

Pages Missing

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. XI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1891.

No. 1.

Editorial Comments.



THE History of Journalism in the University of Toronto must be written in sections. It is long and interesting, but there are periods for which we have no files and gaps occur which

can be filled in only from the reminiscences of the older graduates. The history of the last ten years, however, is almost continuous.

On Oct. 7th, 1880, appeared the first number of THE VARSITY. It was published by a Joint Stock Company, the shares being held by the friends of the enterprise and editors appointed from time to time from among graduates and undergraduates.

The paper was well managed and ably edited, and received the hearty support of all the students of the College. Its literary articles were signed by men whose names are now the most familiar in Canadian Literature, and some of its leading editorials were penned by men who could write the sternest and most vigorous English that has ever influenced the undergraduates of this University.

At the end of the ninth year, however, the Joint Stock Company announced its intention of discontinuing the publication of the paper, and after a year's interval the paper was re-issued with the same name and form, but under a different management.

As it had been considered advisable that, even at the risk of lowering the standard of the paper, the management should be entrusted to the undergraduates themselves, the Directorate and Editorial Staff of last year were appointed by the Literary Society, and the financial standing of the paper was made secure by the support of the Society. The new arrangement proved a good one. The circulation was largely increased, the advertising columns were quickly filled, and many of those who received their first training in journalism on the VARSITY staff last year will long be grateful to the Editor-in-chief and the Business Manager, whose unsparing efforts made the paper such a success.

What the paper will be this year depends largely on the undergraduates themselves. If there are those among them who are honestly anxious to give college questions a full and fair discussion, and to advocate necessary reforms without timidity and without rashness; if there are those who have paid sufficient attention to University affairs to be able to give a thorough criticism of measures which are not in the best interests of the University—if our columns are filled by men like these, then the paper will have a reason for its existence, and the files of the paper will show where is the centre and what is the quality of the intellectual life of the undergraduates of the University.

Our financial prospects are bright—we can make the paper self-supporting—but this is the least, if not the lowest, of our aims. Unless our columns contain the best thoughts of the undergraduates and of those of the graduates

who are still interested in their University; unless the fact that this paper is published tends to give those thoughts centre and form and direction; unless we broaden and deepen the channel for the cramped current of undergraduate life, we have done nothing, and might better have been idle.

However, it is no longer a question whether we shall have a College Paper or not. A College Paper is now a necessity, and every annual increase in the number of students, every new federating College only seems to make that necessity more apparent, by weakening the links of friendly acquaintanceship which formerly bound student to student, and increasing the complexity of inter-collegiate relations.

The only question to be decided now is, whether the paper will be a good one or not—and the answer rests with the students. It is for them that the paper exists—for the discussion of their questions, the promotion of their interests, to quicken their life and thought, and to concentrate their influence. In all other respects independent—the paper will be entirely dependent on them. At present it has neither an ideal nor a policy nor a conviction. These must be shaped by the students. They will determine how high is to be its ideal, how true its policy, how intense its conviction; and as they decide well or ill they are making a choice for themselves or against them.

The students of the University felt an interest almost personal in the honor that was paid to their esteemed President by his former fellow-citizens of Edinburgh in conferring on him the freedom of their city. If there is a greater reward for good services than the ability to perform them it must be found in the sanction placed upon them by the generous approval of old-time associates.

Few, very few have "*bought golden opinions from all sorts of people.*" still fewer have had them thus goldenly expressed, and none have been able to make such a purchase except those who have grown rich in deserving.

We were sorry to see the graduates of last year leave the College. Of course the graduate connection of the paper will be greatly strengthened by their graduation, yet we are not sure that college life will be so interesting when the seniors of last year are gone. For Ninety-One was a strong year, one that held its own in every department of undergraduate life—one that showed on every occasion how strong was their public spirit, and the spirit of the year. Splendid fellows they were, and handsome withal, and our grief at their departure is doubled by the remembrance that some of them wore two gowns when they went away. And they have scattered to the four winds of Heaven; some we fear are in Ottawa and some we trust are in Texas, but the ripest richest cluster will be found down at the school of Pedagogy. Alas, Eheu! Or as the great poet expresses it,

Soon they'll sit on other logs
Teaching other little frogs.

O DILECTUM PENETRALE.

O surest refuge of my tired feet,
O little attic room!
Within whose ward is silence passing sweet,
Thy simple walls are dearer unto me
Than chambers rich in splendid tapestry.

And seated at the table with my books,
My glance oft leaves the page
To wander in thy crannies and thy nooks,
And thence anon will issue some quaint sprite,
To speed my pen and help me as I write.

No regal palace ever shall receive
A greater guest than thou,
Since to thy window cometh ev'ry eve
From marvellous, untravelled realms afar,
With pageantry sublime, a matchless star.

In sooth thou art in favor with the skies,
For oftimes in the morn,
I feel caresses ling'ring on my eyes,
And wake to find thee entertaining beams
The sun hath sent to mingle with my dreams.

And when from laboring I needs must cease,
I steal across thy floor,
To fling myself upon the bed of peace,
Beholding thee illumined with a light
So fair, that day is dull compared with night.

Nor does there lack the sound of minstrelsy,
Established in the trees,
The robins carol thee their melody,
And echoing the singing of the birds,
Thou dost retain the sweetness of their words.

