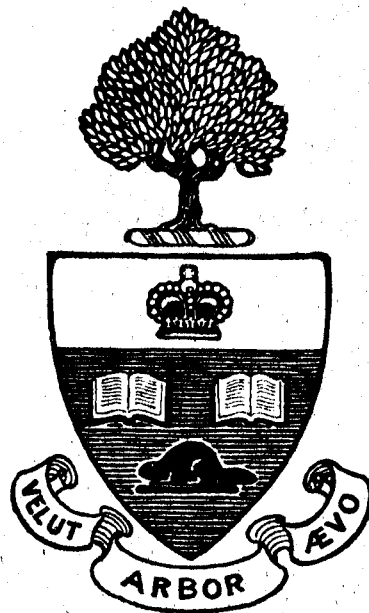


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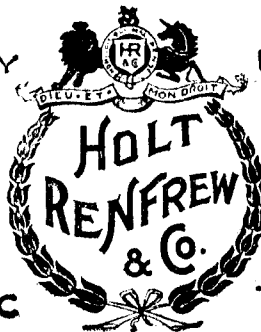
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THE GREAT IN THE LITTLE.

NEWTON saw the motion of the planets in the fall of an apple, and Thoreau the whole human race in the inhabitants of a Massachusetts village. The essential qualities of things may often be seen in the smallest units, better indeed than in the mass or multitude.

The appreciation of this truth clarifies the vision and enables some to know where others have to guess, or can only follow their fellows—the blind leading the blind into the ditch.

The mass of men seem stupefied when occasion demands the consideration of things on any large scale: they become dazed, mystified, helpless, and are easily led or stampeded hither or thither by any glib-tongued self-seeker who knows no more than the rest, but makes them believe that he knows.

Take the trade question. So long as you keep it down to the matter of the trade of one man with another, there is no difficulty, no confusion. The benefit of free exchange is so evident that it is manifest even to the child and the savage. Or take the trade between a town and the farming country that surrounds it. The farmer exchanges his produce for store goods, and both the farmer and the merchant profit by the transaction, and they know that they profit, and why they profit.

Now, suppose that some of the citizens of the town who grow vegetables, keep poultry within the town limits; suppose that some of these men were to try to get the town council to pass a by-law to place a tax of fifty per cent. on eggs and vegetables brought in from the country, where in this whole length and breadth of the country would you find a council so besotted with foolishness as to accede to the demand? These gardeners and poultrymen could not convince the townspeople by any quantity of eloquence that a scheme that was so palpably intended to increase their own profits at the expense of all their fellow-citizens—that this scheme was really designed and fitter to promote the interests of the public.

Trade, then, is beneficial, and is easily seen to be so, and universally admitted to be so when carried on between two individuals or two small groups of individuals. We may now go farther and consider larger groups, and still the benefits of trade are admitted in some cases, as between Ontario and Manitoba, or New York and Minnesota. And just at this point the good sense of Canadians and Americans alike seems to have forsaken them. They are confused by the conception of a greater multitude of transactions, considered along with the entirely unessential fact of differing nationalities and an arbitrary

boundary line, and straightway they allow themselves to be bamboozled and humbugged into all sorts of schemes for restricting trade, schemes which, however, have all one object, and that is to fleece the consumer for the benefit of the local producer.

Again, take the question of patriotism. A large part of the popular conception of patriotism is a blind pride in ourselves and the country we live in, and an equally blind prejudice against other countries and the people who live in them. It is based very largely on a foolish feeling that we are superior in all particulars of importance to any other people, that our modes of speech, our dress, our manners, our ways of doing things are better than theirs, and that, consequently, when any trouble arises between our government and theirs, our government is, of course, entirely in the right, and theirs in the wrong. Such in general is patriotism, and mankind has made the mere pretension of possessing it the highest of virtues.

But to see how absurd a thing this is which usually goes by the name of patriotism, we have only to reduce it to its lowest terms and consider the same feeling narrowed down in relation to the individual. What kind of man would he be, pray, who set himself up as superior in every way to every other man in a community, and who assumed a right to special privileges on that account? Only a drunken man or an insane one would do so, and some drunken men and some lunatics are marked by the possession of this very characteristic. Kipling has recognized the true nature of this kind of patriotism when he warns the British people against becoming "drunk with sight of power," and so breaking out in the "frantic boast and foolish word," "such boastings as the Gentiles use," or as are made by the wild barbarians outside of the pale of civilization and Christianity, whom the poet calls "the lesser breeds without the law," such boastings, indeed, as Kipling thinks, call for the mercy of heaven to forgive us for our foolishness. And yet these very boastings are the basis of most of our patriotic songs and speeches, and even of our patriotic sermons. The Christian patriotism of many persons not one whit higher than the pagan tribalism of their barbaric ancestors.

Examine, again, in the same way some of the elements which go to make up what many persons consider as national greatness. In spite of the teachings of history and of reason, the mass of men are led to believe that the greatness of a nation depends upon the area of its territories and on its volume of trade. Now, a considerable

number of the persons who thus estimate greatness are under no such delusion in estimating individual greatness. They would laugh at the idea of measuring a man by the acres he possessed or by the value of the goods that he bought and sold. Yet a nation is made up of men, and can only be great as the men that compose it are great—great in intellect and great in morals, great in doing and enduring, not merely for the individual or a family or tribe, but for all mankind.

Finally, if we consider the Christian church as reduced to its lowest terms in the Christian individual, what an immense amount of ecclesiastical lumber we at once get rid of! A specially ordained priesthood or ministry; infallible popes, whether individual as in the Roman Church, or corporate as in the Protestant; heresy courts with all their pretensions to divine right of judgment; creeds and confessions, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved; excommunications, ostracisms and petty but malignant persecutions for alleged unbelief—all these things go into the rubbish heap when we come to understand that the Christian Church is essentially a society of Christian individuals, of men and women trying to live the life of Christ their Master.

S. G. A.

AN EVENING CALL.

Peter, Boyo, B. C. and Babe were playing bridge in the latter's rooms; it was cheaper—for the others—though, to be sure, his landlady's bill of extras was but a small fraction of what it cost Babe.

Since their graduation, poker had been dropped by common consent, and the quartette had adopted bridge as better suited to men at the law school, and less expensive. Bridge is generally conceded to be a game of skill, and the totals against Babe, who played a hand of no trumps quite as vilely as he had ever handled a full house in his unregenerate days, were almost identical at the two games, and rarely varied to any marked degree from the amount of the monthly check from home.

On this particular night Babe was winning, and, insult to injury, was playing the cards allotted him by an indulgent providence with a reckless abandon quite unlike the painful degree of attention he customarily bestowed on what he was pleased to call his game. Towards the end of the rubber he made several new and startlingly original blunders, and when he ran out with a narrow margin in spades, instead of piling up the tricks in one of the more expensive red suits, even Peter, inured by long evenings of Babe's company to almost every known form of bad play, felt called upon to remonstrate.

"Why, we won, didn't we?" pleaded Babe; then uneasily: "I'm going to turn you fellows out now if you don't mind. I've had enough for to-night."

B. C., shuffling preparatory to a fresh deal, looked up in surprise. Peter whistled and pushed back his chair. "Quitting while you're ahead of the game, eh, Babe?" sneered Boyo, thrusting his hands into his now empty pockets, and turning his back contemptuously to gaze out of the window at a dray standing in the street.

"You know that's not it," reproached Babe. "I can't play any more to-night; fact is I'm going out and I'm late already; I don't want to turn you—"

"Oh, don't fret about us," interrupted Peter; "you harp on turning us out as if you really meant it. We're not going until ye're quite ready, and you might as

well sit down and play now; you'll have to in the end, you know."

"Must we use force?" murmured B. C., pathetically. Meanwhile Babe had been replacing a somewhat bizarre dressing gown and pair of turkish slippers by the black coat and patent leathers of civilized society, and otherwise putting such finishing touches to his toilet as might suggest to the discerning eye something more than the periodic visits to the library, in which young law students of the first year are accustomed to indulge.

Boyo had observed these operations with much interest.

"Ah! fussing again!" was his somewhat obscure comment. "Who it is this time, Babe? the Duchess, the girl out at the Junction, or another freshette? Better go easy there, old man; 'member when '01 tapped you for just showing an intelligent interest in one of their co-eds."

