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THE VARSITY

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Editorial Comments.



If one were inclined to take for his text, Toronto University Athletic Supremacy, and the various contributory events as the heads of his discourse, he might pass from firstly to fifteenthly, and "finally, brethren," and leave his subject only half exhausted. If he were, likewise, in an optimistic and thanksgiving

mood, he might, without having recourse to the consolatory doctrine of adversity being but blessing in disguise, discover only matter of congratulation. He might refer to the prowess of our athletes, to their successes at home and abroad, to the healthy sporting spirit that is extending its power over the undergraduate mass, and to the brilliant prospect that the establishment of a well-equipped gymnasium and the extension of the foot-ball area open for the future.

We have been very successful—almost unprecedentedly so—within the last two years, and THE VARSITY shares most heartily in the general satisfaction. Trinity came from the west and McGill from the east; the former anxious, the latter sanguine. One determined to wrest from fate the victory so long accorded to the blue and white; the other, flushed with past successes, marched proudly to the scene of strife and victory—strife for all, and victory, but not for Trinity or McGill. But to dwell on, or even enumerate, our victories in Rugby, Association, lacrosse and base-ball; the achievements of our athletes in competition with sister universities; the remarkable success of our own fair-haired boy against the competition of a continent, would take us too far afield.

Not the least subject of congratulation is the fact that those who have won honor for their alma mater thus are in a great measure those most likely to bring her credit in the nobler and wider field of intellectual eminence. The champion mile runner of America is a first-class honor man in the department of moderns in the class of '93. Of the forty-five men of the present senior year, who, at their last examination, secured first-class honors in any department, no less than twenty-three are men who, to the writer's personal knowledge, are devotees of sport; and we doubt not that succeeding classes will show an equal or greater proportion. So has athleticism been the handmaid of learning; so may she ever continue. Let the fact be recognized—as it is an undoubted fact—that between physical and mental development, when considered separately, there is a difference, not of degree, but of kind—a difference that precludes the possibility of comparison between their respective values to humanity; that the highest physical development in itself is a thing immeasurably inferior to the very least development of man's spiritual, moral or even intellectual nature; let this be recognized, we say, but let it be remembered that they never are so

separate that they have a relation to one another which we may ignore, but do not thereby destroy; that this relation is one of mutual reaction, that, as a diseased mind hastens the dissolution of physical life, so does the diseased body hasten, by prevention, mental decadence. With this fact firmly in view one may easily make clear to his own mind the proper position of athletics in a theory of education. Not superior in its importance—not even co-ordinate with learning—but her useful and necessary slave.

That athletics may be relegated to this position in our universities is a matter of import to all who have enough national spirit to be interested in the welfare of the nation, and wisdom sufficient to see on what basis the true welfare of a nation rests. Nor is it of less importance that, having been so relegated, athletics may within her proper sphere perform her proper functions so as best to effect the desired result.

This brings us to the consideration of what means are necessary. And, first, let me state definitely what I conceive to be the end to be aimed at. It is neither more nor less than this, that each student of Toronto University should have placed within his reach such facilities as will enable him with least waste of time to have that amount of physical exercise and recreation which will be conducive to his best interests, as being neither physical nor intellectual, but both. If this be once admitted (and we think denial impossible), it is evident that what we require is a broadening, not a deepening, of the athletic influence. Not any man a professional, but every man an amateur, should be our aim.

The tendency has been of late, perhaps, more in the direction of the former; but several things have contributed to widen the interest, although much remains to be done in this direction. Lack of opportunity has, no doubt, prevented many from taking part in the lawn sports. The freshman feels that the upper years have a sort of proprietary right to the grounds, that he is there on sufferance only, and thus he is prevented from participation at the time when such participation would be most to the advantage of his college. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed and much more felt by men of the higher years, who have not the good fortune to be amongst the few who are slated for regular practice. These are condemned to forego foot-ball entirely, or to practise when the field is in possession of an unruly, unorganized mob of aimless and unscientific kickers. It would be a very easy matter, if it were anybody's particular business, to remedy this; but the evil has run unchecked, and promises to continue so unless some general action is taken. Hitherto the men who might have been expected to take a hand in remedying the matter have, unfortunately, been men whose immediate interests were rather in favor of its continuance, and who have failed to show that true sporting spirit which loves sport for sport's own sake, and who can find pleasure

in its pursuit, even when some one besides themselves has a share in it.

Space would not permit a detailed account of the reasons why some permanent organization is a necessity. One need only run over mentally the recent athletic history of the University and forecast its immediate future to see their number and force. Such permanent organization would, of course, take the form of an athletic association; and we add a few words as to what we think should be the basis of membership and representation. In the first place, it should be thoroughly democratic in spirit, and representative of no interest but the general athletic interest of Toronto University. To carry out this idea will necessitate the adoption of enrolment in the University as the basis of membership, and the selection of officers who are above the petty interests of their own particular game, or their own particular clique of partisans and friends. Every student whose name appears on the registrar's roll should *ipso facto* be a member of the association, and have an equal voice in the determination of its officers. No fee should be imposed, except within the association, and for specified privileges. We trust that this view of the matter will commend itself to all concerned, and that steps will be taken before long to carry the matter to completion.