Can I forget thy hospitality,
O little attic room!
Or wish a home more beautiful than thee,
When thou has been, and wilt be to the end
A goodly host, a councillor, a friend.
EVELYN DURAND.

IMOGENE :

A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.



HE sun was sinking slowly in the west. Its dying beams gilded with a fading light the grim old castle of the Count of Harsberg. The little lattice windows were all aglow with the mellow light, and the tall battlements and mouldering walls stood out in blackening shadows against the western sky. Close beside the castle and under its very walls lay the broad stretch of the river, calm, motionless, unrippled save for the little wavelets that plashed on the pebbly shore. Far away it stretched, here darkening under the sombre shadow of the grey walls, there shimmering in the light of the sunset, anon shaded by the great trees that skirted thick the shore and stooped to kiss its waters, and then far far away towards the distant sea. Shadowed by the trees that bordered the river's bank, some little way below the castle of the mighty Count of Harsberg stand a knight and a lady. He, but little more than a stripling in years, but tall and noble in bearing; she in tearful beauty clinging close to his side, and gazing into his deep eyes with trusting love.

"Mine Edwin," whispered the lady, "mine own Edwin."—"Mine Imogene," whispered the knight, "mine own Imogene." Ah, could the mighty Count of Harsberg have seen his fair daughter as she stood with her own true knight beside the silent river, how he would have frowned with anger! Frowned? Ay, and worse, for the Count was no man to choose fair language when his passion was aroused. But the Count was far away in the forest hunting the fallow deer with his fifty bold retainers and that roistering neighbor of his, Count Hugo, and there was no danger of his seeing. "Alas, mine Edwin!" sighed the fair one, "I fear that all is hopeless. Thou knowest not my father as I know him. He is terrible in his anger. He has spoken, and I dare not thwart his will." "He will never consent? loved one," said Knight Edwin ruefully, "and yet had'st thou the heart there were still a way," and bending his plumed head, he whispered softly, "Mine Imogene, wilt flee? wilt flee with me? I have no other fortune than my good sword, and yet methinks, thou and I might find in some distant cot the happiness we may not look for here. Speak fair one, wilt?" "I have the heart, mine Edwin," said the weeping fair, "but, oh! how were it possible? My father would track us wheresoever we might go, and the peasant folk fear too much the frown of his anger to give us shelter. Alas, it may not be." But the knight pointed out through the arching trees, and answered—"The river: there we shall leave no trace, my fair one, and once safe on the coast I know a trusty bark that will carry us over to merry France for love of the name I bear." The lady looked fondly and deeply into the loving eyes of her own true knight, and sighing said, "I am ready." "List," said Edwin, "to-night I will row my silent skiff beneath yonder grim walls. At the rising of the moon I will be beneath thy window. Once embarked these arms a hundred fold stronger by their love and this good rapier shall bear us surety to the coast. What sayest thou?" "I fear, mine own, I fear," answered Imogene, "did but my stern father know of thine approach a thousand swords would leap from their scabbards to drink their fill in thy brave heart." "Fear nothing," answered knight Edwin, "with the help of Our Lady,"—and he disengaged his arm to cross himself—"all shall be well." "Be it so then, mine own Edwin, sighed the lady, I will flee with thee. To-night at the rising of the moon I will look for thee. A light shall burn dim at the casement of my bower that thou mayest find it. Until then, sweetest Edwin, farewell." "At the rising of the moon," returned the knight, "till then, farewell." With one fond kiss the lovers parted; the knight strode down the river path, and the lingering lady sought her bower in the grey old castle of her father, the terrible Count of Harsberg.

It is wassail all in the castle of the terrible Count. From the turrets to the lowest stone the diamond panes that pierce the twining ivy are abeam with light. The Count and his fifty bold retainers are merry to-night and hold high festival. In sooth they deserve it for they have had a hard day's work. The grim old Count is no idler. The earliest beam of morn found him busy in his stables reproaching the tardy grooms in his bluff feudal way. At the chime of seven the Count and his fifty bold retainers sought the cloistered shade of the castle chapel and listened to the

mass. For the Count was a bluff old feudal Christian of the oldest and bluffest school. Then he had been busy among his peasants to-day. In good sooth he had hanged two of them this morning. Insolent churls they were, and in arrears with their feudal dues. So the Count and his fifty bold retainers had hanged the two of them. For Count Harsberg in his bluff feudal way was a man of unbending justice. Then in the afternoon the Count and that roistering neighbor of his, Count Hugo, had chased the fallow deer through mead and fell; chased it and caught it, too, had the Count and his fifty bold retainers and his roistering neighbor, caught it as it crossed the mead on its way to the fell; a small one, but a fallow deer none the less.

They had been busy with a witch too, had the Count and his fifty bold retainers; for the stern feudal baron upheld the church. So they had tried her in their bluff feudal way, flung her in the water as a test of guilt and she swam. So that roistering Count Hugo waggishly poked her down with his halberd till she swam no more. Then evening vespers, for the Count was unflagging in such matters.

