

THE VARSITY

VOL. XVII. No. 3.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28TH, 1897.

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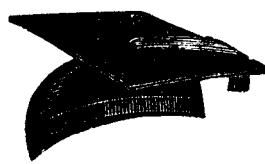


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THE VARSITY.

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1897.

No. 3.

A HOME SONG.

I.

The twilight bees to the comb,
And the wandering bird to the nest,
And the roaming sails turn home
Far out in the darkening west ;
Home, home, they gladly drift,
Though the lawn was loved of the bee,
And the bird had loved the lift
As the sailor the open sea.

II.

And I, who have wandered far,
Down unremembered ways,
With never a steadfast star
Through all those drifting days,
Now turn to an Inn whereof
I know one door stands wide—
And the rest is silence, love,
Till the world is shut outside !

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Student Life at Stanford.

II.

Life is a series of reactions. The pendulum swings first to one side, then to the other. Young men and women who are still undergraduates at Toronto do not need to rack their minds in order to recollect the time when social functions at that University were not only few and far between but of a most mild and modest kind—warranted not to unbalance the flightiest freshman, and certainly, to the substantial upper classman, entirely innocuous. Class receptions, at which the sexes mingled in harmless promenades, refreshed themselves sparingly with ice-cream and thin-cut cake, and attempted to persuade themselves and each other that they were having a glorious time whilst they discussed lectures and "courses" and the personalities of their professors—these were the social dissipations, and these only, a few short years ago at Toronto. But sages tell us that the golden age is gone ; and so it is. Bitter complaint is now made that there cannot be a class meeting to elect officers without a two-step or some such frivolity being introduced. I

have heard a score of eminently "proper" undergraduates of Toronto breathe forth indignation at the degeneracy of the present day.

Largely as social recreations may engross the attention of Toronto students, let me say that I do not think the average undergraduate of our Provincial university has in his whole course as much enjoyment of this sort as his fellow of Stanford University has in a single year. The Toronto student does not work steadily ; usually he leaves the greater part of his reading until the Easter term. His work is so poorly systematized, so unevenly divided, that he loses much time and thinks himself a plucked goose if he has taken more than two or three nights off a week. When a man knows that he is not to be tested until the end of the year, there is an almost irresistible temptation for him to utterly neglect his books during the first three or four months. Of course, he has to pay the penalty, and during the remainder of the year must become an anchorite, denying himself every amusement that would spoil a night's work.

At Stanford University there are no more important examinations at the end of the year than during the year. Not only is the student's daily work in the classroom noted by the professor, but written and oral examinations are held frequently and on short notice. Therefore the student must be always prepared, and to be so must work steadily, and just as hard at the beginning of the college year as he does at its close. There is not, as at Toronto, a prolonged period of idling during the fall. The result is a rational admixture of toil and recreation all through the year. I found that the hardest working Stanford students nearly always had their evenings free, and that they managed to combine at least as much earnest study as any Toronto undergraduate ever did, with a great deal more of social recreation.

The social side of life at the great University of the Pacific slope was indeed charming. In the second week of the fall semester there was a reception to new students in the spacious Encina gymnasium. Though similar in its general character to the annual reception of the Y.M.C.A. to the Toronto freshmen, it was much more "free-and-easy" than the latter. President Jordan and his charming wife were there, and gave the "glad hand" to everyone. There was no attempt at a programme or at management. Things were allowed to take their own course pretty much. Everyone was jolly and sociable, and when President Jordan was called on for a speech he stood up on a chair, if I remember correctly, while all present gathered in a large group around him.

During the year there was a great number of hops. There were the dances of the different years in the big gymnasium, which were semi-public functions, and there were frequent private dances at the comfortable, and, in some cases, luxurious houses of the Greek letter fraternities. Not only are there fraternities at Stanford, but there are also several sororities or sisterhoods, living like the fraternities, in beautiful houses. These also entertain their friends I will say this for

the Greek letter boys—that I found such of them as I knew, to be whole-souled, hospitable fellows, who were as democratic as any of the "barbarians" and not infrequently gave members of the latter class *carte blanche* into their splendid houses.

A very large proportion of Stanford students live in the college dormitories—Encina Hall for men, and Roble Hall for women—both of which are large and commodious. The halls are managed on the co-operative plan, and, considering the accommodation given, living in them is cheap. In Encina Hall I was always impressed by the lack of home-like features; the place is big and bare and barn-like, and it is doubtless for this reason that many students prefer, as I did, to live in a private boarding house, even at greater expense. Encina has few of the charms that make life in the old Residence at Toronto so attractive, and in the eyes of many a necessary experience of one's college career. There is not that bond of sympathy or that close companionship amongst the denizens of Encina that one finds amongst the boys in Residence; the place is too vast and there are too many inmates. Still, Encina is not without its charms. If report is to be believed it has seen many a nightly revel; and tales are told amongst the undergraduates of Stanford about the big dormitory, that probably have never come and will never come to unsympathetic faculty ears.

There is one story, however, that has become common property. When Ex-President Harrison, after his appointment as non-resident professor of Constitutional Law at Stanford, was giving his first course of lectures, he occupied rooms in Encina Hall. Now, the worthy statesman has a *penchant* for good wine and good cigars—as even greater statesmen than he have had. Of these valuable commodities he had a large store in his rooms, and the boys of Encina, having learned this fact, were not long in devising means to make their distinguished fellow-boarder "share up." Needless to say, they did not enter into negotiations, for in that case the wily politician and diplomat would probably have been too much for them. But they quietly concocted a scheme for gaining access to the ex-presidential quarters when the ex-presidential back was turned. For several days those who were not behind the scenes wondered whence proceeded all the first-class cigars and empty claret bottles which adorned the rooms of the enterprising spirits of Encina. General Harrison at last discovered what was going on, as he was certain to do, and the game was up. Of course everyone was innocent—as everyone always is in such cases—and the trouble blew over. Some people are shocked when they hear the yarn—but I would like to see these people convince a good loyal Encina man that it is wrong to smoke an ex-president's cigars or quaff his wine when a good opportunity presents itself.

Unlike Encina, Roble Hall is a very home-like place, and one who has been inside its spacious parlors cannot but wish that a Women's Residence were an accomplished fact at Toronto. Fortunate above other men and favored of the immortal gods is he deemed, who receives an invitation to a Roble at-home. There is little doubt that the girls at Stanford lead a very happy and ideal college life in the sacred precincts of their large and well-appointed hall.

Mountain-climbing is one of the unique institutions of Stanford life. Both to east and west of the University are chains of mountains ranging from 2,500 to 4,000 feet in height. The easterly of these chains is the Monte Diablo range, which includes Mount Hamilton, on the summit of which is situated the Lick Observatory in full view of the University. Between the University and the coast rise the Santa Cruz range and its foot-hills, and up the rugged sides of these, where the giant red-wood towers and the poisoned oak weaves its impenetrable thickets, it

is one of the delights of Stanford students to wend their way on Sundays and holidays. At the top of the Santa Cruz range there are several mountain houses—which are simply farm-houses where boarders are taken and meals are served. Two of these—Ham's mountain house and King's—it was my good fortune to visit in company with a party of students. Indeed, the trip is never made alone. Almost any fine Saturday one may see a party of students and professors, of both sexes, starting out to tramp to the summit for Sunday. In these trips the women almost invariably wear bloomers. An ordinary skirt would hamper a woman's movements too much for mountain climbing—would in fact convert the health-giving recreation into break-back toil. Stanford students are accustomed to this very shocking (?) costume, and you could not convince them that it is in the least immodest for a woman to wear a dress which admits of her moving about as nature intended her to do. If you should make the attempt they would only laugh at your prudery. Mountain-climbing is a pastime in which the vast majority of college students have no opportunity to indulge. Amongst the great universities, Stanford is well-nigh unique in this respect.

The relations of the students and faculty at Stanford University are, in the main, of the most cordial nature. Dr. Jordon does not believe in a multitude of rules and regulations. He believes that when a man enters college he should know enough to behave as a gentleman. If, however, he should be found lacking in the instincts of a gentleman and should trespass the unwritten rules of civilized society, he must simply leave the University. That is all there is for it. Dr. Jordan is supreme. The government of Stanford is an ideal despotism. There are no laws except those of common sense. This being the case, the room for friction between governors and governed is but slight, and the cordial spirit of mutual goodwill and fellowship that subsists as between the students and professors comes out admirably in the very free and easy receptions tendered by the latter to the former. Every Stanford professor has a regular night set apart each week, or each second or third week, when his home is thrown open to as many students as may wish to call. Amongst the most delightful of these receptions which it was my privilege to attend were those of Prof. and Mrs. Earle Barnes. Time and again I have seen their reception room crowded to the very doors—so crowded, in fact, that not a chair of any kind was left, and the host and hostess had to resort to rugs in front of the fire-place, while their guests sat around entranced by some charming old story or poem which Prof. Barnes or his wife had brought from their book-shelves.

