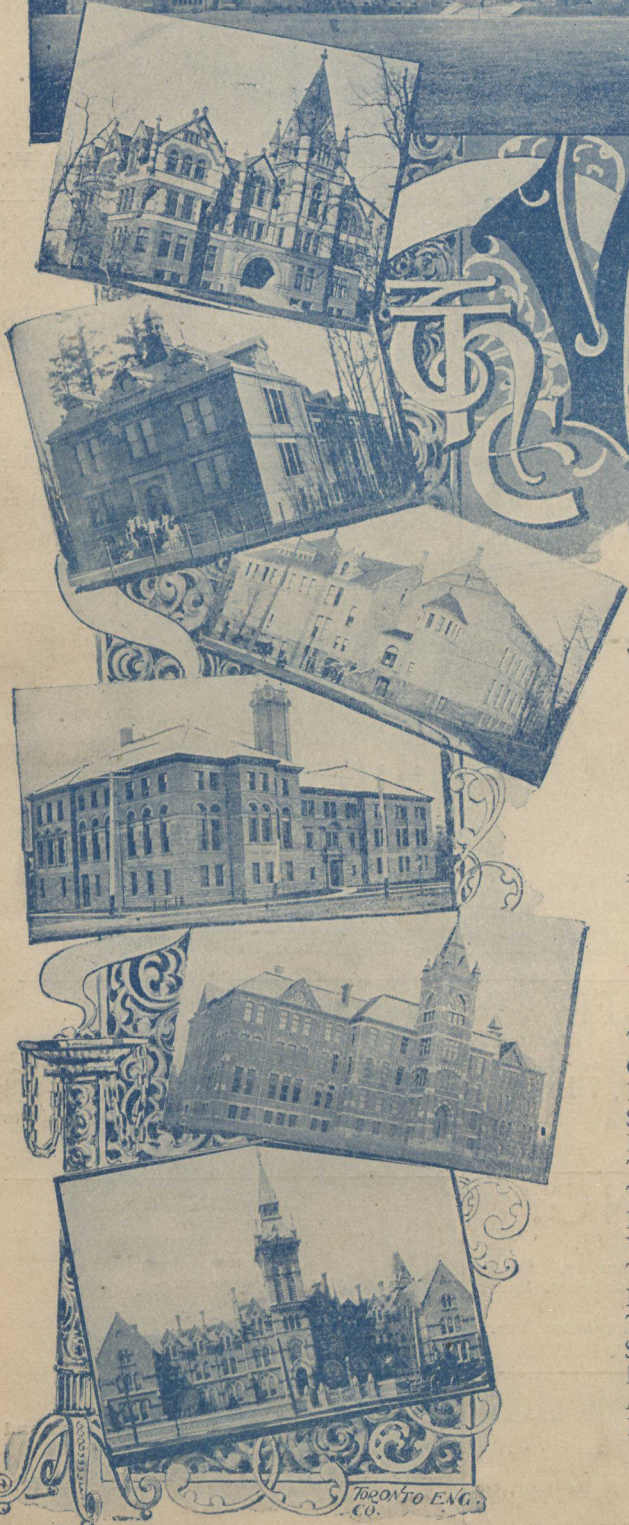
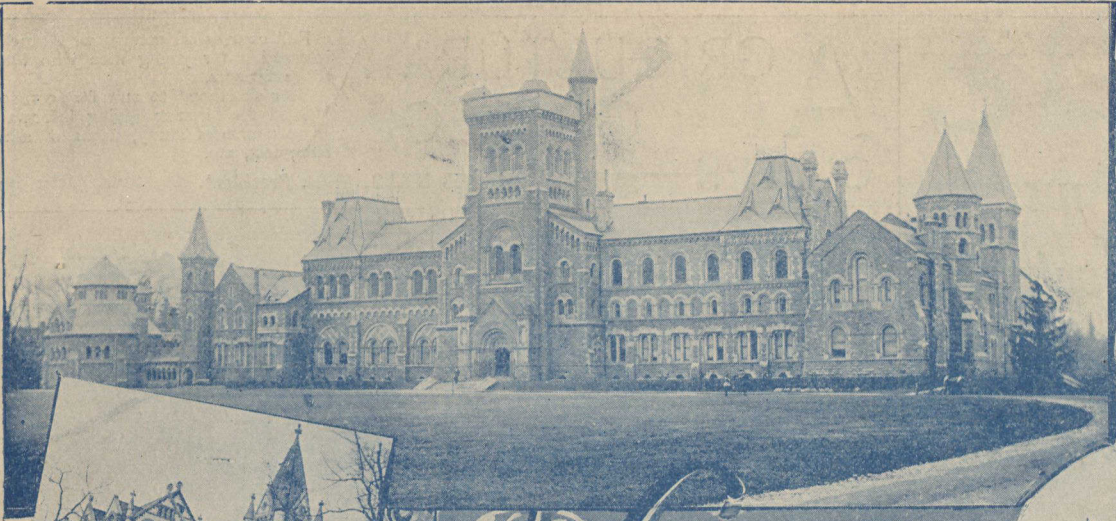


THANKSGIVING NUMBER



THE VARSITY

VOL. XIX.

NO. 1

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17th, 1899

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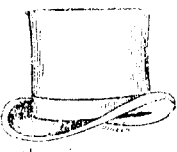
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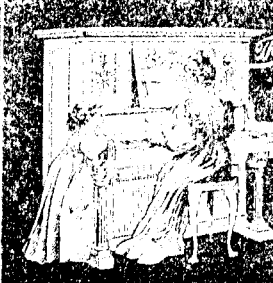
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XIX.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 17.

No. 1

THE LADY OF SHALOTT—A POET'S CREED.

BY ARTHUR BEATTY, B.A., PH.D.

All literature that is worthy of the name has as its theme the art of living. Life is the one great gift which is vouchsafed to man, and as a result, only that which bears a relation to life and its arts has any interest for him. It is in this fact that literature, however much misunderstood, has always had an interest for the most thoughtful minds. Men have a perennial interest in great literature, and especially in poetry, because in it the great problems of life are treated with a profundity and sympathy arising out of the poet's interest in the whole of life. Great literature thus arises directly out of life, it is the medium by means of which we hold converse with those great souls who have held the most close and fruitful relations with the world. Through literature we are brought into warm and living contact with *men*, and through them we learn to know the world and life. Under their guidance our vision is purged, and through them our lives gain an access of power, which gives life a deeper meaning and supplies us with the strength required to strenuously live true to what we have seen as the realities.

In this high and noble sense the Bible is the most real literature, for nowhere can we find purer and deeper searchings after the meaning of life than in the succession of the great prophets. And the Son of Man comprehended His own mission and that of all religion in His divine declaration that He came that men might have *life*, and that they might have it more abundantly. The secret of His power, too, lies in no other thing than in the full and perfect manner in which he finished the work that was given Him to do. His command, "Follow Me," is obeyed by so many only because it means communion with a higher soul than man's own, because by following Him, by striving to realize His life in our own, we receive into our nature a newness and fulness of life unguessed at, while the soul remained closed to the sweet influences of His life. It was the mission of Christ to bring to itself the husk-fed soul, to cause it to remember that there is awaiting it in its Father's house bread enough and to spare, and to set it gravitating toward the divine. Herein, too, is the test of the poet's greatness. The poet is great in the measure in which he performs the same work. "'Tis Life," says Tennyson,

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
On Life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that we want,"

and it is because the greatest poets have, in their own measure, given that needed life, that they have ever been accounted the world's greatest teachers.

Tennyson's claim on our attention rests on these grounds. He merits our careful study because he has something for us in our daily lives, and, if we are but heedful of his message, teaches us to live more worthily—more manfully, and therefore more divinely. He has, in a supreme measure, the gift of the clearer vision, and he has always a message for us who are on the lower planes. He

has never trifled with his gift, nor given a false report of what he saw from his watchtower. From his earliest maturity he has ever had an earnest message to his time, and has labored long and hard to deliver it worthily. Evidence of his earnestness is in his whole work; but we may find it more explicitly presented to us in the poems in which he speaks of his art. A study of them is most interesting and valuable.

In his first volume he expressed his conviction of the deep responsibilities which the poet holds to his time, and to all time. The poet, he says, is a consecrated spirit, set apart for the spiritual guidance of men. It is not his work, therefore, to be entangled in the things of the flesh, but to keep apart and so keep his vision purged and clear. He must be in the world, but not of it.