Oh, a right busy day, withal, and a profitable. And now the stern lord was solacing his mind amid the fumes of the wassail bowl and the ringing of the rafters. The long hall was ablaze with light. The baronial board groaned under sirloins and hogshead. For it was not every day that they killed a fallow deer and were not the men to let the opportunity slip. Nay, the roistering Count Hugo had sent a boat privily up the river to his own castle, for a long, slim keg of Burgundy that his grandsire, Count Otto, had brought home from the wars in Provence, and that had lain in the cellar these fifty good years; all covered with dust and cobwebs in a way that made one's mouth water to look at it. And now it lay there in the boat at the foot of the castle with a sail to cover it up and a halberdier to watch it. Or, at least, he should have been watching it, but, zounds, watching a cask of Burgundy is but slow work when there are pert wenches in the castle kitchen, and a tall flagon of beer in the castle buttery. The roistering Count Hugo will have it fetched up when the evening is ripe, and meantime, how the thought of that cask of old French wine does warm one's heart. So wassail reigns in the hall. The bowl is passed merrily round, and the stern Count becomes less and less stern, and the fifty bold retainers more and more bold. And that roistering neighbor too, Count Hugo, is full of his fun. Such jokes about those two obstinate churls and their feudal dues, and so many good things to say about that bedridden hag, now in perdition. Till even the terrible Count of Harsberg unbends and the walls resound to his laughter. And over the sleeping river the dim moon is slowly rising, and up the sleeping river Knight Edwin—speed him, Our Lady—is rowing his staunch little skiff; and in her bower, overlooking the sleeping river, the lady Imogene has risen from her brief slumber and is packing her portmanteau.

The Knight has made his way from the river bank and through the castle garden, and stands before his lady's bower. He scours the grim walls with his eye and sees the dim light that marks the fair one's chamber. He draws his good rapier and sets it firmly in the ground beside him. Ill were it for any wandering reveller that

might chance that way; and well for the halberdier that he stays with his pert wenches and his flagon of beer, and wanders not around the castle. Softly, as he stands below fair Imogene's bower, the voice of the wooing knight sounds on the evening air.

Fair is the summer night,
Heavenly stars are bright;
Over the river
The moonbeams quiver.
Flee with thine own true knight,
Flee with me, sweet, my own.

Scarce has he finished when the casement opens. The lovely Imogene, robed in white, beams like a silver star upon her Edwin. She drops a silken ladder to the ground. The courteous knight converses with his own soul while the lady descends. In a moment she is at his side; in two she is in his arms. He bears her fondly in his firm clasp down the garden paths and to the water's edge and lays her in the skiff. He is about to unmoor the little bark when he bethinks him of his trusty rapier.

"Rest but a moment, fair one," cries Knight Edwin, "I go but to seek my blade."

He reascends the bank and passes through the gravel walks. But, alack, the light no longer burns in the casement, and Edwin in dismay wanders in vain in search of the spot from which he came. For the castle walks are many and the castle walls are long, and there are a many casements in the castle wall, and the marks where he had scoured it have already become obliterated, perchance by the evening air. Ill were it to lose his staunch blade, for it is all his knightly fortune and by it he must cut his way to that little cot of happiness in merry France. But at length the knight, having circled around the castle walls and through the walks, returns baffled to the shore. There at least he is consoled by the sight of his little skiff and that white burden lying in it, the lady of his love, covered up with her white robes, under the faint beams of the rising moon.

"Sleep'st thou, fair one?" says Edwin softly as he approaches, and, receiving no response, he takes off his long mantle and lays it at full length over the sleeping maid. Then the little skiff drops gently down the moonlit river. Up in the castle yonder the feast is at its height; the bluff feudal baron and his fifty bold retainers roar at the merry sallies of that roistering neighbor of theirs. The halberdier in the buttery sits over his tall flagon of ale, and vaunts to the gaping kitchen wenches of his deeds in the Spanish wars; and the noise of the revellers comes fainter and fainter to Knight Edwin as he rows his slumbering bride down the moonlit river.

"Wake, fair one, wake from thy slumber," cries the knight. "See, the dawn is brightening in the east. I have rowed thee well, sweetest, and thou may'st already hear the billows breaking on the coast." The fair one answered not. The knight calls again; yet no answering voice. In dismay Knight Edwin moves from his seat, lifts the mantle from his sleeping bride, and sees—Ave, Maria sanctissima!—a long, slim keg of Burgundy, covered with a white sail, and so dusted and cobwebbed that it would make one's mouth water to look at it.

STEPHEN B. LEACOCK.

The Varsity

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$2.00 a year, payable strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates can be had on application.

The office of THE VARSITY is at the corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street, Room 16, Bank of Commerce Building.

Anonymous contributions will be published if approved by the Editor.

The Editorial Staff.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - - - J. A. McLEAN, '92.
BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - - J. W. O'DELL, '92.
ASS'T BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - R. S. STRATH, '93.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

W. H. BUNTING, '92. S. J. ROBERTSON, '92.
O. P. EDGAR, '92. R. H. KNOX, '92.
F. B. R. HELLEMS, '93. R. S. STRATH, '93.
D. M. DUNCAN, '94. S. J. McLEAN, '94.
C. H. MITCHELL, '92, School of Science.

Medical Representatives on the Staff have not yet been appointed.

The Directorate.

G. E. McCRANEY, '92, Chairman. N. McDOUGALL, '93.
J. A. McMURCHY, '92. A. R. GREGORY, '94.
J. A. COOPER, '92. J. W. BAIRD, '94.
W. J. KNOX, '93. G. M. FERRIS, B.A.,
School of Medicine.
V. G. F. MARANI, E. B. Horne, '93, Secretary.
School of Science.

