. The general public could be shown College life in such a way as would clear up some of their ludicrous and hazy ideas. One-half of the student body could be shown how the other half lives. We could, I believe, create a deeper interest in students and student affairs, among the general public, than is now felt. We could help to overthrow any false barriers that one class of students may raise before another, perhaps (financially), less favored. Other beneficial tendencies, along this line, can easily be suggested by the reader.

In the next place, (2) *Fraternizing*, or arousing College spirit. No one, I think, will question that if a College play were given by the united efforts of all the different affiliated Colleges and departments of the University of Toronto, that a better feeling and good fellowship would result. If a play, dealing with student life, written by a student, portrayed by students, listened to and appreciated by students, were produced, then, it seems to me, students would decide that after all their life was something more than a mere classroom grind. (3) It would have an influence of developing or bringing out latent talents. This would apply both to the writers of plays and to those who would act them.

There are other good, possible influences, which I might point out, but I do not wish to exhaust my subject, and will leave it for others to develop.

If Victoria can hold its "Bob" successfully every year, and St. Michael's can also hold its annual play, why cannot the University of Toronto? for as Euclid tells us: "The whole is greater than its parts, and equal to the sum of all its parts."

ST. HILLIERS.

THE CHRISTMAS VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is proud to number among its contributors the Hon. A. R. Dickey, Q.C., who, in the late Conservative Cabinet, held the portfolio of Minister of Justice. The Hon. Mr. Dickey is one of the most distinguished of Toronto's sons, but he is still a com-

paratively young man, and one from whom Canada yet looks for much. His recollections of his College days, and particularly of Dr. McCaul, the eccentric but kindly former President of Toronto University, are a glimpse into the history of our own College, of which we all know but too little, and with whose traditions and memories we have but too little acquaintance.

It is not often there appears in any periodical so delightful a skit as that written for THE VARSITY by Mr. Stephen Leacock, '91, of Upper Canada College. He is well-known as a contributor to *New York Truth*, *The Canadian Magazine*, and other standard periodicals. Much has been said, and much written about the examination system which prevails here, but nothing half so good as Mr. Leacock's clever "take-off."

Mr. A. H. Young, of Trinity College, also continues his reminiscences, under the title of "Then and Now." This chapter will be read with both interest and pleasure, dealing as it does with the Lit. election, out of which grew the present Students' Union Building.

THE VARSITY had intended, with this issue, to present to its readers a fine half-tone engraving of the Champion Rugby Fifteen, but owing to the team's not having the photograph taken in time, this became impossible.

And now all that remains to do is for THE VARSITY to wish everybody a very merry Christmas, and an exceedingly happy New Year!

THE FEES.

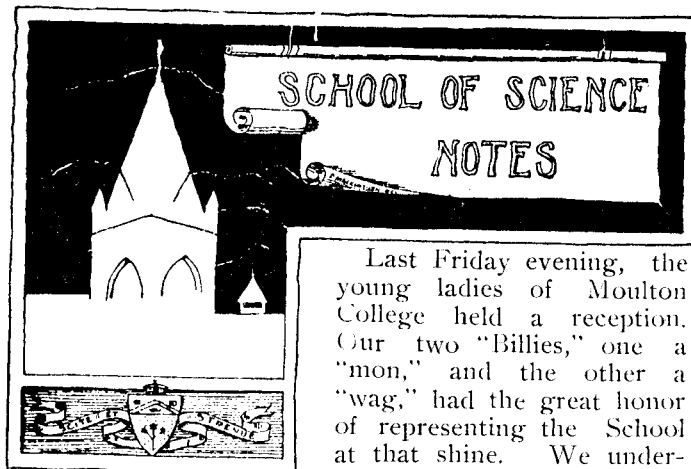
It is a fact to be regretted that the Senate last Spring decided on again increasing the fees, by an addition of \$4 to the fee for examination. It will be remembered that in 1895 the fees were increased by \$10, that subsequently, in 1897, an addition to the Registration fee of \$6 was made, which, with the latest addition of \$4 to the Examination fee, makes a total increase of \$20 in less than four years.