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;"

and his mind is "holy ground," the garden of the soul, wherein is the fountain of Song whose waters are drawn from the Heaven itself,

"And it sings a song of undying love."

This was in 1830, and it was followed two years later by a similar and more elaborate statement of his poetic creed. This is to be found in the poem which stands at the beginning of the collection, *The Lady of Shalott*. The position of the poem is significant, as it most admirably gives the point of view of the poet in the volume, and, indeed, in the whole of his subsequent work. Under the guise of the story of the Lady, is given the relation which the poet must hold to the world. He labors for its redemption, and in the poem is shown the fatal effects to the poet and the world when he is entangled in the mere appearances of things, and neglects their spiritual import.

I am well aware that critics deny to this poem any serious import, that there is nothing in it but what appears on the surface. This view is represented by Stopford Brooke, who says: "It was never intended to have special meaning. Tennyson was playing with his own imagination when he wrote it. He saw the island and the girl in the tower, and then the loom and web and mirror crept into the tower; and then he saw the pictures in the mirror, and was pleased to describe them; and then he thought of the curse, and then of Lancelot, and then of death."

Such criticism as this, however well-intentioned, makes the great mistake of separating the truth and the beauty in poetry. In the highest order of poetry there can be no separation made between the thought and the emotion, and of this order of poetry this poem is an example. Tennyson never gave countenance to the cry of second-rate artists, "Art for Art's sake." He was too true an artist for that; and in all his best poetry, wherever we discover beauty, it is as the outward and visible form of some truth. Poetry which is really poetry appeals to the whole man—it must have a basis of thought appealing to the sense of truth, it must have beauty appealing to the sense of beauty, and appealing to the whole nature by the fusion of both elements in the concrete form of art.

It is only as we see the *truth* of a poem that we see its real and characteristic beauty; and our sense of the beauty of a true poem grows as we more perfectly understand the truth which the poem embodies.

Nor can the poem with which we are dealing be regarded as a story told for its own sake. The poetic impulse never manifests itself in Tennyson in that way. This poem is most interesting, as being the earliest instance of Tennyson's use of the old Arthurian story. It here touched his young imagination as romance; but even here the story is not reproduced for its own sake, but for its fitness to be the medium of his message to his times. Here, as in the *Idylls of the King*, these old stories are told only because the poet sees in them an application to our modern life and its problems. The story is but the vessel which holds the wine of life; and how great is our error when we refuse to look within, and drink of its life-giving nectar!

But yet again, we must look beneath the surface of the story if we are to understand the action and make it probable. That is, we must interpret the poem; for the "interpretation" of a poem is only the obtaining such a view of it as will consistently account for the action. In the present case the action is made probable only by interpreting the whole as the story of the poet who so far forgets his mission as to be tempted by "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." In the light of this interpretation the story has a meaning, and the lyrical fairy-tale has a beauty and a truth as wide and as deep as the universe. Beneath the ineffably beautiful verse we can feel the pulse-beats of a whole humanity, and through it we reach, with eyes purged as with euphrasy and rue, to the foundations of all great art—life itself.

Part I. It is in the harvest, and the lilies blow on the island in the river, and are seen by all as they go down to the city. The spirit of poetry is not far from any one of us, but most see only the ornaments of it—the lilies. On the island is the austere tower of poetry. Here is no self-delight, but only "four gray walls, and four gray towers," and the little space of flowers, seen alike by all. But what of the lady? From "the silent isle" comes there no sign? The barge and shallop are alike unhailed, none have seen her at the casement, and has she any connection with the realities of life? Yes, but she is not seen by the thoughtless and the careless:

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly,
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

Only the reapers, those chastened souls who labor on the uplands of the spirit, are susceptible to the spirit of poetry. To those who labor that the spirit of man perish not for spiritual bread, the Lady is known, and when the common light of things has melted into the softer influences of the night, and

"While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

Part II. Meanwhile poetry is engaged in its ceaseless task, and, unhasting yet unresting, it weaves into beautiful and enduring forms what is shown in the mirror of the imagination. The end of poetry must not be to go down "to Camelot," into the turmoil and excitement of political and social questions. It has the higher office of strenuously living in the presence of what is permanently true and good and beautiful; and, by holding ideal aims and ends before the people, prevent the masses from forgetting

what is man's real worth. This is not aloofness from the world, but it is rather life in the real and the true. All who passed were reflected in the mirror, not as they appeared, but as they really *were*. But the fair forms in the mirror were displeasing at last, and she forgot her mission in her desire to mix with the press.

Part III. It is in the heat of harvest, and the brave but fleshly Lancelot comes past the island, and in all his glory and splendor he is flashed into the mirror. Here is what the Lady, in her discontent, has wished for—like Guinevere, she thought she could not breathe in that fine air, that pure severity of perfect light—she yearned for warmth and color, which she found in Lancelot. No more of the Ideal for her, who had now fallen so far as to be satisfied with the crude Real. Imagination was killed, and its fair images desecrated, and in her fall she knew at last that the curse was come.

Part IV. It is no longer summer; as if to sympathize with her downfall, nature is weeping and complaining. Great indeed is her fall, for she will proclaim herself to the world, and writes her name on the boat, that the mob may know that it is she. Such is ever the way of the worst poetry, and it strives to be recognized as poetry by conventional forms and a hundred other tricks. Homer and Shakespeare never wear labels. And now, in her last hours, she floats on the broad stream down to the source of her woe—the towered city of Camelot. But her death was not all unlovely, nor unmusical; and they heard her sing her own death-song.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

All knew her now; she had become a thing of curiosity. Who is this? they asked in fear. What thing has come to pass? they cried in their dismay. In all their lives they had never thought that there was a beneficent power amongst them, blessing and sanctifying their daily lives. But, now that the fair thing was gone, they knew that they had suffered an irreparable loss. Power became weak, and the glory had departed from pomp—

And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot.

And Lancelot, for whom she had died, gave her the highest praise of which his fleshly nature was capable: "She hath a lovely face!" Not one word of what she once had been, of the fair *soul* now stained, nor of the transcendent *song*. He had never perceived these—nothing but the pretty face! The Lady had loved to stand in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets that she might be seen of men; and verily she had her reward.

—"You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes."—*Ruskin*.

—"You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly 'illiterate' uneducated person; but if you read *ten pages of a good book, letter by letter*—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy."—*Ruskin*.

OUR THANKSGIVING

It is many years ago since it happened—I have many grey hairs now—but as Thanksgiving Day comes round each year, that one scene above all others rises with peculiar vividness before my mind's eye.

We were playmates in early childhood—she and I. That seems but yesterday. Then we came to college together and had reached our final year. She had changed—wonderfully I thought—and I often sat and mused, and, yes—suffered, as my fears rose and fell; for in the old orchard at home we used to play at “keeping house.”

It was the day before “Thanksgiving.” The uncertainty was wearing me; besides, my plans for the future depended very much upon knowing. In my unrest I thought I would walk over to the college building—why, I knew not. The place seemed deserted, but just as I was about to enter, she came out, carrying a book on her arm. I raised my hat; she smiled sweetly, and I stopped.

“I have just been getting a book,” she said.

“Something to read to-morrow?” I ventured.

“I scarcely know,” (*turning the book over slowly*) “I fear it will not prove very interesting, and I'm feeling rather tired.”

“Do you never change your plans?”

“Occasionally; why do you ask?”

“I am going home to-morrow.”

Her eyes dropped, and she began to draw a figure on the ground with her umbrella. I looked about as if for strength. I saw the old caretaker not far off. He is dead long since. Then I saw the bare branches of the trees and I thought of Shakespeare's wonderful line. It was but a second. Then I resumed—

“Yes, I expect to go away at the end of the year and I want to visit the old place first. I want to sit once more on the old swing that hangs in the orchard, and to handle the little table where we used to read together;—wont you come with me?”

She raised her head, and her eyes met mine. As I gazed into their blue depths I thought I saw the light of love. My whole soul I felt was suddenly speaking through my eyes; my past life flashed in vision before me, but I had no fear. Then, almost before I could believe it, I heard her say in tones of the sweetest music I have ever heard—

“Yes, I will go along with you.”

And we went.

NEW YORK PICTURES.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES.