Representatives from '95 have not yet been appointed.

OCTOBER 6, 1891.

REPORT OF CONVOCATION.



THE Annual Convocation of the University of Toronto was held on ——— last, at 2.30. So runs the usual report—and we may adopt the time-honored formula as it stands, merely inserting the date, Monday, October 5, and the place—not the Examination Hall of the School of Science as many expected, but the room in old Varsity that once served as "Library" and is now fitted up as an Examination Hall. Beyond this point, however, there will be little need of adopting the ordinary formula. We are saved from a wearisome repetition of past experiences by an entirely new departure in the order of proceedings: there was evidently a determination on the part of the students to introduce something *novel*—and they must have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams! We have the honor of reporting something entirely novel in this line, but shall leave others to decide as to whether it should be adopted as the ordinary method of procedure. But let us explain.

As the hall is very small, it was filled long before the time at which the Exercises were announced to begin;

and those of us who were fortunate enough to obtain seats could hear indistinct murmurings from the corridor without, which seemed to betoken a very quiet time. It had been announced that all students whose presence was not required on the platform—to receive prizes, etc. (and unfortunately there are many such)—would occupy the museum (for a few hours only, be it understood!); doubtless this announcement caused great disappointment to many, who, though they might not care to admit it, would find things very slow without the presence of the students "to make things lively, you know." But there was little need for uneasiness on that score! In a few minutes there was heard a dull roar and a rush, and suddenly a *horde* (I use the term advisedly) of students were precipitated into the room, rushing pell-mell over each other, and over those who were unfortunate enough to be in the extreme rear of the hall—thereby endangering seriously, if not the *lives* of the ladies around, at least the freshness of their best bonnets! By this time the "dull roar" had increased by a rapid crescendo to a fortissimo, but this seemed to be exactly what the people had been waiting for: they arose and turned an admiring gaze on the surging mass behind them, which, flattered by the attention, continued its deafening roar.

At last we caught sight, through the crowd, of the mace, borne, as of old, by our worthy bedell, who, "such was his imperturbability," walked forward with a dignity suitable to the occasion, without appearing in the least disturbed by the confusion around him. Behind him came in procession the Faculty, headed by the Chancellor, Hon. Edward Blake, and the President, and took their places on the platform amid an increasing din from the rear. The Glee Club opened proceedings with a chorus; but, unlike the musician of the classic tale, they found it beyond their power "to charm the —," and the echo of their song was heard only at intervals above the vocal exercises at the rear.

We should honestly like to give at least some of the words of the first speaker—we saw a figure standing before the desk, and semi-occasionally turning the leaves of an address or *something*. We had certain vague ideas that if we had been within range of his voice we would have found it all very interesting, but truth compels us to admit that we heard of it all not one word; so we must refer our readers to someone, who, more fortunately situated, or more ingenious, has been able to give a satisfactory report.

The next speaker called upon was the Hon. G. W. Ross, and, fortunately for our office as reporter, there was a lull which enabled us to gain a tolerably good idea of the drift of his remarks. Mr. Ross first congratulated the University of Toronto on the great progress which had been made in building, enabling them, in so short a time after the fire, to re-assemble within the walls of the old building; he referred to the good which has come out of apparent evil in the sympathy which has been roused throughout our Province, and indeed, throughout the world by the tidings of the misfortune, and the prompt and generous offers of aid which followed. So that now it is in as prosperous a condition as before, and is far more widely known. Mr. Ross next referred in the highest terms to the prompt measures of the President, Sir Daniel Wilson, to keep things together during the trying interval.

and the success which attended his efforts, until now the students and lecturers are once more enabled to resume work in the restored building.

The Hon. Edward Blake, Chancellor of the University, was next called upon, and, in opening, repeated the congratulations of the last speaker; and then proceeded to show in what ways the University may still be assisted. The tower of the new library building, which is being erected on the east of the Campus, cannot be completed till some generous friend shall find it in his heart to make a donation. There are several undertakings which cannot be carried on now for lack of funds, and we must pray for the prosperity of the City, for on its prosperity depends the sale of property which will provide funds for the founding of new chairs, etc. The speaker then turned to the students; he said he had heard it stated, and was prepared to agree with the statement, that there is one direction in which the students do not need cultivation—their *voices*—a most unlucky speech for the Honorable speaker, for immediately, in corroboration of his words, came a howl from those at the rear as if they had just awakened to the fact that they had been losing valuable time, and were determined to make speedy amends. Certainly any one who had before doubted as to the lung power of the collective student must have been immediately convinced. It has rarely been our good fortune to hear such a yell, though we have been present at many such gatherings; it had a new feature—that of *sustained power*—which distinguished it from all other attempts. We recovered from our deafness in time to hear the concluding words of the Honorable speaker; he desired them to cultivate a broad spirit of “*Esprit du corps*” (cries of *Sic parlen Français*, etc., from the rear), and wished to leave with them, in conclusion, the following words of Emerson: “Every one is my master in some one point, and in that I learn of him.”