We are of opinion that the Library regulation, prohibiting the taking of books home, is an ill-advised one, although the extension of the reading hours is certainly a benefit. Is it the opinion of the Board that the two are incompatible? Why should a library containing in reality 43,000, and in prospective double or triple this number, not contain in duplicate or triplicate the books that are commonly read, reserving some for the reading-room and allowing the others out for a reasonable time? Would it be too much to ask for information as to how many of the 43,000 volumes are asked for oftener than once in fifteen years? and, if this number should exceed 40,000, why they are in the library at all, when the books we require are not to be had? Is it advisable that the students should have to do part of their reading in the University library, part in Osgoode and part in the Parliamentary library? Would it not be a better arrangement to have the aforesaid 40,000 books put in the cellar, and part of the space occupied with a possible 500 volumes that would be useful? We understand that the books required in the Natural Science course are lying unpacked because the librarian considers that the expenditure of two or three dollars in searching out the boxes in which they are packed would be an injudicious outlay.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—A most enjoyable evening was given by the College on Thursday, Nov. 17, by members of the faculty—Mr. Paul Morgan, Mr. Harry Field, Mrs. Adamson, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Sullivan ably assisting with her piano accompaniments. Mr. Morgan is a 'cello virtuoso lately arrived from Berlin, where he has studied in the famous Joachim School for some years. His playing of the 'cello is pure in style, and he produces a beautiful tone, winning from his audience a sympathetic hearing. Mr. Field and Mrs. Adamson were as usual greeted most warmly. Mr. Field played with the Seidl orchestra, on Wednesday evening last in Toronto; in Ottawa on Thursday and in Montreal on Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening.

HOW I WROTE MY FIRST GREAT POEM.

Perceiving that several successful prose writers of the day are publishing the experiences they had in the writing of their first work, I have kindly consented, in order to encourage my brother poets in THE VARSITY who have not yet climbed the lofty heights of fame whereunto I have attained, to give a short account of how I came to write the poem, "Star Thoughts," which first brought me before the notice of the public.

In my youth I was very ambitious, and when I attended Varsity and saw the number there who were devoted to the Muse, I was filled with a desire to strike up an acquaintance with her also. But how was I to do it? There was the rub. I had read that poets were born, not made to order, and even at the time I read that line I was profoundly filled with the conviction that I had been born to greatness. But the conviction had lain dormant for some time. Now at last, however, my soul was fired with the zeal for poesy: my conviction returned with redoubled strength. That resolute genius, which my admirers of to-day declare to be my chief characteristic, gave me then no rest day nor night in my ascent toward Helicon.

The first hint I got was from Aristophanes. I remember well how the thought thrilled me to the very heart when I first read his description of Euripides writing tragedy with his feet on the table. Here was the secret I had been looking for. Several times ere that I had clarified my thoughts by assuming that attitude; and now I saw that here lay the secret of my success. The instinctive genius within me told me so. Thus would I learn to write *κομψευρητικως*. Filled with this new idea I hurried to my sanctum, and, drawing up an easy chair, sat down with my feet on the table in the full assurance that presently the "divine afflatus" of poesy would come.

And lo! she came. Like the oratory of Ulysses on his hearers, "soft as the fleeces of descending snow," a strange and new ecstasy settled down on my rapt soul. Keeping my eye, which I now felt sure was beginning to roll in fine frenzy, steadily fixed on my boot-toes, I waited, hushed and breathless as wave on wave surging through me the wondrous emotion thrilled my soul. It lifted me above the things of time and sense into the realm of pure nothingness, until I feared that, like Horace, I would "strike the stars with uplifted head!" I was careful to avoid this disaster, however, as I had struck one or two the previous May, and remembered how the effect had been anything but agreeable. So strong was that common-sense for which I am noted, that even into the empyrean it came with me. At last the active phase of the sensation passed away; it was succeeded by a state of extraordinary activity of mind. Now, I knew, was the time for composition, so fixing my eye intently on the star of Hercules, I thus began:—

O thou that thro' the pathless realms of space
Brilliantly shinest,
Thou that from yonder distant dwelling-place
My thoughts divinest,

Be present, ye Hercules, I pray
Within my breast here,
O let thy magic influence for aye
Abide and rest here.

So unto men thy lofty thoughts I'll teach
To light their blindness,
And everlasting fame myself shalt reach,
Thanks to thy kindness.

My friends, you know the rest of my history. I awoke like Lord Byron, and found myself famous. It were needless for me to narrate my triumphs since then—you know them all. But I trace their origin to the hint which Aristophanes gave me as to the proper attitude to assume for the reception of the divine afflatus.

THE POET OF THE UNIVERSITY.

HERO'S VISIT TO LEANDER.

One evening, as I sat in my "little attic room" poring deep over the wisdom and lore of a long-forgotten people, a knock came to the door and a moment after Hero entered. After betaking to himself a pipe and having made himself comfortable in my easy chair with his feet on my new fifty dollar set of texts, he opened his mouth, emitted a vast volume of tobacco smoke and spoke as follows:—

"Thou knowest that Leander, my soul's delight, my more than life, dwells in a distant city at the foot of a mountain."

"So!" said I, thus showing my four years' college training in German.

"Yes," replied he, "it is even so." "Thou also knowest," he continued, "my position here though the smallness of its remuneration denies me the privilege of travelling by train to see her, my love, my life, my all."