We get up these days, and immediately look across at the flag on the Herald Building—not a movement—there will be small chance of a race to-day. At the breakfast table, the probabilities as regards the wind are read to us with doleful comments—even from the old lady whom neuralgia has doomed to the very slightest acquaintance with outdoors. The pretty Irish maid remarks that there'll be no “ra-acin” this day—and then recites the menu. The postman shoves our letters through the area lattice, and makes the same remark with a German turn. On the “elevated” the man whose toes we step on takes our apologies cheerfully—and adds that this weather is mighty hard on the yachtsmen. Along Newspaper Row the huge bulletin boards contain only dismal forecasts. The crowd to and from the bridge seem to lose their spirits as they pass and behold them. In the elevator a man remarks to another that he can't begin to lose the money he

has on the Columbia, to-day, thanks to the weather. The elevator boy wants to know “if us gents has heard dat it is so quiet outside de ‘Hook’ now, dat you can't even feel de Shamrock?” and the office-boy wears an expression sad beyond his years. It won't take him thirty-five minutes by “Benedict's Time” to go a message which takes him past one of the “Marconi” bulletins to-day; three minutes will be time enough now.

In spite of the pea-soup fog which envelopes this city in a fetidity of sticky, unpuddled heat, the yacht races are the only thing talked about. A second Goldensuppe murder arouses interest only in the imagination of the “Yellows.” The Boer ultimatum is considered untimely—there was something vastly more interesting to think about. Some joker regrets that England should have two international events on her hands at once, and warns Oom Paul that he need not expect the best positions in the papers, they are taken for a week ahead at last.

And the yacht races deserve the interest that is taken in them. One who has taken up his field-glasses and boarded one of the scores of excursion boats booming off down to the Lower Bay, and has seen a “fluke” race, even, will not soon forget it. The Narrows are choked with bunting-bedecked craft, all struggling to get out where the yachts are leisurely manœuvring about the Scotland Light. Their great triangles of snowy canvas fill and lift and swell, and all the big and little whistles of the observation fleet bellow and toot with uncontrolled excitement. Then the revenue cutters and torpedo-boats, barking and making savage runs at the big excursion pedestrians, drive them off the ocean lane, and the race begins.

One reads much of the English yachts being heavy and ungraceful in build—but to the unpracticed eye there is nothing but the color of the hull to distinguish it from the American boat. The angle which their top-sails make with their main-sails is the only point where they differ at all to him who is not a “sport.” And unless they are seen broad side on, this very slight differentiating feature is not observable. It is this great similarity that lends a peculiar excitement to the game. The yachts mix on the tacks, passing and repassing one another, and it is not till they turn sufficiently that anyone can say which is which. The mile of sea-room which is given the race, and the shallowness of hull make differentiation of color of no account. Thus a group of Americans will be rejoicing at the Columbia's ever increasing lead on a port tack—when the boats suddenly swing about and—*horribile dictu*—it is the Shamrock! I think there are some who believe there is something preternatural about the racing of yachts.

And indeed there is more than the interest of sporting excitement in it. There is nothing nearer the grace of “Diana the Huntress” than one of these great clouds of chastest sail, scudding over the big Atlantic “racers,” passing them with haughtily spurning foot, leaping ahead, catching breezes from upper air where no mortal feels the faintest movement in the atmosphere, turning swiftly and straight as a lance, and no less slender, bearing down upon another course—surely this is the step and the pace of the goddess!

He is happy who is in New York at this present time, for he will see the crowning heights of this first “sporting century.”

FESTE.

“One ceases to grow the instant he takes a thing for itself and not for its use.”—*Mabie*.

—Longwood, Bonaparte's house at St. Helena, is now a barn; the room in which he died is a stable; on the site of his grave is a machine for grinding corn.

THANKSGIVING, 1899.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

*A*IR a-gittin' cool an' coolah,
 Frost a-comin' in de night,
 Hicka' nuts an' wa'nuts fallin',
 Possum keepin' out o' sight.
 Tu'key struttin' in de ba'nyad,
 Nary step so proud ez his;
 Keep on struttin', Mistah Tu'key,
 Yo' do' know whut time it is.

Cidah press commence a-squeakin'
 Eatin' apples sto'ed away,
 Chillun swa'min' 'roun' lak ho'nets,
 Huntin' aigs ermung de hay.
 Mistah Tu'key keep on gobblin'
 At de geese a-flyin' souf,
 Oomph! dat bird do' know whut 's comin';
 Ef he did he'd shet his mouf.

Pumpkin gittin' good an' yallah
 Mek me open up my eyes;
 Seems lak it 's a-lookin' at me
 Jes' a-la'in' dah sayin' "Pies."
 Tu'key gobbler gwine 'roun' blowin',
 Gwine 'roun' gibbin' sass an' slack;
 Keep on talkin', Mistah Tu'key,
 You ain't seed no almanac.

Fa'mer walkin' th'oo de ba'nyad
 Seein' how things is comin' on,
 Sees ef all de fowls is fatt'nin'—
 Good times comin' sho's you bo'n.
 Hyeahs dat tu'key gobbler braggin',
 Den his face break in a smile—
 Nebbah min', you sassy rascal,
 He's gwine nab you atter while.

Choppin' suet in de kitchen,
 Stonin' raisins in de hall,
 Beef a-cookin' fu' de mince meat,
 Spices groun' — I smell 'em all.
 Look hyeah, Tu'key, stop dat gobblin',
 You ain' lused de sense ob feah,
 You o' fool, yo' naik 's in dangah,
 Do' you know Thanksgibbin's hyeah?

—PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

RICHARD CARVEL.

EVERY aspiring mind comes to have a self-created world whither it resorts in moments of weariness and exhaustion; a world which affords an impregnable refuge from the humdrum of every-day life without being out of sympathy with it; a world which is the true source of inspiration and renewed courage "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The necessity for such a world to the student is imperative if he is to attain the summit of his hopes, while, if he neglects it entirely, he takes the shortest route to the defeat of his loftiest ambitions. The mind is as insistent in its demands for repose as is the physical organism for recreation—a fact which is of the first importance and far too frequently overlooked or ignored by students.

The selection of the field, of course, is a matter of great moment, and at the present time the greatest care is essential to the attainment of the best results. The quantity of literature produced is very great, but only a very small portion of it meets the student's needs. To this portion may be said to belong the semi-historical novel, which combines entertainment with instruction, and thus lends an interest to periods often otherwise dull and unattractive. *Richard Carvel*, by Winston Churchill, represents the best of this class that has been produced for some time.

It deals with the pre-Revolutionary period in the colony of Maryland, the scene of action shifting from Annapolis to the London of Horace Walpole and the early days of Fox. The historical interest cannot be said in any way to over-balance the romantic interest, and those who object to this combination need lose none of the charm of the latter. Indeed, in its relation to this period, *Richard Carvel* will probably hold the same position as Kingsley's *Hyppatia* and Shorthouse's *John Inglesant* do to the days of the Goths in Alexandria, and to the Jesuits in England and Italy, respectively, though not so great a work as either of these.

Richard Carvel, the hero of the story, is a young man of untainted honor, possessing characteristics which charm by their very eccentricity. He is heir to Carvel Hall; the idol of his grandfather's heart, and, still more important,

one of several ardent admirers of Dorothy Manners, a young lady with quite as unique a personality as Richard's. The machinations of an uncle, who is thoroughly despised by Richard for his sycophancy, serve as the determining point in the romance. Carvel is kidnapped and carried off to sea, the intention being that he should be got rid of; but, hero-like, he bears a charmed life, is rescued and eventually reaches London without money, and, save his rescuer, without friends.

But Dorothy Manners is in London, too, brought hither by her mercenary father, that she might marry a titled gentleman. After a time she discovers Richard, and something of the old relations are renewed, though with increased trepidation on his part. The interest falls somewhat here, and parts descriptive of scenes in London represent the weakest portion of the book, but as Richard comes in contact with the great men of the day a sense of reality is given to names like Fox and Walpole. One can see Fox as a young man, for instance, in the short excerpt given:

"He lighted a pipe, smiled, and began easily, quite dispassionately, to address me.

'I wish you would favor us with your point of view, Mr. Carvel,' said he, 'for, upon my soul, I know but little about the subject.'

'You know little about the subject, and you in Parliament!' I cried.

This started them all to laughing. Why, I did not then understand. But I was angry enough.

'Come, let's have it!' said he.

They drew their chairs closer — —. I did not stop to think twice, or to remember that I was pitted against the greatest debater in all England.

I was to speak that of which I was full, and the heart's argument needs no logic to defend it. If it were my last word, I would pronounce it."

The closing scenes are in Maryland. Richard gets possession of his inheritance, out of which he had been defrauded by his uncle; and, what gives greater happiness to his heart, he wins Dorothy Manners—whose beauty and charm of manner had brought England's nobility to her feet—because all through she had remained true to the love of her childhood days.