Sir Daniel Wilson was the next to speak. He began by referring to the time when, thirty-three years ago, on the same spot, there was a similar assembly in the interests of Higher Education. The President also announced the receipt of a donation of £1,000 (we would not like to vouch for the correctness of these figures. Some were disposed to make it £40,000, but that seemed a trifle large!) for the founding of a scholarship in Natural Science.

And now we reach the stage in proceedings which we described as entirely novel; the crowd at the rear forgetful of their usual courtesy towards their President—which may be partly forgiven because of the fact that they were all obliged to stand, and in an extremely small space—grew so noisy that it was impossible for the audience to hear the voice of the speaker, and, after several attempts had been made to obtain silence, the audience became suddenly aware of the fact that the President had stepped down from the platform and followed by the Chancellor, and the Faculty was walking slowly down the aisle toward the door. This was the signal for a general move, and we noticed a strange silence, though several of the disturbing elements, afraid of seeming dispirited, tried to raise a song, but somehow the spirit was gone. One could hardly believe it the same crowd which had yelled so lustily only a few minutes before. Such an ending was, to say the least, unusual, and we came away quite sad at missing so much of the programme, having caught only a glimpse of the honored

“grad” who was to “orate” to us in Latin, and the gowned figures of those who were to swear allegiance to their *Alma Mater*. We tried to comfort ourselves by joining the crowd which was assembled on the Campus to watch the football match, but it proved a “cold” comfort, so we turned our faces towards home.

MEDICAL CONVOCATION.

The opening of the session in the Medical Department of our University took place on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 1. The meeting was held in the theatre of the Biological building. Long before eight o'clock, which was the time for opening, the students and their friends, among whom was a very fair sprinkling of the fairer sex, filed in and filled the large room to overflowing. Student-like, to beguile the time, and perhaps to convey to the minds of their friends the clearest possible conception of the expectant idea that brooded in each heart, they enlivened the minutes of waiting by singing that peculiarly cheerful and edifying song, “There's a Home at the Bottom of the Sea.”

About eight o'clock Prof. Ramsay Wright headed the procession of gentlemen who filed in at the front. Among these were Sir Daniel Wilson, Dr. W. T. Aikins, Dean of the Faculty; Dr. Adam Wright, who was to give the opening address; Drs. Graham, McPhedran, Ogden, Clark, Ferguson, Primrose, John Caven, W. P. Caven, Richardson, Oldright and others. The President, who occupied the chair, in a short introductory address introduced Dr. Adam Wright, who was to do the honors of the evening. Dr. Wright arose, amid great applause, and proceeded with his address. He welcomed back the many familiar faces he saw before him, and extended a cordial greeting to the new ones he observed. He then made a few running comments, sparkling with humorous “freshness,” on Freshmen in general, their tribulations and position. He briefly described the position the school occupied before it entered the university and the reasons for the change. The many kindnesses shown the Faculty during the past five years by the President and others of the Arts Faculty was spoken of. Especially were the benefits conferred by the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor commented upon. The school now being opened in the Biological building was expected to be, when completely furnished, one of the best of its kind on the continent. The teaching staff were competent to deal with the most advanced theories and the newest aspects of medical science. Going back to the days of Galen and Hippocrates the speaker briefly sketched the growth of medical knowledge, especially commenting upon the accumulations of the last few years. The great and increasing interest in Pathology and Bacteriology needed increased facilities for teaching both. The unprecedented action of the students of the school—the members of the Medical Society—who had undertaken to support a demonstrator in Pathology, was dwelt upon with evident satisfaction. Prof. Ramsay Wright, who for months had been studying Bacteriology in Berlin, had come back with the latest information on the subject, and would conduct a post-graduate course of one month's duration after the spring term had closed. He concluded by referring to the brilliant possibilities of the future, from the present outlook, as far as our department was concerned, and warmly

thanked the President and his colleagues in Science and Arts who had so freely assisted the medical staff. His remarks met with long continued and hearty applause.

The President then introduced Dr. Barber, of Edinburgh, who is at the present time visiting in the city. Dr. Barber in a neat speech complimented the Faculty on the high standard of medical education they had adopted, and on the evident facilities they now enjoyed. As a "freshman" in the country and the city he had been going around observing everything in the schools, and intimated that at present the buildings and furniture were scarcely second to those of Edinburgh. His droll illustrations and reminiscences of his student days called forth repeated applause. In closing he drew a beautiful comparison between the growth of medical science and that of a coral reef in the ocean. The President then dismissed the meeting.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.

All those who are interested in the progress of the University, and especially of the department of Philosophy, will be pleased to learn that Prof. J. G. Hume, A.M., Ph.D., who was appointed Professor of Ethics and History of Philosophy in 1889 with two years' leave of absence, has returned from Europe, and enters upon his duties with the opening of this session.

Prof. Hume's career has been a more than usually distinguished one. As an undergraduate in Toronto he not only stood very high in his own department, being at the head of his class two years out of the three, and being very highly spoken of by the late Prof. Young, but he also carried through the honor course in classics and won the Lansdowne gold medal for general proficiency. After his graduation in '87 he went to Johns Hopkins where he was spoken of by one of the Professors as "the best prepared man that ever came to the institution." Here he took a distinguished stand and was appointed to a Fellowship, standing first in his department and enjoying the high esteem of Prof. Stanly Hall, now the President of Clark University.