"Yes," said I.

"Now," he went on, "I intend to go thither on foot, and I came to see you whether you could accompany me and stand on my right hand."

"How far?" I asked, my Scotch descent betraying itself.

"Nigh unto thirteen parasangs," he said. N.B.—He had been plucked in first-year Greek once on a time.

"How far is that?" I said.

"About 300 acres," he went on, of which remark I made a mental note to use in my essay as a proof positive that early associations cannot be eradicated.

"Give us it in United States," said I. "I never was linguistic in any line."

"About forty miles," he replied.

"It is a great length of a distance," said I. "How name the dwellers there the State?"

"Hamilton," said he.

"The satan," said I. "You mean you want me to walk to Hamilton with you?"

"Yes," said he.

"Who's going?" said I.

"If you come," said he, "we will be four."

"Good, I go." For I always go anywhere or do anything rather than study. "When do we start?"

"Saturday, at seven a.m.," said he.

"Rats!" I continued. "Too early, never get up till ten; can't you start in the afternoon?"

"No," said he, "but you must come."

And so it was arranged that we four should start on Saturday, at seven a.m., from "Scholes" to walk to Hamilton.

Well, we started only five minutes late. We started, I repeat, but from different reasons. I, to reduce flesh; Hero, to see Leander; a third to study character, and a fourth to get an appetite. We trudged gaily along, the morning being fine—that is, neither snowing nor raining though threatening both, and the roads in excellent condition—that means, with only one foot of mud on them.

And so we reached Mimico. Here we concluded to send our valise and extra clothing as we were afraid we might get them dirty, so we set out to find the station. Meeting a man we enquired as to the distance to the station, and he politely informed us it was 200 yards, 3 feet, 8 inches. Such he had measured it himself. We went up and got our baggage expressed, but oh! how we would like to meet that man with the muttonchop whiskers again!

Well, we continued on our way over hill and dale till we reached Port Credit without any adventures at all. We expected to get our "wind" at Port Credit, but found the train was late and so it had not arrived, so we went on without it. And now we thought we would like to know exactly the distance we had to go before we should reach Oakville, where we intended to dine. We asked three men we met what the distance was. The first said eleven, the second twelve, and the third thirteen miles. We left them quarrelling amongst themselves and went. We met another man about a half a mile further on and asked him;

he said it was exactly six miles; about 100 yards further we met still another, who assured us definitely it was four and a half miles, and about a mile on still another who said it was only fifteen then. We trudged on and found it to be about eight or nine miles. I thought over these statements as we went along and could not rid my mind of the terrible denunciations of Rev. xxi. 8. O that men heeded these things and paid attention to their words and actions, but still I am glad that Rev. xxi. 8. was written, for it is such a pleasure to know that men cannot deceive you for nought. Hunger now began to assert itself very strongly, but like the Israelites in the wilderness we were miraculously preserved; for as we were, like Christian in Bunyan's parable, ascending the hill that is called Difficult, we lit not upon an "arbor" but upon a Swedish turnip. There was rejoicing in the camp, and with light hearts though with heavy limbs we ascended the hill and happening upon a pile of logs sat us down and proceeded to eat our turnip.

While thus engaged I learned a lesson which has taught me forever to cease judging by appearances. It happened in this wise. While we sat there we espied an aged man whose appearance bespoke either the colporteur of a certain society or a methodist local preacher—presumably the latter—and hastened to seek his company and share our frugal meal. One of our party asked him by way of introduction if there were a hotel on the road where we could get something to eat. He replied, Socrates like, "Wish by the dog there was." We then asked him to share our meal. "What's yez eatin'?" said he. "Swedish turnip," said I. "Think I am a cow?" says he. "More like a growler," said I, and he went on. I am now firmly convinced he was a drunken tramp. We followed his example and arrived without further incident at Oakville, where ample justice was done to the beefsteak and onions of mine host. While here one of our party began to feel unwell and was afraid of cramps in the stomach, in which fear we also participated, having seen him at the table. So he provided himself with the great stomach cure 3 cc. put up by the Oakville doctor, and thus this danger was averted. We now took to the track and found it an improvement on the road. Some little time was lost, however, by a chance acquaintance whom we picked up and the signs along the railway track. Here and there along the line we saw the letter "W" on a board. Our friend insisted that it meant Whiskey, and so we lost time while he was engaged digging for the bottle which he presumed was concealed thereabouts; and it was only when we met a section man that the mystery was explained and we found that it only meant "Whistle." So we whistled off brakes and got along. A similar error was fallen into by one of our party who saw a sign "G. & B." which turned out to mean "Guard & Bridge," not, as he supposed, Gin and Bitters. Other signs were met with, the most noteworthy of which was a sign at a bridge, "*Do not walk over this bridge faster than ten miles per hour.*" From this time till we reached the "Valley Inn" nothing occurred. Hero, fired with the desire to see Leander, kept up a fearful pace, and we dragged our weary limbs on. Finally we arrived at Hamilton and partook there of an oyster supper, after which we lit cigars and hastened down with Hero to the home of Leander. But alas for the dreams of youth.