WINSTON CHURCHILL.

(The above cut is used by the courtesy of *The Globe*.)



The College Girl

THE fine weather which favored the Rugby enthusiasts on Saturday, October 7th, smiled with equal favor on the alumnae and the alumnae aspirants gathered for the purpose of welcoming the incoming first year. The reception was held in the Reading Room, where the guests were welcomed by Miss Hughes, the President of the Women's Literary Society, Miss Salter and a number of the committee. The room was decorated in accordance with the season with clusters of autumn leaves, and the lights were softened with shades of blue and white. The gathering of the many graduates and the wives of the professors was of an enjoyably informal nature and the uninitiated were soon quite at their ease. A serious discussion, suggested by the fashionably elongated skirts of the freshettes, arose amongst the seniors as to whether they should inaugurate a hazing, following the advice of the good old nursery rhyme,

"She cut off their tails with a carving-knife,"

but extreme measures were prevented by a general movement into the tea-room. This also was prettily decorated with flowers, and for a while there was a scene of gay confusion as those in charge of the tea-room administered to the wants of their guests. On the tables were found small programmes, each daintily adorned with a brightly-tinted leaf, and the interest excited by these was soon justified when the President announced the beginning of the programme proper, which consisted of music interspersed with the customary toasts. Miss Dignam, one of the first year girls, sang "Husheen," a pretty Irish lullaby, in a way which well brought out the ineffable charm of Irish minstrelsy—that plaintive, minor tone which makes it so attractive. Miss Cowan, who has always been generous in aiding the society's efforts, played a bright selection with a great deal of skill. A song from the popular "Telephone Girl" was then given by Miss Dickenson, with her usual vivacity. The last number on the musical programme was a duet by Miss Wegg and Miss Dignam. The varied nature of the speeches in response to the toasts which followed, admirably illustrated the many-sidedness of the college girl. The first toast, "The Queen," was proposed by Mrs. Loudon and responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. The toast to the "Wives of the Faculty" was drunk with hearty good-will, but was not responded to by any of their number. In behalf of the graduates, Miss Ryckman thanked the society for allowing them to pick up the crumbs that fall from the freshmen's table. The picture was graphically drawn of the forlorn little first year girl, sniffing from cold and homesickness, Latin dictionary on her right hand, French grammar on the left, a coal-oil lamp under her nose, on the wall pictures of somebody else's relations, and the comforts of bread and butter and cold apple-sauce ahead. But beside this picture of the young bud in danger from early frosts must be placed the companion panel of the sere and yellow leaf; loneliness forbids laughter; there is no one to laugh with and so thoughts are upon old age, the vanity of human wishes, graveyards, ghosts and dry bones. Such a state truly deserves the hospitable advances of the under-graduates. In conclusion, Miss Ryckman advised all those who intended to seek a definite occupation to find out as soon as possible what they really wanted to do, without considering too much what other women are doing. All women are not made on the same plan, as one

might be led to infer from seeing them all turn to the teaching profession. So "Play in the many games of life that one where what you most do value must be won."

"The Freshettes" were represented by Miss McMurtry, who, in a few words, thanked the seniors for their kind reception, and, referring to the previous speech, expressed the sentiment that the freshettes would only too willingly be in the sere and yellow leaf if that state was typically represented by the author of the remark. The toast to "The Societies" was responded to by Miss Fleming, who urged all the girls to take their share in the work which these societies entail and not to allow their zeal for learning to eclipse their interest in the social and physical side of college life, although opportunities for the development of the latter were mainly conspicuous by their absence. The merits of the Y. W. C. A., the Women's Literary Society, the Tennis and Fencing Clubs, and the Grace Hall Memorial Library, and last, but not least, the Glee Club, were briefly touched upon and their individual charms explained to the uninitiated freshette. An innovation was made this year in the form of a toast to the "Lords of Creation." After announcing this toast, Miss Grace Hunter, the able toast-mistress of the evening, referring to the request of the Women's Fencing Club for the use of the Bowling Alley of the Gymnasium, expressed her hope that the aforesaid Lords of Creation would have a change of heart at their earliest possible convenience, and then called on Miss Hutchison to respond to the toast. She stated her difficulty in doing full justice to their many virtues, explaining how girls who were not blessed with a brother of their own have to be content with the other girl's brother—and he is not a bad substitute—but other girls' brothers do not lend themselves easily to analysis. They are usually briefly catalogued as "nice" or "nasty." If the analysis does go deeper, one's ideas are apt to get somewhat involved in the subject and the interesting results of the original research are not generally given to the public. However, such appalling ignorance on the subject might be lessened by reading the books of enlightened modern authors wherein many a masculine virtue is portrayed that might escape the observation of one admiring the original from afar. For instance, although there was not a Manilla or a Rennes in our individual experiences, the most cursory glance at a newspaper showed that there were such in the world outside; so we are prepared to accept the fact of the universal bravery of man. They could not all be Deweys—and perhaps that saved our lives from becoming one long "gloria" in celebration of man's victorious feats. Perhaps, the speaker suggested, by frequent and intimate intercourse with the Lords of Creation, we might attain to the dizzy height of comprehending, at least in part, the subtle workings of the masculine mind, and even in some far distant day might shine with reflected radiance. The speech was concluded with a word of advice to the freshettes, who would soon have to go through the mill and tread long, weary miles round the very room in which they were then assembled. Then, they would realize the speaker's present difficulty, that "man" was not such a fruitful subject as it first appears. Especially were they exhorted not to resort to jokes. The experiment had once been tried at a reception by putting the riddle: "What is the difference between Orpheus and Wagner?" to an unenlightened youth. The answer, as every well-regulated mind might guess, is: "Orpheus with his lute charmed wild beasts, while Wagner only made a Lo-hen-grin." "But," Miss Hutchison sadly concluded, "my audience of one had never heard of Wagner, and his ancient history was not much better, so he only smiled a ghastly smile which was infinitely worse than the joke." The toast to "The University" was responded to in a neat speech by Miss Landon Wright. Our "Alma Mater,"

she said, before ungracious, when no daughters need apply, now truly deserved her time-honored cognomen. These universities of ours, it has been said, form a strong and firm connecting link between the old world of the humanities and the rising world of a vastly different tendency; and even if they had not the traditions of an Oxford, they had the stuff traditions are made of. It was quite right then, the college woman should promote all that is best in college life, so that the belated decision of the "sadder and the wiser man," should be quite justified by their attempt to make the influence of sweetness and light prevail.

On Thursday afternoon, October 5th, the executive of the Y.W.C.A. held a reception for the first-year girls in the Y.M.C.A. building. After the president, Miss E. M. Fleming, had made a few remarks welcoming the incoming year and explaining the nature and object of the meetings of the association, the reception took the form of an informal afternoon. Tea-tables were daintily arranged in the adjoining room, and were prettily decorated with autumn leaves, and judging by the evident enjoyment of the guests, the efforts of the committee were thoroughly appreciated.

Amongst the different societies which engage the attention of the college girl, the Ladies' Glee Club is of special importance. Its popularity is due mainly to the fact that, while a great deal of pleasure is to be derived therefrom, excellent instruction in the art of singing is at the same time afforded. There are many sides of our nature which it is the duty of every one of us to take special care in developing. Among these the musical and artistic should by no means be neglected. Let us echo the words of the poet when he says:

Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.

We might say for the benefit of the girls of the incoming year who would like to join us, that practices are held once every week to prepare for our concert in December, which has now become an annual college event.

The committee are striving to have the music of a particularly attractive nature, and we are certain no girl will have cause to regret the time spent in this pleasurable as well as instructive manner.

Hitherto the club has been fairly representative of the girls, and it is hoped will continue so. No society can be successful unless it have the hearty co-operation of all the girls. In view of this every girl who finds it within her power should lend what assistance she can by joining. Practices will be commenced at as early a date as possible, and it is to be hoped that all graduates, undergraduates and occasional students also will unite to make our concert, coming as it does just when the 19th century is drawing to a close, one of the most memorable in the era of its existence.

Owing to several resignations having been sent in, the following are the committee to act for the ensuing year, from any one of whom all points of information may be obtained: President, Miss C. S. Wegg, '00; Vice-President, Miss Francis Dignam, '03; Secretary, Miss W. M. Lang, '00; Treasurer, Miss Jessie Robertson, '01; Curator, Miss Edna Bilton, '02; Pianiste, Miss E. L. E. Peers, '02.