Mr. Hume also studied in Harvard under Prof. James where he won the Thayer scholarship in mid-year, and at the end of the year was appointed to the Rogers Fellowship in Ethics. Here he also took the degree of A.M. The last year and a-half Mr. Hume has spent in Freiburg, where is the Psychological laboratory of the celebrated Dr. Münsterberg. The degree of Ph.D. and very successful work, especially in the Kantian Metaphysics, are the outcome of his stay in Germany, and we feel that students of Toronto University are highly favored in having for one of their teachers so strong and well furnished a man as Prof. Hume. The department will certainly be an attractive one, supported as it now is by two such distinguished scholars as those who occupy the chairs of Psychology and Ethics respectively. Prof. Hume's inaugural may be looked for in a few days.

Mr. J. H. Cameron, the new lecturer in French, graduated from Toronto University in 1885, winning the silver medal in Modern Languages and the prizes in French and German prose. This high stand was due to the fact that, in addition to careful reading, he spent a considerable length of time amongst French and German people, and even at graduation was able to speak these languages fluently. On graduation he was appointed Fellow in Modern Languages and held the position for two years. He is still remembered by the students of those days as an enthusiastic and inspiring teacher, distinguished for his kindness and gentleness. At the end of that period he proceeded to Paris and spent over two and a-half years at the Sorbonne Collège de France and the Ecole des Chartes, studying under such distinguished professors of Romance Philology as Gaston Paris, Paul Meyer, Léon Gautier and Arsène Darmsteter. He then proceeded to Leipzig where he spent a year at the celebrated University of that city, perfecting his knowledge of his favorite subjects. Mr.

Cameron returns to his *Alma Mater* exceedingly well fitted to give instruction in his department, and in the name of the undergraduates we heartily welcome him, and hope that his career amongst us may be long and brilliant.

We are glad to see Mr. Fairclough back. We were afraid that the mountains and the waves and the wide, wild west would enchant and enchain him forever.

It must have been an experience to stand on a continent's edge; it must have been interesting to watch the gradual overlapping of the eastern and the western civilizations: but let the west have its experiences, its wildness and its wildness, we are glad to know that there is still something in the east to win back to us our Greek lecturer.

EXCHANGES.

The editor's table as yet displays no particular plethora of exchanges, but it will probably be well filled when it is known that the giant has awakened from his summer's nap.

All the old exchanges will be gladly welcomed, and the more thickly they come in the more will the editorial heart expand in kind feeling for his fellow toilers with the gray goose-quill.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

As yet we have no representatives from the Toronto Medical School on our staff. We hope that the Medicals will appoint the men who are to take charge of the columns of this paper that will be devoted to news from "The School" as soon as possible.

A glance over the advertising columns of the present issue will reveal many old names and not a few new ones. The reliability of the former has already been tested by our readers, and we need only say that the same care has been exercised in admitting the latter as distinguished the selections of last year. The establishments represented are the unquestioned leaders in their respective lines, and it is to be hoped that the students will unanimously join in patronizing firms who recognize the value of these pages as an advertising medium, and in so doing lay the foundation stones of our financial success.

Robert Mantell appears at the Grand Opera House this week in a strong repertoire of classical plays. No better lesson can be presented than a good actor such as Mr. Mantell. There will probably be a large attendance of students. The repertoire will be seen in our advertising columns.

The subscription lists of VARSITY are once more open. We hope that they will be even more closely filled than last year. We need not state here what we feel to be the advantages of a students' paper and the duties of students towards such a paper. The whole student body should become subscribers, and as many of the graduates as still preserve an interest in their *Alma Mater*. The rates remain unchanged, and the labor of publishing will be greatly lightened if payments are made promptly.

To our graduate and undergraduate friends alike we would extend an earnest request for contributions on any subject that may be of interest to our readers. It is upon them that depends the literary success of our paper. Many of our leading contributors are leaving college life, but we trust they will give us in leaving many a parting glance, or, as our flowery frater phrases it, "that we shall still see the gleams of their golden presence illuminating our lettered lines." To the undergraduates we make a special appeal, for they are breathing the full breath of University life. To them this paper essentially belongs.

All matter should be sent to THE VARSITY Rooms, cor. Spadina and College, Bank of Commerce building, not later than Friday night.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

RUGBY PROSPECTS.

Another summer has spread its radiance over the College Lawn and left it in the best of condition for this year's campaign of autumn football. Before the lapse of another week, where peace and solitude have reigned for several months, commotion and strife over the deceptive pigskin will have returned, and the blue and white of our college kickers will have again started on the paths which lead to glory.

Enthusiasm, which is the soul of success, never ran so high among the votaries of Rugby as it does this year. Whether it is a desire to retrieve the lost honors of last year's first fifteen or simply a wholesome craving for distinction which inspires the Rugby cranks, it is certain that the feeling does exist, and it is to be hoped it will last. Those who have had the opportunity to do so, have been practicing for the past few weeks, and limbering up for a season of good hard work. Owing to the fact that a large proportion of last year's stars have fallen from the Collegiate planetary system, hard and regular practice will be more necessary than ever, and the sooner this fact is realized the easier will success be won. The opinion of old Nestor—

It is not strength, but art, obtained the prize.
And to be swift is less than to be wise—

is as true of football as of the more time-honored pastime of chariot racing, to which the old Greek referred. So, stir yourselves, ye hustlers after the deceptive oval; combinations are the order of the day, and the individual who plays for himself is a damning excrescence on any well-ordered fifteen. Always step together, and never wait for the bounce and the mug is yours, and "Varsity, Champions of '91" will not be a feeble fancy, but a thrilling and glorious fact.