The hopes of morn so golden turn each evening into dross, said the poet, and Hero found it true. We reached *her* home, but just turning the corner we saw a rig with a "fellow" and a "girl." The girl was singing soft and low, still not so low but that Hero did recognize the sweet voice as it sang:—

When the cat's away
It is then the mice will play,
Ta-ra-ra . . .

But the reader can imagine the rest. As for us we hastened home by the 9.20, but Hero came not with us. Where he is I know not. But we have often read of "Disappointed Love." Let us hope for the best.

MEANDER.

The Varsity

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NOVEMBER 30, 1892.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



THE students of University College entertained their guests last Friday evening with their 147th public exhibition. The Literary Society, it is true, in a delightful spirit of satire, had circulated the rumor that there was to be a public debate on the occasion, and had muttered something about addresses and essays and readings; but this threadbare trick deceived no one. What was to be the real great feature of the evening was well understood and eagerly expected by all. The grand shouting association of our mighty students has now attained the very zenith of glory. Richly endowed by former decades with a peculiar capacity for the formation of extraordinary and appropriate sounds, they have labored with the zeal becoming so noble a cause to improve the methods of their ancestors, to discover new and more effective harmonies, and to bequeath to posterity a system of oral expression, tried more than once before the most critical audiences, and always confirmed as worthy its unrivalled fame. As the hall gradually began to fill, the performers at the rear braced their feet on the benches, and carefully examined the wondrous and delicate mechanism of their throats. All being well, the introductory flourishes were ably performed, and soon the machine settled down to work in perfect form. Though the merit of the evening was admitted by all, there can be no doubt that the highest palm was won by the grand opening sym-

phony, entitled "Welcome to Visitors." As the sonorous notes of this great anthem rose, crash after crash, to the heavens above, men thought of the days of the Lisbon earthquake, and formed all-exaggerated ideas of the Woolwich Infants' lung force. We were naturally reminded of the explosion of the *Orient*, and, seeing the fate of many visitors, exclaimed:—

There came a burst of thunder sound,
The guest! oh where was he?

We also thought that if the poet Gray had been present he would afterwards have hesitated long before writing that famous line—

Can animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

These are high tributes to the power of the choir, but the highest is yet to come. A freshman, who was leading his first love to a seat, overpowered by the heartiness of the reception, *actually blushed*.

At the conclusion of this sublime effort, the Glee Club straggled forward, and amused us with a song. This enabled the association at the rear to adjust its vocal organs to the tune, "*Interruption of the President's Address*," which was the second number on the students' programme. Mr. De Lury kindly consented to furnish the solo for the association's chorus, and the combined effect surpasses description:—

Pres.: You are great, you are good, you are historic.
Choir: Sit down; speak up; take a drink.
Pres.: You are essayists, orators, poets too.
Choir: Take off your hat; Graham, go and be hanged.
Pres.: Above all, you are gentlemen.
Choir: You bet your life; sit down; put him out.

Mr. Brown, having carefully considered the risk, and concluding that he could die in no nobler cause, bravely advanced to the sacrificial altar, and laid thereon an essay. The gods at the back of the room accepted the offering, and cutting open the bag of the winds, which Murphy Graham had just brought in, prepared for action. The fight was fierce and long, until the attacking forces, goaded to desperation at seeing their enemy steal at least ten drinks, made a final effort, and soon the mournful strain,

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the ground,
announced that all was over.

Satisfied with this achievement, the association consented to hear in silence the musical event of the evening, a march, admirably performed by the newly organized Banjo and Guitar Club. The enthusiasm with which this selection was received and encoored may possibly have opened the eyes of the association to some defects in its own musical theories. Accordingly, when Kerrly Macmillan announced that he would read a lecture by Artemus Ward, the boys adopted some novel styles of solo interruption, which they terminated only to hear the Glee Club's second song, and to prepare for the last grand conflict as to whether the field belonged to them or to the debaters.

These gentlemen had not only to fight united foes, but were also to fight each other. The point of contention was this: "Does merit receive more adequate recognition than ever before?" "By all means," said Mr. Bull, "and all men know it." "By no means," said Mr. Hellems, "and women show it." The speeches of the leaders were good in thought but better in delivery; the speeches of the subordinates were uneven in delivery but better in thought than in elocution. In depth of reasoning, clearness of statement and elegance of form Mr. Phillips was most decidedly the speaker of the occasion. Mr. McLean well maintained his high reputation for clear logical exposition. We always believed Mr. Hellems to be brave, but we are now doubly convinced that he is a hero. In the very teeth of the armed propagandists of the day, actually aware that the enemy with their Literary Society, with their Gossip Circles, with their Residence Committees, were before him, he had the courage to declare that the true place of woman was in the

fireplace. A pathetic allusion to the mother bending over her sleeping babe called forth a series of tearful wails from the big infant at the back of the hall. In summing up, Mr. Bull bravely tossed his opponents' arguments. This part of the proceedings was enlivened by the discovery that a sheep and a pig had entered the hall disguised as freshmen. The big animal at the rear of the room, which is itself an authentic —, heard their plaintive cries, and lovingly folded them to its shaggy form. Truly,

A fellow feeling made it wondrous kind.