One would think that the University authorities, in their policy of continually increasing the fees, were proceeding upon the supposition that all the students were the children of wealthy parents. A slight examination, however, will serve to show that this is not the case. Probably not more than one-fifth of the students are blessed with rich parents; the remaining four-fifths are the children of artisans, farmers, and mechanics, together with the sons and daughters of poor clergymen. This policy persisted in cannot fail to result in a tendency to exclude the "hoi polloi," a tendency ill in keeping with our democratic institutions, and one utterly hostile to National Education, which should be such that the poorest student in the land may have a University training.

No longer can Ontario boast of her free Educational System, whilst the University of Toronto—the highest of them all—demands such exorbitant fees. If she pursues her present policy much longer, she will be providing an education not for the sons of the Province, but solely for an aristocracy, and ever more firmly closing her doors against the children of the poor.

A. L. HARVEY.

University College, December 19th, 1898.



Last Friday evening, the young ladies of Moulton College held a reception. Our two "Billies," one a "mon," and the other a "wag," had the great honor of representing the School at that shine. We understand that ever since then

they both are inveterate readers of love stories and novels. Poor boys!

We learn, on good authority, that Jack Davidson was very nearly being thrown out of the chemistry window a few days ago by a little "bird." He became so nervous that he dropped everything he had in his hands and something else besides.

F. W. T—, of Second Year, is author of a very good paper on "Electrolysis." He ought to favor the Engineering Society by reading it before its members. We hope that the President will use his persuasive powers and induce him to read it.

We now know that the S.P.S. no longer holds first place among the Colleges as the upholder of "scraps" among themselves. The Dentals have beaten all our previous records. So we are compelled to take a back seat.

There are many stories told of Edison, which, if they were all true, would certainly make him the most wonderful of wonderful men. He is a great man. Here is his estimation of genius, which was given when he was asked once to define it. "Two per cent. is genius, and ninety-eight per cent. is hard work." Again, when he was engaged in a discussion that genius is inspiration, he suddenly exclaimed: "Bah! Genius is not inspired. Inspiration is perspiration."

A story that is told of him is, how he invented a cure for gout, which is as follows: "Mr. Edison met a friend one day, and on hearing that he was in great suffering, and noting the swelling of his finger-joints, asked, with his usual curiosity, "What is the matter?"

"Gout," replied the sufferer.

"Well, but what is gout?" persisted Mr. Edison.

"Deposits of uric acid in the joints," came the reply.

"Why don't the doctors cure you?" asked Mr. Edison.

"Because uric acid is insoluble," he said.

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Edison, and he straightway journeyed to his Laboratory, put forth innumerable glass tumblers, and into them emptied some of every chemical that he possessed. Into each he let fall a few drops of uric acid, and then waited results. Investigation, forty-eight hours later, disclosed that the uric acid had dissolved in two of the chemicals. One of these is used to-day in the treatment of gouty diseases."

Edison has a very practical maxim, which is: "A man who can do something which no one else can do can get a lot for doing it." Mr. Edison is a practical inventor. He places no value on an invention which has no commercial worth. His favorite phrase about the result of an experiment or investigation, is: "It must be useful when obtained."

It is rumored around the Second Year Draughting Room that Phillips and Davison have made a solemn vow. They have firmly decided to attend all football or hockey games in which the School takes part. They prefer this course, to being again initiated into the mysteries of the lead pipe. Some of the First Year students would do well to decide on a similar course.

Mr. Neelands, one of our Second Year men, had the good fortune to form one of a party of surveyors, whose experiences, during their trip this summer, were, to say the least, thrilling and exciting. The party set out from the terminus of a short line or spur of the C.P.R., called Haleybury. They proceeded by steamer up the Montreal river, until they reached the point where the party that was up last year had placed the 120th mile stake. From this point they then commenced to run the line to James' Bay.

During the summer of '97, the first section of the line was run, and this summer there remained nearly 180 miles more to cover. This line is about six feet wide, and they mark it by cutting down trees, marking trees with the axe, and defacing the stumps.

The party having run the line successfully, reached Moose Factory about the 8th of October. Moose Factory is about 10 miles north of where they drove the last mile-post.

A few days after having reached this point, they set out on the return journey. This is really the point where their troubles began. They had to pole and tow their boats up every inch of the many rapids that infested those regions. (Polling is no easy task, as some may know). They reached Abitibi Lake in this fashion, only to find it frozen over. Here, then, they were compelled to abandon their boats and take to walking.