The second day of graduation week, President and Mrs. Jordon gave an at home to the graduating class at Roble Hall. An orchestra was present from the city, refreshments were served in elegant style, and altogether the affair was most delightful. These parting receptions to the graduating class are given annually by the president and are amongst the most popular social functions in the college year.

The society at Stanford University which is analogous to our Literary and Scientific Society, is the Associated Student body. The functions of the latter are, however, much more comprehensive than those of the Literary Society. The Associated Students exercise authority over every club and society that bears the University's name and reputation abroad into public places. The glee club or the mandolin club could not, for example, undertake a tour without the consent of the executive of the Associated Students. If they did so they would forfeit their standing as University societies and would not be allowed to use the University's name. All their funds must be accounted for to the Associated Students. The

power and prestige of this organization has steadily grown and a battle royal has been fought between the smaller societies and it, but one after the other it has brought them under its control, and in doing so it has had the backing of the faculty. As might be imagined, the position of President of the Associated Students is one of great honor, but it involves much labor and heavy responsibility. There is an annual election, occurring in the spring, at which the Executive of the Associated Students for the ensuing year is chosen. The contest occasions considerable excitement, as there are usually two tickets in the field; but the election is conducted quietly, the work of the University suffers little if any, and when it is over the fight is immediately forgotten. Compared with the elections of the Literary Society it is a tame affair.

Stanford University has several literary and debating clubs. They are small and exclusive organizations into which a man must enter through the ballot-box. They do excellent work in the cultivation of powers of public-speaking, and have raised the standard thereof to a high pitch. In the winter these societies unite for a short time in a Mock Congress, which is conducted with a solemnity and decorum sadly lacking in our Mock Parliament at Toronto.

Had I space at my disposal, I could write a great deal more about student life at Stanford University. I might have something to say about the athletics of that institution, and I might describe the ceremonies of graduation week—for there a whole week is given up to the festivities of this crowning event of the student's career. But I fear that the space allotted to me is full and more than full, and so I must bid farewell to the readers of the VARSITY, and also to the students of Stanford, with whom I have endeavored to make my fellow-undergraduates of Toronto slightly acquainted.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Varsity's Graduate Readers

Three issues of this year's VARSITY have now been sent to you. If you wish to receive your old college paper throughout the year, you are requested to send one dollar to the business manager as your subscription. If you do not wish to subscribe, kindly return this paper. After this issue VARSITY will be sent only to paid-up subscribers.

SUNSET.

Regret not thou the day's quick flight,
As down the west it speeds,
When splashings from the oars of night
Drown all the verdant meads.

Remember that yon golden sphere,
Which to our watching pales,
Is shining now with radiance clear
On other eyes in other vales.

ILBRAHIM.

- 'Twas Ever Thus -

(DIALOGUE I.)

She thought it would be *ever so much* nicer to sit out on the verandah. In a moment of fatal weakness I agreed with her, though a man of my age (*Alai Alai*) and hard experience (*éa éa*) should have known better than to risk his conversational forces in a region devoid of the thousand and one things which a drawing-room affords as such convenient pegs for thoughts.

So we turned our steps towards the French window. With a polite hesitation I waited for her to precede me, as she had been wont to do on my previous visits,—no, I retract that,—“the majority of my former visits” will be more accurate. However, she did not avail herself of my attempted courtesy: wherefore I concluded, as I am entitled to do in view of the philosophic mind the revolving sun-cycles have conferred on me, that the fates were working mightily. When she spake at length, it was to command:

“Go on, Jack!”

“Why, Daisy, surely you are not afraid?” This with special emphasis on the concluding word, which always annoys a girl.

“No, of course not, you silly thing. Go on, Jack!”

“Lady, your word is law,” I began in mock-heroic style, and then in feigned trepidation, “but promise that there lurks no gorgon there.”

“Well, Jack, it's *my* favorite haunt, you know.”

“Hm! Sufficient guarantee against gorgons, I should think!”

“Oh, I see! You think that if a gorgon saw me, the monster would coil up and die, satisfied that its place would be filled by a worthy successor.”

“Hardly that, Daisy! Your self-abasement is excessive! Don't ask me to explain. I'll think you dull if you do.”

“Why then of course I sha'nt!”

As I stepped out, she reached for a little black button behind the draperies of the window, and thus became the instrument of Ate on my head. What *did* she want to turn that light on for?

“Great waste of light, Daisy,”—this with a knowing financial air; then more tentatively, “and so unnecessary.”

“Oh it doesn't signify! I can't bear sitting in the dark, can you?”

“No, I never could”; but even as I spake the word, some spying little angel hurried off to lay information against John Fenton, gentleman idler, for perjury, and a black mark was made against my name in a certain record where they note the pécadilloes of weary mortals.

We took chairs at such a distance apart that one would imagine that the pressure on the floor of the veran-

dah must be kept distributed, else the whole fabric would go to ruin. For myself, I merely attributed the fact to Fate, the inevitable.

I ventured a remark:—"What a lovely evening!" Oh, speech, most wonderful of gifts divine, to what inanities thou art at times reduced.

"Very true, Mr. Fenton, and you might have included the day also under your brilliant criticism!"

Words *can* be pronounced in such a way as to produce strange physical effects. I shivered, and mentally noted the fact that it must be nearly time to order something in light overcoats. Then recalling the formality of that nominative of address, I shifted my chair uneasily, and finally landed about a foot further distant from the Instrument of Fate.

"Your memories of the day, I judge, are pleasant. You will not grudge me the telling?"

"Of course not. Charlie Gordon was here to lunch, and we found him so entertaining. He knows everything of interest, it seems to me!"

Dear girl, she struck the nail on the head that time, and you know girls find that so difficult to do. Poor Charlie *did* know everything of interest, mainly at 6%: he found it very hard to pay with any pretence of regularity. However, for all the disillusionizing I was going to do, he might be a Nabob with hoards of barbaric pearl and gold. So I merely said:

"Hm, yes, very decent chap, Gordon: a trifle forward though, don't you think, Daisy,—er—ah—I mean—Miss—"

She saved me further embarrassment on one score but added to it on another. Such is Nature's law of Compensation.

"Not at all, Mr. Fenton: but pray don't argue the point. Mr. Gordon is a friend of whom I entertain a very high opinion. It would not hurt some other gentlemen of my acquaintance to cultivate the facility of expression which he possesses."

"Very true" I murmured: "Speech is all that separates man from brute."

"Your philosophy is not devoted to the exaltation of humanity: you will be turning Darwinian."

"Pardon me, Miss Sanford, don't accuse me of being scientific even fatuously."

"You ought to be glad to have knowledge imparted to you."

"No, it wouldn't be Socratic."

"Your predicate adjective is alarming. In plain words you mean—?"

"That it would be a false imputation."

"Thank you, Mr. Fenton, it was I who made it"

Fair dialectician, unwittingly subtle, how easily your victim fell into the trap! But I must not feel at all perturbed.

"What was Gordon's theme?"

"Oh, mainly about his people. He comes of a very old family, you know."

"Yes, it *is* whispered that his sister Maud verges fast on forty."

"Now, Mr. Fenton, you're trying to be sarcastic."

"Am I succeeding?"

"I cannot flatter you by assenting. Sarcasm's seeds must be planted in an acrid soil to grow."

"Therefore *you* don't appreciate it."

"Never: I should be foolish, at any rate, to say so after my dictum of a moment ago."

"Miss Sanford, your logic is faultless."

"Thank you, Mr. Fenton: that compliment has all the flavor of novelty."

"Ah!"

"Yawning, Mr. Fenton?"

"Miss Sanford, pray be merciful. The grammarians have given 'ah!' an interjectionary status in our language."

"You should not try to excuse yourself."

"Why, pray?"

"Because by so doing you miss the graciousness of a free pardon."

"Does your majesty ever confer such?"

Daisy did not answer immediately: and when she spoke it was to say:

"Let's go in. It's growing chilly out here!"

With her remark on the frigidity of the surroundings I could hardly acquiesce, though, while she applied it to the physical atmosphere, my disposition would have been to refer it to the drift of the conversation.

I carried in the chair which she had been occupying, knowing, by frequent observation, that it was her favorite. But the Instrument of Fate merely acknowledged this attention most conventionally.

Once in the drawing-room, I stepped toward the piano. My musical talent is in performance slight, yet I find a depth of meaning in my own crude hammering: this frame of mind my friends are so heartless as to call vanity. Sitting down at the instrument, I ran off a line or two of the latest thing, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." But she was on my track.

"Mr. Fenton."

"Miss Sanford?"

"Pray don't play that common thing"

"Shall it be something of Chopin's then?"

"Oh, anything—anything but these popular melodies."