Professor Ramsay Wright then gave his decision in favor of the affirmative, and his charming wife presented the prizes won at the recent Games and Cross-country Run. Again and again Orton and Porter, Hamilton and Grant, Langford and Agnew went up and down; and again and again the association applauded its sinewy sons. The enthusiasm over George Orton, who is a clever student, a modest man and the greatest long-distance runner in the world, justly reached a lofty level, and the boys lifted George on their shoulders to reach it. Then, giving one last grand halloo, they tumbled downstairs, and let the proud and happy audience go home. Q.

THE POET.

In the forests tall and stately,
With their solemn, mystic silence,
In the pleasant sunny meadows,
In the woodlands by the rivers,
In the little streams that murmur
Through the sunshine, through the shadow,
In the songs of birds that hover
Poised in air so far above us
That they seem like other beings
From some other world beyond us,
From some spirit-world above us,
Come to view this land of mortals,
Come to see what we are doing,
In all nature there are lessons,
That are thoughts of truth and beauty
If we would but stay to read them,
If we would but stop and listen.
But, like naughty wayward children
Always chasing after bubbles,
After bright and glittering playthings,
That are lost to us in getting,
We neglect our Father's teaching,
All His words of truth and wisdom,
All His words of love and kindness,
Go unheeded, go unanswered,
Till we cease to know their meaning,
Till like wild fantastic music
Bring us nothing, only longings,
Only wild and wayward longings,
After what we comprehend not.
Indistinct yet full of beauty,
Comes back to us from afar off,
From the woods and from the meadows,
From the songs of birds about us,
Something of that inner meaning,
Of the message they bring to us.
If we would but understand it,
If we could but know and heed it,
Even dark and dreary landscapes,
Even wild and barren moorlands
Would be full of light and beauty,
Would be full of interest for us.

EMMA SCHILLING.

The following extract from a letter written at Pekin by Sam. R. Jacobs, a starred student of '93, now travelling in China, may be interesting to VARSITY readers:—

"The University of Pekin is without doubt the greatest in the world. I say this without fear of contradiction. In all the broad dominions throughout the thousand populous cities over which floats the glorious Chinese flag there is no greater institution, and none so worthy of a universal renown as the great and progressive National University of Pekin. Thither flock the noblest youths and most promising intellects of the mighty Confucian Empire, as to the one fountain from which they may drink a lifelong inspiration and a lasting hope. Nor, whatever future centuries may bring, can its glory fade or its popularity wane, for not only does the broadest educational spirit pervade its trivial affairs, but all its actions are characterized by a Christian watchfulness which cannot but result in the highest welfare of all concerned. It will be necessary to cite only a few particular cases to satisfy the ordinary observer of the truth of the statements I have made:—

"(1) The curriculum of the Pekin University is splendidly adapted to the needs of the student-body at large. The study of the European languages is wisely confined, in as far as possible, to a consideration of the mediæval and pre-mediæval forms; for a study of nineteenth century masterpieces, with their dangerous ideas of progress and reform, must inevitably lead to the disintegration, downfall and destruction of the great Confucian Empire.

"(2) The finances of the University are wisely protected. An additional contribution, equivalent in English currency to about £1 sterling, has this year been added to the students' yearly fee. The student is at the same time strongly encouraged to devote his attention to one particular course of study alone, lest by any mischance he might happen to become more learned than the Confucian dons themselves, or lest he should by any means derive too great a benefit from his few, alas! fleeting years of educational life.

"(3) But should the student have the misfortune to be the son of a poor Chinese tea-drier, from whom the necessary amount of filthy lucre is often not instantly forthcoming, this great and magnanimous corporation, which champions freely and voluntarily the cause of the forlorn student upon the gala hustling days, exhibits a further evidence of its kindly care and consideration by fixing—Shylock-like when the bond is not paid at the appointed hour—the extra amount to be paid at the insignificant sum of 5s. English currency; or by exacting, in other words, only the moderate rate of 50 per cent. interest on dues unpaid

"(4) An additional mulct of about 10s. English currency is this year exacted from each student for the royal permission to investigate the archives of the empire. The most interesting of these archives are, however, still enclosed in concealed Chinese tea-chests for fear that the student by getting at them too early in the year would get more than 10s. worth of information, and thus inflict an irreparable injury on the integrity of the University.

"(5) The observance of the Christian Sabbath is rigorously enforced, and for fear some chance student of this long-suffering body should presume to examine some of the State archives on the day of rest he has been this year wisely forbidden to remove any of the said documents, on any evening whatever, to his home where he might examine them with comfort and with profit by the smouldering ashes of his own 'hearth-stane.'

"There are many other features which attract my attention, whereof—if the joss who sits on my mantle be gracious—I will write thee anon; but for the present I must practise with my chop-sticks lest I be unable to eat my soup gracefully in the eyes of the lordly waiter."

Senator Stanford has offered to build chapter houses for all Greek letter fraternities at Stanford University.

It is a noticeable fact that the 94 Universities of Europe have 1,723 more professors, and 41,814 more students than the 360 Universities of the United States.

MOMENTS OF INSANITY.

I dived in the depths of the darksome sea,
On a long, dreary day during June;
The ocean was colored like very strong tea,
And the clams they all whistled a tune.

I chanced in high spirits the fishes to find,
For they all were uncommonly spry;
They seemed to be very much out of their mind,
For the life of me I can't tell why.