"That was when I was a sophomore," rejoined Babe, with one eye on the clock. "Hang it, I'm going to be late—have to take the car, and I haven't got a red." He thrust his hand mechanically into his pocket, and his face brightened. "Yes, I have, too. Ever so much obliged to you fellows for the game—think perhaps I'll take a cab—awfully good of you to come in, such—"

"Oh, you needn't rub it in, Babe," complained B. C., viciously. "Accidents will happen even in the best regulated families."

"Going to take a cab, eh? Had a good game, too?" Boyo paused and indulged in a long stare at the two-horse dray standing by the opposite curb. "Late, and would like to be on time. I think I know where you're going: 29 St. O—, never mind denying it; in that direction, anyway, and I think perhaps we might get you there on time; that would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"No, don't thank me," dodging a boot. Then to the other two, standing expectant. "Nurse-maids, you're not dressed for the part, but try to look it, and take the Baby down to his perambulator."

The ensuing struggle was a trifle prolonged, but eventually the impromptu nurse-maids deposited their burden on his back on the dray—"so as not to soil his tie," Peter explained—while Boyo, as charioteer, turning a deaf ear to the frenzied exhortations of a big drayman at a third story window, lashed the powerful draught horse to a gallop.

The first projecting cobble stone they struck threw the two nurse-maids several feet into the air, and by rolling Babe to the side of the dray, gave him a very fair chance to escape. Reason might have dictated such a course, but, alas! the stones looked hard, the pace was furious, and Babe remained on the dray.

Down Muleahy street they swung, and around the corner of St. Patrick. Babe got a fleeting plimpse of a door-plate numbered 57, then another numbered 33; Jehu threw his weight on the reins, and the dray came to a standstill.

It stopped in front of a large, old-fashioned house standing some distance back from the street in its own grounds, a staid, sober-looking house, radiating an atmosphere of intense respectability; its porch lamp lighted and shining brightly on the brass door-plate, numbered 29. At the same time a neighboring clock struck the half hour.

"Just in time, Babe," remarked Peter, genially. "She'll be pleased to find you so punctual. Jump off, and don't keep us waiting."

Babe's tie hung down the middle of his back; his col-

lar, where it was not thoroughly grimed from contact with the dray, bore the marks of dirty fingers, and, though his coat did not show the oil he had accumulated in passing over the wheel, his trousers did. Nevertheless his spirit was unbroken, and from his coign of vantage on the dray—"Inde toro Pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto," as B. C. afterwards styled it—he lashed his tormentors with an all too fluent tongue.

For nearly a minute his audience suffered in silence; then "I suppose we are rather sweeps," Boyo admitted, "even a hired cabby would have driven him up to the door."

The omission was speedily rectified. The pace up the drive was perhaps better than anything they had done in the street: this may have accounted for their collision with the sun-dial, though the others ascribed it, together with the five feet of wire that came away with the door-bell, to Boyo's clumsiness. The nurse-maids assisted their charge to alight with even less ceremony than was displayed in his embarkation, and then discreetly withdrew.

Babe rose dizzily from the stone steps where he had fallen. He watched the dray drive rapidly across the tennis court and disappear through a side entrance into the street: watched a fat drayman flanked by two policemen, come running round the corner and turn in at the gate: noted the overturned sun-dial and the wheel marks on the well-kept turf, and heard the butler fumbling with the latch on the other side of the door.

Each of us, I suppose, has his moment of supreme mental agony; a period—1,000 years, it seems—in which we fall a prey to all the shrivelling emotions; an obsession of hot shame, when an earthquake would be welcome, or a thunderbolt. That was Babe's moment.

He thought of her father: of his particular views on the proper behavior for a young man. Visions of past Hallowe'ens, in which he had figured conspicuously, floated through his mind, and he stared with a sort of fascinated horror at the badge of the foremost constable advancing up the drive.

One chance remained for him, and with a gasp he realized it.

The porch, built on a corner of the house, touched the eight-foot garden wall. The police, intent on the dray, had not as yet noticed the woe-begone figure on the steps. An eight-foot wall presents small difficulty to an active youth, and when the front door opened it displayed to the gaze of the scandalized butler only five feet of dangling bell-pull.

Babe dropped softly on the other side of the wall. In the angle between the house and the wall a hammock was slung, and she was in the hammock. The sense of nightmare grew strong upon him: tongue-tied, he waited for her to speak.

From in front of the house came the voice of the outraged drayman, calling on all the gods to render up to him the thieves of his dray, promising vengeance swift and terrible.

Babe was filled with the grotesque notion that this was her voice, upbraiding him, and awoke to the fact that his divinity was indeed addressing him.

"How very clever of you to know I was out here," she said. "I heard you drive up;" she choked a little, but recovered, "and I was afraid you would just ring the bell in the ordinary way. She paused expectantly: her fears were truly groundless, but Babe was adamant, and she continued: "There's a musicæ on inside, and

if you had shown yourself you'd have spent the evening handing cake and ices."

"I'm glad we're not in there," said Babe.

"I'm glad I'm not," said the girl.

"I'm glad we're not in there," he repeated, firmly.

"I was thinking of myself," she reproved.

Babe remained obdurate.

"I'm glad——" he began again, but she interrupted him.

"Oh, do look at your collar," she cried; "I am glad we're not in there, aren't you?"

* * * * *

Jehu and the nurse-maids still think the joke is on Babe, but Babe and one other disagree.

ON THE STAMPING OF FEET.

Many a professor has wondered why his students should at times be seized with a mania that expresses itself in an apparently causeless stamping of the feet. He is rarely troubled by it in the course of his lecture. An outbreak at such a time usually follows an amazing statement of his own and is significant—according to a Glasgow contemporary—of the fate of those who carried forth Ananias. The uproar precedes, as a rule, the entrance of the professor, and ceases after he has made his bow. No amount of sarcasm has ever been able to induce a class to entirely abandon the habit. One lecturer with a Scotch accent causally inquired on coming into his class room one day:

"What's the maitter? Feet cauld?" A laugh was his only answer.

Another, with a more caustic tongue, leaned over his desk and, in the profound hush that followed a particularly violent outbreak, said:

"Many years ago a celebrated palæontologist, while working in the west, discovered the fossil remains of an animal so large that it had to have a second brain in the lower part of its lumbar region. Judging by the want of control evinced by certain members of this class over their nether extremities, I should suppose that their subsidiary centres were similarly placed." Even this was not a permanent success, for it all began again a month later.

Some are disposed to date the origin of the custom back to the days of the centaurs, since the stamp of impatience is a gesture distinctly equine in character. Others are not willing to admit of this conclusion, urging that there are many missing links in the chain of evidence brought forward in its support. Those who take this stand have two explanations to offer. One is in line with the query of the Scotch professor, the other finding an origin in the polite customs of former days. The latter idea has its foundation in the form of subservient salutation in vogue during Mr. Pickwick's time. This consisted in scraping backward with the foot, at the same time pulling the head forward by tugging on the forelock of hair, grown long for the purpose. The words accompanying the salute were "Sarvint, sir!" and of course the whole performance was taken to be complimentary to the person addressed. In support of this contention it is pointed out that the fashion still persists in certain sections north of Gravenhurst as the correct thing in saluting one's partner in the lancers. The pulling of the forelock has, however, been dropped, as well as the verbal formula.

The other explanation depends for its chief support upon the over-mastering power of a habit formed in

early life. As is well known the majority of students hail from the counties. They have been blessed with that first essential to future greatness—a rural birth-place. They have likewise been taught in one of the "little red school houses" to which so much reference is made during Easter week when the Teachers' Association meets. They have a knowledge of the "full dinner pail" argument in municipal politics, for they have carried their liberal lunches down the two miles of hilly road, so often referred to, for six or eight years.