"Vox populi, vox Dei," I suggested.

"An exploded doctrine."

"Since when?"

"Mr. Fenton, your inquisition is remorseless."

Just then there flashed into my mind the memory of a number of tow-headed youths droning out rules and examples to the beat of a dominie's well-thumbed tome, "*Verba sentiendi vel declarandi—Ignem catere sentimus.*" The full force of that morsel of Latinity struck me then more forcibly than ever before—the comparative degree and the "than" clause are, I fear, superfluous. Why, of course, "if we have senses we know when we're burned."

I rose. "Ingram will be awaiting me at the club: I am afraid I must go." How well I simulated genuine regret I dare not conjecture.

"So soon, Mr. Fenton?"

"Well you know, Miss Sanford—"

"I know, Mr. Fenton. Shall I bring your hat and cane?"

"Thank you: I should be so obliged."

An instant later we were standing at the front door. Brevity is the soul of wit, therefore I waxed bold to practice brief adieux.

"Good-night, Miss Sanford." How odd, to be sure!

"Good-bye, Mr. Fenton. Call again soon."

"On the earliest opportunity, be sure." Black heart of mine, art thou *prejudiced* against veracity?

I started down the walk, but I had taken only a very few steps when the instrument of Fate called after me:

"Jack!"

"Yes, Daisy?" How natural it seemed!

"I'm glad you're only my third cousin."

'Twas seldom we recalled this distant relationship. I suspected its resuscitation at this particular moment.

"Why, pray?"

"Because its quite near enough to be related to a quarrelsome fellow like you."

"Oh!"—and a retort rose to my lips, but she, having discharged her Parthian arrow, fled gaily into the house.

Sotto voce, I used some trite Billingsgate, but smiled a moment afterwards, foreseeing in that last skirmish the germ of a future armistice.

VARSIITY'S BEAUTY SHOW.

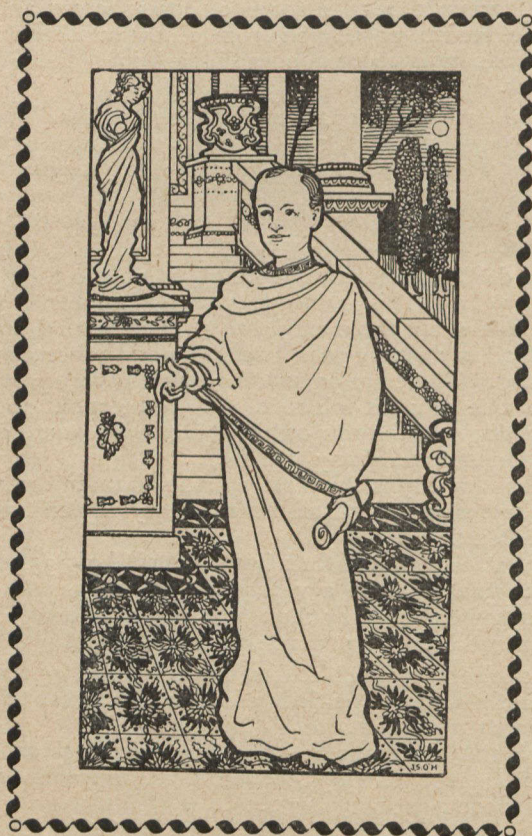
EXHIBIT III.

OVERTURE:

Tho' I ken the Gaelic little
This is na sae pair a fist,
For I swipt the Scotch frae Barrie
Wha's a dialecticist.

The third candidate to be honored here with a public approbation has been already entered privately upon the memo. books of Fame as John Grampian Inkster, the orator of Orkney.

Mr. Inkster is Attic in his type of beauty, and a Scotchman by direct accent, yet the classic flowers of his rhetoric are never choked with burrs, nor the melliloquence of his "Annie Laurie" aught but aided by the rolling of his liquid r's—Hoot mon!



Our patient artist, the better to interpret the double nationality of his eccentric victim, has been driven thus to spike the canons of his art—to tile his Grecian floors with Scotch designs, and to drape the angles of John's Celtic mould in the flowing garments of Demosthenes. But behold this philosophic forehead, these Socratic orbs. Mark how the study of the sages has swelled his marble cranium to the rounded dome of an Athanæum; how his very ears are ethical; his nose, type of his argument, straight and to the point; his clear-cut features a clear syllogism in *celarent*.

But of John Grampian Inkster in the flesh what shall be the word? There is the wholesomeness of Scotch "parritch" in his nature, the freshness of his native heather in his humor. It is a liberal education—and the degree of Ph. D.—to behold him when he hears the 48th go squeeling down the street like a Chicago pork-farm on parade, breathe forth from a swollen and a throbbing thorax unfaltering defiance of the enemies of the haggis.

Who has not felt a better nature stir within him, when the sound of John's "Scot swam Broose" has slid cold agitation down his spinal column, uprooting the emotions of a lacerated spirit with a cyclone in B flat. Who has not caught a flicker of the bolt that fulminated over Greece, in the blaze of John Grampian's post-prandial pyrotechnics, in the fury of his after dinner assault upon class coalition? To those who have not, it shall not be given away.

Let this suffice, though indeed one could wish to continue *ad nauseam* an elucidation of our hero's qualities—qualities of which Shakespeare might have written (as he wrote of the street vendor's bananas)—"Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety."

THE SHOWMAN.

HALLOWE'EN.

The committee which was appointed a week ago Friday to look after the students interests on Hallowe'en, met on Friday night last and elected Charlie Carson, chairman; F. D. McEntee, secretary; and F. A. Cleland, treasurer.

It was decided at this meeting that the students should this year attend the Princess instead of the Grand. In former years the gallery of the Grand had been found inadequate to accommodate all the students who desired to go that night, and on account of the reigning prices at the Princess, it was thought advisable to take both balcony and gallery and go there.

There will be the usual procession down, and the usual concert between acts when we get there.

The song programme will contain such standbys as a "Hot Time," "Rosie O'Grady," and "My Gal's" and a piano will be placed in the balcony to see that the boys keep good time.

The Arts men, and also those of the School of Science will occupy the gallery, while the Dents, Meds, Osgoode men, and Glee Club will be seated in the balcony.

The Cummings Stock Company who have been playing at the Princess to record crowds for the past four weeks, will close their fifth week on Hallowe'en by presenting for the last time "Captain Swift." Every member of the cast is an able actor, and we do not think anyone could be disappointed in the play.

Let everyone turn out on Saturday, and show the people what we can do. Get your tickets from any member of the committee.

For the benefit of those who did not see last week's VARSITY, we again publish the names. Messrs. Cleland, Harper, Gahan, Carson, Armour, McEntee, Birmingham, Flintoft, Smith, Allan, S.P.S., and representatives from the other colleges who intend to take part. COMUS.

THE YELL FOR HALLOWE'EN.

A new yell that has all the ring of the old "Varsity" and is besides characteristic of this University and none other, has been proposed for use on Hallowe'en. It will be readily noticed that it is simply a variation of the Toronto Med's yell. Let the members of every affiliated college practice it up, and raise the roof of the "Princess" with it Saturday evening.

Toronto
Toronto
T-o-r-o-n-t-o
Toronto
Toronto
T-o-r-o-n-t-o
Var-si-ty
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

= School of Practical Science Notes =

One needs the elastic imagination to listen to the lectures on Geology delivered to the 3rd year.

Mare Shaw did not seem to enjoy the music so much.

Piper's whiskers were so downy looking, they might easily have been mistaken for his first growth.

The result of the games was very satisfactory to the school, as all those who entered secured a place.

They were liquid guns which the Klondike expedition carried.

As usual, we were the attractive and chief feature of the procession.

The six-in-hand tally-ho was decorated very stylishly as also was the Klondike outfit but—in its own way.

The garb of some of the members of the expedition was rather breezy for Klondike temperature.

Edward C. Bryce, the only living alchemist, came to Toronto a few days ago. He claims that he is able to make gold, and has, in fact, already sold \$4,000 worth. His gold is made from antimony. A syndicate has been formed to carry on the manufacture of it and has built in Chicago a factory capable of smelting 40 tons per day of the native sulphuret of antimony. Mr. Bryce is here to buy up all of this ore that he can get, which, however, will not be much, as the only deposit in the province is at Barrie. If there is anything in this secret, what's the use of our Klondike expedition?

A mining company has been floated in Toronto which will be managed by a woman. The capitalization is \$240,000. Men are to be permitted to buy shares.

Willie Boyo smoked so hard that the heat penetrated the deck.

Every van was out and so was VanEvery.

The Klown-Ikes had their coach tested by Mr. Duff. The test proved satisfactory. The charioteers are regretting that they did not do the same.

Korman's coal oil will never be forgotten. It warmed up the boys on their homeward journey.