The Trummlings trembled a tuneful lay,
As they rollicked around on the rocks;
And the Bumberloons suddenly stopped in their play,
And chewed off the tail of a fox.

Some Whirligumbongs, with a pair of hot tongs,
Fished down in a hole for two eels;
But a sea-serpent long, with an exquisite song
Fired them up to the moon by the heels.

Now while I admired the surprising array
Of six oysters along in four rows,
A huge Octopus with a frightful bray,
Caught me one on the end of my nose.

What seemed very sad, though not really bad,
Was a case that came off with a bang,
For a jolly old Shad, with a red liver pad,
Eloped with a widow Trepang.

The glowing Galoon, with a huge iron spoon,
Beat time with *éclat* on a drum;
While the artist Simoon, played on the bassoon,
And the world went along with a hum.

THE IDIOT.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

At a mass meeting of the students held on Thursday evening, for the purpose of hearing the report of the Dinner Committee, it was decided to accept the recommendation of the committee to hold the dinner at Webb's, on Friday, Dec. 9. Representatives have been invited from Ann Arbor, Kingston Military College, and Provincial Land Surveyors' Association.

The Second Year men are doing some extra fine work in drawing this year, because it is said there is "no probable, possible shadow of doubt" that the best of them (the drawings) will be sent to Chicago for exhibition at the World's Fair. The First Year drawings are to be used as wrappers.

Last Tuesday our Association Football Team defeated '95, bringing to the S. P. S. the championship of the campus. It is necessary to mention this here for the reason that in the last issue of VARSITY no notice was taken in the sporting column of the way our team did up the predestination kickers the previous week, and a similar omission may be made again.

The age of chivalry is not yet past, for some of the members of our junior years have taken upon themselves to criticise our Faculty for not allowing our lady undergrad. exemption from field work. Why not allow exemption from Exams.? Perhaps it is not altogether a spirit of chivalry which prompts their remarks but motives which have a personal origin. Were this exemption allowed to ladies it is certain that some of our peach-complexioned freshmen, so great is their abhorrence of field work, would not hesitate to don "box plaits" and thus deceive our Faculty into allowing them similar privileges.

An innocent looking piece of daintily perfumed pink-tinted note-paper was found floating around the Fourth Year room the other day. There appeared to be nothing

private in the communication it contained, so we give it to the other years:—

One hand stole gently round her waist,
The other hers did press,
"Now, George, that wrong"—! "Oh no"! said he,
"That's just *Compressive Stress*."

"And now may I guide through the mazy dance
Your form so lithe and supple?"
"Oh yes"! she said, "when the Lancers come,
So we'll be a *Balancing Couple*."

A BOOK EXCHANGE.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—Two or three weeks ago one might have seen the notice-boards in any of the buildings covered with lists of books for sale. It seems to me that the notice-board plan is a very inconvenient way of purchasing books; the would-be purchaser often has to go a long way, and then runs the risk of finding either the owner or the book out. And yet it would be well if there were a way for the student who has books to sell to meet the other who wishes to buy. Why should we not establish a book exchange for the University of Toronto? I hear that in some High Schools and Collegiate Institutes they have been "run" with some success.

I think that the matter might easily be managed this way: A large locked cupboard could be placed in one of the rooms for the books, and a student appointed to look after them, whose duty it would be to keep posted up in a prominent place a correct list of the books for sale, and who would meet those coming after them at a specified hour one or more times a week. The owners could put their prices upon the books. Then, if sold, a specified fee of, say five per cent., might be charged to pay expenses. I think that it is a thing that the Literary Society might take up with advantage.

Yours truly,
H. D. WEAVER, '95-'96.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in the hands of the Editor before Monday night.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1ST.

Y.M.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.
Class of '96 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Class of '94 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 4 p.m.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2ND.

Literary Society.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
The Varsity Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 4 to 6 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 1 p.m.
Mathematical and Physical Society.—Room 16, College Building, 3.30 p.m. Life of Maria Agnesi—Miss Lindsay; Experiments in Interference of Sound—G. R. Anderson, and H. A. Moore.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3RD.

Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Jackson Literary Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Class of '94 Social Evening.—The top flat of Bank of Commerce Building, Cor. Spadina and College, 7.30 p.m.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4TH.

Bible Class.—"Liberal Giving," 2 Cor. xix. 1-12. Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D.D., Wycliffe College, 3 p.m.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5TH.

Modern Language Club.—German meeting. Room 12, College Building, 4 p.m.
S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6TH.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 8.30 a.m.
Y.W.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 4 p.m.
Natural Science Association.—In Biological Lecture Room, 4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7TH.

Bible Class.—Rev. Dr. McTavish's class for Bible training. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

The twitt'ring swallows have taken
 Leave from the tower to-day,
 To sunny lands they are flying
 From winter cold and grey.

And Studiosus packs his "grip,"
 In vain demur and frown,
 For, far away from his mother
 He hies to the gloomy town.

'Mid the sunny glow of spring,
 The swallow turneth back,
 And Studiosus comes again
 Home for the Easter "Vac."

A gloomy thing there lies between,
 From fear is neither free—
 "Exam." for the Studiosus,
 For the swallow, 'tis the sea.

Translated from Fleigende Blatter, A. A. Macdonald, U. C. College.

TWO SUNSETS.