Now it is a fact that during at least four months in each of those years the question of cold feet had daily to be met. Every sort of experiment had been tried. The full stock, oil grain, kip blucher had been replaced by the split leather, telescope boot, and this again had given way to the lumberman's sock and Granby snag-proof rubber. No one of them gave a perfect solution, so other expedients were resorted to. Of these kicking a wall or a woodbox was about the best, provided one of the objects were at hand when required. The next most efficient method was the violent stamping of the feet upon the floor or by doing a "stationary run." The stamping was the favorite method since one could sit down while doing it, thus giving the other parts of the body a rest during the process of warming the extremities. Being thus, in a measure, compelled to the act during four-tenths of each school year it soon became a habit, so that the daily sessions came to begin with an automatic discharge of energy in the manner described. On entering college the subconsciousness of the student becomes stirred by the familiarity of the surroundings—seats, a platform, a blackboard, a teacher. The years drop off like a garment cast aside. The lips move in an inarticulate effort to answer "Present!" and all the while the feet are marking fast time on the floor beneath. The past fades and the present returns. Consciousness succeeds subconsciousness and the uproar ceases—for the time. That is may cease forever the reformer must begin by warming the floors of the country school houses, for it is beyond the power of a collegian to abandon a habit acquired as a schoolboy.

L. M.

THE SEASON.

"There was a small boy in Quebec
Who stood in snow to his neck.
Says I, 'Are you friz?'
He replied, 'Yes, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec.'"

There is no Winter in Canada. Mention of such things as cold, and snow, and ice, and blizzards is a violation of Canadian etiquette; and what of ice palaces, and winter carnivals! Alas, in Canada they are but dreams—a little frosty perhaps. Now some of us Canadians are superlatively sensitive as to our having a winter at all. We have accordingly evolved a new theory of this interesting season that links November and April.

The other day I had occasion to travel by street car from the east to the west end of Toronto. I was quite comfortable, for the car happened to be well heated. The sun was shining gaily. From my plush-covered seat the afternoon looked as cheery as a July holiday, although judging from random remarks of the passengers the thermometers outside were telling all kinds of tales. Some frivolous instruments declared it was ten

above while other irresponsibles frigidly proclaimed ten below. The truth was probably the golden mean, for it must have been, I think, about zero. In Canada there is a philosophy of thermometers if one had time to dwell on it. But that aside for the present. To me the tales of thermometers have long seemed to resemble "tips" on speculative stocks: they have nothing to do either with the stocks or the weather.

I have said the day was bright. All Canada is bright from the Great Lakes and the 49th parallel northward all the year round. Ours is a country of bright skies. We cannot even make an exception of the nameless season between Autumn and Spring.

During this keen, unmentionable season the air is rare and exhilarating. It is nature's champagne—"extra dry." For kindly note the theory, it is too dry to be cold; you cannot feel dry air. The mercury sometimes gets thick and sluggish, yet that is no proper indication. The thermometer of the country is the spirits of the country. Robert Barr and others less famous as well as more famous know that the spirits of this country are ardent, for did not Mr. Barr say there was more strong spirits in this country than fine literature? The true barometer of the Canadian climate is then no longer the antiquated thermometer. It is the spirits and feelings of the people. Away with all misleading, mechanical weather-meters.

As I reached the suburbs the January sunshine was intensified by the whiteness all about. But where is there such a thing as snow? Did not some lady visitor once allege—to the great indignation of the Canadian press—that she drove a golf ball through a snowbank? Pie, there is no such thing as snow in Canada. True, the moisture that in another season might have fallen as rain now drops softly to the ground in gentle flakes. That is only another form of rain. Why mince words? If you cannot, "can't you forget?"

My car passed by a pond on which happy couples were merrily skating and dancing. The water had congealed, and a beautiful glassy surface had formed. What a floor for a dance! Of course it was not ice. There is no such thing as a sheet of ice in Canada. What a tale for a Richard the Second to tell once more to friend Saladin.

In a few short weeks the sun's rays will beat down more direct, our Lady of the Sunshine will have laid aside her mantle of white and these little stretches of shining glass will have disappeared. The green will start again into life, our birds will sing once more in the trees and it will be Spring. Let the past bury the past; it was but the season between Autumn and Springtime, nameless and unnameable.

VOCABULARY.

(*Verba incognita apud nos seu inusitata.*)

For winter, read cold-wave, cold snap, *passin* snap (?) late Autumn, Christmas time, early Spring.

For cold (air), read keen, exhilarating, raw, chilly, champagne.

For snow, read flurry.

For snowstorm, read drifting.

For blizzard, read gale. *loc univ.*, Old Boreas.

For ice, read glass, river, rink.

For cutter, sleigh, read a drive.

For Canada, read *ant* South France, *ant* North Italy.

S. M. Wickett.

THE FEAST OF FAT THINGS.

Musing within himself while the fire burned, Mr. Will—n with self-satisfied air and complacent smile, fell into this "Reverie of a Bachelor":

"What shall I do that I might gather round me my familiar friends, and those of my own household, for lo, it hath long been my desire to entertain these 'tones,' within whose parlors so much of my time is spent. Behold, it behooveth me to spread before my 'elite' brethren a portion of the goods that falleth to me, for truly the harvest hath been plenteous, the collections have been liberal, and my tailor can wait. Wherefore should I not enjoy the fellowship of kindred spirits?"

So he dreamed dreams and saw visions as he said to his soul, "Soul, thou art very fond of oysters thyself, and thou canst have a good excuse for excessive indulgence by inviting thy friends to partake of thy bounty. Soul, cheer up, eat, drink and be merry, for thus spake Plato and the philosophers."

With remarkable sagacity and inward delight he made ready for the feast. Carefully and judiciously he made the selection of guests, saying, "Shall two eat together unless they be agreed? Exclusiveness is the principle of the upper ten of whom I am chief; therefore none shall enter in but such as are of a merry nature and ready wit. For these it liketh me well to gather round my board withal."

Anticipation often has real pains for those gifted with imagination, so whenever Mr. Will—n thought of those oysters, his bones waxed old through their roaring all the day long. At last Fate brought to him the much-longed-for occasion.

When the night arrived the genial host said unto his familiars of old time: "Come, let us go in to the feast together; there are oysters enough and to spare, so he that hungereth shall hunger no more."

They chewed oysters and eschewed evil with much "eclat" until liberty degenerated into license, merriment grew into hilarity, and there was sound of revelry by night.

Dame Fortune smiled upon the budding youths with a benign smile, evidently much rejoiced that she should be the chaperone of such a company. Unfortunately for the host, however, she took with her for the evening her daughter, Mis-Fortune, and oh! what mischief Satan finds for women's hands to do!

Mr. Will—n, who has always been of a sentimental turn, a victim to the siren charms of maidenhood, seemed to be the favored suitor on this "suspicious occasion." Being leap year, of course Mis-Fortune had her chance, and before the oysters were quite finished, had succeeded in giving her hand to the host of the evening.

As have ever been the ways of lovers, from the days of Shakespeare even until now, these two sought the beneficent influences of the moonlight. Hand in hand they glided out into the starry night. Out there in the soft, subdued refulgence, like unto a sanctified daylight, was a scene the pathos of which no tongue can tell, nor pen declare. After a long silence, which speaketh greater things than words, the young man said in deepest tones: "Oh, it pains me! It cannot be! The moon is up! All is up!! I am half sick of oysters," said the man who ate-a-lot. Becoming still more tragically poetic, he cried out in the words of his favorite Browning:

"Oh, the little more, and how much it was!"

Then their eyes met in one long, tender gaze, and in that moment they understood.

Truly there is an irony in life, to the b-oyster-ous host, whose feast is turned into mourning. H. B. A. K.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The University College Association elected officers for 1904-05 on Thursday last, as follows: President, Mr. A. C. Cameron, '05; First Vice-President, Mr. Gibson, '06; Second Vice-President, Mr. McIlwraith, S.P.S.; Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Henderson, '06; Assistant Treasurer, Mr. W. E. Chapple, '07; Recording Secretary, Mr. Halliday, '07. After the election Mrs. F. Howard Taylor, of China, gave a very interesting and helpful address on the responsibility of college men to do personal work among their fellow-students. Mrs. Taylor's address was one of the best ever delivered in the Association.

A nominating committee, composed of Messrs. Jamieson, Gibson, Phillips, Chapple, Carson, McPhedran, Sinclair, Sheridan, are at present looking for a general secretary for next year.