—"Most of my boyhood," says F. Marion Crawford, "was spent under a French governess. Not only did I learn that language from her, but all of my studies—geography, arithmetic, etc.—were taught me in French, and I learned to write it with great readiness as a mere boy because it was the language of my daily tasks. The consequence is that to this day I write French with the ease of English."

THE GYMNASIUM.

IT is a very disappointing fact that, at the beginning of every academic year, the Directorate of our Athletic Association finds that it has to make a special appeal to the undergraduate body, in order to secure a fair membership to the gymnasium. As Secretary this year, I desire in making this appeal to urge as strongly as possible the reasons why every male student should be a member of the gymnasium. The arguments may be grouped in three classes, according to the motives of the students.

In the first place, the sentiment of honor, the desire to meet one's obligations in a fair and manly way, should be a first motive of action, and such a motive finds ample scope for operation; for in no branch of our college life are we so well provided for as in the department of athletics. A word will suffice to indicate this fact. In out-door athletics we have five large fields for football, baseball, or other games, courts for tennis, links for golf, and facilities for running, jumping, etc. so that at least three hundred men may be engaged in out-door exercise on University ground at the same time. For indoor exercise we have our gymnasium, the value of which I will mention later. And note that for all these facilities no charge is made save by way of membership fee to the gymnasium. Yet the care of the grounds and of the gymnasium is under the same management and the expense of maintenance is out of the same fund, and advance and improvement in the facilities at our disposal can only be made in proportion to our revenue. Every student using the grounds should feel bound to contribute to their support, and the one way to do so is to become a member of the gymnasium.

In the second place the gymnasium is peculiarly an undergraduate institution. It was through the earnest work of the students of some years ago that the building was erected and equipped. Ever since it has been managed by the students themselves, and all undergraduates should rally to the support of the one institution for whose successful maintenance they are so directly responsible.

Lastly there is the selfish aim, the desire to secure the greatest good for each one. And here it seems to me that, no matter what each man's ambition may be, he requires the use of sufficient physical exercise. If he desires prominence in the field of athletics, the gymnasium with its baths is indispensable to him. If, however, his aim is more particularly for excellence in his academic work, he will find that a sound body will perhaps be of more value to him than the hour he may gain by neglecting regular exercise. The gymnasium with its running track, punching bags, chest and lung apparatus, baths etc., furnishes splendid facility for the taking of such exercise all the year through. Instruction is given in general gymnasium work, club swinging, dumb-bells, fencing, boxing and swimming, by a competent teacher, and those acquiring some excellence in this work receive certificates for the same. The value of these certificates is attested by the fact of some half dozen of last year's graduates having secured good positions largely through their being qualified to give instruction in some branch of athletics.

In placing the annual fee at four dollars, the very lowest possible charge is made, in order that no one may be debarred on account of the expense incurred. Then let every student make an effort to join the gymnasium, and he will find that in performing what is certainly a duty, he is serving in the most effective way his own best interests.

T. A. RUSSELL,

Sec.-Treas. U. of T. Ath. Assn.
Sec.-Treas. U. of T. Ath. Board.

The Varsity

Published weekly by the students of the University of Toronto. Annual subscription, One Dollar, payable strictly in advance. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager. Address all communications for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, University College.

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TORONTO, October 17th, 1899.

SALUTATION.

THE observance of an honored custom makes it once more the pleasant duty of VARSITY to extend welcome and good wishes to friends old and new. The year upon which we have entered seems to be one of unusual promise and prosperity. A wave of educational enthusiasm seems to have rolled across the country and the attendance at the various colleges and universities is reported as being larger than ever. Toronto University has gained her quota, and this fresh assurance of confidence in the thoroughness and efficacy of her training can scarcely be void of effect. It is with renewed zeal and broadened sympathy, therefore, that VARSITY bids welcome to all in the instructive body; to those graduates who are still about our halls; to those of the fourth and third years, upon whom rests so largely the determination of matters and standards collegiate in our midst; and to those of the second year whose fidelity when thrown upon their own resources has effectually won them the second grade in the university life.

But the high valuation which we place upon these friendships and the esteem in which we hold them do not interfere with our desire to make new friends. With especial pleasure, therefore, do we welcome the incoming class of 1903. We trust that they will take the fullest advantage of the favorable circumstances under which they have entered, and that their experience here may contain the highest degree of pleasure consistent with the truest and best interests of each. We hope and believe that they will maintain the standard of work upheld in this University, displaying at the same time a vigorous interest in all profitable diversions, while they recognize a responsibility one to another.

To some extent the divisions between the years are artificial. There are common grounds of meeting where these are largely forgotten—on the field of sport, in the literary meeting, on the debating platform and in the various associations and clubs. To the various activities, then, VARSITY wishes a year of usefulness and splendid

success. May our teams win a series of victories as yet unprecedented; may our debaters again carry home the laurels in triumph; may our meetings be characterized by renewed interest and new-found enthusiasm; while in all we do let us have revitalized standards that will be productive of noble results. Work, of course, is the prime factor in any university, but the various activities and friendships are indispensable to the attainment of the best results. Yet it is quite possible that one should gather weeds instead of the golden harvest of such relations. These activities must be seen in their relative importance and significance if they are to yield the best results, and an approximate intellectual equipoise at least is essential. The very fact that we are gathered together bespeaks common interests that it were fatal to neglect, and similarity of thought and feeling that is of the first importance; while the very necessity of work itself carries with it an implication of incompleteness and partial development that signifies more than we can guess.

Irrespective of grades, therefore, we have a community of interest. There are things of the first importance to the student body with which it alone can deal. It is true that the individual thought and aspiration, in its early stages at least, must be somewhat idiosyncratic. This fact is attested by the experience of maturer students and the acknowledged modifications of their views. In this our miniature "world" the natural transition is from a stage of self-consciousness to one of comparative self-mastery, and it is through a proper recognition of these stages that the best results are to be obtained. We believe a reflection of our student life to be one of the most helpful means in understanding its weakness and deficiencies, as well as something of its strength and possibilities—a medium wherein we may study ourselves as something quite apart from ourselves.

It will be the task of VARSITY then—one undertaken in all humility—to attempt a reflection of our miniature "world"; to keep in touch with the individual while at the same time serving the interests of the corporate body; to record its happenings while striving to catch something of its aspirations, and even helping in their direction by placing before the readers the utterances of men who have deservedly won the respect of students. VARSITY is the students' paper. It is a publication *by* the students rather than *for* them. Each one should support and help it rather than criticize it. The exclusion of everything immature from a student publication is impossible; it were not desirable if it were possible; it contains the promise of growth, and without that any university must be meaningless. Let every student, therefore, support the college paper. Let him help in its representation and reflection of all the phases of the student life—literary, athletic and social—let him take advantage of the opportunities which it presents, and in later days when present experience shall have passed into fond memories there will be the means of renewing associations long lost, and of recalling days that we are told are to prove the most pleasant in our lives.

Laurels to the Victors. Last year we contended with McGill Univ. in the Forum and met defeat. Our anticipations in calling them to the campus have not been disappointed. Honor to the victors; may this victory be but a presage of greater things.

This Week's Varsity. On account of Thanksgiving Day coming so early this year we were obliged to combine our first issue with the Thanksgiving number. We had made arrangements for some special features for the latter number, but were unable to procure them in the limited time. We trust the present number may meet with acceptance at our readers' hands.

The article on "A Poet's Creed" is by Arthur Beatty, Ph.D., a graduate of Varsity, and at present instructor in English in the State University in Madison, Wis.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, one of whose poems we reprint by permission, has the distinction of being the first poet of his race in the English tongue. His work is not all humorous, and some of it has been recognized by such an able critic as Mr. W. D. Howells as containing genuine artistic merit. "Feste" is favorably known to VARSITY readers.

Next week we shall publish a letter from Prof. Goldwin Smith on "The Residence Question."

Notice to Contributors. All communications intended for publication in THE VARSITY must bear the writer's name. The name is not necessarily for publication but simply as an assurance of good faith. To ensure publication in any issue manuscript must be in the editor's hands by 12 noon on the Monday preceding the day of issue.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The first regular weekly meeting was held on Thursday, 12th inst. at 5 o'clock. Prof. Dyson Hague, of Wycliffe College, gave a very helpful address to the students. The attendance was very good for the first meeting. All the years were well represented.

Next Thursday being a holiday there will be no afternoon meeting, but the men who can come are invited to a "thanksgiving meeting" at 9 o'clock, Thursday morning.