More than half of last year's first are no longer with us, but all of those who remain have signified their intention of again serving for another season. In addition to these all of last year's distinguished second are again looking for glory, and will be a strong re-enforcement for this year's first. The choice of captain has not yet been made, but whoever has the honor of filling that office will have good material to handle.

The tie fixtures have been so arranged that Varsity opens the season with the kickers of Trinity on the 15th inst. Another match follows on the 25th, also with Trinity, and, should Varsity win, Queen's will probably be met here on the 31st. Varsity therefore has only three matches to win in order to be in the final. Surely this is an easy task. We have an unbroken record of victories over Trinity, and have the advantage of meeting Queen's on our own grounds.

The second fifteen, the strength of which it is as yet very difficult to ascertain, will have by no means an easy task in repeating the successes of last year. There is, however, abundance of enthusiastic material from which to choose a team. The first tie match will be played against the Canadians on the 17th.

The revision and improvement of the rules, which was effected at the annual meeting of the O. R. F. U. last spring, will necessitate a change in the methods of play which were resorted to last year, and, by the imposition of severe penalties, will prevent a recurrence of the disagreeable practices which last year brought discredit to Rugby football. Throughout the Province, and more especially in Toronto, the coming season promises to be the liveliest on record. Our concern, however, is not with the city and Province, but with the dwellers on the hallowed shrine of learning, which is an ornament to both, and whose colors should this year fly triumphantly over the tattered fragments of their defeated foes.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

It is to be hoped that a vigorous effort will be made by the Varsity men to maintain the high position they have won in Association football. True, the prospects are not,

at first glance, the brightest; four of the best England. Dave Duncan has, we understand, been out for the year. Senkler probably, and Edgar can be out of it. It is of course impossible to fill the most of these with men of equal calibre, but when we consider how easily the senior team won its victory (most goals to one was the usual record) and what material the second team contained we see no reason why an eleven worthy and able to maintain the reputation Varsity may not be put in the field. Some good men who were out last year have returned, and some may be found in the Class of '95.

McLay will be on hand for the first match and, with Wood, the left wing, will be as effective as before. Hooper and Norman will doubtless be considered when the selection of forwards is made. They are both fine players. McDonald is here but does not seem inclined to play this season. Probably one or two may be taken from the forward line of last year's second team. Of these Govanlock has played good ball for two seasons, while Moore and Orton have shown themselves exceptionally speedy. The half-back line has lost the two stars, Forrester and Warbrick, but Goldie will replace one of them. Merrill played half-back in one or two matches last fall and will probably be retained, while the third man is, as yet, an unknown quantity. There will be some difficulty in finding two reliable full-backs, although there is no lack of men who have filled the position creditably. Wright, Graham, Breckenridge, McCallum and Dill play good ball but (the first excepted) are hardly up to championship form. If Senkler does not play Porter may be put between the posts or "Stonewall" Jackson given a chance to distinguish himself.

Last Saturday the first game of the League series came off, when the Scots and Marlboroughs met at Island Park. An account of the match is given elsewhere. Varsity meets the defeated Marlboroughs Saturday next on the lawn, and every effort should be put forth by the management to score a victory. Unless the Scots and Marlboroughs play much better ball than that of Saturday last, it is safe to conclude that our boys will most decidedly be "in it" with either team.

Of course in the first match of the season one cannot expect to find the players in condition, and it may be to this that the lack of combination is to be ascribed, but we are quite certain that in this particular, at least, the Varsity team will show to advantage on Oct. 10.

It is rather unfortunate that Varsity's first match comes so early in the term, as should the weather be unfavorable this week they will have to play almost without practice while their adversaries have doubtless been hard at it for two or three weeks, and even with a continuance of the present fine weather they will be unable to get into good form. However, the boys in white and blue can be depended on to do their best, and we expect to see the championship banner in their hands at the close of the season.

SCOTS VS. MARLBOROUGHS.

The first match of the League series came off at Island Park on Saturday when the Scots and Marlboroughs met. Alex. Goldie was selected as referee and placed McCallum and Orton at the goals.

In the first half the Marlboroughs had a slight advantage in the wind, and the ball, when it happened to be in play, was generally in the vicinity of the Scots' goal, but the attack of the Marlboroughs' forwards was hardly ever dangerous, and half time was called without a goal. The advantage was reversed in the second half; the Scots' forwards played up well, but without much combination, and finally scored.

The playing without was loose, and not once was either goal endangered by a brisk well-concerted attack. There is no doubt, however, that, when in practice and condition, either team can put up a good game of football.

Saturday's match, Varsity vs. Marlboroughs, should go to our boys if they can get into good form.

THE VARSITY

'MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Meetings or events occurring on evening must be in the hands by Friday noon, or they will not

HEREABOUTS OF '91.

As usual, a large number of the graduating class will spend the winter in the city. Most of the honor men in Political Science are graciously tendering their services to the big law offices down town, while about twenty honor grads in Classics, Moderns and Mathematics are in attendance at the newly established Ontario School of Pedagogy. Of the latter Mr. McKellar and Miss Carter have been honored by being elected to the offices of President and Critic of the Literary Society formed in connection with the school. Altogether probably a majority of the Class of '91 will be in town this winter.