On Monday, Oct. 18th, the S. P. S. boys were able to change their hitherto bad luck in Association Football, by tying the score in a game with Victoria College. The result was certainly not as glorious as if they had won; but, considering the past history of the school in that particular line of sports, it is very encouraging to think that the team composed of several, who do not know the game, and with so little practice, were able to play equally as well as the Methodists.

The teams lined up as follows:—Goal, McArthur; backs, Boyd, Revel; halves, Clothier, Millar, Patterson; forwards, Morrison, McArthur, McKenzie, Burnside and Kormann.

The game from the start was very interesting and amusing. Morrison and McArthur played a very good combination game on the forward line. Boyd (of Rugby fame) seemed at a loss to know whether to catch the ball or tackle his man. And in his endeavor to do both, he treated us to some "grand stand" playing. Burnside played a swift game. That is to say he was always on the run, but never on the ball, where undoubtedly he would have liked to have been. He appeared to be unable to get into the game; but, no doubt, this was due to his lack of knowledge of the game. He and Boyd are evidently coming association players. Clothier, the sporty miner,

and wit of the second year, twisted his knee after playing for about fifteen minutes. He had to remain in the hospital ward of his boarding house for a couple of days. Mr. Speller went on in his place and the game continued. Revell, the pugilist, played a very good game at back and destroyed some very dangerous charges or rushes of the Theologs. The game was called on account of the darkness before the time was up. The score stood four to four, when the whistle blew.

The following will give a rough idea of the size and wonders of the Greater New York:—

On January 1, 1898, a score of cities, towns and villages, ranging in population from a few hundreds up to two millions will become consolidated into one Greater New York.

It will cover 360 square miles, with not less than 3,300,000 people increasing in numbers now at the rate of 315 a day, while London's daily increase is but 230. March this army by in procession, two abreast, day and night, for three weeks, and not then would the last pair have passed the observer.

The death rate is not abnormal, yet 70,000 people die during a year. This is one every seven minutes, day and night. Allow but three carriages to each funeral and the city's dead in a single year have a funeral procession 650 miles long. There are 90,000 babies born every year—250 a day or one each six minutes. Take them out together for an airing and the row of baby carriages would extend up the Hudson to Albany, 150 miles.

This new city is the most cosmopolitan in the world, having representatives from nearly every nation and city upon the earth.

The street railroad lines have a capital of \$95,000,000. Their 5,000 cars make a yearly run of 85,000,000 miles. The journey travelled by the 1,600 elevated cars in a year is about equal to five return trips to the moon.

New York is the chief distributing centre for the commerce of the nation, two-fifths of all exports, and two-thirds of all imports passing through her gateways.

It is the first manufacturing city, having 50,000 establishments employing 635,000 workers, to whom are paid \$400,000,000 a year in wages.

Manhattan Island was purchased in 1626 by the Dutch for \$24. It is now worth \$4,500,000,000, or on an average 50 cents a square foot. However, there are some sections on lower Broadway and Wall Street that could not be bought for a thousand times that price.

The municipal employees will number 30,000, which is larger than the standing army. Of these, 7,000 will be policemen, and 4,000 will form the street cleaners' brigade of "white wings," on which our own system in Toronto is modeled.

Only those who have been there in the hot weather can realize what a blessing and a relief the parks are. These are laid out at almost regular intervals from one end of the city to the other. The fountains and trees and flowers give to the tired pedestrian as he rests on one of the many benches, a glimpse of the beauties of nature.

The water used every day averages 100 gallons per head. In a year this would fill a canal from New York to San Francisco large enough to float a war vessel.

With these marvels of to-day, who can prophesy what Greater New York will be at end of a century?

On the Way to the Intermediate Championship.

OCTOBER 9TH—EVENING.

Slow rose the moon and seemed to weep
Like veiled sun upon the deep,
And softly kissed the ivied keep
Where all our souls their wisdom reap.

Over the campus slowly strides
A mortal that his Fate derides,
And grumbles to the moon that rides
And weeping thro' the heavens glides.

"Ah, Tiny, why did you resign
The captaincy that now is mine?
Straight to my den and let me twine
About my neck a strong clothes-line.

Curse me, the crowd of dudish snobs
That makes me do their heavy jobs."
List to the awful shaking sobs
That tear the heart of Johnny Hobbs.

C. H. NEW.

So sang the Poet Laureate on the evening after
Varsity's first defeat by the combination.

What a Waterloo!

Percy, you're a peach!

Brown's place is at half.

Now for Brockville, boys!

Four half-backs and no full back.

Brockville won't be so easy, boys.

Whose good? Why, Osgoode (?).

Tanner is a whole team in himself.

McMordie and McArthur can play ball.

Brown's run in the second half was beautiful.

Oh, what easy marks those Osgoode II men were!

Foreman was sorely missed behind the scrimmage.

"Make it thirty, boys," was Nick Hinch's battle-cry.

Telford has the making of a good centre half-back in

him.

The half-back line is the only weak spot on the third
team.

Eddie Beattie expects his little men to win on Sat-
urday.

Watson, of Brockville, will meet his mate next Sat-
urday.

Nick Hinch is a regular *Knapp-roller*—only he rolls
better.

Saturday's game wasn't even a good practice for
Varsity II.

If the first and second teams were to meet on the field
there might be——?

The girls from the T.P.L.C. were on the stand Satur-
day, smiling for Varsity.

Tanner has a good and valid excuse for wearing that
pleasant smile this week.

Clemmie Keys was not on Hamilton's team last
Saturday as was expected.

The third team's half-back line needs to brace up
before meeting Brockville.

McArthur, Boon and Armstrong, on the third team's
wing line, are all cracker-jacks.

"Tiny" Counsell is pretty nearly the biggest, if not
the only, tiger in the jungle now.

Bob Waldie refereed the game at Brockville on Satur-
day and Count Armour umpired.

The freshman referee was a trifle too fresh. Where is
Bishop Ridley's School, anyway?

Varsity II's scrimmage is splendid. "Better than Os-
goode I," said an Osgoode man after the game.

Douglas was nervous during the first half, but gained
confidence and put up a splendid game afterwards.

"Buster" Ferris, "Whiskers" Brad's younger
brother, had a little scrap for which he went to the side.

The average weight of the men on Harvard's football
eleven is 185 pounds this year. It is the heaviest team in
the country.

Varsity II have no need to get swelled heads over
Saturday's victory. The third team could probably have
done as well.

Watson, in Brockville's centre scrimmage, knows the
whole game, and Richardson, at quarter, has played the
game a lifetime.

McKenzie had at least the courage of his convictions.
He stuck to his decisions, even if they were wrong—which
they often were.

The second team will need to use all their strength
and all their brains if they are to win from that famous
Brockville team.

Arthur Stringer played in London's scrimmage on
Saturday, and the victory of the Cockneys was due chiefly
to his clever feeding.

Will Hobbs, B.A., '96, brother of the "King of Quar-
ter-backs," played on London's half-back line against St.
Catharines, Saturday.

It was expected that Kirkwood and Hendry, of '95,
and "Biddy" Barr, '96, would play with St. Catharines on
Saturday, but they didn't.

When Varsity II was piling up the score in the second
half, Osgoode's centre scrimmage remarked, during a lull
in the game, "Oh, how rotten Queen's II must have
been!"

A cheap rate to Brockville next Saturday, and a fair
betting chance, will take all the sports east. We hope to
see them back with pockets doubly lined with those new
Dominion Bank notes.

Bob Waldie and Count Armour, who had charge of
the game at Brockville on Saturday, say that Captain
Tanner and his men will have hard work downing their
opponents the day after to-morrow.

Nick Hinch put up the game of his life on Saturday.
He went over the line for two touch downs and carried
Freddie Scott over bodily for another. How's that for a
record for a centre scrimmage man?

Varsity II is now the University's only hope since the
Seniors have collapsed. And yes, there are the Juniors,
too, and Beatty thinks he will be able to show Brockville
Juniors how the game is played and won.

SATURDAY'S GAME.

Varsity II, 60; Osgoode II, 6.

Varsity II.—Back, Brown; halves, McArthur, Mc-
Morden, Barron; quarter, Douglas; scrimmage, Hall,
Hinch, Smith; wings, Tanner (captain), Ferris, Ansley,
Scott, Montizambert, Spence, Telford.

Osgoode II.—Back, Hills; halves, White, McWil-
liams, P. Jones; quarter, Jumbo Jones; scrimmage, Bur-
bridge, Atkinson, Howard; wings, Wadsworth (captain),
McWilliams, McLean, Syer, Law, Bilton, Kingsford.

Referee, Alex. McKenzie; umpire, "Pop" Anderson;
timekeeper, Chas. McDonald.

The Varsity

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TORONTO'S EXAMINATION SYSTEM.