The Bible classes are already organized. The Freshmen meet on Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in Y.M.C.A. parlor. The class for other three years is held in Wycliffe College Chapel, at 3 p.m., led by Dr. Sheraton. N. F. Coleman leads the First Year Class.

The Varsity Hand-book is on hand again. Most of the men have received a copy; others should call on the Secretary.

Prof. McCurdy delivered a very instructive and interesting address in the Students' Union, Sunday last, on the subject of "Ideals in Student Life." This is the first of a series of monthly addresses, which are being given by eminent men under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Music was furnished by a quartette, Messrs. Atkinson, Anderson, Eadie and Robb.

THE VARSITY GAMES.

THIS Fall we were favored with the finest day of all the year for our Annual Games, a day alike pleasant for contestants and spectators; the men had trained hard, and considering the state of the track, made good records. The possibility of earning a place on the team to go to Montreal had lent an additional interest to the proceedings, yet despite all these most favorable conditions, the management after using all reasonable means to secure economy, have again to face a deficit on their Games, for a crowd scarcely large enough to half fill our grand stand turned out to witness the events.

Who are the men who are responsible for this state of affairs? All agree that the Faculty of Arts is the chief culprit. Compare their showing with that of some of our other colleges. St. Michael's with only three entries sent over forty supporters: Pharmacy without a representative in the events turned out to a man: the School of Science as usual turned out in numbers. But where were our men in Medicine, and where, oh where were our Arts men? There were nearly as many men from McMaster University, an institution not affiliated with us, and having games of their own, as from the two senior years in Arts. The First Year turned out well and we look to them for better things in the future, but we must deplore the fact that so many men in the higher years who consider themselves of prominence in their classes, have not enthusiasm enough for their College to turn out on a beautiful summer day and by their presence lend some encouragement to the men who strive with might and main to uphold the honor of their classes in the most representative branches of athletics.

No management can alter this state of affairs. If the Faculty of Arts is to maintain the premier place in athletic sports, then each man must feel that he has some individual responsibility for the maintenance of the honor of his class, and shame upon him if he responds not, especially when all that is asked of him is to partake of a good, healthful day's entertainment.

NORMAL COLLEGE NOTES.

The "Lit" was organized Friday afternoon and will be managed during the Xmas term by the following officers:—1st Hon. Pres., D. McLellan, M.A., LL.D.; 2nd Hon. Pres., R. A. Thompson, B.A., Prin. Col. Inst.; Patron, Alex. McPherson, Chairman Board of Education; Pres., D. MacDougall, B.A.; 1st Vice, Miss A. Morton, M.A.; 2nd Vice, Miss M. E. Andison, B.A.; Treas., W. Smeaton, B.A.; Curator, Miss G. M. Rioch; Rec. Sec., E. H. Young; Cor. Sec., H. H. Black, M.A. Councillors—Misses T. Wooster, B.A., M. B. Regnar, B.A., and L. D. May; Messrs. E. T. White, B.A., J. S. Wren, B.A., and K. A. McKenzie.

An Athletic Association has been organized, and an association football team entered in the local league.

The work of the college is under full swing, and many have already tried the stern realities of the pedagog's work.

The '99 men in attendance at the college have chosen H. F. Cook, B.A., and Elsie Carter, B.A., as correspondents to Varsity.

—Grant Duff relates in his "Diary" an amusing story of Darwin. One day Duff drove with a lady to the house of the great naturalist. The lady explained the state of her sight, which was very peculiar. "Ah! Lady Derby," said Darwin, "how I should like to dissect you!"

The News

Convocation proceedings were held on Tuesday evening, 3rd inst. President Loudon took as subject for his official address "Technical Education." He referred especially to the development of the subject in Germany and to the Canadian application of the question. In Canada twenty-five years ago it was a burning question, at present it is a field for abstract discussion alone. At that time, under the supervision of the government, evening lectures were held. Shortly afterwards the government abandoned this plan and established the School of Practical Science after the model of the German Polytechnicum—it might be mentioned that this was largely on the recommendation of President Loudon. Technical Education was but auxiliary in the resourceful development of our Dominion—it must be joined to capital and enterprise, the latter arising from legislation. President Loudon referred incidentally to the great need there was in business of men who were skilled in foreign languages. Especially was this being recognized as the case in the mercantile and trade centres of Europe. Following President Loudon, Mr. B. E. Walker made a few remarks.

* * * *

Convocation was continued in the Students' Union on Wednesday afternoon, when the prizes, medals, scholarships and fellowships were presented. The freshmen, as is their wont and in accordance with a spurious notice placed upon the bulletin board, assembled in the pavilion in the Queen's Park, and, four abreast, marshalled by a man on a wheel, filed through the East entrance and up to the Students' Union, taking up their position in the East end of the running track. The sophomores, much fewer in number, were in the West end, while the juniors and seniors occupied the rear seats in the body of the hall. The freshmen made their presence known by their new yell, "Var - si - ty! Who are we? We are the boys of nineteen three." The freshmen's yell must be admitted to be very modest, although not altogether harmonizing with the subsequent defiant march round the campus. Hustle or no hustle, only after convocation does the status of the first year seem definitely determined in their own minds. However, even their seniors in academic life must admire their pluck and unanimity. The class of 1903 has certainly made its *debut* under most favorable auspices.

* * * *

On Saturday, night, October 7th, the Y.M.C.A. was the scene of an informal reception to the freshmen. Those who have attended many receptions say this was the most successful one yet. The freshmen spent an enjoyable hour or two and got well acquainted both with one another and with the members of the other years present.

The official reception took place on Tuesday the tenth. The reception was tendered by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Young Men's and Young Women's Associations of University College to the incoming year. The guests were received by Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Hoyles, Mrs. Ballantyne, Mrs. Squair, Mrs. Fletcher and Misses Fleming and Wicher. A unique feature was the wearing, by every person present, of a slip of paper bearing name and academic year. This greatly simplified matters and gave adequate opportunity for becoming acquainted. Mr. Murison gave an address on behalf of the faculty, and Mr. N. F. Coleman, '00, for the Association. Miss Wegg and Miss Robertson sang a duet with much acceptance, and Mr. Connery, a graduate of "Queen's," received much applause for his recitations.

The opening meeting of the Literary Society will take place on Friday evening next (20th). The programme will consist of speeches from two fourth year orators, an essay and several musical selections. There will also be business of importance. Let every man make a good beginning and come to the first meeting of the "Lit."

Most of the Canadian and American journals and magazines have been placed on the reading-room tables. The English publications are expected shortly.

* * * *

The first meeting of the Harmonic Club was held Wednesday afternoon in the Students' Union. Quite a number of the students assembled and the enthusiasm was manifest. Mr. G. Pirie, president of the club, gave a short account of its formation and prospects, and expressed his pleasure at seeing so many new members present. Active work in the several branches of the club is expected by the end of the week. For some time past there has been felt a need for a musical organization in connection with the college. The plan of uniting the glee, mandolin, guitar and banjo talent into a single club is one that commends itself and should meet with energetic support from the student body.

The first meeting of the Chess Club was held last Thursday in their room in the Students' Union. As a result of the meeting negotiations are now going on for the formation of a Chess League between Varsity, the Y.M.C.A. and the Athenæum. S. F. Shensstone, '00, the president, is to represent Varsity in this movement. Proctor Burwash was elected representative from Victoria and A. Matheson, S.P.S., was elected Curator. The regular meetings of the club will be on Tuesdays and Fridays at 4 p.m. Arrangements will be made to allow members to play at any time. A welcome is extended to all lovers of Caissa and especially to those of the incoming year. Any further information can be got from the Secretary, R. A. Cassidy.

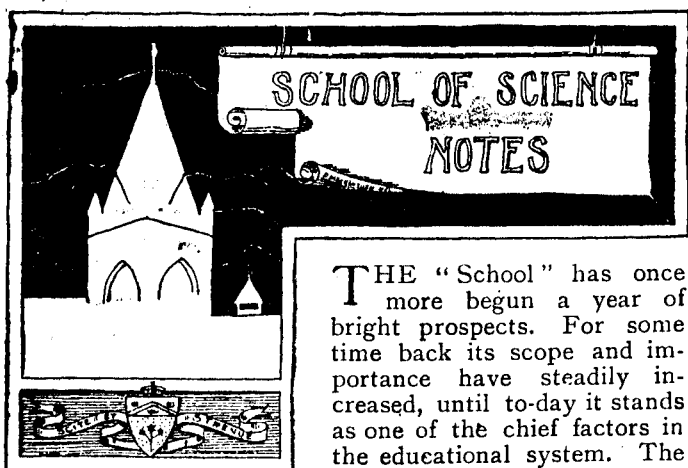
The Executive of the Political Science Club has already got into harness. The special features of the meetings this year will be addresses by men of note in their own lines, and debates on economic questions between the undergraduate members. It is proposed to amend the constitution so as to have a first year representative on the Executive. At the opening meeting of the club S. M. Wickett, B.A., Ph.D., Hon. Pres., is expected to give his inaugural address on "City Government." Mr. Willison, Editor of the Globe, and Mr. C. C. James, M.A., Sec'y Ontario Bureau of Industries, are expected to give addresses at two of the subsequent meetings.