Mother Nature again played them a trick. For soon after they had commenced to walk, the weather changed, and the ice, on account of the mild spell, began to break up. Fortunately they were successful in finding some old Indian canoes; and then commenced paddling again.

Paddling in water in which there are many ice blocks floating around, is, as anyone may imagine, extremely dangerous. So it proved to this party, for, as they were looking for a suitable place to pitch their camp for the night, their birch-bark canoe struck one of these small icebergs. The water immediately poured in, and before they were able to reach land, the canoe filled, and they were left in the water. They all safely reached land, excepting the guide, who, while helping Neelands and a couple of other fellows to tow the boat to shore, was drowned. The shore on which they found themselves only formed part of an island, so they were still in a very precarious position. When they had succeeded in getting the canoe ashore, they found they only had one paddle. The mainland was some distance away, also the canoe had a large hole in it. As the hole was in the bow, a fellow could sit in the stern and paddle, the bow raised out of the water. This

was the plan that Neelands suggested, and he had to paddle every one of the party across, one by one. This was a very tiring performance, and might have resulted unfortunately for some of them, if Neelands had not been a good paddler, and possessed lots of grit.

For three days after this they went without any food. On the fourth day they reached an old Indian's hut. The Indian made them chop wood for their meals. Neelands, we believe, chopped about four cords.

After having obtained provisions they started to walk 150 miles, which separated them from civilization. During this trip they often had to do without food. Sometimes they had to live on sugar alone. Often they felt like giving up; but then, when they thought of home they received fresh strength, and again pushed on.

After many hardships, which they will never forget, all reached civilization about the end of last month.

The College Girl

As a musical event, the concert given by the Ladies' Glee Club, of the University, on Tuesday evening last, was all that could be desired.

The work of the Club showed an amount of finish that was admirable, considering the limited time they had at their disposal. This was particularly noticeable in the "Bridal Chorus," and in Pinsuti's "Parting Kiss." The tone and pitch of the voices were excellent throughout the entire evening, although the choruses, with two exceptions, were unaccompanied.

Miss Mae Dickinson, in her two solos, proved to be as popular as ever.

The musical treat of the evening was the playing of Mr. George Fox. His brilliant and original treatment of his numbers showed him to be a master of his art.

Beethoven's "Romance," Greig's "Spring Song," and "A Hungarian Dance," by Hauser, were most pleasing to the audience. As an encore to the "Romance," Mr. Fox gave a most exquisite arrangement of "Ye Banks and Braes," for muted violin.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser was at his best. He has already won the hearts of the Chemistry students, by his inimitable portrayal of the humorous side of life. His numbers were "The Encyclopedist," by Eugene Field; an imitation of a speech, presumably given at a Yacht Club Dinner in Baltimore, and "The Portrait," by Owen Meredith. All of these selections were enthusiastically encored. Mrs. Blight accompanied in her usual faultless manner.

Mr. Robinson, the conductor, and the members of the Committee are to be congratulated upon their success.

At a meeting of the Women's Literary Society on Saturday evening, December 10th, the officers for the Grace Hall Memorial Society were elected, as follows: President, Miss E. M. Fleming; Vice-President, Miss M. Watt; Secretary, Miss M. I. Fleming.

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An enterprising individual counted the number of College girls who were at the concert the other night. There were *nine* of them present. That hardly seems fair, does it? If the College girls won't support an organization made up exclusively of their own fellow-women-undergraduates, we cannot expect outsiders to do much.

The men came out in larger numbers, proportionally, and to them, to the girls who came, and to the Professors and their wives, the members of the Glee Club extend their thanks.

THE GARDEN OF YOUTH.

Laughter and love will return to me never;
For I scattered them once with an idle breath,
But I'll live on the dreams of youth forever,
Till I glide to the dreams of death.

Ah! Life was a garden in childhood's days,
And the fairest flowers that garden grew
Were laughter and love; while the sun's bright rays,
Shone over all with a golden hue.

The little red roses that covered the walls
Were laughter bright in that garden fair;
And every shaft of the little blow-balls,
Was a tender love-word, lingering there.

The sweet, wild music that lives with youth,
Amidst the flowers, breathed soft and low,
Ah! Life was laughter, and love, and truth,
When I lived in that garden long ago.

But I scattered the roses as fast as I could,
Hither and thither, till all were gone.
The blow-balls I blew as far as they would,
And then in the garden was left alone.