The convener of the City Mission Committee would like some men to volunteer to assist him in coaching several hockey teams among the younger boys at the Broadview Boys' Institute.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Tickets for the Arts Dance, on Feb. 5th, are now on sale, and may be obtained at H. H. Love's, 189 Yonge street, or from W. J. K. Vanston, Secretary.

A general meeting of the Fencing Club will be held on Thursday, Jan. 28th, in the committee room of the Gymnasium. Important business will be transacted.

The regular meeting of the Modern Language Club will be held in Room 6 on Monday afternoon, Feb. 1st. The following papers will be read: "Nature in 'In Memoriam,'" Miss McVannel, '06; "Browning's 'Caliban' and Shakespeare's," Miss McClive, '05; "Satire in the 18th Century, as Illustrated by Dryden, Swift, Pope and Cowper," C. C. Craig, '05.

The regular meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society, which will be held next Thursday, Jan. 28th, at 4.30 p.m., will be of unusual interest, as it is to be addressed by Mr. R. F. Stupart, of the Observatory, on "Some Meteorological Problems." Cordial invitation is extended to all.

The Medical Society will hold its next regular meeting on Friday, Feb. 5th, in the third year lecture room. Dr. Spragge and Professor McPhedran will present papers.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

(A. Rondel.)

O! a day ago was summer fair,
Fair summer with its blossoms wild,
Fair summer with the perfume rare,
Uncloying, subtly sweet and mild;
Into the past its hours have fled;
Tho' a day ago was summer fair,
Fair summer with its blossoms wild!

Without a thought of winter care
Fair summer time away was whiled;
For winter now we must prepare,
Season of cold and snow up-piled,
Tho' a day ago was summer fair,
Fair summer with its blossoms wild!

—Red and Blue.

THE VARSITY,

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M. H. V. CAMERON, Editor-in-Chief.
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TORONTO, JANUARY 27th, 1904

THOMAS O'HAGAN, in replying to a somewhat slanderous attack upon Canadians as a non-literary people some years ago, defended his countrymen by pleading their youthfulness as a nation. It is impossible, as he says, to sit down deliberately to achieve literary greatness. A great motive must come, and then the literature will spring up of itself. The same is probably true of our colleges. We cannot, all at once, develop a school of essayists, poets and romantic writers. We have the talents, and we have the training, but we have not found the motive. This found, there are many who might give expression to noble sentiments in verse. Many others might weave delightful tales out of their travels and experiences, while one or more might discover the national spirit and portray it with a patriot's description of the country in a book that would live in the world's literature. Failing the national motive, which may be long in coming, is there not a germ to be discovered which will give the long-desired university motive to student writers? There are signs that it may soon be found, but at present the searchers are all too few.

* * *

SINCE our last issue three events of University importance have taken place. One was the welcoming of Professor Haliburton, of King's College, London, to Toronto, and another was the receiving of Professor Moulton, of Chicago. The third was the acceptance of a gift, which will serve to perpetuate the memory of a man who stands a unique figure in the political and academic life of the country, Mr. Goldwin Smith. All three are distinguished men. One of them is well worthy to be called great. Professor Haliburton is a type of the painstaking experimenter in science. His researches have enriched the science of physiology, and every new fact so discovered results in benefit to the race, through its application to the practice of medicine.

Professor Moulton is a high type of the English scholar. His critical studies in Shakespeare and his interpretations of the literature of the Bible have both contributed to his fame. His arrangement of the dramatic and poetic portions of the Scriptures has brought out beauties unknown to the ordinary reader, and that without marring the deepest significance of the Book to the souls of men. Of Mr. Goldwin Smith we say but little. Of his worth other generations shall speak. Of what invaluable service he has been to the University as a member of the Senate, as an advisor of its officers and as one of its principal benefactors, the portrait unveiled in the Library on Saturday may stand in commemoration.

* * *

WE are in receipt of two long letters upon the question of granting University aid to the Greek Letter Fraternities. One takes ground that is directly opposed by that taken by the other. One holds the fraternities up in the most favorable light, while the other condemns them as worthy only of distrust. At the present juncture we see no reason for opening in these a column a controversy that cannot but result in ill-feeling between two bodies of students. We have already stated in a word the attitude of the student body at large, as we see it—let there be no distinctions among students in their treatment by the authorities.

We have no quarrel with the fraternities, as such. We recognize their right to exist and to have such organization as they deem necessary, so long as they do not encroach upon the rights of others. We sympathize with the main objects of their formation in the universities on this continent, which objects we take to be the satisfying of a human need for companionship, a desire for something like home life, and a craving for the friendship that answers confidence with confidence. Whether they have or have not become a dominant force in the management of college affairs, a kind of family compact to monopolize the offices so far as they are able, is not for us to discuss now. Neither is it our province to agree with or to deny the assertion of some of their members, that they include the best element in the undergraduate body, and therefore secure recognition by their fellows upon their individual worth alone. Should the occasion arise to discuss these things, we have our opinions ready for expression.

As matters stand, the fraternities are not upon their trial as organizations. The Board of Trustees occupy the position of defendant, and, until they take definite action in one direction or another, we can only rest upon the protest we have made. That protest is against a very serious form of class legislation. We will undertake to bring forward arguments to show that the grants of land and money given to the Kappa Alpha Fraternity and asked for by the others, are extravagant, unnecessary and decidedly bad as a business undertaking. Knox Col-

lege. Wycliffe and Victoria do not receive any government in supporting their residences, and no more should any other select few of the students. A general residence scheme is sadly needed, and if there is sufficient money to advance loans to societies to the extent of about three hundred dollars per resident member, there is sufficient to build and equip the finest residence on the continent if all students were to receive a treatment equally liberal.

THE COLLEGE GIRL

MISS J. A. NIELSON, Superintending Editress.



There was an unusually large number of the girls present at the last meeting of the Y. W. C. A., and everyone felt that it was one of the most enjoyable gatherings of the year. Mrs. Holeman and Miss Rickson led with prayer, and Miss Maude Hindson, '04, and Miss Ward, '05, spoke on "The Test of Discipleship." Miss Latter, the President, read a chapter from St. John.

An open meeting of the Modern Language Club was held on Wednesday evening. Prof. Alexander spoke a few opening words, regretting the absence of the Honorary President, M. de Champ, and of the President, Mr. Collins, '04. However, a great deal of the regret was dissipated when the former appeared. Prof. Alexander also added that he would like to announce that Professor Corson is to give readings from the best selections in literature, and he would like as many as possible to be present.

The main feature of the evening was the lecture on Rudyard Kipling, delivered by Professor Horning, of Victoria University. It is unnecessary to say that the lecture was enjoyed by everyone. Prof. Horning said that the reason that Kipling was so popular was because "he had something to say, and said it in a striking and original way, and to a large number of people."

The open meeting of the Women's Literary Society to be held Jan. 30th has been a great source of interest to the girls, and of discussion as to whether a promenade or reception should take place after the concert. A great majority decided on the promenade, and as most of the girls objected to sending just one invitation, the President decided that the hall might accommodate more.

After the work that Mrs. Scott-Raff has put on the training of the girls in voice culture and dramatic art, and Sergeant Williams on athletic training, it is expected that the concert—of an hour's length—will be unusually good. This is the programme:

1. The Winter's Tale, Act V., Scene II.—Miss Menten, Miss Carpenter, Miss Millman, Miss Gurofsky, Miss Stewart, Miss Ferguson.

2. Instrumental solo—Miss Steele, '07.

3. Place aux Dames—Miss Pentecost, Miss Kate McDonald, Miss Hanna Cook, Miss Neilson.

4 Vocal Solo—Miss Vene.

5. Pair of Lunatics—Miss Gould, '07, Miss Carruthers.
6. Fencing Drill—Miss Cecil Smith, Miss Vander-Smissen, Miss Glendenning, Miss Houston.

THE INFLUENCE OF CANADA UPON BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY.

Professor Shortt, of Queen's University, lectured on Friday before the Political Science Club, upon "The Influence of Canada upon British Colonial Policy." Professor Mavor presided. The lecture was a nexecellent presentation of Canadian movements during the period of the British connection, and their relation to Imperial questions. It was prefaced with an exposition of the early colonial policies of the colonizing powers, Spain, France, Portugal, Holland and England. In this period self-interest was the rule. The colonies were exploited for the benefit of the mother countries. Development took different directions. France and Holland developed a scientific system of minute control. The development of the British system was not so deliberate, clear-cut and scientific. At the time of the American Revolution the colonies had a large measure of freedom, and possessed many forms and grades of self-government.