The other associations have not yet begun active operations though they are arranging for programmes.

* * * *

The play to be presented by the University Dramatic Club on Hallowe'en at the Princess, is Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The cast is drawn almost entirely from University College and affiliated colleges, and a successful presentation is anticipated.

—It is interesting to notice by an item in a recent Harper's Weekly that some of California's wealth is to be spent on her University. A wealthy lady offered a prize of \$10,000 for designs for a group of college buildings, and the design of a prominent French architect has been chosen. Two of our own graduates have lately been connected with this University: Mr. John Rowland, '96, was fellow in classics there for a year and has been succeeded by Mr. W. H. Alexander, '99.



THE "School" has once more begun a year of bright prospects. For some time back its scope and importance have steadily increased, until to-day it stands as one of the chief factors in the educational system. The incoming class this year is un-

usually large and the "school" has undoubtedly gained its quota of the large numbers entering college work this year, there being about ninety-five in the first year alone. Everything is well organized; some are already working assiduously, and there is plenty of evidence of surplus energy to be seen about the halls. A noticeable feature in connection with the work this year is that special attention is being paid to civil engineering. Other departments are also crowded and we are looking forward to a better year than ever.

At a meeting of the school foot-ball club on Friday last, it was decided to again enter the senior series Inter-College Association League. The outlook for players is very bright this season, and the school team will undoubtedly give a good account of itself. Among the new players who are showing up prominently in practice are Gibson, Campbell, Millar, Depew, McKay, Wheelihan and Taylor. The following is a list of the officers: Hon. Pres., C. H. C. Wright, B.A. Sc.; Pres., G. Revell; Sec.-Treas., S. E. M. Henderson; Capt., F. C. Jackson. Committee—D. Campbell, C. H. Fullarton and R. H. Barrett.

The cloak room, the scene of so many doughty deeds in past years, is lost to us forever. It is being fitted as an addition to the electrical laboratory, as there seemed to be a lack of space there. Meanwhile we are hanging our hats in the halls and seeking a new field whereon to win our victories.

G. E. Revell, president of the new association club and a prominent man in football generally, was unfortunate enough to have his shoulder dislocated a few days ago. We hope soon to see him on the field again, as his place is hard to fill.

Last Friday morning, in accordance with the honored custom of this institution, some fifteen Freshmen were subjected to the "tap" treatment as punishment for alleged misdemeanor.

Mr. L. B. Stewart, secretary of the School Council, has returned after spending the summer in the gold regions of the Klondike. He met a number of S.P.S. men while there.

As D. A. Ross has not returned as yet we have no active representative on the Varsity board. This accounts for our not having a fuller report this week.

Doc. Jackson was particularly fortunate in making the lacrosse team in his first year. He comes from a family of sterling sports.

McDougall, a graduate of the R.M.C., is taking up a course at the school.

Hamer, Neelands, Coulthart and Revell mined this summer at Rossland.

W. Campbell, Varsity's back for the last two years, is playing his usual good game.

It is said that D. A. Ross, a representative of S.P.S. on the Varsity board, is not coming back.

H. S. Holcroft took a run down to New York to see the race, but he found only "fog and no breeze."

Jim Fotheringham, large as ever, is back again. Jim has a good look-in for the Rugby teams this year.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

A brother of Alex. MacDougall is down here this year.

O. K. Gibson, formerly of '01, has cast in his lot with the Dents.

Alex. MacDougall, '99, intends going to Cornell to take a course in engineering.

Miss Benson, '99, has been appointed Fellow in Chemistry. The position was held by Mr. F. Allen last year.

Osgoode will be greatly strengthened in association foot-ball this fall by a number of Varsity's last year's team.

We are glad to see J. L. McPherson back at college. He belonged to the century class and has been out for a year.

J. A. Whelihan and W. Campbell have forsaken arts for science, and are now eligible for the S. P. S. football team.

Congratulations are in order for the Varsity II men who defeated Trinity in a fast game on Saturday by the score of 28-11.

The class of '03 held a short meeting after the English lecture on Tuesday and appointed a committee to make arrangements for their part in the games.

Mr. J. King, a Varsity graduate, who has held fellowships at Chicago and Harvard, has been appointed to a traveling fellowship in the latter University.

C. V. Dymont, '00, spent the summer at his rural home near Copetown, and trained for the fall campaign by playing goal for the "Orkney Rough Riders."

Many of last year's graduates are now attending Osgoode, among whom we notice Armour, Dickson, Moorehead, Patterson, Fisher, Bradford, Cameron, King and Richardson.

"Tart" Hills, who played such a magnificent game at half-back last year for Varsity, is now working for MacKenzie & Mann at Winnipeg. He is expected back shortly to take a course at the School of Science.

The classical students have with their usual energy ventured into a new field. Warlike preparations have been made and a captain chosen—not for a Transvaal corps—but for a football team. A challenge, too, has been put forth by Captain Hackney, and all ambitious association players of other courses can take notice.

Athletics

McGILL vs. VARSITY.

After losing a great many members of a team which, in the previous season, had made such a brilliant record for itself as the Varsity of '98, the football enthusiasts about University College naturally feared that the team of '99 would be rather weak. The loss of Burnside both as captain and as a player served to accentuate this feeling of distrust in the Varsity Fifteen team for '99.

The appointment of Alex. Mackenzie to the captaincy and the reappearance of that old-time football player, "Biddy" Barr, did much to restore confidence, but it was not until the McGill-Varsity match of October 7th that people realized the strength of the aggregation which is expected to again land Varsity colors at the top of the Inter-Collegiate Rugby Union.

Notwithstanding the many counter-attractions a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled on the Bloor st. Athletic Grounds on Saturday, October 7th, to see last year's champions do battle with old McGill, and although many were disappointed by the rather weak showing made by McGill, yet the majority were well pleased at the rather unexpected form shown by the boys in blue. One familiar with last year's teams could not but be struck with the great changes in the make-up of both for this season. McGill brought out an almost entirely new team and almost the same may be said of Varsity; with Mackenzie out of the game not one of the famous Varsity halves of '98 are left, but the work of Darling, Brown and Biggs left nothing to be desired.

Within a very few minutes of the time the whistle blew it became evident that Varsity had by far the stronger team, their halves caught and kicked much better than their opponents; the scrimmage was stronger and the wings held their men and broke through with much more snap than that evinced by the men in red and white.

At the end of the first half the score stood 10 to 0 in favor of Varsity. At the beginning of the second half McGill seemed to pick up and make a much more exciting game of it and finally scored a touch which was converted. Varsity, however, added 17 more to the score, so that at the call of time the result was Varsity 33, McGill 6. The work of the Varsity halves, especially the punting of Darling, was splendid, and their tandem plays were at all times effective. The scrimmage also worked well and Biggs at quarter seemed to be in the right place every time. In the absence of Captain Mackenzie from the team Barr was acting captain, and too much can hardly be said in praise of the way he handled the team. The signals which were used completely nonplussed the McGill men, and against a stronger team they will be of great service. Taking it all in all the McGill-Varsity match has restored confidence in the Varsity team, and everyone now expects to see them beat Queen's on the 19th and ensure the championship to Varsity for another season.

VARSIITY'S ANNUAL GAMES.

Last Friday afternoon the annual games were held on the Bloor Street Athletic Grounds and were witnessed by a fair-sized crowd consisting for the most part of students from the various colleges. For this year the committee made a radical departure from the course taken in former years by doing away with the procession of drags,

carriages, etc., which usually conveyed the students to the games. It was proposed that in place of this elaborate procession the students should gather on the lawn and march up in a body, but the crowd that gathered was not nearly so large as the attendance at Toronto University should warrant. Perhaps this was the reason that one missed the familiar college yells which are usually so much in evidence. Be this the reason or not, it is certain that there was less enthusiasm displayed than on former occasions.