IN the opinion of many, Co-education and the Examination system in Toronto are like unto the great horn and the little horn of an apocalyptic beast. Others think the College beast a unicorn, and acquit the women students from any charge of bringing trouble on the University. Be that as it may, the Examination System is the only horn which the students have any hope of pruning, just at present.

Professor Hutton's delightful and able article on University Examinations in last week's VARSITY should be read and studied by every undergraduate in Toronto. There are few who will disagree with his general conclusion "that our present system, with such modifications as are contained in the extension of the credit already given for term work and terminal examinations, and perhaps in some extension of oral examination, is the only system practicable under present conditions." The question now is: what shall be the character and extent of these modifications?

If the students are to effect any reform in Toronto's system of examinations, they must act promptly, intelligently, unanimously. In order that they may do this, VARSITY invites a free discussion of the whole question in these columns.

In the next issue of VARSITY will appear a carefully written article on the subject, by Hugh Monroe, '98. He will deal with examinations and their effects, their advantages and their faults, as he has observed them in Toronto University. Before formally proposing any new scheme for conducting the work of the examiners, VARSITY is desirous of having these two articles fully discussed. In this it is being seconded by the committee of the Literary Society, which has arranged for a debate to-morrow evening on "Competitive Examinations."

Although it would be hard to find a parallel to the elongated time-table of the May examinations, many universities have systems almost as cumbersome and far less

effective. Toronto may say with Pittacus, the famous Greek philosopher, "Each of us has his evil; happy the man who has mine." Still, that evil should be obviated as far as possible.

Two weeks ago, when VARSITY denounced the Ph.D. course, it did not state its whole case by any means. It simply presented a few aspects of the question worth considering, and invited discussion. Next week it will have something further to say on the subject.

 VARSITY would like someone (preferably H. H. himself) to arise in the night of his intellect and declare unto the anxious reading public one single argument advanced in Mr. Narraway's letter in another column.

ANOTHER VIEW.

If VARSITY wished to wander a trifle from the real question under discussion, it might ask if half this talk about "original research" on the part of Ph.D. candidates is not "tommy rot," pure and simple. It might even quote the words of a well-known writer: "Nothing so much tends to blur moral distinctions, and to obliterate plain duties, as the free indulgence of speculative habits. Would it not be better for most people, if, instead of stuffing their heads with controversy, they were to devote their scanty leisure to reading books which are crammed full of activities and heroisms, and which force upon the reader's mind the healthy conviction that, after all, whatever mysteries may appertain to mind and matter, and notwithstanding grave doubts as to the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, it is bravery, truth and honor, loyalty and hard work, each man at his post, which make this planet inhabitable?" Think it over.

 There are some men, both in the student body and in the faculty, who would like to see Toronto University sneeze, every time Johns Hopkins or Leipsig or Chicago takes snuff.

 In its editorial columns VARSITY does not pretend nor does it wish to represent the views of the student body. Its aim is to direct and mould those views.

NEW YELL WANTED.

Of all the pleasing features of the Athletic procession this year, none was so favorably commented upon as the absence of all "class yells." It shows no small advance when ninety-eight's "razzle-dazzle" and ninety-nine's "zippity-hoop" are forgotten, and all join in the rousing Varsity chorus.

As a college yell, however, the Varsity chorus is certainly deficient. It is not distinctive nor characteristic. As the word "Varsity" is but a vulgar abbreviation of the word "University," every such institution has as much right to the name as Toronto has. One reads in the cablegrams of the Varsity boat races from Putney to Mortlake;

one reads in the sporting papers of the Varsity rugby matches between Harvard and Yale: Yet the students here calmly assume the name for this little University of Toronto, and when their friends ask them where they are studying, they confidently reply with delightful indefiniteness, "Oh! I'm attending Varsity!"

The fact remains, however, that Toronto isn't the only University in the academic grove. Cornell and Princeton could put in claims just as strong or stronger than Toronto's for exclusive right to the name "Varsity," but they would not abandon their soul-rousing battle-cries for any such colorless chorus. In another column a yell is printed which it is suggested all students of Toronto University use on Hallowe'en. If anyone has any better suggestions to offer afterwards, let him submit the same to the readers of this paper.

* *

There is something very amusing in all this mad rush for post-nominal capitals.

* *

Over and above the Ph D., the University of Toronto has already two post-graduate degrees—the M. A., and the LL.B.—and they are both wretched farces.

* *

Student government is being tried in the new dormitories of the University of Pennsylvania, and so far has proved a complete success.

* *

Abundantly confident as VARSITY is that its views on the new Ph.D. course are perfectly correct, it gives the editor much satisfaction to be able to quote the following sentence from a note received the other day from one of Toronto's brightest and most distinguished graduates: "Your position on the Ph.D. business is thoroughly sound. I am sure that practically every graduate who has gone into the larger post-graduate institutions would agree with you."

* *

After all there isn't such a very great difference between the "plug" and the "sport." The one comes to the University chiefly for the sake of the sheepskin, the other for the sake of the pigskin.

* *

The departmental societies are already setting merrily about their merciless task of making the narrow mind of the average undergraduate still more narrow.

PROFESSOR PROUDFOOT OVERCOME.

During the third year lecture on Roman Law on Monday, Professor Proudfoot was overcome with weakness, and fell to the floor. The desk fell on top of the old gentleman, but a score of students rushed to his assistance immediately, and willing hands bore him to his private room. Once there, he soon regained his strength, and when his carriage arrived, went home. It is sincerely hoped that the Professor will be able to continue his lectures.

EDITOR CASTIGATED.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—As one of the many undergraduates of this University who read with great surprise and disapproval the extravagant attack on the new Ph.D. course which appeared in the initial number of THE VARSITY, I beg leave, in the absence of a doughtier champion, to deprecate the course pursued by the college journal in this most important matter. I do so the more readily, because I am confident that the article referred to does not at all represent the views of the student-body in regard to the inauguration of the post-graduate work in Canada's greatest University.

Those should be grave reasons indeed, that should justify such a sweeping condemnation of the new department. Let me consider the reasons assigned.

At the outset it appears that the establishment of a Ph.D. course in this University is a serious blunder owing to the fact that certain misguided mediocrities will seek the new degree not for its educational value, but in order that their names may have a "pleasant and most sweet sound." No doubt such a spirit would be basely utilitarian, and therefore very reprehensible on their part but though this is a caustic reflection on human frailty, very creditable to the ripe experience of the editor of a college journal, it does not carry much weight as an argument against the efficiency of the course itself.

Again, "the library is not at all adequate to the requirements of post-graduate students." Most of us have been under the impression that 70,000 volumes in our tasty abiding-place for books provide abundant opportunity for the most ravenous book-worm, but if you have made a personal inspection of these volumes, Mr. Editor, and have found them inadequate, I bow to your erudition in this regard, but direct your attention to the fact that, even if it were so, THE VARSITY would be better employed in appealing to the patriotism of the friends and graduates of this University than in ridiculing the heroic enterprise of our Alma Mater in entering upon this great undertaking.

Further, "it is only from a few out of the many departments that major subjects may be chosen." As a matter of fact, we may choose from six out of the ten honor departments of study. Post-graduate work has been commenced in the three science departments, and in philosophy, political science, and oriental languages. True, one may not as yet pursue higher studies in classics, modern languages, or mathematics, but THE VARSITY would be the first to condemn raw haste. We cannot hope to have a fully-equipped Ph.D., course in all the departments from the very beginning.

Finally, sir, you are seriously misinformed as to the nature of the post-graduate course, when you state that "post-graduate lectures will interfere with lectures to undergraduates." Comparatively few lectures will be delivered in the post-graduate department at all, the object of its establishment is primarily, original research. Graduates are to come here to work under the periodic supervision of the professors and not to attend lectures. If you have any doubts upon this matter, I refer you to any of the members of the Faculty in those departments in which post-graduate study has been established, and as this is the matter upon which you have laid greatest stress, I trust you will remodel your views.

Believing as I do that this movement marks a great era in the history of the University, and that it is so regarded by the undergraduate body, I earnestly entreat THE VARSITY to reconsider its position.

Yours truly,

H. H. NARRAWAY, '98

The College Girl

This past week we have had in our midst a woman great and good,—a woman who wherever she goes, a woman who holds the love and reverence of good women the wide world over, and, withal, a woman truly gracious and womanly. To see the skill and tact with which Miss Willard performed the difficult duties of chairman at last Saturday's meeting was enough to stagger the most determined opposition any of us may have to seeing women take an active part in public life. This opposition comes, I think, mainly from the idea that when a woman does enter into public life she loses that gentleness, that womanliness which is, and always will be, woman's chief charm—we say she becomes masculine. That this is so in many cases is only too true, but that it is not of necessity so, any one who has listened, as I have, to Miss Willard, Miss Slack, and Miss Greenwood must acknowledge. No matter what path in life we college girls look forward to, we may well long to possess the charm of personality that belongs to these womanly women. And in my mind has arisen the thought that this opposition to women in public life, in which I confess a considerable personal share, is, in the face of women like these, doomed to perish. But Rome was not built in one day, and, it may be, only coming generations will see this realized.