After the conquest of Canada by the British, some urged the adoption of the French system, as it seemed to afford an effective control of the colony. The lecturer here gave a careful and interesting outline of Canadian history to indicate the different British experiments in colonial administration in Canada. He noticed that Canada had pioneered the way in the movement in the colonies for representative government. He also noted that Canada, until comparatively recently, had been an immense bill of expense to Great Britain. Taxation in Canada was thus low, and the British Government could not understand the grumbling of the Canadians. They, however, wanted self-government. England tried to control the government by controlling the executive, and we have the Family Compact. The position of Simcoe and the other governors was outlined by the lecturer to show the development of representative institutions and of local self-control.

Canada should have a say in American questions. She should have her interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, for instance. We have developed our self-government, and have not broken with England. The international development lies logically in the same direction as the national development.

Britain has little to teach us in the economic field, in politics or in social example. Our conditions and problems are entirely different. We should take of her spirit. There is a quality of civilization in Great Britain that we should seek. Import British civilization, and we shall respect Great Britain more highly—the British connection will be safe. Annexation with the United States is a dead issue. We must look to the great men of Great Britain; we as University men must study their lives and disseminate higher views and ideals.

Professor Mavor closed the lecture with some interesting and timely remarks, and tendered a vote of thanks to Professor Shortt.

Papa likes his chops on zinc,
Brother likes his served with ink,
Sister likes her's shaped conicular,
Mamma's dead and not particular.

—Jester.

PROFESSOR HALIBURTON'S VISIT.

On Friday afternoon Dr. W. D. Haliburton, F.R.S., professor of physiology in King's College, London, Eng., addressed an audience of physicians, medical and natural science students and invited guests in the West Hall. He was introduced by Professor Macallum as a physiologist of world-wide fame. He has written many books and pamphlets upon his chosen subject, and is quoted as an authority on certain aspects of his work. His visit to Toronto was on the invitation of Professor Macallum, to whose work along the line of investigations in chemical physiology most appreciative reference was made in his address. For the past few weeks Professor Haliburton has been delivering a course of lectures in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York. This course is the first of a series provided for by the Herter endowment, by which the greatest teachers in physiology are to be secured in turn for a special set of lectures in that college. The honor of being the first man chosen to fill the position is a testimonial to the repute in which the lecturer is held.

The lecture was technical, and therefore is not reported. It dealt with degeneration and regeneration in ed. It dealt with degeneration and regeneration in tional value and interest to those present. At the close of the lecture President Loudon presented the thanks of the University to Professor Haliburton.

PORTRAIT OF MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

On Saturday afternoon was unveiled the portrait of Professor Goldwin Smith, recently presented by Mr. John Ross Robertson to the University. The ceremony took place in the library in the presence of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and a large assemblage, including members of the Senate of the University, and a goodly representation of the professors from all faculties.

The presentation was made by Rev. Professor Clark, of Trinity College, who represented the donor. In his address fitting reference was made to both Mr. Robertson and Professor Smith. In replying, President Loudon accepted the gift as a particularly welcome addition to the collection of portraits now adorning the walls of the library. The many valuable services rendered by Professor Smith were recalled, as well as his generosity in the contributions made by him to the Library and Convocation Hall funds. It had been the intention of the authorities to procure such a portrait, but the kindness of Mr. Robertson had forestalled the carrying out of the intention. Mr. Robertson was also referred to in connection with the Hospital for Sick Children, with various other philanthropic enterprises, and as a journalist. His career in the latter profession began when, as a boy of fourteen, he edited the College Times, in Upper Canada College, where at that time he and President Loudon were fellow-students. Professor Smith, who was present, gave a brief address, in which he alluded to the affairs of the University and the charities of Toronto as the two things to which he had given himself and his services with the greatest pleasure. His tribute to Mr. Robertson was one of which any man might be proud. Honesty of heart and intent were given as the characteristics of that well known editor and philanthropist.

The painting itself is a replica of the portrait made by Mr. Wylie Grier, and hung in the office of the Telegram. The work was done by the artist himself, and is

a worthy copy of the original. It will stand in future days as a monument to a true friend of the University, a loyal member of the Senate, a great publicist and a scholar, recognized as one of the most illustrious academic authorities of the age.

THE SATURDAY LECTURE.

The lecture given on Saturday in Wycliffe Convocation Hall was the first of a course of six to be given in aid of the Convocation Hall scheme. A large audience, in which the undergraduates were far in the minority, greeted Professor Moulton, of Chicago, who gave the address. His topic was "The Bible as Literature." The Bible is a collection of poetry, dramas, histories, philosophies and essays, all "printed solid," and divided for convenience of the mediæval doctors into propositions or verses, which are grouped into chapters. In a word, literary form has been banished from the Bible, and must be restored, if all of its beauties are to be realized by the reader. Examples were taken from Judges v. and Job xxiii. The first passage was read with wonderful dramatic effect by the lecturer. The antiphonal choirs under the leadership of Barak and Deborah sang responsively, and in chorus the song of the battle against Sisera. In closing, Professor Moulton made a strong plea for the use of the Bible as a literary text book in the schools and universities. English literature is derived from two sources, the Greek and Latin, and the Hebrew Scriptures. It is a most incomplete training that allows the mark of the pagan to be the most indelibly impressed upon the student of literature. Vice-Chancellor Moss, Premier Ross and a number of members of the teaching staff had seats upon the platform.

THE UNIVERSITY SERMON.

The first of the University sermons in the series arranged for this year was delivered on Sunday in Wycliffe Convocation Hall. The devotional exercises were conducted by Mr. Ross G. Murison, of the Department of Oriental Languages. The speaker was Professor R. G. Moulton, of Chicago, who gave an interpretive recitation of the Book of Job.

This book was shown to be a dramatic poem, set in a frame of narrative story, which formed a prologue and an epilogue to the drama itself. The prologue tells of the two councils in heaven to which The Satan or The Adversary comes with the sons of God to report upon the domain over which he has the inspectorate—the earth. Two trials of the integrity of Job are allowed, and to these is added the third and more terrible trial of long continued endurance. The first solution is herein offered to the mystery of suffering with which the poem deals. It is suffering sent as a test of sainthood.

The news of Job's misfortunes has reached the ears of his three friends, and they come to comfort him. Before the majesty of his silent suffering they sit dumb until Job opens his mouth to curse his day. Then the dramatic action begins, during which the friends iterate the doctrine of suffering the judgment upon sin. Job attempts to vindicate himself, and having at length silenced the comforters, the young Elihu breaks in and in impassioned eloquence advances the same argument as they had used with the modification that suffering is a warning against sin to come. While he is speaking the storm breaks, and out of the whirlwind speaks the voice

of God. The mystery of suffering is not the only mystery. Is not the good, the great and the magnificent equally mysterious? Then Job abhors himself, but the anger of God is kindled against the three who sought in servile devotion to twist and distort the meaning of God's providences. He thus vindicates Job, who, though his accusers made him to be less righteous than themselves, had preserved the right attitude towards God throughout the trial.

The epilogue then recounts the restoration of the wealth and influence of the well-tried man of Uz.

The audience filled the hall completely. The platform was occupied by members of the faculty and Senate, including Professor Goldwin Smith, Professor Haiburton of London, Vice-Chancellor Moss, Chancellor Wallace and Chancellor Burwash.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

In last week's issue of THE VARSITY Professor Vander-Smissen takes exception to an editorial in the number of Dec. 2nd, in which an appeal was made "for more sympathy and encouragement from the members of the faculty" in college functions, and indirectly blames the students for not informing the faculty of the events. He complains of not hearing about the mock parliament, the Toronto-Queen's debate, the Arts dinner and the Departmental Society meetings.