The wind is cool and crisp, giving one a pleasant relaxation from the enervating summer heat. The grass has that peculiar rich green shade, so restful after the grey hue of summer dust. Overhead the sky frowns black in heavy rolls as of battle clouds. Down, down, from the zenith still that same dark frown, like that of genius, awfully pregnant with meaning, till just before the horizon is reached a rich crimson gash, between the fretful black-blue sea and the massy ebon clouds, shows the pressure of old Sol, the essence that vivifies the whole. One solitary vessel lies clear-cut on the horizon, and coming in on the white-tipped waves, anchors at our feet, where the waves break into a myriad tiny jets of spray on the old broken piers.

Again the sun is setting, but after a languid, Italian day. The sky for the most part is a serene azure, but, for some distance above the horizon, is flecked with "wracks" of clouds, which unite in large masses as they approach the horizon. But, kissed by the sun, they have a tinge combining the softest crimson and the deepest gold, which renders them so spiritual as to give one the idea of the greatest purity and the greatest excellence. But the sun leaves them, and lo! they become startlingly gross, and we turn from them in pain. BLETCHER LAUDER, '94.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

We must congratulate Victoria on the style and tone of the *Acta*.

The University of Michigan chorus, numbering 300 voices, has been invited to sing at the choral celebration, which will be given at the opening of the World's Fair next May. A few of the bolder spirits of our own musical organizations propose to place a chorus in the field for the same event.

College journalism is well developed in Toronto. In turning over the exchanges that pile our table we see the *Trinity Review*, *College Times*, *McMaster Monthly*, *Knox College Monthly*, *Acta Victoriana*. The last two with our own weekly gives Toronto University three papers, which is the average for a university of the size.

Harvard has made application for 7,000 square feet for its intended exhibit at the World's Fair. The authorities should see that at least an exhibit be made of photographs of our different buildings. University College has been described by the eminent novelist, Black, as "the only college building in America worthy a place in the classic streets of Oxford."

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

As far as our Association champions are concerned the football season closed in Pittsburg last Thursday, the American Thanksgiving Day, and the closing was one quite worthy of the previous record made by Varsity at home. The team left Toronto at noon on Wednesday, arriving in Pittsburg at 7 a.m. Thursday. In the morning a game of Rugby was witnessed, between Holy Ghost College and the P. A. C. Reserves, which afforded an opportunity of comparing the American and Canadian systems. The comparison, on the whole, was anything but favorable to the former system, our boys failing to appreciate the sport to be derived from forming a factor of a huge writhing mass of human flesh, the apparent object of which was to crush to death the luckless victim whose misfortune it might be to have possession of the ball.

Varsity's match with the Pittsburg Association team took place in the afternoon, on Exposition Park. About one thousand spectators witnessed the game, and, judging from their applause, they were highly delighted with the Canadian style of playing football. It would naturally be expected that, after a tiresome night's travel, Varsity was in poor condition for a hard game. Such, however, was not the case, as the score, seven to two, would clearly indicate. Our readers have too often seen Varsity win to require to be told the story of how the Pittsburg aggregation were, individually and collectively, made the centres of numerous and rapidly shifting circles. As a Pittsburg paper expresses it, the home players were completely outclassed, both in speed and stamina. The following is a personnel of the teams:—

Pittsburg.—Goal, Attwell, I.; backs, Powell, Attwell, T.; halves, Radcliffe, Buick, Attwell, J.; right wing, Worrell, Crooks; centre, Wardle; left wing, Waldron, O'Brian.

Varsity.—Goal, Porter; backs, Stuart, Breckenridge; halves, Duncan, Goldie, McArthur; right wing, McDonald, Lingelbach; centre, Thomson; left wing, Murray, Govanlock.

Of the seven goals taken by Varsity, four were put through by Murray, two by Thomson, and one by Lingelbach. At half-time the game stood three to two in Varsity's favor. During the second half Varsity secured four more points, while their opponents seldom gave Porter anything to do.

One of the most pleasant features of the trip was the meeting of the members of the team with Mr. Franklyn McLeay, of the Wilson-Barrett Dramatic Company, which performed at the Duquesne Theatre during Thanksgiving week. Mr. McLeay, the only American member of Mr. Barrett's Company, is an old Varsity man. Graduates of '87 and '88 will remember him as a very clever student in the departments of Moderns and Metaphysics. He was also an active participant in athletics, being in his time a prominent member of the Association football team and champion quarter-mile runner of the College.

Several of the boys remained in Pittsburg over Friday night to see "Pharaoh," the greatest of Mr. Barrett's plays, and they felt amply repaid for doing so. The following notice in the *Pittsburg Post* will give our readers an idea of the part taken by Mr. McLeay in "Pharaoh": "The most remarkable stage character ever seen here was that of 'Pennu,' the bat, the king's fool and 'Arni's' friend, as portrayed by Mr. Franklyn McLeay, the American actor of Mr. Barrett's company. No better piece of work was ever seen on a stage. Horrible in his deformity, noble in soul, grand in his devotion and love, and perfect in voice, elocution and fidelity to his difficult part, his was a creation that will never be forgotten by those who saw it."