* * *

Miss Willard's message to students, the one thought she wished to give specially to us, is so potent, so pregnant with meaning, and yet so concise that I want to quote it here, "Character is habit crystallized," and as we all repeated it after her its full meaning came home to us with renewed force. "*Character is habit crystallized.*"

* * *

There has come to hand this week from the publishers, Briggs & Co., a book interesting to us college girls, because written by one of our number. "Beth Woodburn," by Maud Pettit, a member of class '98. Entirely apart from this, however, the book is interesting for its own merits. The story is a very simple one, the plot not being at all complicated, and it is told in a simple, direct fashion that suits it well, while there is the absence of a great deal of that fine writing which is apt to be a characteristic of the first book of a young writer. The characters for the most part are well depicted and developed, and very interesting. For us, who are college people, I suspect the book will have even more interest than for the outside world, for since we know the scenes, events, and people so well, we can read much more into the little bits of Varsity that appear. The inevitable effect of the four years of college life in broadening and developing our intellect and sympathies is well brought out, and, if the picture is not as full and complete as some enthusiastic lovers of Varsity might wish, it is none the less true and charming. Miss Pettit is to be heartily congratulated on this her first book, which completely justifies the predictions which have been made of her as one of the brightest young writers of our country.

* * *

The first regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held on Saturday evening, October 23rd. The president, Miss Grace Hunter, and Miss D. F. Wright, the rec.-sec., occupied seats on the platform. It was gratifying that so many members of the class of 1901

made a point of being present at the first meeting. May their enthusiasm stand the test of the numerous Saturday night attractions that develop as the year advances.

Possibly, a remark made by one of the sophomores at the close of the meeting on Saturday, may not be amiss just here. "Oh, yes," said she, "I am coming to every meeting; I did not appear at all last year, and I am sorry for it now." Since its establishment this society has been a growing power in the College, and it is the business of every woman in the undergraduate body to do her part toward making this year the best one yet.

There were a few items of business to be attended to before the regular programme, first of all being the postponed elections for treasurer of the Society, and first year councillor. For the first office Miss Watt was unanimously chosen; Miss Hutchison being the successful candidate for the second.

Communications were read from the secretary of the Women's Enfranchisement Association, and from the W.C.T.U., inviting the college girls to be present at two very interesting meetings on Monday. Another was read from Miss M. Northway, resigning her position as business manager of *Sesame*. This was reluctantly accepted, but as the work involved is somewhat stupendous it was suggested that perhaps one of the graduates, taking into consideration the fact that she has no May examination guillotine hanging over her head, might undertake the task. Miss M. Ard. MacKenzie, B.A., kindly consented to take the responsibility for this year.

As there are a few copies of *Sesame* left from last year, it was decided that one should be given to each member of the class of 1901, that some copies be sent to American colleges for exchange, and that the remainder be sent to the "Aberdeen Society" for distribution in the North-West. A new, and what I am sure is going to prove a very interesting feature of each meeting, is the establishment of an editors' box in connection with *Sesame*. Into this box, which will be provided with a lock and key—not a combination—the modest genuises in our midst may drop their maiden efforts and be discovered, that is, their genius may be discovered, not their identity.

Miss Grant MacDonald, editor in-chief of *Sesame*, read four very bright sketches sent in last week, two of which were decidedly of local interest, judging by the applause. Miss Crane, of '98, gave a very catching instrumental solo, which was enthusiastically encored.

Miss Grace Hunter, the popular president, was enthusiastically received, when she gave the annual speech from the throne, so to speak. Her paper was bright and thoroughly enjoyable.

Miss Rumball, of '98, sang "A Cradle Song," by Trumbull, and in response to repeated encores gave "Why should we say Good-bye?" Miss Burgess, of '99, read a portion of John Kendrick Bangs' clever sketch "A Houseboat on the Styx." Miss Lepatnikoff, sister of our Miss P. Lepatnikoff, of '99, delighted everyone with her two solos. Her voice is rich and resonant, and was a great treat to us all.

The meeting closed with "God Save the Queen."

* * *

At the meeting of the Y.W.C.A. on Wednesday afternoon the members of that society enjoyed the privilege of an address from Miss Rouse, a graduate of Girton College, Cambridge. In spite of the inclement weather many were present, among whom were Mrs. Loudon and Mrs. Fraser, ex-honorary president of the society. A meeting of their year, doubtless prevented many of the first year from attending. The minutes having been read and approved, several new members were proposed. Miss Alexander, '99, was elected recording secretary in the stead of Miss McArthur, who did not return to college this year. Miss

Robertson, '01, was also elected member of the Missionary Committee. In addition to the usual exercises, a solo, "Come unto Me," was rendered by Miss Rumball, '98, in her usual charming manner. The president then introduced Miss Rouse, who gave a very interesting talk describing the growth of college missions. Ten years ago there was no organized movement in the cause of missions in any college. Five years ago the movement which originated on this continent had not yet reached Great Britain; to-day the colleges all over the world are bound together by a common bond; and it is noteworthy that this bond is not literary, scientific, or athletic, but Christian in character. The students in South Africa to-day know more of student life in other colleges than the students of Oxford ten years ago knew of student life in Cambridge. Miss Rouse emphasized the need of women missionaries, of college girls to teach in the various native schools and colleges for women. In consideration of the last *command* of our Lord, it is the bounden duty of all to ask ourselves, not so much, "Are we called to go out as missionaries?" as the less frequent but more pertinent question, "Are we called to stay at home?"

A missionary study class is in process of formation. All desirous of joining will kindly give their names to Miss Gilfillan, '98, or to any of the members of the executive.

The Women's Fencing Club has commenced its work for the season, and the beginnings go to prove that this year will be the most successful one so far in the not very lengthy history of the club. The members now number about fifty, and it is understood there are several more who are "thinking it over," and who will be likely to join. The classes are now being arranged to suit the time at the disposal of the members. All who are intending to join are requested to hand in their names at once to Miss Gibbs, '98, or Miss J. Johnson, '99. CARR, '98.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

I have given it its full title, for the meeting was so short that otherwise the report of it might be delegated to Corridor Cullings. When the scribe arrived Mr. Gahan was fighting for his motion to have a committee draft a new Constitution—poor old Constitution! Since MacKinnon left they will never let it alone. Why did not some orator arise and proclaim: "The Constitution has not been the offspring of the thought of man, not the fruit of philosophy, not the effort to give effect to an abstract principle; but by the silent action of forces, invisible and insensible, the structure has come up into the view of the world. . . . It is thus risen, without noise, like the temple of Jerusalem.

"No workman steel, no ponderous hammers rung;
Like some tall palm the stately fabric sprung."

Then, I am sure Mr. Gahan would have felt his ruthless impiety, and Mr. Cleland, too, who seconded the motion. However, it was carried. But the bringing in of the report is not to be allowed until the society shall set a meeting—conservatism is not quite helpless.

Mr. Sinclair then gave notice of motion to the effect that he wanted the wearing of gowns in the meetings of the society abolished. The ghost of former times groaned. When Mr. Sinclair had carried up his revolutionary parchment, he retired and hid himself in a back seat. His conscience is troubling him already. Now came the election of first year representative on the Editorial Board of Varsity. Mr. R. M. Stewart was successful—and, after the manner of all successful candidates, made a little speech to the effect that he wasn't prepared to make any at all. Those who know say that Mr. Stewart is a good man. Mr. Gahan now moved to adjourn, Mr. Harper seconding the motion. This was lost after much excitement, and the

president called for the programme. But those who were to have appeared seemed to have been buying oxen and marrying wives, for they were not. Mr. Gahan repeated his motion, and that was the conclusion of the whole matter.

Now there was not a great crowd at that meeting. Someone behind me kept figuring out how many would be attending by the end of the term if every man brought two friends, and so on in mathematical increase—it soon included all Canada and the Yukon trail. Seriously, however, let us rally up and make the Lit the huge, noisy, exciting evening once was. Come with clubs and orations. Back up your men in the year debates. Let us give life to this best of old-time survivals, and give those who finish the century such a college instrument as will do away with all lesser meetings.

FESTUS.

NINETEEN-ONERS ORGANIZE.

The largest class meeting of the year was held in East Hall the other day, when the glorious class of 1901, met, organized, and elected the following officers:—President, M. H. Embree; 1st Vice-President, Miss J. T. Robertson; 2nd Vice President, H. W. Irwin; Secretary, F. R. Sims; Treasurer, R. F. Foster; Musical Director, D. L. H. Forbes; Poetess, Miss F. Wicher; Orator, P. A. Carston; Judge, H. M. P. Deroche; Prophetess, Miss Austin; Critic, F. E. Burton; Athletic Director, F. H. Lloyd; Representative to Athletic Association, Mr. McKinnon; Historians, Miss C. McDonald, Mr. Rowland. Councillors, Miss Howlett, Miss Francis, Mr. King, M. A. Buchanan. Color Committee, Miss Crane, Miss R. A. McNally, Miss Ward, E. M. Ashworth, F. H. Wood.