As far as the games themselves were concerned most of the events were closely contested. The coming Inter-Collegiate Games at McGill, the team for which is to be chosen from the winners of the games on Friday, had the effect of bringing out a great many men early in the season, and the results of their weeks of training were seen yesterday.

Most of the honors fell to the Meds. and Arts men, J. A. Grey winning the championship with 15 points and A. N. Mitchell standing second with 13.

All the events were run off without a hitch, and much of the credit for this is due to the officers of the day, who were as follows:

Starter, James Pearson; Timekeepers, W. Bunting, R. A. Hooper; Judges, Inspector Stark, Dr. J. M. McCallum, A. J. MacKenzie; Clerks of the Course, J. G. Merrick, J. A. Jackson; Announcers, F. K. Johnston, Eric Armour; Measurers, C. H. C. Wright, T. A. Gibson; Referee, Geo. M. Higinbotham.

The summary of events is:—

100 yards—First heat—Peterson (Dents.), C. W. Darling (Arts), R. E. McArthur (S.P.S.). Time, 11 seconds. Second heat—A. N. Mitchell (Arts), H. Gander (Arts), J. A. Grey (Meds.). Time, 10 4-5 seconds. Final—Mitchell, Peterson, Grey. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

Half-mile race—V. E. Henderson (Meds.), E. Gibson (S.P.S.), H. Campbell (Dents.). Time, 2.13.

Running broad jump—H. Gander (Arts), O. K. Gibson (Dents.), J. A. Gray (Meds.). Distance, 19 ft. 4½ in.

Throwing the hammer—J. A. Gray (Meds.), E. Simpson (Arts). Distance, 96 ft.

One mile run—V. E. Henderson (Meds.), E. Gibson (S.P.S.). Time, 5.53.

220 yards—A. N. Mitchell (Arts), R. E. McArthur, (S.P.S.), A. Peterson (Dents.). Time, 25 2-5 seconds.

Putting the shot—E. Simpson (Arts), L. Callon (St. Michael's.) Distance, 33 ft. 2 in.

Preparatory school championship (440 yards)—Irving Orton (Jarvis street Collegiate Institute), J. Watts (Harbord street Collegiate Institute). Time, 65 seconds.

High jump—W. Elwall (S.P.S.), J. A. Gray (Meds.), A. Peterson (Dents.). Height, 5 ft. 2½ in.

440 yards run—A. Peterson (Dents.), A. N. Mitchell (Arts), J. C. Johnston (S.P.S.). Time, 56 seconds.

120 yards, hurdles—J. A. Gray (Meds.), S. P. Biggs (Arts). Time, 20 seconds.

Throwing the discus—S. P. Biggs (Arts), J. J. Gibson (Arts), J. A. Gray (Meds.). Distance, 93 ft. 2 in.

Pole vault—A. E. Haydon (McMaster), A. Grant (Arts). Height, 8 ft. 10 in.

Team race (four entries), Arts, Meds., S.P.S., and St. Michael's—Won by the School of Science, Gibson, McArthur and Johnston.

The band of the 48th Highlanders supplied the music during the afternoon.

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W. C. Allison, B.A., is studying at Yale University.

G. F. Colling, B.A., is teaching mathematics at Caledonia.

Miss C. C. Grant will not return to Varsity this fall. She is teaching just at present.

The friends of W. Harvey McNairn, B.A., are pleased to see him about Varsity again.

J. S. McLean, '96, has gone to Vancouver, B.C., whither he has been sent by the Imperial Insurance Company.

The many friends of Miss E. V. Kennedy, B.A., '99, will regret to learn that she has been ill for some weeks.

N. E. Hinch, B.A., is married and settled down at Lucan. He is instructing the youthful Lucanites in modern languages.

J. Little, who entered with the century class, has returned from the North-West, where he spent the past year.

L. R. Whiteley, '00, will not return to Varsity until sometime in December. He will be much missed on the football field as well as in the lecture rooms.

Jno. McKay, B.A., spent the summer preaching in Vancouver. He reports a good summer and likes the country well.

Mr. Harold Fisher, winner of the Frederick Wyld prize, wrote upon "An Exposition of the Main Ideas of Sartor Resartus."

The many friends of Hector Lang, '00, will regret to learn that he is unable to return to college just at present. Poor health is the cause.

G. F. Kay, '00, spent his summer in Newfoundland, along with H. F. Cook, '99. He found the people kind and hospitable, and reports great possibilities in iron-mining. In spare time he did some geologizing, studying chiefly the Cambrian formation.

A. E. MacFarlane, B.A., is carrying on business in New York city and incidentally writing for the New York papers. His office is on the 24th flat of the highest office building in the world—32 stories high. "Mack" is meeting with some of his well-deserved success.

John Angus MacVannel, M.A., Ph.D., a graduate of Varsity in '93, in addition to his work in Columbia College, is instructor in Poetry in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; in Psychology and Education in the Pratt Institute; and in the Bedford Branch of the Brooklyn and New York Y.M.C.A.

Thomas Eversfield, engineer for twenty-five years in University College, has left.

Arthur Beatty, B.A., Ph.D., a graduate of Varsity in '93, is instructor in the Department of English in the State University, Madison, Wis.

William Hardy Alexander, B.A., '99, winner of the McCaul Medal in Classics last year, has received an appointment on the staff of the University of California.

J. T. Shotwell, B.A., spent the summer studying in Paris. He is now pursuing his second year's post-graduate work at Columbia College, New York.

H. F. Cook, B.A., '99, has gone to pedagogy. He spent the summer in Newfoundland and says he understands all the details of the codfish industry now.

Mr. Ernest F. Langley, a '94 graduate of Varsity, has recently been awarded one of the Austin Scholarships in the Graduate School of Harvard University. Mr. Langley was Fellow in German at the University here in 1894-95. Since then he has studied in Leipsig, Heidelberg and Paris, and for the last three years has been Instructor of French at Dartmouth College, N.H. Mr. Langley is enabled to continue his graduate studies at Harvard, owing to special leave of absence from Dartmouth.

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- 13.—Written examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin.
- 15.—County Model Schools term ends.
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Mr. MacLennan, who has spent the past year in advanced study of science at Cambridge University, has returned to resume his position on the Varsity staff.

Dr. A. M. Scott, who acted as a demonstrator in Physics during the absence of Mr. MacLennan, has gone to fulfil his appointment as Professor of Physics in the New Brunswick University.

Dr. Kirschmann and his assistant, Mr. Abbott, were among the unfortunate passengers on the S. S. "Scotsman" which was wrecked near Belle Isle a short time ago. They had a thrilling experience and suffered considerably. The journey was so trying that Dr. Kirschmann has just recently been able to resume his duties. Mr. Abbott lost the results of all his summer's work.

"Queen's" has a larger attendance than ever this year. The number of students has increased fifty per cent. in the last six years.

Miss Emma Fraser, B.A., Ph.D., a graduate of Varsity, is lecturing on the Romance languages in Elmira College, N.Y.

Robert has a full stock of writing pads, note paper and envelopes bearing the college crest. Also a good supply of "vade mecum" lecture note books. Apply at the janitor's office.

Prof. Pike will continue in the chair of chemistry at the University for some time yet. Prof. Pike's resignation took effect Sept. 30, but he has consented to remain for a month until a new professor is appointed. The lectureship recently occupied by Dr. Smale has not yet been filled.

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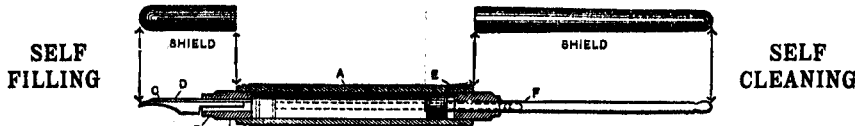
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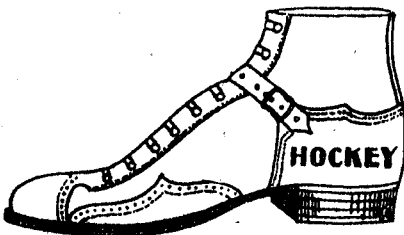
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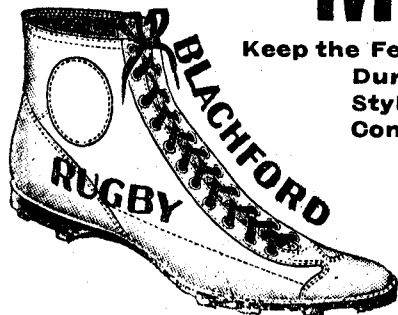
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