The music was silent, my heart grew old,
And a chilling sadness filled me with dread;
There is no ghost with breath so cold,
As the ghost of laughter and love that are dead.

Laughter and love will return to me never;
For I scattered them then with a careless breath,
But on memory's dreams, I'll live forever,
Till I glide at last to the dreams of death.

—JESSYE FORREST, '01.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

By night when 'gainst my pillow,
My cheek is pressing warm,
Before my mind still hovers,
A fair and lovely form.

And hardly has silent slumber,
Closed fast my eyes, it seems,
Till slips with noiseless footfall,
That fair form in my dreams.

Nor with the morning's coming,
Does my sweet dream depart;
For on through all the daytime,
I bear it in my heart.

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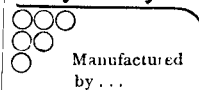
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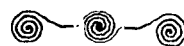
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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR.

DECEMBER—

- 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.)
- County Model Schools Examinations begin. (During the last week of the session.)
- Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin. (Subject to appointment.)
- Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. [P.S. Act, sec. 57 (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. 57 (2); S.S. Act, sec. 31 (5).] (Before 2nd Wednesday in Dec.)
- 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.)
- 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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This year there is to be a large rink for both hockey and skating. The rink is being laid out just in front of the Gym., so that it will be in plain view from the windows of the Students' Union. Those who skate but do not chase the puck will be well looked after, as special hours are to be set apart when they will own the ice themselves. Everybody should become a member of the Hockey Club by paying the small fee of \$1, and by so doing be able to take advantages of the many privileges which membership includes.

DRAMATIC CLUB ORGANIZED.

On Thursday afternoon of last week a meeting was called together in the Students' Union to organize a Dramatic Club, with the particular object in view of presenting a student play next Hallowe'en. After Mr. McEntee, Mr. Merrick (Osgoode), Mr. Gray (St. Michael's), Mr. Evans and others had spoken enthusiastically of the proposed society, it was decided to appoint an organizing committee which should draw up a list of officers, communicate with the affiliated colleges and then report to a subsequent meeting and have their definite proposals ratified. With this aim the following committee was named: F. D. McEntee (convener), J. G. Merrick, W. A. R. Kerr, F. E. Brophy and E. N. Cooper. With regard to the kind of play to be presented there was some difference of opinion, some thinking that a Shakespearian drama was most suitable, though the majority seeming to favor some sort of skit on University life, as being rather more of a novelty and perhaps less ambitious for a first attempt.

LADIES' GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

The Ladies' Glee Club of University College merited a larger patronage than was accorded them at their annual concert given in the Y.W.C. Guild Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 13th, for in all respects, except that of attendance, the affair was an unqualified success. It was managed throughout by the ladies themselves, even gentleman ushers being dispensed with, and the committee are to be congratulated on the success of the programme. As the ladies marched in though the hall to take their places on the platform at about twenty minutes past eight, they had the pleasure of keeping time to a song entitled "They are a Lot of Jolly Girls," which was sung by their friends and acquaintances in the gallery to the tune of "Old Hundred." The ladies did not seem to like the concluding "Amen." The seven selections rendered by the Glee Club showed the results of thorough training and were well received by an appreciative audience. The conductor, W. F. Robinson, is to be congratulated on the quality of excellence attained by the Club. Grenville P. Kleiser was good, especially in "The Portrait" and "The Speech given at the Yacht Club Ball in Baltimore." He kindly responded to all his encores. Geo. A. Fox achieved another success and nothing more need be said of his unexcelled mastery of the violin. Miss Mae Dickinson, who takes such an interest in University affairs, was extremely sweet and made herself popular with her hearers. In fact the programme was good throughout and Misses Cleary, Tennant, Hughes, Darling, Crane and Mason are deserving of much praise for the success. It is to be hoped that next year the students will turn out in larger numbers to see what a pretty appearance our ladies make in the cap and gown.



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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.

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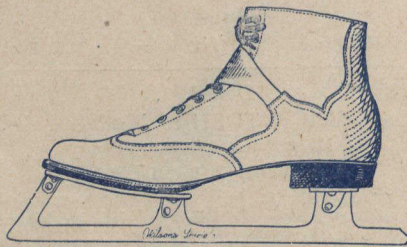


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