C. A. Stuart and Miss F. V. Keys have accepted Fellowships in American colleges, the latter in Bryn Mawr and the former in Columbia College, New York city. THE VARSITY takes pleasure in congratulating both on the honor conferred upon them.

Northwood is Modern Language Master at Howe Grammar School, Lima, Indiana. Miss Phelps ditto of Ingersoll Collegiate Institute, and Phillips English Master of St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. The latter is, we understand, no longer a bachelor.

Henderson is Fellow in Mathematics in University College.

Buckingham is playing football on the Canadian-American aggregation of footballers now touring in the Old Country. He was unfortunate enough to sprain his ankle in a game at Belfast, and at present writing is still unable play. Up to that time reports give him credit for being the star man on the forward line.

Leacock is second Modern Language Master in Upper Canada College, his alma mater.

Miss McOuat will spend the winter at her home in McGrawville, N.Y.

J. S. Scott is studying theology at the Theological Seminary in connection with Princeton University.

C. N. Munro is now an undergraduate in law at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

McNicol will virtually be in College this session. He is General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association.

T. W. Standing is Mathematical Master at Tilsonburg, N.S.

W. S. McLay, '91, and A. P. Northwood, '91, spent a very pleasant six weeks in a tour through England, also visiting Paris before returning home. We hope to hear some of their transatlantic experiences.

The Bankers' Scholarship has been awarded to Mr. S. J. McLean.

G. B. McLean, '90, is teaching in Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines.

Miss L. L. Ryckman has accepted a position in Jamieson Ave. Collegiate Institute.

The students will still continue to use the Y.M.C.A. Reading Room, as their rooms in the building will not be ready before Christmas.

The Frederick Wyld prize for English Composition has been awarded to Mr. A. M. Stewart for a paper on "Shakespeare's use of his materials."

R. K. Duncan, '92, spent the summer in the chemical laboratories at Harvard. He reports the Toronto Science Course as far ahead of that at Harvard.

Mr. H. B. Fraser, '89, has been appointed General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for Quebec. Mr. Fraser carries with him the best wishes of the whole student body for his success.

Copies of the new Constitution of the Literary and Scientific Society may be had on application to V. A. Sinclair, Curator, or to the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. A nominal fee will be charged.

The newly affiliated College of Music promises to do the greatest credit to the mother institution. Although so early in the term, nearly four hundred students have already been registered in the different departments.

The first general meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society will be held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall next Friday week, at 7.30 p.m. Music by the Glee Club, Reading by J. W. Graham, Debate captained by Messrs. Perrin and Lamont.

It is our sad task to report the death of two of our fellow-students, Mr. J. H. A. Proctor, '90, and Mr. H. H. Black, '92. Mr. Proctor was well known throughout the College and very popular with all who knew him. Mr. Black was very well known and much beloved by his friends. In extending its sympathy to the bereaved families, THE VARSITY but echoes the sentiment of the whole student body.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. K. Robinson, a prominent member of the class of '91, School of Science. Mr. Robinson during his last year at College held the office of President of the Engineering Society, and in that position proved his invaluable worth, both as student and leader. Mr. Robinson's is a peculiarly sad case, having commenced to study late in life. While at the School of Science he had the honor of being prizeman in his first two years, and obtained first class honors in his third. In conjunction with his final examinations he took the difficult examinations of

the Provincial Land Surveyors Association, and, being successful, was admitted to practice, being, at the time of his demise, junior partner of the firm of Laird & Robinson of Essex Centre. The heartiest sympathy of the Engineers and the students at large is extended to the widow and family who mourn his loss.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The annual students' reception will be held on Monday evening, Oct. 12, at 7.30. There will no doubt be a large attendance of students not only to spend a pleasant evening but also to get acquainted with the men of other years.

The students' handbook will be ready for distribution about the time THE VARSITY makes its appearance. It will be a great improvement on other years, and reflects much credit on those who have brought it out.

DI-VARSITIES.

HE WASN'T IN IT.

Bill orter larn philosophee,
An' be high toned and Literree,
I'll chuck him down to Varsitee.
Bill wasn't in it.

He swaggered round so recklesslee,
You'd think he owned Amerikee,
He had a splendid libraree,
But wasn't in it.

He thought he'd like the sights to see
And swagger round the Queen Citee,
But such a thing as hard studee—
He wasn't in it.

His nights were spent at the Musee,
At socials or some whist partee,
He found the classics so prosee.
He wasn't in it.

But at exams he was pluckee,
Yet wasn't able to copee,
For Mac did keep his eye on he.
He wasn't in it.

Then in the lists was bold Billee,
As in the hearse was Godferee,
Aloud he wailed so bitterlee.
O, I ain't in it.

His father said disgustedlee:
"My son, yer done with Varsitee,"
Ye'll get yer hoe and stay with me."
And William did it.

J. KOBB.



ESTABLISHED 1838

SOUVENIR OF OLD VARSITY.
University Arms made of metal from the old Bell.

SOUVENIR TEA SPOONS

With cut of old University Building represented.

J. E. ELLIS & CO., JEWELLERS,
CORNER KING AND YONGE STREETS, TORONTO.