The mock parliament was advertised in the daily papers, and programmes were placed on the bulletin board. The debate was referred to in THE VARSITY (Nov. 25th) editorially, under "notices," and under University College news. Programmes were issued in advance, and locals were inserted in the papers. The professor attended a meeting of the Dinner Committee, at which the date and place of the dinner were arranged. It was also mentioned in THE VARSITY of Nov. 25th, and other issues. Most of the Departmental Society meetings have been advertised under "notices" from time to time. I cannot understand, therefore, the statement, "With one single exception I have heard no whisper of these things until I read of them in your paper." They might have been read of before as well as after their occurrences. Further, the Professor says: "At the functions I have attended during the last ten or fifteen years I have felt like a stranger in a strange land, simply because I have been received and treated as such." Surely it is a striking commentary upon the relation of professor to student when in student audiences a professor has for fifteen years felt "like a stranger in a strange land." How much would this feeling be remedied by special reserved seats apart from the general assemblage? If, on the other hand, any professor has not received the courtesy and deference due him—and I do not think this is what is meant—I am extremely sorry, and feel sure no such neglect was ever intended. It would hardly be safe, however, to reserve seats unless we had some reasonable guarantee of their being occupied. I believe THE VARSITY makes every reasonable effort to keep the students and faculty in touch with University events, and I feel that the "managers" of the several societies do their duty in this respect to a very large degree. The secret of the situation seems to be that many of the faculty seem to

feel that it is the bounden duty of the students to keep them in touch with events around the University. The students, on the other hand, feel, and rightly so, that it is just as much a duty on the part of the faculty to keep themselves posted. We probably have sufficient machinery, if we had sufficient mutual interest in our common concerns. If we have not enough mediums of information, why not establish a daily or weekly bulletin? Yours truly,
W. H. Vance.

* * *

Dear Mr. Editor: Before another May examination comes around, to my mind, and I venture to think to the minds of many others, there is one thing which ought to be remedied, namely, the setting of University of Toronto examination papers by those who are not on the University staff, and who are consequently not in touch with the scope of the lectures delivered. Possibly the other faculties are not under the same attention, but heretofore Arts students have been annually subjected to the task of writing on papers set by men who have only the very slightest idea of the material presented to the students in the class-room.

For example, last year the second year pass and honor English paper was set by an outside gentleman. To say the least, that paper had almost no bearing on the English lectures of the previous year. After the examination almost unanimously the pass students felt they were plucked, and the honor students that either their honors would be very low or out of the question. The class list nevertheless shows 12 with A, 17 with B, 1 with C, and 4 with star standing, and an equally normal rating among the honor men. Either of two things is true: students on the whole don't know when they are plucked, or else the paper was examined over-leniently. Certainly the latter was the case, and the examination was to a great extent a farce.

The same thing may be said of two honor mathematics papers of the same year set by two gentlemen not connected with the staff. The effects, however, were more serious, because although to some extent the matter was remedied by lenient marking, it must be remembered that a man has nerves, and particularly a college man has them in May. To do badly on an unfair paper plays havoc with one's nerves, and renders him unfit to a greater or less degree to write on the following paper—unless forsooth he is a veritable stoic.

On whom lies the blame? Certainly not on the lecturers, nor yet on the students, nor probably on the examiners. Both lecturers and examiners may be most competent, but if the examiner sets the paper from one standpoint, whereas the lecturer lectured from another, the student does the suffering. Let's have a remedy to this serious grievance.
N. Y. Z.

AN ENIGMA.

Her hair was soft and dark as night,
She did not want it so;
In vain she tried to make it light
To please her only beau.

A friend advised some simple thing,
She tried it all alone;
Now Bobby wonders why she rings
Him up by telephone.

—Notre Dame Scholastique.

A TRUE HOROSCOPE.

By W. K. Miller, M.A., Knox College.

There was a time when there was no Horoscopic Union at Elizabeth Fry College for Young Women, but that was when astrology was considered one of the occult sciences unworthy of Christians' participation. There was another time not long since when the reverend divines composing the Senate of the Elizabeth Fry College resigned to the inevitable. To-day half a page at the back of the College Announcement is devoted to the Union, its aims and its officers.

It was after she had read an advertisement in an educational monthly that Lelia Prout decided to further her information on the subject of astrology. We had hoped other things from our college friend, for we thought other subjects would be of more lasting benefit to one in her state of health. But, of course, we could not foresee that before an answer could come from the so-called professor, Lelia Prout would be seized with a serious illness and her mind drift into other channels.

On the third day of her illness we, the final year students, were quietly discussing the contents of the post-man's mailbag in general, and vaguely wondering at a certain letter from a western city, when the matron informed us that Miss Prout wished to have her friends with her in the infirmary.

"Is there anything for me in the mail?" she asked, as soon as the door had closed. Then, catching sight of the note that had aroused our curiosity, she commanded the girl nearest the bed to tear off an end. This done a bundle of advertising matter fell to the floor.

"Is that all?" she asked, disappointedly, till observing a few typewritten lines, she directed me to read them. In my most dignified manner I tried to bring a gleam of amusement into my reading of the sterner passages, for I could not forget that Lelia Prout was seriously ill, but not too ill, I thought, for a laugh to prove beneficial.

"Dear Madam," the letter began, "We gratefully acknowledge your postage stamps, and in return send a brief sketch of your character, but for the sum of two dollars we will be pleased to mail you a book descriptive of the science. This letter will be suitable as a gift either to your college library or to one of your friends. You yourself will not require it, as the development of this horoscope will show."

"Etcetera, etcetera," chimed in the girls. "We will thank you, Professor, if you'll omit the flattery."

"You were born," I continued in the words of the note, "in the quarter of Venus, in zodiac of Taurus.

You are fond of art and art treasures; but too apt to take up hobbies."

"True! What have you to say to that, my Lelia Prout?" chirped the girl who had opened the letter. "The Madonna of the Garden and the souvenir spoons attest the accusation."

"You are too much inclined to remember the anniversaries of events interesting to your friends." Each of us involuntarily thought of some little reminder that had come in the college year to cheer her heart.

"There are times when philosophy has cast over you its charms. Plato and Hobbes have furnished great satisfaction, but their influence has waned." Thinking now of Lelia Prout the Pagan, as the orthodox Quaker lecturess called her, we mentally extended the credit of the astrologers.

"You are not beautiful but have a great longing to be so. Do not be troubled, for you should be the proud possessor of much personal magnetism. You have some at the present time, and that is capable of much development."

"Again true," came an individual appreciation. "Your thought-waves have often dashed on my beach and as often has the sand given way. But as regards development you might consult that, Professor——"

"Your cleverness," I interrupted, "had led you to the brink of heresy, whatever form that may take for one of your faith. However, at this date you have returned to the creed of your upbringing." On the table beside the bed lay a copy of St. Hilaire's "Le Bouddha," and over it one of Farrar's "Life of Christ." This subjugation of the Eastern sage we gladly welcomed as a sign of a return to orthodoxy.

Here Lelia Prout manifested great interest and tried, I think, to tell us that this last item was true, but the next moment showed her incapable of following anything we might say. The doctor was summoned, and at a signal from the matron we moved to the corridor, leaving our philosopher with her last thoughts.

What can I write further? That same day Elizabeth Fry's was quiet and seemingly deserted, for the cheeriest of her scholars had gone on her last journey. As for the horoscope, it remained in my table-drawer a month before I had the courage to finish reading it. At last I foraged it out, and with little difficulty found where I had left off. Following the statement concerning the return to orthodoxy, I found these words, which even yet make me shiver when I think of them:—

"It is true you are not beautiful but soon will be. You are attractive and soon you will be more so. You are now a good and true philosopher; so read in this

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**POLITICAL SCIENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO—AN ANSWER.**

A writer in the Globe a few days ago gave an account of the London School of Economics and Political Science, and, incidentally, made the statement that “no Canadian university at present makes much more than a pretence of research throughout this great field (Canadian) of sociological institutions and phenomena, which stands temptingly inviting to the earnest student.” We may as well admit immediately, with him—indeed has not Premier Ross lately told us so—that a faithful, earnest study of Political Science and Economics is most important to our national life and well-being. How far, then, if at all, is his statement, quoted above, true of the University of Toronto?

It is, probably, not far wide of the mark. Good work is done from year to year in the Department of Political Science in this University, but little research work is attempted, apart from what may be carried on inside the professional studies. In the hurry and bustle of undergraduate work the student has little or no time to devote to research work, although it should be remembered that in the ordinary course of his studies he does attempt limited researches, which often take him quite far afield into undigested material. The aim here is not so much to attain a positive result in research as to gain a working,

practical knowledge of the methods of research.