The members of the class were very enthusiastic over the elections; which was shown by the large number present, and their strict attention to business. If reports prove true the class of 1901 will not be behind its predecessors in making itself felt in the University.

"SOME OXFORD TYPES."

On Tuesday afternoon the Classical Association met in Room 3, Burriss Gahan, the president, in the chair. Quite a large number were present to listen to Professor Hutton's delightful paper on "Some Oxford Types." The lecturer dealt with the spirit prevalent in Oxford in his day, and illustrated his remarks with some charming anecdotes of Patterson and Benjamin Jowett, the late Master of Balliol.

Mr. Kylie, '01, was elected first year councillor, but no other business was transacted. Next week W. H. Alexander will read a paper that will be especially interesting to English students, being a critique of a play of Swinburne's, as an attempt to reproduce the ancient classical drama.

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THE GOLD FIELDS OF WESTERN CANADA.

An address on this subject by Dr. Coleman, the geologist for the Ontario Bureau of Mines, delighted the members of the Natural Science Association, who congregated in the Biological Lecture Room, on the afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 20.

The address was the President's Inaugural, and was highly interesting on account of the prevalence of the gold fever among Canadians at the present time.

While the United States produce the greatest amount of gold at present, with Australia and South Africa close behind, yet no other country in the world equals Canada in extent of gold area. Ontario itself has an extent of nine hundred miles of gold fields. This area has as yet been little worked and that little has been done largely near the lakes and rivers in which the province abounds, still present appearances indicate that several areas will yield immense returns in the near future. The metal is found free in the quartz, and may be obtained by "panning" after the quartz has been powdered. In British Columbia it is obtained chiefly by placer and hydraulic mining, but at Rossland, where the gold is in combination with copper and resembles the nickel-copper ores of Sudbury, the gold must be procured by smelting. This is rather costly at present, but in the near future, increased railway and steamboat facilities will do much to lower the cost of production.

C. M. FRASER, '98, Sec.

NORMAL SCHOOL FOOTBALL.

The association football club of the Normal School organized recently, and the posts of honor were given to Varsity men at the election of officers. P. C. Casselman, the drawing master at the Normal and a member of '98's class in Natural Science, was chosen honorary president, and F. McTavish, of the Medical department, president, "Kit" Forester, who was famous in University football circles away back in '91, '92, and '93, was entrusted with the captaincy. The secretary-treasurer of the club is J. Knight, and the Executive consists of F. W. O. Werry, B.A., '97, Dobbie and Blacklog.

STAY-AT-HOME PROFESSORS.

The unpleasant outlook afforded by the present condition of University finances no doubt helps to explain the economy practised by the professors during the summer. Of course, for the majority of them, the meeting of the British Association here had attractions greater than those of either British Columbia or Switzerland. At any rate, very few of the staff went away for their vacation. Four of them made up a little fishing party, as related in another column. How many quart bottles of bait they took with them is not stated.

Of the others, Professor Pike visited on the other side of the water; Professor Coleman took a trip to the North-West; Professor McCurdy spent some time in the Maritime provinces, and Professor Van der Smissen took a trip to Germany. Professor Mavor should also be mentioned, for he acted as pilot to a party of British scientists who went to Georgian Bay.

Courtney Kingstone, who played on Varsity's half-back line last season, didn't do his reputation any good by his vigorous coaching for Osgoode in the Queen's match at Rosedale last Saturday.

Owing to the trouble over the famous game of 1894, Princeton and Pennsylvania will not meet this year. It is thought that if the two teams do not play until all the students who were then in college have graduated, the bitter feeling will be forgotten.

THE ANNUAL GAMES.

Space is too limited to give any adequate account of the annual games of the Athletic Association last Friday afternoon. Suffice it to say that the procession, the arrangements and the little incidentals were far better than they have ever been before. All honor is due to President J. W. Hobbs, Secretary W. M. Martin and Grand Marshal John Grampian Inkster, all of whom performed their various difficult duties with promptness and dispatch.

The procession was especially good. The Arts men of the two higher years led in Tally-ho's, and then followed the enterprising boys from the School of Science. Their "Klondyke Koach" certainly made the hit of the day.

Over 1,200 spectators sat in the stands and waited for records to be broken, but in this respect they were disappointed. The wet grounds and dull weather made it impossible for the University athletes to do their proudest. The presence of the Queen's Own Band added greatly to the enjoyment of all.

S. McMordie, of the third year Arts, was undoubtedly the favorite of the afternoon, and tied with Roger of Victoria for the championship cup.

The following is a list of winners in the different events. 100 yards—First heat—J. Jordan (Dents) won, J. S. Korman (S.P.S.) 2nd, Roger (Vic) 3rd. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

Second heat—R. McArthur (S.P.S.) won, J. McMillan (Dents) 2nd. Time, 11 secs.

Final—R. McArthur (S.P.S.) won, J. Jordan (Dents) 2nd, J. S. Korman (S.P.S.) 3rd. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

Running broad jump—J. McMillan (Dents), 19 ft. 1 in., won; S. McMordie (Arts), 18 ft. 8 3/4 in., 2nd; Roger (Vic) 18 ft. 8 1/2 in., 3rd.

Putting 16-lb. shot (open)—T. Roach (S.M.C.), 36 ft., won; J. McMillan (Dents), 34 ft. 6 in., 2nd; S. McMordie (Arts), 34 ft., 4 in., 3rd.

220 yards—A. N. Mitchell (Arts) won, F. McCarthy (S.M.C.) 2nd, J. Devitt (Dents) 3rd. Time, 26 1-5 secs.

Running hop, step, and jump—J. McMillan (Dents), 43 ft. 3 in., won; Roger (Vic.), 40 ft. 9 in., 2nd; S. McMordie (Arts), 39 ft. 9 in., 3rd.

Half-mile—V. E. Henderson (Arts) won, J. C. Johnson (S.P.S.) 2nd, F. Sheppard (Arts) 3rd. Time, 2.09 1-5.

High Jump—H. G. Ross (Elora), 5 ft. 3 in., won; S. McMordie (Arts), 5 ft. 2 in., 2nd; Roger (Vic.), 5 ft. 1 in., 3rd.

Mile walk—W. Laker (Dents) won, A. Piper (S.P.S.) 2nd, Rutherford (Vic.) 3rd. Time, 8.28.

220 yards (graduates)—R. E. Hooper won, F. H. Scott 2nd. Time, 27 secs.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Roger (Vic.), 63 ft. 2 in., won; S. McMordie, 61 ft. 5 in., 2nd.

120 yards (hurdle)—S. McMordie (Arts) won, Roger (Vic.) 2nd, W. J. Larkworthy (S.P.S.) 3rd. Time, 20 secs.

One mile—E. J. Read (McM.) won, W. Laker (Dents) 2nd, V. E. Henderson (Arts) 3rd. Time, 4.54.

440 yards (open)—Renison (Arts) won, J. Devitt (Dents) 2nd, A. N. Mitchell (Arts) 3rd. Time, 57 1-5 secs.

440 (preparatory race)—I. Orton (Jarvis Collegiate) won, H. Rose (Elora High School) 2nd. Time, 55 4-5 secs.

Pole vault—Roger (Vic.), 9 ft. 1 3/4 in., won; S. McMordie (Arts), 9 ft., 2nd; A. Smith (Dents), 8 ft. 9 in., 3rd.

Fatigue race, 100 yards—Martin and Russell (Arts) won; Hinch and Revell (S.P.S.) 2nd.

The team race was won by S.P.S., with Dentals second, and this brought to a close a most successful day. The officials were:—

Starter, James Pearson; time-keepers, Geo. M. Higginbotham, Geo. Lyon, J. H. Doane; judges, Dr. Needler, A. Carruthers, M.A., Prof. McCurdy; clerk of the course, J. C. Breckenridge, B.A.; announcer, J. G. Inkster; measurers, C. H. Wright, B.A., Sc., J. G. Merrick, B.A., Edward Gillis, M.A., LL.B.; referee, D.B. Macdonald, B.A.

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TINY'S AGGREGATION.

Last Saturday afternoon VARSITY sent a special correspondent down to Hamilton to see Tiny's youngsters trounce the Combination.

The T. A. C. Lornes, accompanied by a host of their admirers, left for Hamilton with the most sanguine expectations of victory, but little did they reckon the strength of the opposing aggregation, who far outstripped them at every point.