Messrs. Manning, Hodges and Cliffe, whom the boys had an opportunity of meeting after the performance, proved that acting was not their sole virtue. The last contingent of the Varsity eleven left Pittsburg with the best of feeling for the histrionic art in general, and Mr. Franklyn McLeay in particular.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Political Science men of '94 are requested to send in subjects they wish to be discussed in the club to J. H. Brown, '94.

Those of the Sports prizemen who were not at the distribution of prizes on Friday, can secure the same by calling on R. S. Strath, at 134 D'Arcy Street.

Last week Mr. Wrong treated one of the History classes to his own classification of the different kinds of love. Needless to say, it was highly appreciated.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. J. W. Russell, who has been confined to his room through illness, is recovering, and expects to be among us again in a day or so.

It was a pleasant surprise to the Political Science men to learn that their Professor, Mr. Mavor, had placed his private collection of 3,000 volumes in the library for the benefit of themselves and the students generally. We can assure Mr. Mavor that his generous action is fully appreciated.

A social evening of the Class of '94 will be held in the Avenue Chambers, Bank of Commerce building, northwest corner of College Street and Spadina Avenue, on Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7.30 o'clock. All members and former members of the Class are cordially invited. Entrance from College Street.

Those who have read that delightful story entitled "Mr. Potter of Texas," by the clever author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," will be pleased to know that it is to be presented in dramatic form at the Academy of Music during the week beginning Dec. 4. Mr. Potter, a wealthy rancher who has made his money in the wild and woolly west, is the hero of the story, and his travels in Europe and the East are graphically portrayed. The company is first-class and the scenic arrangements very complete. The patrons of the Academy will find the play fully up to their expectations. Popular prices.

The Political Science Club of '94 met last week for election of officers, Mr. Lamb being in the chair. The officers elected were: President, Prof. Mavor; 1st Vice, Mr. McEvoy; 2nd Vice, J. H. Brown; Secretary, G. B. Wilson; Councillors, Messrs. Carroll and Barnum. It was not till Councillors were being nominated that the meeting seemed fully awake. Names, motions, constitutional questions, amendments and objections poured in from all sides till the whole class were thought to be candidates. Finally Mr. Biggar requested anyone who had been overlooked to please stand. Mr. Moore, who had been hidden in a corner, was seen to rise and the list was at once made complete. When

the results had been announced it was resolved that the Society meet every Wednesday, at 4 p.m.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—A "Scotch" meeting had been announced for Monday afternoon, in Room No. 3. Scotland's favorite poet, Burns, was to be discussed and, therefore, the audience was large and enthusiastic. Mr. L. F. Anderson read a carefully-written and sympathetic account of the poet's short and tragic life. He gave selections from a number of his works, as "Burns' poems are his truest biography." Mr. O. J. Stevenson then followed with an interesting essay on "Tam o' Shanter." An excellent essay was read by Miss Lawson, on Burns' lyrical poems, in which she illustrated, by quotations, their remarkable tenderness and depth of feeling. An interesting feature of the programme was a violin solo by Mr. W. S. Armstrong. It was warmly received, and showed that Mr. Armstrong is one of the best violin players at the University. At the close of the programme the Ladies' Glee Club was so kind as to sing one of Burns' best known songs. The audience dispersed to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

SCIENCE NOTES.

A meeting of the Natural Science Association was held in the Biological Lecture Room on Tuesday. D. A. Campbell and P. J. Thompson were elected second and first councillors respectively. Mr. T. McCrae, B.A., read an interesting paper on "Cell-division in its Relation to Heredity." The general process of cell-division was first explained. Its relation to heredity and evolution was then considered. Several recent experiments were described that would appear to show that the chromatin, contrary to previous belief, is not the sole bearer of hereditary tendencies, but that the archoplasm also takes an important part. The transmission of acquired tendencies was also discussed. The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 6th, at 4 p.m., when Miss Curzon will read a paper on "Fermentation," and Mr. Sheraton one on "Symbiosis." S. Silcox will also give a paper on "Nervous Localization," with reference to Phrenology. This will be the last meeting of the term. A programme for the coming term will likely be published early next year.

In our last issue we omitted to give an account of the previous meeting of the Association, held on Nov. 8th. About eighty new members were elected. This large number shows the increasing popularity of Science. W. G. MacCallum, '94, read an interesting paper on "Parasites of Fresh-water Fish." The paper was the result of his investigations during the

vacation. The thoroughness of his work may be judged from the fact that a number of new species were discovered. Mr. MacCallum was highly complimented on the originality displayed in his excellent paper. The meeting closed with a short paper by the Secretary, on "Errors of Observation."

We wish to inform the ladies that the franchise is extended to them. In Science there is no distinction. The members of the Association are increasing greatly each year. Every course and every year is crowded. The Geology men number seventeen, and are complaining for lack of room. The Chemistry students have only three balances for about thirty to use, and are much delayed accordingly. The fourth-year Biology students have no laboratory proper, no lockers and no microscopes of their own. It is to be hoped that these defects will be remedied soon. Neither the instructors nor the students can do themselves justice.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Ramsay Wright gave a tea-party to the students of the three higher years in Science. A very enjoyable time was spent, enlivened by instrumental music by Miss Hillock, B.A., and others, a solo by W. J. Knox, and some Varsity glees. Mrs. Wright's tea-parties constitute the most pleasant events in the year for the Science students.



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