Aside from this, the University has each year two students doing special research work in this department as holders of Mackenzie research fellowships. Here some valuable results are not infrequently attained.

Research work of wider extent is at present impossible. The staff, as regards numbers, is inadequate. The Department of Political Science, with one of the largest departmental enrollments in the University, has but five instructors. One professor is actually giving seven distinct courses of lectures; others are doing more than should be required of them. To do effective undergraduate work the staff should be increased. As research work, to be efficient, should be closely supervised, it is readily seen that, if it is to be carried on, a very considerable increase of the staff, over and above that which is now almost imperative, is necessary.

This University has in the past been a pioneer in the study of Political Science in Canada, and to-day our Canadian institutions are, as a consequence, the subject of much careful attention on the part of the undergraduates. While it is certainly desirable that this undergraduate work should be most thoroughly done, and that a large and efficient staff should be maintained for the purpose, I hesitate to advocate at present—as the writer in the Globe by inference does—special research work on a much more extensive scale than is attempted. I very much doubt whether, at our state of development, the proper students could be obtained.

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QUEEN'S 11, U. OF T. 5.

Last Friday night, on Kingston ice, Queen's defeated the U. of T. seven by the rather easy score of 11-5. This result was entirely unexpected, after the defeat of McGill. No excuses are offered by U. of T., and the best team won, but there is no doubt that our representatives were away off color. The ice was good at the start, with the exception of a few wet spots caused by leakages in the roof, but it became quite heavy towards the end of the game, and interfered quite materially with fast play. Mr. MacDonald, of McGill, refereed the game, and kept all hard checking of any kind out of it. This didn't help our seven's style of play any. None of U. of T.'s representatives shone particularly. McIntyre, who took Dillibough's position on the left wing, made the best rush of the night, taking the puck through the whole Queen's line-up, and by a clever shot netting the puck. Housser played fairly well, but Gilbert and Brown were off color decidedly. Beck played a good game, but not as good a one as he put up against McGill. Wilkie Evans at point tried to mix it a little, and got sent to the resting seats. It is only fair to our defence to say that five of Queen's goals were scored when either our cover-point or point were off the ice. MacLaren, in goal, had to work hard, but handled himself well. Richardson and Walsh, both light and speedy men, did the best work for Queen's. Walsh was the best man on the ice, and the U. of T. forwards found it hard to locate him. Queen's for some reason played an awfully close defence game. Their point, who had apparently learnt the game by watching Guy Curtis play, never went more than ten feet from the net. The cover-point was about this distance in front of the point, and the rover fell back immediately after a rush. They defended their goal so well that U. of T. scarcely ever got inside the point, scoring most of their goals on scrimmages in front of goal. At half-time the score was 5-2, and when U. of T. by hard work reduced the Presbyterians' lead to two, things looked brighter, but that was all there was to it. Captain Gilbert and Manager Chown have great confidence that

they will win when Queen's plays the return game here. The Mutual street rink, to which U. of T. is accustomed, is smaller in every way, and is boarded along the sides. The Kingston rink isn't the best rink in the world for visiting teams to play on. At present it looks like a tie in the league, as all the teams are apparently good for their home games. The teams:

Queen's—Goal, R. Mills; point, Macdonell; cover, Sutherland; forwards, Knight, Walsh, Richardson and Scott.

U. of T.—Goal, MacLaren; point, Evans; cover, Beck; forwards, Gilbert (captain), Housser, Brown and McIntyre.

BILLY WOOD'S AMENDMENT.

Last Friday, when our team was in Kingston, there was a meeting of the Executive of the Intercollegiate Hockey Union. Dr. McCurdy and Dr. Wood represented U. of T. There was quite a lot of discussion concerning amateurism, etc., and while the Toronto men wanted to go right ahead and settle the matter, the representatives of McGill and Queen's wanted further action left until the annual meeting at the close of the season. Dr. Wood, however, gave notice of the following amendment:

"That the definition of amateur be changed to read: 'An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize or staked bet, or with or against a professional for any prize, or where gate receipts are taken.'"

This is the O. H. A. definition.

THE JUNIORS SPRUNG A SURPRISE.

Up in Hamilton the U. of T. III.'s were beaten 14-3, and Hamilton thought they had a lurch coming to them in the return game. But they didn't. Much to the Hamilton team's surprise, Bill Fletcher's team of wonders won out by 14-2, and thus won the round by one goal. The game was rough; Wydham, of Hamilton, was ruled off four times, and R. Montague, of U. of T., three times, and at one time there were only eight men on the ice. White and Wyndham played well for Hamilton, and Southam, Montague and Hall did good work for U. of T. The teams:

Hamilton—Goal, Morden; point, White; cover, Wyndham; forwards, Sharpe, Addison, Ecclestone and Chadd.

U. of T.—Goal, Hall; point, Fletcher; cover, R. Montague; forwards, Reid, Grasset, Southam and O'Brien. Referee—A. W. McPherson.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

At a meeting of the Class of 1904, held on Tuesday, January 19th, it was decided to form a permanent organization of the year.

It is evident that something in the nature of a chaperon is needed for the young men of the First Year. Three of them were careless enough to go sleigh riding with their lady friends one night last week.

Congratulations are due Messrs. Dix and McGregor in winning the final inter-University debate against Mevory of the Inter-University Debating Union that the prize has been won by Toronto. It is doubly satisfactory when we consider that our men, as undergraduates, have to compete with graduates of the other Universities.

The attendance at the Literary Society on Friday last was small, but the meeting was a most interesting one. Mr. G. P. Bryce introduced a motion to encourage the

wearing of gowns, and advocated it in a manner that would astonish Demosthenes. A warm discussion followed, the general feeling being that the sentiment in favor of gowns was not strong enough to warrant any action being taken. An open debate was held on the prerogative of the Lieutenant-Governor in dismissing his ministers. Most of the members present took part. The meeting adjourned at 10.30.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

Voice over the 'phone—Is that Mr. Andy Gray?

"Yes; just wait a minute until I get my overshoes."

The School of Science Glee Club have kindly consented to render a few selections at the Mining Institute dinner April 4th. Condolences to the members of the Institute are in order.

Now that we have the phone—and so conveniently situated—applications for the new fellowship will be considered.

AN S. P. S FAIRY TALE.

It was a wild and stormy night, and brigands great and brigands small were seated round the camp fire when one, somewhat bolder than the rest, saith: "Antonio, tell us one of your favorite stories." Whereupon Antonio began as follows:

"It was a wild and stormy night, and brigands and brigands small were seated round the camp fire, when

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one, somewhat bolder than the rest, saith: 'Antonio, tell us one of your favorites stories.' Whereupon Antonio began as follows:

"It was a wild and stormy——." (Exit.)

Mr. John Waldron, '03, paid a fleeting visit to the School last Monday. He has just returned from the Northwest, whither he expects to return shortly.

Mr. Herbert Johnson, '03, was also a welcome visitor last week, on his way back to Berlin. He reports that the snow is seven feet deep in Meaford, and that he has plenty of work in Berlin.

The Fourth Year have missed Dr. Galbraith's genial presence at lectures this last week. We were sorry to hear that he had not escaped the "grip" epidemic. From all sounds and appearances the Junior Years missed him even more so.

We are honored by having a writer of verse in our midst in the person of Frank Y. Colon. The *St. Catharines Star*, in publishing his effort went so far as to call him a poet, however, as we understand, he has an aversion to that word, we use the simpler phrase.

We were reminded it was leap year when on Monday last J. A. McFarlane received by mail a pretty little box, which, when opened, revealed a very handsome ring set with pearls and garnets.

MEDICAL FACULTY.

Mr. F. J. Sheahan, '04, president of the Medical Society, was suddenly called home to Newark. His father was seriously ill.

A juvenile histologist of the public schools, in a recent effort, spoke of red corekscrews and white corekscrews in the blood.

Mr. Tall, '05, who for the past month has been laid up in the General with a very severe attack of typhoid, is reported out of danger. The same good news applies to Mr. Bray, '04, who has been similarly afflicted.