Captain Counsell put up an unusually fine game at centre-half, continually evoking the cheering of the audience by his brilliant plays.

DuMoulin and Burke acquitted themselves creditably and proved themselves worthy of the victory, while Fox, at quarter, surpassed all former records and played with a vim and snap that called forth repeated applause.

Cartwright was never able to gain possession of the pigskin, owing to the superiority of the Tigers' wings, who worked like Trojans. The full-backs are not to be compared, as Glassco had comparatively nothing to do.

The first half of the game was an excellent exhibition of Rugby, but the superiority of the Tigers was everywhere visible.

After a long run Moss went over for a try, which Hoskin converted. "Tiny" forced a rouge and shortly afterwards Marshall went over for a try, which DuMoulin failed to convert. Fast play followed, and Glassco, of the T.A.C. Lornes, had to retire; Telford, of the Tigers, retired with him. Score—T.A.C.L., 6; Tigers, 5.

All through the second half the Tigers had their opponents at their disposal. Score followed score, until time was called, when it was found that they had to their credit four tries, one of which was converted, and two touches-in-goal, while the T.A.C. Lornes had only one touch-in-goal. Score—25-7.

The scrimmages were very evenly matched, and Referee Pope accomplished his duties with an impartiality that was admired by all.

PLEA FOR FRESH AIR.

The Editor of VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—In your last issues of VARSITY I read some articles in reference to University affairs. It is my belief, however, that it would be much more practical to discuss the every-day conditions under which the students pursue their studies, than to argue about the usefulness of degrees. Everyone, I am sure, will agree that good health and a sound body are much more to be desired than a note book well filled with lectures taken in a stuffy class room. It is in reference to the ventilation of the lecture rooms that I wish to speak. For the greater part of the day the air in these rooms is not fit to breathe. This is especially so in those which are used constantly. Room 4, for example, is occupied by large classes from nine till one o'clock on Monday, and when the third year English lecture is given at eleven o'clock the condition of the atmosphere can be better imagined than described. It is only a simple problem in elementary mathematics to find out how long it will take seventy-five students to empty a small class room of fresh air, especially when its stock has already been exhausted or nearly so by preceding classes. The heating of the rooms is also badly done, the temperature being often far too high. As fresh air and an even temperature are two such important factors in the government of one's health, I think that it is high time for the authorities, or students, or both to take immediate steps to rectify these glaring grievances, and to do away with the spectacle of a large class filling their lungs with impure air to the tune of sizzling steam pipes on a warm October day.

ERIC N. ARMOUR.

ON THURSDAY EVENING.

At five o'clock Dr. Harley Smith addressed the students in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, on the work of our Dr. Hardie in Corea. These weekly meetings are always for all the students, and to this one all are especially invited.

Last week the meeting was addressed by Prof. McCurdy, who gave an inspiring talk on "Reverence"—reverence for God, for humanity, for each other, for our Alma Mater. Those who heard him ought to be and will be, if they love the truths he spoke, better students, better fellows, better citizens, and better men.

PROSPECTIVE PEDAGOGUES.

There is quite a colony of Varsity graduates of '97 at the Ontario Normal College in Hamilton this year. Charlie Chaisgreen, who will be remembered by the present seniors as a very gay and festive classical senior when they were freshmen, has also registered with the "Doctor." There are also some Varsity men from the lower years attending "Pedagogy."

Among the number there are R. O. Jolliffe, the McCaul Gold Medallist of last year, C. M. Keys, G. W. Keith, G. G. Bale, M. N. Clark, Bruce French, C. G. Chaisgreen, J. H. Hancock, F. G. Millar, J. S. Martin, J. L. Luton, C. P. Muckle, C. E. Race, R. B. Page, W. D. Craig, R. A. Brunt, J. J. Muga and Misses J. P. Brown, E. R. McMichael, A. J. Langril, A. T. Reed and E. E. Scott.

HARMONIOUS AMALGAMATION.

The trouble between the Glee Club and the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin clubs has now been arranged in large measure. Last Friday afternoon a scheme for amalgamation was adopted, and there is every reason to hope that this arrangement will increase the efficiency of all the clubs concerned.

While each club retains its special officers, a board of five was appointed to take charge of all arrangements for the city concert and the tour. The members of this board are to be known as the officers of the amalgamated clubs. Mr. Geo. H. Black, the president of the Glee Club, was chosen president of the board; A. H. Montgomery, of the Guitar Club, was chosen first vice-president; and W. D. Love, of the Glee Club, second vice-president; J. R. Merideth, of the Mandolin Club, is to be Business Manager, and E. D. Carder, of the Glee Club, Secretary Treasurer.

All the clubs are now zealously practising their music. The Mandolin Club expects to make a decided hit with its rendering of the "Geisha" music, while the "Sweet Kentucky Babe" by the combined clubs will certainly prove a most popular number.

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Dec. 7—Normal College examinations at Hamilton, Ottawa, and Toronto, begin.

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Practical examinations at Ottawa and Toronto Normal Schools, begin.

14—Written examinations at Ottawa and Toronto Normal Schools, begin.

22—High and Public Schools close.

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THE VARSITY.

CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Come to the Lit. to-morrow night!

William Hardy Alexander has got out a "swell" parody on the popular coon melody "A Hot Time."

Mr. Wagar has been unwell since last meeting of the Lit. This is not a joke, being written on Sunday.

George Washington Hastings went to Hamilton last Saturday to see the Ladies' College girls on parade.

It is the duty as well as the privilege of every undergraduate to attend and participate in the meetings of the Literary Society.

Since Varsity I met their defeat at the hands of the T. A. C. Lornes, it is generally claimed that they couldn't beat an egg.

The professor of philosophy supplies the missing link in the evolution of the interrogation mark—so the Political Science men think.

R. R. Nicholson has been forbidden by his doctor to do any studying this year, so genial Dick is rustivating at his home in Strathroy.

The Musical Organizations of the University will hold their combined concert in Massey Music Hall on the evening of Tuesday, December 14th.

"Snitzer" Harris, S.P.S. and outside wing for Varsity, has decided not to pursue his academical studies further, but to start work. *Au revoir* "Tiny."

N. J. McArthur, B.A., '95, familiarly known as "Jack" to many yet in the University, the champion athlete in '94, and Rugby and Association football player, has been appointed physical director in the State Normal School at Boston.

"When I'm in *delirium tremens*," the professor remarked enthusiastically, "When I'm in *delirium tremens*, I see snakes." He was interrupted by a varied student show of surprised exclamations, but he continued in a louder tone, "Gentlemen, it's a fact."

EXCURSION.

The 1st team plays Queen's in Kingston. The 2nd and 3rd teams play in Brockville on Saturday next. An excursion will be run by the students. Tickets \$3.00 return, going Friday and Saturday, returning Monday morning.

H. H. TELLS THE TRUTH.

Friend Narraway of the final year paid the W. C. T. U. convention a short visit the other day. Upon entering the hall, he was approached by several of the ladies, young and old, and asked, in that low sepulchral tone which makes a man wilt, if he was following that "narrow way." It gave him a beautiful chance to tell the truth, and he remarked with unusual openness that he was pleased to be able to say that he was

NAUGHTY J. O.

Early the other morning a fourth year student rushed into the library like a

train of "cars." He had taken exceptional care to be around in time to sign for a book. Eventually he reached the "file"—a dozen or more having got in ahead of him—and as a sweet, elite young lady was waiting beside him, he thought he would give way to a rule of etiquette and pass the file over to her. She didn't do a thing to him but neatly and legibly signed for the very book he wanted. It is needless to state that what he thought at the time and afterwards said was far from being the sweetest story ever told.

If Varsity I has better days to look back upon, how about that small town in Eastern Ontario? Queen's I, Queen's II, Granites I, Granites II, all ignominiously turned down, and early in the season, too, and yet they say that the game is played better in the east than in the west. Well, perhaps they know something about the game at Brockville.

The report that the Yale crew is to have an English coach this year is officially denied. Robert T. Cook, who graduated at Yale over twenty years ago, will coach the oarsmen this season. The rumor originated in the proposed visit of Mr. Guy Nickalls, the famous English sculler, to New Haven. He showed the Yale crew great kindness during its visit to Henley, and the college boys intend to entertain him in such royal fashion that he will know his kindness was appreciated. He will, however, have no official connection with the crew.



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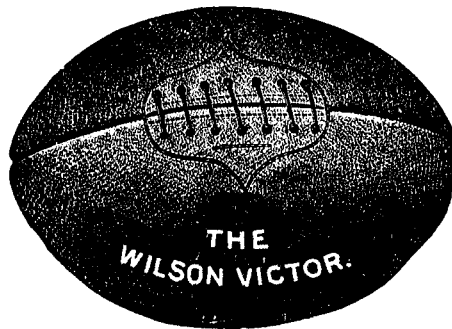
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