The class of '05 extends to Mr. Lowry their sympathy. During the past week he suffered the bereavement of a sister, a young woman, who died of heart failure.

The elections of the Medical Society were held last Friday. A good deal of enthusiasm was in evidence during the week preceding, the candidates and their friends all working hard. The following is the list of successful candidates:

President—Mr. H. Cooke.

Vice-President—Mr. E. Hodgson.

Treasurer—Mr. Rolph.

Corresponding Secretary—Mr. F. Vanderlip (acc.).

Curator—Mr. W. Bethune.

Recording Secretary—Mr. Woodhall (acc.).

Assistant Treasurer—Mr. Buck.

Councillors—Messrs. Hunt and Hurlburt.

It was like a real election.

If some of the candidates did not have a tight squeeze, some of those who went in to vote did.

"I think I can fill the position."—Vanderlip.

The assistant treasurer will help handle the "dough." Abundance of cigarettes helped to influence the electorate.

The engagement of Dr. Arthur Bensley, a distinguished graduate of Toronto Medical College and a lecturer in the Department of Biology, to Miss Ruth Horton, of Boston, is announced. The wedding is to be in the near future.

The Medical Society held the first open session since the vacation on Friday evening. Dean Reeve gave a lecture on "The Eye," and Dr. Oldright gave a description of a trip through the West Indies. It was illustrated by lantern slides, showing, among other things, views of Mount Pelee. Music added to the interest of the evening.

The Medical Y. M. C. A. have elected officers as follows for the ensuing year:

Hon. President—Dr. Fotheringham.

President—Alex. Sinclair, '05.

Vice-President—Mr. Raleigh, '07.

Treasurer—Mr. Mann, '06.

Secretary—Mr. Robb, '07.

Dr. W. H. Piersal, Lecturer in Biology, has been confined to the house by illness for some time. The first year in medicine made a collection last week and purchased for him a bouquet of flowers as a token of their sympathy and esteem.

Everyone is glad to welcome Mr. Emmet back to work again. Mr. Emmet is one of the "good heads" in '07, and his long illness was a source of anxiety to many friends.

The trip to the theatre by the men of '07 was not reported last week. About one hundred visited the Grand in a body and made things lively between acts.

There is no language too strong with which to characterize the conduct of a certain class of medical stu-

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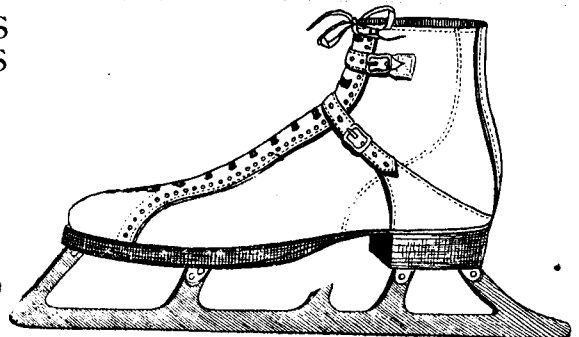
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dents after the election on Friday night. Men with no more sense of decency than those whose pandemonium all but broke up the meeting in the lecture theatre are worthy of nothing but contempt. If a medical society election is to be degraded into a scene such as was witnessed in the reading room after the results were announced, the sooner the constitution is amended or suspended the better. Another unheard of thing was an officer of the society, while supposed to be in discharge of a duty, standing at his post offering cigarettes as bribes for votes for his friends. It used to be said that our morals were improving.

DENTAL COLLEGE.

It transpires that the mixup in clothes last week was a deliberately planned affair. The parallel of the case with that of Mark Twain does not work out in all directions. The information has gone abroad that Callum's costume should have been more extraordinary than it was. In other words, his courage failed him when it came to donning the coat belonging to his disguise.

It is alleged that Mr. Sale has commenced work upon a gum section. The friends of the accused are unwilling to credit the rumor.

The Jennings Cup should come to the Dental College this year. At any rate a team is being made up that will be fast enough to run the winners a very close race. There are six of the old players and lots of new material among the freshmen. Bob Stuart will be manager and captain, and victory will perch upon his banner if there are prophets in the school.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

The College held its first annual dinner on Friday evening, January 22nd. The refectory was very tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and college colors. Among the guests were Dr. Hoyles, Principal Hutton, Professor Wrong and Stapleton Caldecott, Esq., while Vice-Chancellor Mess and the Hon. S. H. Blake were unavoidably absent. Most of the sister institutions in the city were ably represented. All agreed with the quotation which graced the menu card:

"There are no want of meat, sir;

Portly and curious viands are prepared
 To please all kinds of appetites."

After this sumptuous repast the gathering prepared to:

"Mingle with the friendly bowl,

The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The Rev. Principal Sheraton, as honorary chairman, proposed the toast to the King, which was drunk to with patriotic fervor, since the occasion was also the anniversary of His Majesty's accession. The chairman then called upon Mr. Caldecott to propose the toast to the empire, to which Professor Wrong ably responded. The toast to Alma Mater was proposed by Professor Cody, and in reply Dr. Hoyles referred to the fact that, although he could claim the college as his Alma Mater, yet his intimate connection with and deep interest in her affairs permitted him heartily to respond to the toast to her health. The Rev. W. S. Hallarn, President of the College Literary Society, in a happy speech called upon the students to drink to the health

of their guests. In replying to this toast Principal Hutton spoke of the intimate connection in olden times at Oxford between university professors and clergymen.

Mr. Vance, Chairman of the Dinner Committee, then assumed the toastmaster's chair, and in a few well chosen words welcomed the undergraduate guests. To the toast to their health the representatives from the different colleges of the city replied: Mr. Hodgins, Trinity; Mr. Harkness, McMaster; Mr. McKay, Knox; Mr. Clare, Victoria; Mr. Vanston, University College; Mr. Archer, Medical College, and Mr. Wright, the School of Practical Science.

The final toast, to athletics, was proposed by Dr.

Taylor, and replied to by Mr. Smith. Both speakers ably showed the important part that sports should play in every student and every Christian man's life. All united in voting the function a thorough success.

Mr. Smith regrets that he has been left a legacy by the hockey rink, but feels none the less game about it.

Mr. James last Sunday went to take service at Horning's Mills. The horse got into a drift and broke the sleigh. We wonder what the drift of Mr. James' discourse was then.

Messrs. Bilkey and Earp are absent from the college this week, since they are members of the touring University Harmonic Club.

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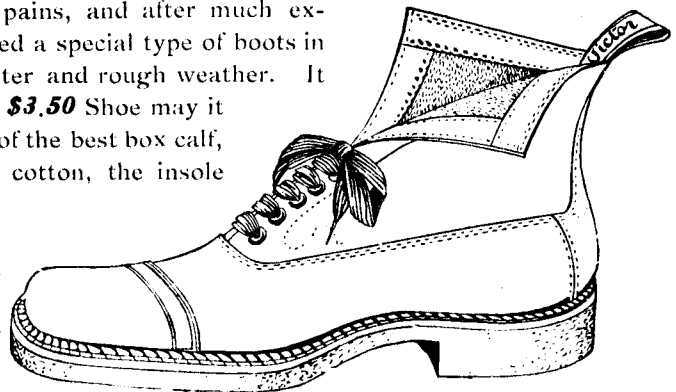
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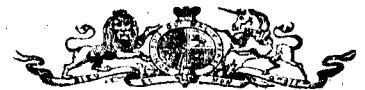
Nov. 9.—King's Birthday.

Dec. 1.—Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. Municipal Clerk to transmit to County Inspector statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's Roll against any Separate School supporter.

" 8.—Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.

" 9.—County Model Schools Examination begins.

" 14.—Local Assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its objects and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact, it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

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

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

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

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

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

In addition to constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds insure good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Seven commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

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

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

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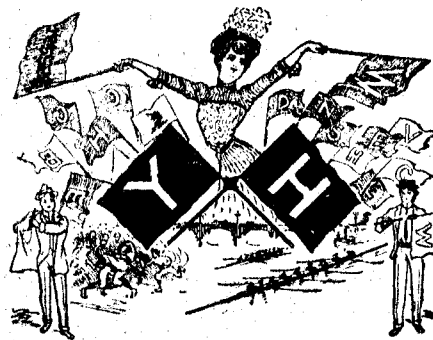
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